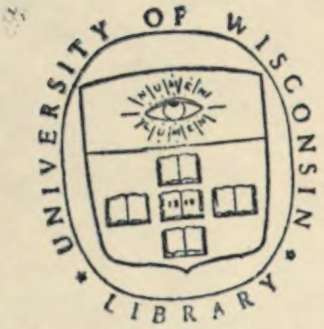
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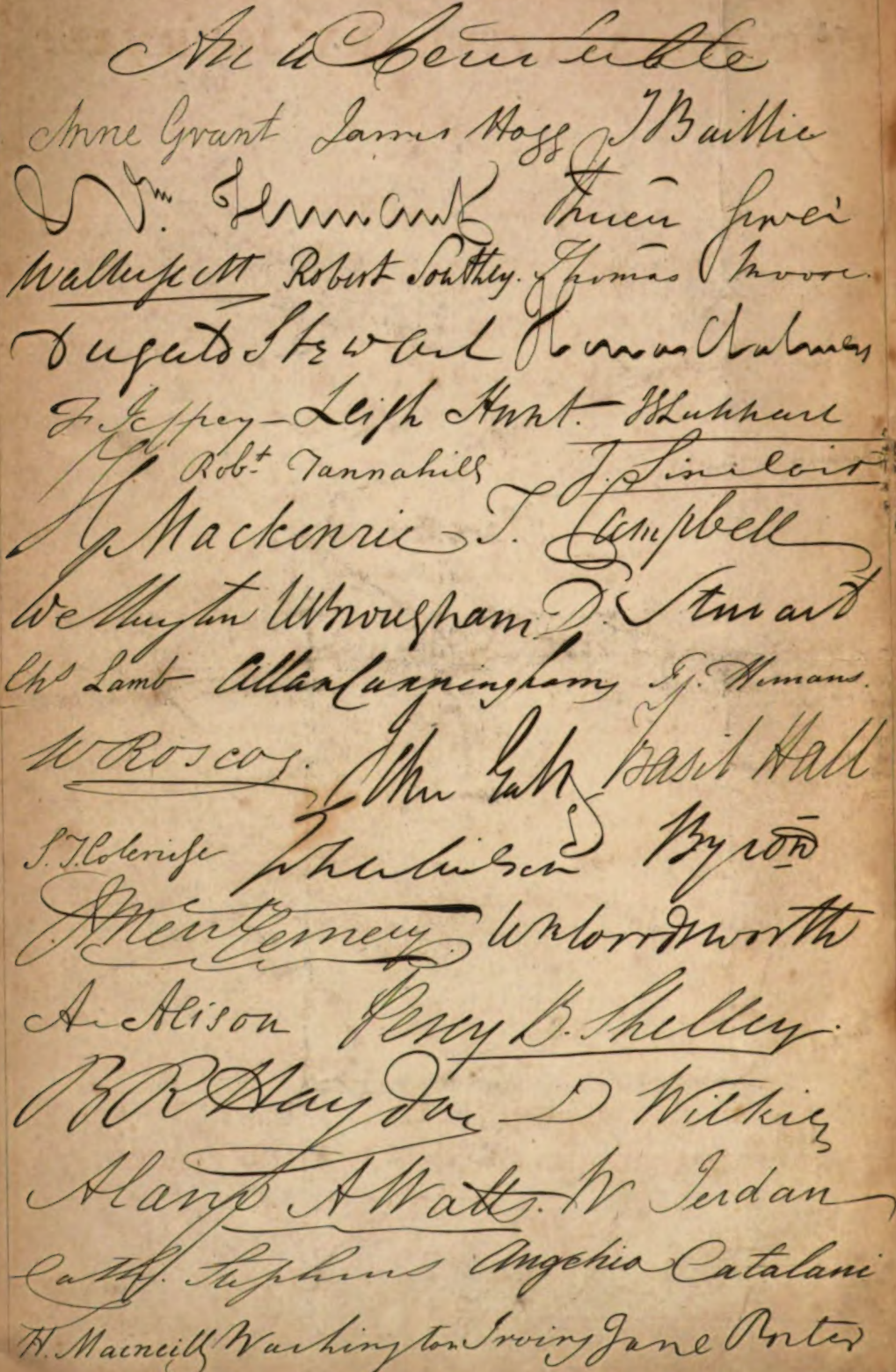

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THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER

OF

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

"Talent, gout, esprit, bons sens, choses differentes, non—incompatibles."

LA BRUYERE.

"Here's freedom to him that wad read,—
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite."

BURNS.

NOVEMBER, 1828—MAY, 1829.

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THE

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No. 1. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1828. PRICE 6d.

GENERAL INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE literature of this country has undergone, since the commencement of the present century, one of those periodical changes, which, in the revolution of years, seem inseparably to connect themselves with all the intellectual pursuits to which the genius and talents of man are directed. It is not to the great ebbs and flows of mind —to the golden or iron ages, which have alternately illuminated and darkened the world, that we mean to allude. We refer to changes of a more limited description; but scarcely less interesting to the philosophical inquirer into the nature of mind, and the various phenomena attendant on its developement. To such a one it must be apparent, that even when the higher powers of man's nature seem to be in equal states of activity, the leading features of those productions by which that activity is made apparent, are widely different at different periods. The fluctuation of taste—the alteration in the spirit of the times—the commanding influence of one or two bold and peculiarly constituted minds—are, in general, vaguely and unsatisfactorily set down, as the causes why a new order of things should arise in the world of intellect, and all the old canons of criticism, by which the value of mental labour used to be ascertained, rendered unstable or swept away altogether. We enter not at present upon any investigation which might lead to more accurate conclusions upon this subject; we wish only to point out the fact, and to direct attention to the influence it is but too apt imperceptibly to exercise over all our judgments. And most especially ought they to be aware of its power, who take upon themselves the important task of attempting to guide, in any degree, the public mind.

Whether there be in reality a definable and essential standard of taste—although, like the precious stone sought for by the enthusiasm of early science, it may have hitherto baffled discovery—it is at all events certain, that every age has had its own standard, to which an appeal was made, and by which its decisions were regulated. Different as these standards have commonly been from each other, it is impossible that they can all have been correct; yet, with much error, there may have been much truth in each. That man possesses but a shallow and bigoted discernment who pins his faith upon the predominant mode and fashion, or literary and scientific creed of any one country, or any isolated portion of time. By all reflecting minds this is a truth which is generally admitted; yet in the practice of every day it is but too frequently forgotten. We are all too apt to look only to what is going on around us, and in the pride of our hearts to believe, that what we and our contemporaries are doing is better than what has ever been done before. The mere laborious student who for ever quarries on the lore of nations and tongues that are extinct, is known by the depreciating titles of the *pedant* and *bookworm*;—the abstracted reveller among theories which exclude all human sympathies, and relate only to the mysterious laws that govern thought and mental perceptions, is distinguished by the equivocal appellation of *metaphysician*, which, in the lips of many, is meant to imply, that in devoting himself to the investigation of an essence he cannot comprehend, he has overlooked the only part of human nature towards the improvement of which his wisdom might have been usefully expended. Yet, whilst we perceive the errors into which the over-enthusiastic scholar, or the too ardent worshipper of German philosophy, have fallen, it becomes us not to point at them the finger of derision, or to turn away with the self-satisfied conviction of superiority. Without the scholar, the wisdom of the past would have been buried under the ruins of fallen empires; and without the metaphysician, glimpses of a remoter world, —of a higher origin,—and of a far nobler destiny, might to some have never been revealed.

The same observations which apply to different classes of men, may with propriety be extended to different periods in the history of this or any other country. There was a time when knightly daring and deeds of bold emprize went hand in hand with intellectual culture; and he therefore stood the most conspicuous, whose sword was seen to flash in every word, and whose resounding verse seemed but an echo to the trampling of his warsteed;—there was a time when theological research and polemical controversy gave the leading tone and colour to the mind, and when its efforts were estimated only in reference to that engrossing subject;—there was a time when the quiet happiness of an agricultural and pastoral state of society took a strong hold of the imagination, and, as in the Arcadia of Greece, or of Sir Philip Sidney, the whole population "babbled of green fields," and limpid rivulets murmured through a thousand eclogues;—there was a time when quaint conceits, and strong antithesis, and startling paradox, and all the untrodden paths of thought, however abstract and refined, or however dependent upon the mere play and jingle of conventional sounds, constituted what was denominated *wit*, when wit meant something more than mere quickness of fancy or readiness of repartee, and when, for the reputation of possessing that wit, all the dictates of a more sober, and perhaps sounder, taste, were willingly sacrificed;—there was a time when the nation once more reverted to the chaste and classical models of antiquity,—when their productions, if more subdued in tone, were more sustained in execution—when the feelings were never violently overwrought, nor

the imagination taxed to give birth to all grotesque and fantastic combinations,—when the natural passions of the human breast were thought to possess sufficient interest in themselves, without being distorted into hideous convulsions, or microscopically magnified into impossible proportions,—when beauty was not considered less beautiful because it was simple, or sorrow less deep because it was unpretending;—and last of all, there was a time, and it commenced with the commencement of the nineteenth century, when this order of things was entirely reversed,—when mere classical correctness was pronounced tame and spiritless, and fast producing that apathetic monotony which would never be roused into animation, startled into energy, or surprised into delight: then came the restless longing after novelty, however perplexing,—the never-ceasing anxiety to explore regions of thought—of sentiment—of passion—of sensation, hitherto undiscovered,—the dangerous craving after strong and stimulating intellectual food, intent only on the present excitement, and altogether regardless of the consequent languor; innumerable delineations followed, not of what human nature *was*, but of what it was possible it might become; *genius* was deified,—genius was called upon to create, and judgment and knowledge were taken from their thrones, and made to bow the knee before the idols which genius erected.

In every country there have been intellectual changes such as these; and the comprehensive mind, without allowing itself to be stamped with the features of any one era, may find much profit in all. The gay wild songs of the Troubadour need not be despised, because Milton, lifted on the wings of religion, soared a far higher flight; the rural felicities in which Sidney delighted need not be turned from as weak and girlish, because Donne and Cowley thought more intensely, if not with a sounder estimation of the beauty of creation's works; nor should Addison be left unread, and Pope pronounced uninspired, because the author of "Waverley" sprung into existence, and Byron conceived "Childe Harold."

The peculiar character which distinguishes any passing generation must be interesting to it, and may afford matter for much useful discourse; but the peculiar character of man, and of the mind of man—for ever active, yet for ever varying—is a theme of more permanent utility and sublimer interest. Let us not then rashly join with those who, with a flippant cleverness, the very common endowment of inferior minds, either maintain that the present infinitely surpasses all past ages, or, falling into an opposite extreme, affect to undervalue every thing that does not agree with their own ideal standard of excellence, and to discover nothing in the unwearying exertion of mental activity which this country exhibits but extreme unprofitableness,—a mere gilding of the external surface of thought, or vain and unjustifiable attempts to penetrate into the hidden arcana of the material and immaterial universe. Let us rejoice, rather, that whatever may be the imperfections attendant upon the mode of its dissemination, the light of knowledge, and the softening influence of the *litteræ humaniores*, now rest, as a sunbeam, alike upon the palace of the prince and the cabin of the peasant.

Much may we have to say, ere the labours which we now commence be concluded, concerning the errors or excellencies of many systems and schools, as well as of the merits or imperfections of those by whom they are supported; but let us always remember, that wherever there is thought, there is an exertion of the most godlike attribute which belongs to man—of all his possessions the most valuable; and that in exact proportion to its value is the importance of the use to which it may be put, and the deep responsibility of those who undertake to superintend its progress, and advise regarding its management. We hope that we feel as we ought the weight of this responsibility; we hope we are sufficiently aware that it is no light sin to send forth to the world crude and hastily formed opinions upon works which it took long time and much labour to produce. It is our most earnest desire never to attempt to influence our readers by ill-digested speculations, in which a certain sparkling facility of diction might occupy the place of those solid conclusions to be alone deduced from careful and accurate inquiry. Never may we be led to speak of the books which come before us, until we have bestowed upon them that sufficient and impartial examination, which will satisfy even the authors themselves of our candour, and prove to our readers that we are actuated only by an honourable anxiety to lay before them their true merits. Steadily guided by these principles, we may proceed boldly, and whatever worldly success may crown our labours, we shall ever carry along with us the abiding happiness of a clear conscience.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1829.

It is the peculiar feature of Annuals—a class of books unknown to our ancestors, and of very recent and rapid growth—that they embody in their pages all the miscellaneous, minor, and fugitive pieces of most living authors of celebrity. The plan, in theory at least, is a good one. If the shorter productions of a Sir Walter Scott, a Wordsworth, or a Coleridge, would be eagerly purchased when published separately, it is but fair to calculate that the volume will be greatly increased in interest that contains within itself joint effusions from the pens of those and many other master-spirits of the day. But in this, as in all terrestrial undertakings, theory is one thing and execution another. There are moments when the very ablest men are little more inspired than the most common-place, and in those moments, pressed as they almost always are for time, they are frequently tempted to commit their thoughts to paper. It is natural to suppose that, in looking over their manuscripts to select scraps for the Annuals, they do not always reject things of this sort, which might never otherwise have seen the light. "*Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus;*" but even the broken mutterings that fall from him in his sleep are eagerly pounced on by the whole host of Annual Editors. Besides, it by no means follows, that, because an author is a great novelist or poet, he is on that account better fitted than any body else to write a short love-tale, or an harmonious copy of verses, calculated to kindle the smiles or draw forth the tears of a fair reader. Milton, we suspect, would have made but an indifferent contributor to the "Keepsake;" and Locke, Bacon, and Jeremy Taylor, would in all probability have ranked among the rejected writers to the "Forget-me-Not." Byron failed in his attempt to establish a periodical; and Southey's articles in the Annuals are in general among the very worst they contain. The truth seems to be, that they who, at the promptings of nature, have accustomed their minds to take enlarged views of all subjects, find it extremely difficult to contract their thoughts into a narrower compass, and to content themselves with a more microscopic range of

vision. A much humbler degree of talent accomplishes this task with far greater facility.

It is upon these principles that we are inclined to account for the disappointment we commonly experience in looking over an Annual. For weeks before, our expectations have been raised by advertisements of all kinds, and announcements of the splendid preparations which the editor and publishers are making;—long lists of names are circulated; and every name is a household word in our lips, and seems in itself a host. But when at length the expected volume is put into our hands, and we anxiously turn over leaf after leaf, till we come to the end, our exclamation, with the countryman in the fable, is one of mingled regret and surprise,—*Quale caput! cerebrum non habet!*—There is, at the same time, an elegance and grace about these little books—a lucky choice in the time of their appearance—and a pleasant feeling in their intended appropriation,—all of which are apt to soften the critic's heart, and to

"Win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last."

When there were only one or two of these New-Year's Gifts, it was perhaps right to treat them thus leniently; but now that their numbers have so amazingly increased,—that so much money is expended on them,—and that so much time is occupied in preparing and in reading them, we are far from thinking that this over-indulgence should be continued. Wherever there is competition to so great an extent, it becomes the duty of the public to ascertain which of the parties are most entitled to support, and instead of scattering their unprofitable favours among the whole, bestow upon the really deserving a liberal and steady patronage. We cannot, therefore, in the present instance, join with those who repeat the hackneyed proverb, that "comparisons are odious," and refuse to point out any distinctions, because all possess a greater or less degree of merit. We think that more Annuals have been published this year than will ever be again; and as some must perish, we consider it our duty to assign to each its comparative rank, and thus give those that deserve it the best chance of remunerating their respective proprietors, both now and afterwards. We shall say a few words upon each, and shall endeavour to point out all the substantially good articles it contains;—of the inferior pieces, we shall either be silent, or express in passing our disapprobation. We shall take them up not in any particular order; but after reviewing the whole, we shall class them as their merits seem to deserve.

The Keepsake, edited by F. M. Reynolds. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London.

THIS Annual is of a larger size, and sold at a higher price, than any of the rest, with the exception of the "Anniversary." All that it is in the power of typography, paper, binding, and engraving, to do for a book, has been done for the "Keepsake," of which one of the earliest copies that has been sent to Scotland is now before us. When we give the "Keepsake" this praise, we say a good deal more than some of our readers may be inclined at first sight to suspect. It is no easy matter either for editor or publisher, and implies no trifling degree of taste and judgment, to get up a work which, in so far as external beauty is concerned, will, *in all respects*, do honour to the drawing-room of the fairest and the noblest of the land. This is a talent of itself, which ought not to go unnoticed. Printers, however excellent, may, to the cultivated eye, destroy the appearance of a whole page, by making the margin too long or too short by a single line, too broad or too narrow by a single letter, by misarranging a title, by using capitals instead of italics, by inserting a single space more or a single space less, by a thousand minute errors of judgment, the general effect of which would be disagreeably felt, although want of experience might fail to suggest the remedy. In like manner, the paper-maker may have his own partialities for ribbed paper, for wove paper, for cream-coloured paper, for thick paper, or for thin paper; but there is only *one* sort of paper which, under the circumstances, is *the* paper that should be used;—the binder also may prefer plain binding, or rich tooling, or crimson, blue, or green silk, but nothing which he proposes may be exactly that which ought to be adopted;—and the engraver may see beauties in certain paintings which no one else sees, and may insist on making them the subjects of his *burine*, until a superior mind either convinces him of his mistake, or declines making use of his assistance. When we give praise to a book, therefore, for its nearly unequalled excellence in all these particulars, the praise is of some consequence; and certainly a lovelier volume than the "Keepsake" we could never wish to hold in our hands.

It is to the admirable artist, Charles Heath, that it is chiefly indebted for its exquisite embellishments. Line engraving was undoubtedly never before carried to the perfection it has attained in this country within the last few years. We do not mean to assert that finer specimens of the art have been recently produced upon that larger scale, which till lately was rarely deviated from by engravers of celebrity. But the rapidly-increasing taste for combining pictorial embellishment with literary productions, and the lucrative employment thus afforded to artists, have induced an attention to minuteness of detail and inimitable delicacy of execution, which have not hitherto been paralleled. The largest picture is reduced to the size of a duodecimo page, with a degree of accuracy so complete, that the smallest leaf does not disappear from a landscape,—nor is the slightest shade of difference in the expression of the individual features of a magnificent portrait ever perceived. There is here a very great triumph of human ingenuity; and it is impossible to avoid feeling obligation to the artist who thus not only gives to perpetuity, but sends into our own closet bound up with the books we read, all the most brilliant creations of painting. Judging by the numerous engravings in the Annuals before us, the persons to whom England is most indebted for their successful exertions in this way are, Charles Heath, Charles Rolls, E. and W. Finden, E. Goodall, J. H. Robinson, H. Le Keux, F. Engleheart, F. and E. Portbury, J. Romney, R. Graves, J. Goodyear, and one or two others who, we doubt not, deserve to be named, though we have not had the same opportunities of discovering their abilities. There are nineteen embellishments in the "Keepsake," of which Heath himself has supplied ten, and on the whole the best,—if we except "Anne Page and Slender," by Rolls, who is an artist of first-rate talent. It is unnecessary to particularize the engravings which please us most—they are all beautiful. "Lucy and her Bird" is probably the most commonplace, both in subject and execution; whilst the portraits of the Duchess of Bedford and Mrs Peel are of that sort which set criticism at defiance.

Though we have dwelt thus long on the embellishments, we are happy to have it in our power to say, that the literary contents of the "Keepsake" are in many respects little less deserving of notice. None of the Annuals exhibits so strong a list of names, though several of them contain a greater number of articles. There is scarcely a contribution in the "Keepsake" to which a well-known signature is not attached. Sir Walter Scott comes first. He has contributed four pieces of prose,—two of which are little more than anecdotes; the third is only a new edition of a story he heard many years ago from Miss Seward; but the fourth is a very powerful and highly graphic sketch, occupying the first forty-four pages of the book, and entitled "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." It is a tale of necromancy; and the scene is laid in Edinburgh, about the beginning of the eighteenth

century. It is one of those productions which, however hurriedly the Author of Waverley may occasionally write, are continually presenting themselves to convince us that no man living possesses the same graphic and extraordinary powers. The three other pieces are of a much inferior kind. That called the "Death of the Laird's Jock," which was written to furnish a subject for the pencil, does not, we think, supply very successfully what was wanted; and accordingly, we perceive by Heath's engraving after Corbould, that the attempt to make a fine picture out of it has entirely failed,—the effect produced is overstrained, disagreeable, and unnatural. Sir Walter Scott is not altogether to blame for this: the incident, as he relates it, is poetical, but not resting on any known historical foundation, it does not possess any point sufficiently striking to merit its being embodied on canvass. —Some posthumous fragments of Percy Bysshe Shelley next attract our attention. The few remarks, in prose, "On Love," are pregnant with thought, as indeed is all that Shelley has ever written. Yet the remarks will not be popular, for the thoughts do not lie at the surface, and ordinary readers will not give themselves the trouble to penetrate deeper in search of them. There are three scraps of poetry, too, by the same author, which we perused with interest; for all that remains of Shelley tends to throw some light upon the peculiar idiosyncrasy of one of the most remarkable and original minds that this country ever produced. Our readers will be glad to see one of these effusions, which, though on a lighter subject, bears the strong impress of Shelley's usual current of thought:—

THE AZIOLA.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Ask'd, "Who is Aziola?"—How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate:
And Mary saw my soul,
And laugh'd, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird
The soul ever stirr'd;
Unlike—and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee, and thy sad cry.

From Shelley the transition is easy to his widow—one of the daughters of Godwin—and well known as the author of "Frankenstein," and "The Last Man." She has furnished two tales to the "Keepsake," written in a less wild and gloomy style than that in which she usually indulges, and bearing evident indications of a well-cultivated and masculine mind, with here and there some touches of a softer description, which do as much credit to the heart as the rest does to the head.—There is a good deal of poetry from Wordsworth, but we have seen *the bard* (as his more enthusiastic admirers have christened him) to greater advantage. There are some fine thoughts, sprinkled here and there like flowers over a meadow, in the pieces alluded to; but between these thoughts there is too much of the bare sod—or, to talk less metaphorically, a little of the prolixity and feebleness of advancing life. "The Triad," in particular, is rather a long poem, and is meant to contain a highly poetical description of three beautiful nymphs; but to us we confess it is, on the whole, exceedingly mystical and unintelligible, and, moreover, considerably fuller of words than of ideas. There are two sonnets, however, by the same author, which possess much simple beauty and force.—Lord Nugent's "Apropos of Bread" is clever, but not quite so good as we had hoped.—L. E. L. (Miss Landon) has this year wisely written much less in the Annuals, and consequently what she has written is better, and has a more vigorous tone. She has two copies of verses in the "Keepsake," both of which are good.—Moore is the only living author who seems resolutely to have held out against the temptations offered by the Editors of Annuals. We do not remember ever to have seen a single line of his in any of these books. There is a trifle entitled "Extempore" by him in the "Keepsake," but we are informed in the preface it was obtained from a friend, in whose possession it happened to be—not from the author himself. We are not sure that Moore's conduct is not more dignified, and evinces higher self-respect, than that of those who, from motives either of gain or vanity, allow their name and productions to be continually bound up with so much that is trifling and ephemeral. But this is matter of opinion, upon which we would not too dogmatically insist. If we did, a strong argument would start up against us in Coleridge. He has several contributions in the "Keepsake,"—and one of these, "The Garden of Boccaccio," is out of all sight the finest poem in the book,—indeed, we regard it as one of the finest minor pieces which even Coleridge himself, with all his variety of imagery, and fine flow of strong and original thought, has ever written. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting at least a part of it:—

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When Life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the PAST for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cower'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake,
O friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's garden and its Faery,
The love, the joyance, and the gallantry!
An IDYL, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep,
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft, that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might,
The picture stole upon my inward sight.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where LOVE lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that, with veil withdrawn,
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,

Thine all delights, and every Muse is thine:
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid Gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Mæonides;
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's HOLY BOOK of Love's sweet smart!

The rest of the contents of the "Keepsake" may be mentioned more rapidly. Southey has several better short poems than he usually produces,—especially one entitled "Lucy and her Bird;"—the author of "The Roué," and the author of "Gilbert Earle," have each a piece of imaginative writing, and each is respectable;—Luttrell has given some tolerable rhymes, but not much poetry;—Lord Porchester some very polished and elegant verses "To a Pearl;"—Thomas Bayly rather an insipid story called "A Legend of Killarney;"—Mrs Hemans a poem of a more vigorous kind than is common with her;—Theodore Hook a spirited tale called "The Old Gentleman;"—Sir James Mackintosh a classical and interesting paper entitled "Sketch of a Fragment of the History of the Nineteenth Century," which is occupied principally with an estimate of the character political, intellectual, and domestic, of the late Mr Canning;—Lockhart a very admirable specimen of a translation from the Norman French, called "The King, and the Minstrel of Ely;"—and Lord Normanby a very carefully finished, and somewhat laboured tale—"Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl."

There are a few other things from persons of inferior note, but it is unnecessary to particularize them. To the Editor, however, Mr F. M. Reynolds, we have a single observation to make. He has acted wisely in not pushing himself too obtrusively forward, and one or two of his contributions are clever; but we discover in his style a tendency to occasional coarseness—we might perhaps add vulgarity—which ought to have been most carefully eschewed in a publication like the "Keepsake," and which, in truth, is the only circumstance that detracts from the general elegance of the whole. The work, however, "take it for all in all," cannot fail to be a favourite; and the enterprising spirit which has induced the proprietor to expend upon it the enormous sum of eleven thousand guineas, will not, we hope, go unrewarded.*

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829, edited by Allan Cunningham. John Sharp, London.

NOT less splendid than the "Keepsake" in outward show, though perhaps slightly less perfect in some of the minutiæ of elegance, the "Anniversary" presents itself for the first time to the notice of the public. It appears to us, that of all the Annuals, this is the one which possesses peculiar claims upon the people of Scotland. It is edited by our countryman, Allan Cunningham—a man not more remarkable for his free, fresh genius, gushing out like one of his own mountain streams, and natural to him as the yellow broom is to his own hills, than for that artless simplicity of manner, and gentle urbanity of heart, which are ever the concomitants, and most commonly the leading characteristics, of true genius. He loves his country ardently, and he has not hesitated to breathe over the pages of his "Anniversary" a sentiment so dear to his heart. There is a Scottish feeling pervades the work, and wherever it is circulated, it will succeed in awakening a mingled respect and esteem for the "land of the mountain and the flood." Upon this subject we may, indeed, remark generally, that it is highly gratifying to observe the prominent place which the contributions of Scotchmen hold in all these Annuals. Without them, they certainly would not be what they are. Two of them are edited by Scotchmen—"The Anniversary," by Allan Cunningham, and "Friendship's Offering," by Thomas Pringle. Then look at the names which shine most conspicuously in their table of contents. Are they not Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, James Hogg, Montgomery, the Rev. Edward Irving, Kennedy, Malcolm, Moir? The first four names on this list are in themselves a galaxy; and the rest have each a strong light of their own. In so far, then, as any of the Annuals is concerned, we may say with Iago,—"he who filches from me *these good names*, will make me poor indeed." Our Southron friends may perhaps discover an over degree of nationality in these observations; but they will hardly blame us that we are proud of men of whom the world is proud.

The poetry of the "Anniversary" is considerably superior to its prose, as was naturally to be expected from the habits of its editor. Of the latter the only pieces which seem worthy of mention are two;—"The Cameronian Preacher's Tale," by Hogg, a story of strange and supernatural interest; "one of those terrible sermons which God preaches to mankind of blood unrighteously shed, and most wondrously avenged;" and told with all that unadorned strength of narrative, and clear intuitive perception of the best mode of treating those incidents that bear upon the superstitious part of our nature, which unquestionably make the Ettrick Shepherd the best inditer of a ghost story extant;—and "A Tale of the Time of the Martyrs," by the celebrated Edward Irving, which, though not in any way very astonishing, possesses more vigour, polish, and, what is of still greater consequence, more intelligibleness, than his sermons, orations, or homilies.

As we have already said, the poetry of the "Anniversary" deserves more notice than the prose. There is something curious in Edward Irving writing for an Annual, and Cunningham has been fortunate in having his work made the chosen vehicle for the preacher's lucubrations; but far more fortunate is he in having secured the only contribution with which Professor Wilson has, through any channel of this kind, favoured the public. "Edderline's Dream" is the first canto of a poem, which was at one time complete in six, but of which the other five have been most unfortunately lost, and we suspect there is some doubt whether they will ever be re-written. No one can read what has been preserved, without deeply regretting the accident that has robbed him of the continuation and conclusion of a composition which opens so beautifully. We regret much that Professor Wilson's multifarious pursuits prevent him from indulging more frequently in that fine poetical vein he unquestionably possesses. There is in his style a richness of imagery, and a fresh unwearying enjoyment of all that is beautiful and sublime in nature, which are themselves sufficient to form the staple commodities of a poem that would delight the fancy and win the heart. Nothing can be more vivid and spirit-stirring than the following description of a fine summer morning:

Hark! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, where her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude!
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard;
But loftier far from cliff remote
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathom down,
While his wild and fitful cry
Blends together sea and sky;
And a thousand songs, I trow,
From the waken'd world below,
Are ringing through the morning glow.

* For some highly interesting details of the expense incurred in the publication of these Annuals, we refer our readers to a communication from London, which they will find in a subsequent column.

Music is there on the shore,
Softening sweet the billowy roar;
For lulli and fair in every weather,
The seamews shrill now flock together,
Or, wheeling off in lonely play,
Carry their pastimes far away,
To little isles and rocks of rest,
Scatter'd o'er the ocean's breast,
Where these glad creatures build their nest.
Now hymns are heard at every fountain,
Where the land birds trim their wings,
And boldly booming up the mountain,
Where the dewy heath-flower springs,
Upon the freshening gales of morn
Showers of headlong bees are borne,
Till far and wide with harp and horn
The balmy desert rings!

This the pensive lady knows,
So round her lovely frame she throws
The cloud-like float of her array,
And with a blessing and a prayer
She fixeth in her raven hair
The jewel that her lover gave,
The night before he cross'd the wave
To kingdoms far away!
Soft steps are winding down the stair,
And now beneath the morning air
Her breast breathes strong and free;
The sun in his prime glorious hour
Is up, and with a purple shower
Hath bathed the billowy sea!

Lo! morning's dewy hush divine
Hath calm'd the eyes of Edderline!
Shaded by the glooms that fall
From the old grey castle wall,
Or, from the glooms emerging bright,
Cloud-like walking through the light,
She sends the blessings of her smiles
O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,
And, creature though she be of earth,
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.

Is it not to be regretted that in the present silence of the mightiest Lyres, he who can write thus, should so seldom awaken the music of his own?—Several things in the Editor's happiest manner, especially "The Magic Bridle," "The Mother Praying," and "The Blackberry Boy,"—"Three Inscriptions for the Caledonian Canal," by Southey,—a "Dramatic Scene," by Barry Cornwall,—and "The Carle of Invertime," by Hogg, make up all the rest of the poetry that it is necessary to mention. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that there is a greater mixture of alloy in the "Anniversary," than we could have wished, but we are well aware of the difficulties attendant upon a first effort; and doubt not that where there is so much promise, the improvement in subsequent years will be great. The embellishments, of which there are twenty, are very splendid; and it gives us much pleasure to be able to state that though the work has hardly yet been seen in Scotland, six or seven thousand copies have already been sold.

The Forget-me-Not, a Christmas or New Year's Present, edited by Frederick Shoberl, Esq. R. Ackermann, London.

To Ackermann, the publisher of the "Forget-me-Not," we owe the introduction of Annuals into this country; and it was in 1823 that the first "Forget-me-Not" appeared. It was joined next year by "Friendship's Offering," and in 1825, by the "Literary Souvenir." Till 1828, these, together with the "Amulet," which came out in 1826, kept the field to themselves, but subsequently a whole host, armed cap-a-pie, have rushed to the *melée*. The "Forget-me-Not" has never possessed the character of being entitled to very high consideration on the score of its literary pretensions, but it has always been a pleasant book to look at, and to read,—light, airy, and elegant. It would scarcely be fair to expect that all the young ladies and gentlemen who keep Albums, and buy Annuals, should consent to the labour of exercising much thought in perusing what is written for their amusement by the numerous joint-stock literary companies of the day. If they can feast upon a sentimental love-story, it would be hard to insist on their swallowing Mount Caucasus;—if their thirst for poetry is assuaged by a sonnet, it would be cruel to force them to inhale the whole Red Sea. Why should they not be allowed to live on in their own way?—literary, without being particularly learned,—poetical, but not poets,—busy, but not industrious,—intelligible, but not intellectual. For them the "Forget-me-Not" is peculiarly fitted. It contains nothing decidedly weak, and nothing decidedly and conspicuously excellent. There are, however, upwards of a hundred pieces in prose and verse, of which the best are "Eastern Apologues," by Hogg, and a comic poem, entitled, "Frolic in a Palace," by W. H. Harrison. One of the embellishments, too, of which there are fourteen, we *must* mention. It is the first,—an engraving by Le Keux, from a painting by Martin, on the subject of the self-immolation of Marcus Curtius the Roman patriot. It is one of the noblest things we have seen in any of the Annuals, and contains within itself a world of poetry. Martin's conceptions are in general possessed of much sublimity, however he may fail in individual parts of the execution. In the present instance, the splendid temples, and pillars, and citadels, and towers of Rome are finely grouped, and gloriously canopied by the dark, lurid, thundery sky. Then the countless multitude of her affrighted inhabitants in the streets and open space that surround the yawning gulf which has been rent by the fury of the earthquake, and which, unless the gods be appeased, is about to desolate the whole city, admirably prepares the mind for the emotions excited by the figure upon which the eye principally rests. It is Marcus Curtius, mounted on a magnificent white steed, which after being urged to its best speed has already leaped full upon the abyss, as if proud to die along with its rider. Curtius sits erect upon its back,—his armour on,—his shield in one hand, and his arms extended and thrown upwards, as if, with an heroic smile upon his countenance, he blessed his country, and gladly for its sake looked his last upon the sky of Rome. The effect produced is such, that it is impossible to stop just at this point of time. The imagination instinctively takes a prospective glance, and sees the brave knight fall down—down into the tremendous chasm,—hears the loud shriek of men who never shrieked before, and the screams of women whom the sight drives mad. The earthquake rolls away, but there is silence in the streets and squares of Rome.—This single engraving is more than worth the price of the "Forget-me-Not."

The Literary Souvenir, edited by Alaric A. Watts. Longman, Rees, Orme, & Co. London.

Under the superintendence of Alaric Watts, a scholar, a poet, and a man of taste—the "Souvenir" has always maintained a high rank among publications of this class, and we are happy to have it in our power to say, that the volume for 1829 is the best of the series which has yet appeared.

Among other attractions, it contains twelve highly-finished and beautiful engravings, scarcely one of which, the Editor informs us, has cost less than a hundred guineas, and several from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy guineas each. "The immense expense," he adds, "attendant upon the publication of a volume containing twelve such embellishments as are here given,—an expense which has lately been increased by the unusual demand for the talent

employed in their production, can only be covered by a sale which, to the ordinary observer, would appear to promise a large and certain remuneration. When, however, it is stated that a circulation of less than from eight to nine thousand copies would entail a serious loss upon its proprietors, it will readily be believed that they have been incited to no ordinary exertions. Their object has been to enable it to compete advantageously, not merely with annual works published at a similar price, but with others of higher pretensions, and of nearly double its cost. It will be for the public to determine, after a careful examination of their respective merits, how far this object has been achieved." As a portion of that public, we hesitate not to give it as our opinion that the object *has* been achieved. The "Souvenir" is distinguished both by external elegance and intellectual superiority. Several of the engravings have never been surpassed. "The Sisters," from a painting by Stephanhoff, is out of sight the most beautiful production of that artist we ever saw. "Cleopatra, embarking on the Cydnus," engraved by E. Goodall, is a vision of more then Eastern light and loveliness—most soft and voluptuous, yet producing on the feelings, a refining, not an enervating effect. "The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from France," is interesting at once from its own excellence, and the nature of the subject. "The Proposal" is inimitably engraved by Charles Rolls; and the female figure possesses all that sweetness and beauty which no one knows better how to give than Leslie. The "Portrait of Sir Walter Scott," by M. J. Danforth, after Leslie, we consider very valuable, and by far the best that has been yet engraved. It bears a striking and favourable resemblance to the illustrious Author of Waverley; and the only fault we can observe is, that the brow seems a good deal too high. One would suppose that all the painters who have yet painted likenesses of Sir Walter Scott, were thorough-paced phrenologists, and being hardly able to understand

"How one small head can carry all he *knows*,"

they have invariably magnified it to the most unnatural proportions, and by the external developement have indicated a quantity of brain within, enough to have materially altered the centre of gravity of any ordinary man. "The Agreeable Surprise," engraved by H. Rolls, after J. Green, is perhaps on the whole the most delightful plate of all. There is a Persian splendour in the scenery, and a rich luxuriance in the figures, especially in that of the Royal lady writing on the sand

"With such a small, white, shining hand,
You might have thought 'twas silver flowing,"

that the pleasant impression left upon the mind more than repays the cost of the "Souvenir." Delta has but feebly illustrated this delightful picture. Amid so much beauty, there is only one failure. What was Westall about when he drew; and when had Charles Rolls so much time to spare as to engrave; and what had become of Alaric Watts's taste when he inserted, a thing altogether so unworthy as that entitled "She never told her love?" A poor, meagre, plain, pining girl, lying on the grass, and looking more as if her stomach was out of order than her heart, can hardly be an object of interest even to the most sentimental of all sentimentalists. No wonder "she never told her love," for we cannot see what right she had ever to fall in love at all. Nature evidently intended her for an old maid, and as an old maid she must inevitably live and die, notwithstanding the extraordinary degree of patronage which Messrs Westall and Rolls have been good enough to bestow upon her.

On the literary part of the "Souvenir," or what is technically termed the letter-press, we could willingly descant at some length; but we must "bridle in our struggling muse with pain." Of the prose articles, "Too handsome for any thing," as a lighter sketch, and the "Manuscript found in a Madhouse," as a piece of graver and more impassioned writing, are our favourites, and are both by the author of "Pelham"—a novel evincing much talent, especially in the third volume. There are also one or two very successful Tales; and a good lively article by Barry Cornwall—a designation by which he is much better known than by his real name of Procter—entitled "A Chapter on Portraits."

The poetry is supplied principally by Alaric Watts himself, Barry Cornwall, T. K. Hervey, Malcolm, and Mrs Hemans. Watts is always graceful, and often vigorous, as in his "King Pedro's Revenge," in the volume before us. Barry Cornwall is unequal, and has too much mannerism, but nevertheless in his better moods possesses much genuine feeling, and displays a very fair proportion of the *divinus afflatus*; T. K. Hervey has not been enjoying good health, and his improvement has consequently scarcely kept pace with his early promise, yet at times he produces stanzas full of genius; Malcolm's reputation, despite the retiring modesty that courts the shade too much, is steadily increasing, and the effusions of his gentle and pensive muse must always please; Mrs Hemans has a style of her own, pregnant with all that is feminine and chastely dignified, but of that nature which is felt to be somewhat monotonous, when subjected to frequent repetitions; and though we should be sorry to miss the soft whisperings of her lute, we are inclined to advise, for her own sake, that for a time she should allow its music to slumber. Her name has become too hackneyed in the public ear, and her verses too familiar to the public eye; like the waters of the fountain of Arethusa, she should disappear for a while, to re-emerge with a clearer and a stronger gush of song.—As we wish to lay before our readers one of the best poems in the "Souvenir," we select the following:—

AN ADIEU.

By T. K. Hervey.

Adieu! the chain is shiver'd now
That link'd my heart and hopes with thine.
I leave thee to thy broken vow—
Thy dreams will often be of mine;
And tears—be those the only tears
Thine eyes may ever learn to weep,
Shall tell the thoughts to other years
Thy spirit cannot choose but keep!
Adieu!

Adieu! enjoy thy pleasant hours,
Find other hearts—to fling away!
Thy life is in its time of flowers,
Gather May-garlands while 'tis May!
Oh! till the dreary day draws in,
And winter settles round thy heart,
And memory's phantom forms begin
To take a wounded spirit's part,
Adieu!

Adieu! thy beauty is the bow
That kept the tempest from thy sky,
And all too bright upon thy brow,
The sigh which must so surely die.
These drops—the last for thee!—are shed,
To think that there will be not one
To love thee when its light is fled,
To shield thee when the storm comes on!
Adieu!

Adieu! Oh! wild and worthless all,
The heart that wakes this last farewell!
Why—for a thing like thee—should fall
My harpings like a passing bell!
Why should my soul and song be sad!
Away!—I fling thee from my heart
Back to the selfish and the bad,
With whom thou hast thy fitter part!
Adieu!

Adieu! and may thy dreams of me
Be poison in thy brain and breast,

And hope be lost in memory,
And memory mar thy prayer for rest!
Why seeks my soul a gentler strain?
For thee, my harp, be henceforth mute,
Never to wake thy name again.
Thou stranger to my love and lute,
Adieu!

The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer, edited by S. C. Hall. Westley and Davis, and Wightman and Cramp.

MINGLING moral and religious instruction with literary amusement, the "Amulet" aims at being distinguished by a peculiar character of its own. The design is highly praiseworthy; and we only regret that the editor, Mr S. C. Hall, though he has mustered a considerable phalanx of Christian contributors, has not been able to inspire them all with that degree of eloquence and talent which the goodness of their intentions made it particularly desirable they should possess. The spirit, however, of meek and unobtrusive piety which pervades the pages of the "Amulet," will be felt and valued by those to whom all that is sacred is dear. Nor has embellishment been forgotten. On the contrary, few of its contemporaries surpass the "Amulet" in this respect. "The Spanish Flower Girl," the "Wandering Minstrels of Italy," the "Rose of Castle Howard," "The Mountain Daisy," the "Fisherman leaving Home," and "The Temple of Victory," are all beautiful specimens of art:

"Go forth, my little book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good."

Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album, and Annual Remembrancer. Smith, Elder and Co. London.

AMIDST the crowd of Annuals, which are all a little too much like German *double-gangers*, any thing that suggests the remotest idea of variety is agreeable. One thing, therefore, which we like about "Friendship's Offering" is, that while its dark-blue and handsomely figured binding is sufficiently elegant, it is at the same time somewhat more manly and substantial than the very exquisite and finical though amiable foppery, for which its brethren are, in this respect, so remarkable. The outside of the volume induces us to hope that the flowers within will possess less of a hothouse, or rather hot-pressed species of beauty, than they do elsewhere,—that they will not be quite so languid in the exhaling richness of their own perfumes. But, alas! it is only in the binding that "Friendship's Offering" differs from any other Annual. On the whole, its engravings are inferior to those of the works we have already noticed; and with two exceptions—"Hours of Innocence," and "La Fiancée de Marques," we cannot give much commendation to any of them.

There is a sensible paper on "Contradiction," by the author of "May You Like It," a clever "Scottish Traditionary Tale," containing much graphic writing, and some powerful situations, by the author of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness," who assumes the somewhat unaccountable signature of "The Modern Pythagorean,"—and a very fair Irish story, with rather a trite plot, by Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." The poetry taken *en masse* is of that perplexingly respectable kind, which is more teasing to a critic than positive inanity. Montgomery writes about Albums—a subject which, with him, seems to be inexhaustible;—he has at least two dozen poems scattered through the Annuals, either taken from, or meant to be transferred to, blank paper books. How old is Montgomery? There is something childish in this perpetual babbling to young ladies at boarding-schools, by one, too, who can do so much better things. Then come the *dii minorum gentium*, who lucubrate upon such topics as the following;—"Love and Sorrow," by the late Henry Neele,—"Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," by Mary Howitt,—"Nature," by Miss Jeffrey,—"The Wild Bee," by Thomas Gent,—"Constancy," by C. Redding, Esq.—"Memory," by John Fairbairn, Esq.—"Sonnet," by Richard Howitt,—"The First Kiss of Love," by J. A. St John,—and last and least, "The Wren," by John Clare. Genius itself could make nothing of subjects, or rather of no subjects, like these. But the character of the mind prompts the subject, and when that is drivelling, the inference is evident. There are a few green spots, however, in this desert of mediocrity. Mr Pringle, the Editor, has contributed a sweet and classical poem, entitled, "Glen Lynden," which, without boasting of any high pretensions, is read with pleasure, and amply entitles him to the merit modestly claimed in the following verse:

"No lofty theme I meditate: To me
To soar mid clouds and storms hath not been given,
Or through the gates of dread and mystery,
To gaze like those dark spirits who have striven
To rend the veil that severs earth from Heaven;
For I have loved with simple hearts to dwell,
That ne'er to doubt's forbidden springs were driven,
But lived sequester'd in life's lowly dell,
And drank the untroubled stream from inspiration's well."

In a similar style, simple and natural, there is a sonnet, entitled, "The Ballad Singer," by A. Balfour, Esq. author of "Contemplation," and other poems. But some of the most spirited things in the volume, are by Messrs Kennedy and Motherwell,—the first already well known, and rapidly rising, we think, to fame,—and the latter, not quite so well known as he ought to be, for his poetical productions are often marked by a bold freshness of thought and great originality.

We have now said as much of "Friendship's Offering" as we think it deserves.

The Winter's Wreath; a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse. George Smith, Liverpool.

"ANOTHER yet!—a seventh!" One novelty, however, is, that it is published at Liverpool; and another, that it contains an engraving, very well executed, by Lizars of Edinburgh. But its embellishments, compared with those of others, sink rather below par; and it boasts only of four contributors of any note,—Mrs Hemans, Miss Mitford, Montgomery, and Roscoe, all of whom seem to have sent their poorest pieces. The other articles are supplied by anonymous writers, and some of them are sufficiently raw. But it would be wrong to pass over in silence the only prose paper that particularly interested us—"A journey up the Mississippi," by J. J. Audubon, whom many of our Edinburgh readers, at least, will remember with interest as the American naturalist, who exhibited here so beautiful a collection of drawings—the labour of nearly his whole life—lonely and peculiar as that had been, among the great lakes and forests of the New World. The narrative of his expedition up the Mississippi is written with much liveliness, and it is not unlikely that we may take an early opportunity of transferring to our columns a few of its most amusing details.

The Bijou, an Annual of Literature and the Arts. W. Pickering, London.

WE are disposed to think very favourably of the "Bijou." It has a sustained and rather dignified character, which pleases us. There is about it less of the tinsel and superficiality of the mere passing fashion of the day. The very embellishments have a smack of the racy vigour of antiquity. There is a fine blue "Autumnal Evening," by Claude,—an interesting picture of "The Family of Sir Thomas More," excellently group-

ed by Holbein, and a very admirable "Diana of Poictiers," by Primatticcio. Nor should our own Sir Thomas Lawrence be forgotten, who has supplied the engraver with two noble portraits,—nor Turner's beautiful view of Mont Blanc,—nor Stephanhoff's spirited "Interview between King Charles the Second, and Sir Henry Lee,"—a subject taken from "Woodstock." The prose and verse are in good keeping with these decidedly superior embellishments; and if the Editor has not been able to muster quite so numerous a list of celebrated names as some of his rivals, he has made a more judicious selection from his anonymous materials.

The Gem; a Literary Album. Edited by T. Hood, Esq. W. Marshall, London.

THOMAS HOOD, the Editor of the "Gem," has the reputation of being the most consummate punster in England. We confess we do not think the distinction a very enviable one,—the more especially as we know that Hood might, if he chose, easily obtain a higher species of fame. But seeing that he *is* a punster, and that he glories in being so, we had certainly hoped for something a little new in the "Gem," at least in so far as punning is new. Even here we have been disappointed. The "Gem" is nothing else but a book which belongs to the general species described by the term Annual. One short poem, and a sentence or two in the preface, comprise all the puns in the volume. The following passage contains the best of these. "To Sir Walter Scott—not merely a literary feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them—I owe, and with the hand of my heart acknowledge, a deep obligation: a poem from his pen, is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetuity, at least a very Old Mortality." The contribution alluded to from Sir Walter, which is a poem entitled "The Death of Keeldar," and another still finer poem of a graver and darker description by Thomas Hood himself, called "The Dream of Eugene Aram," are unquestionably the two most interesting articles in the "Gem." "The Dream of Eugene Aram" is one of the most striking and highly talented productions we have met with in any of the Annuals, and its length alone prevents us from extracting it. Hood should pun less, and dream more. There is a good deal of trash in the "Gem," and, what is stranger, trash written by clever men. From Hartley Coleridge, however, who is not sufficiently known in this part of the island, but who is his father's son every inch, we have two sweet little things.

There is not much prose worth reading in the "Gem." The embellishments, which are fifteen in number, are good.

THE JUVENILE ANNUALS.

OF these there are four,—"The Christmas Box,"—"The Juvenile Forget-me-Not,"—"The New Year's Gift,"—and "The Juvenile Keepsake." The "Christmas Box," edited by Crofton Croker, is more adapted for boys than girls; the "Juvenile Forget-me-Not," edited by Mrs S. C. Hall, more for girls than boys; the "New Year's Gift," edited by Mrs Alaric Watts, for either; and the "Juvenile Keepsake" for neither. The most interesting feature in the "Christmas Box" is a tale of nearly fifty pages by Miss Edgeworth; there is a good deal of mediocrity in the other contributions, and, what is more unfortunate, not much improvement to be derived from them by young readers. The "Juvenile Forget-me-Not," on the other hand, abounds in entertaining and instructive stories, excellently adapted to the capacity of youth. The "New Year's Gift" is scarcely inferior, though perhaps a little less in keeping with its object. The "Juvenile Keepsake" is the most tasteful and elegant in its embellishments of the whole four; but it does not at all suit its name, for there is very little additional juvenility to be discovered in it than may be found in any of the Annuals intended for children of a larger growth. We conceive that after the age of fourteen every body is entitled to peruse these Albums for big people; but as there is a pretty numerous portion of the reading public, whose years vary from five to thirteen, we approve of books being got up for them,—only, when this is their avowed purpose, it ought not to be lost sight of. Any of these volumes, however, are better Christmas presents than whips, tops, or dolls—whether of wood or wax.

FROM the review we have now taken of all the fair array of stars that come twinkling forth into the literary firmament at this season, it will appear evident that some must sooner or later "pale their ineffectual fires" in the stronger light of more brilliant luminaries. Less metaphorically, it is impossible that more than one-half of the Annuals can pay, and we therefore think that the sooner several of them retire from the field the better. Taking both their embellishments and literary contents into consideration, we are disposed to class them in the following order:—*First*, "The Keepsake;" *second* and *third*, "The Anniversary" and "Souvenir," or the "Souvenir" and "Anniversary;" we think the comparative merits of both are nearly balanced; *fourth*, "The Bijou;" *fifth*, "The Amulet;" *sixth*, "The Forget-me-Not;" *seventh*, "The Gem;" *eighth*, "Friendship's Offering;" and *ninth*, "The Winter's Wreath." Of the Annuals for children, we put "The Juvenile Forget-me-Not" *first;* "The New Year's Gift" *second;* "The Christmas Box" *third;* and "The Juvenile Keepsake" *fourth*. We leave it to the good sense of the editors, proprietors, and publishers, to discover which of all these ought to die natural deaths before the year 1830. There is one suggestion, however, we would make: Why should all the Annuals come out exactly at the same time? Will nobody purchase a pretty book except between the fifteenth of November and the first of January? Are presents made in this country only once in the year? If we read beside our December fires, do we turn away from all the delights of literature under a July sun? If we have a "Winter's Wreath" when there is not a flower to be had, why should we not be indulged in a "Summer's Wreath" when all the air is breathing of their odours? We see no reason why a midsummer Annual for the gay and lovely of the land, scattered over their ancestral domains, "the stately homes of England," or embowered in their rural cottages, or congregated in merry coteries by old ocean's shore,—we see no reason whatever why such an Annual should not be extensively bought, and be a highly lucrative speculation. The idea is probably worth the cogitations of some London bibliopole.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A LETTER FROM YARROW.

The Ettrick Shepherd to the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

MR JOURNALIST,

A GLAD man was I last night when your Prospectus was put into my hand, particularly at reading your announcement of "the strictest impartiality, which will give way to no private interests whatever." If he stick by that resolution, thought I, I shall be a contributor to any extent he pleases. For do you know, sir, it is a literal fact that I have never had any thing ado with one periodical work in which I did not find the editors devoted to a party, not only in politics, which is allowable, but in literature. Yes, sir, every one of them have a party in literature, which they laud and support through

thick and thin, however despicable the merits of that party may be to all eyes but their own. My worthy friend, old Christopher there, supposes himself quite fair, liberal, and impartial, in every department of literature, and to every literary person under the sun; and I never contradict him. But, Lord help him! not he! He is a greater aristocrat in literature than he is in politics; and the amount of that is well known to be quite sufficient. For instance, I have a great number of literary friends, of whom I think very highly, because perhaps they are something of the same school with myself—of that school which Morison, the Galloway man, calls THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL,—well, sir, of not one of these will Kit say a favourable word! He cannot hinder me from speaking in their recommendation. But then he makes no answer, but smiles, takes a glass, and begins another subject; and whenever I try to edge in a line or two, even sideways, to bring them to notice, that line does not appear.

Of course, sir, when I read your announcement, and the invitation to take a share in it, and found that I would now be at liberty to publish my free and unbiassed sentiments of all my literary contemporaries, I felt precisely like the Laird of M'Nab, when he had got, with some difficulty, up to the winning-post at Perth races, "By the Lord, but this is me now!"

In articles "second" and "third," I likewise found several departments in which I felt quite at home. But in the fourth! ah! there I was a little staggered! I was obliged to scratch my elbow, and exclaim to myself, "This is no me at a'." "Religious discussion!" Mr Journalist, are you horn-mad? Have you in any degree studied the spirit of the times, and the manifest dispositions of churchmen to wrangle and contend?—to fume, and flame, and censure each other, with an acrimony at which laymen would blush? You will be bayed, sir, you will be worried outright, and both you and your Journal "blawn to the deil" in five weeks, if you meddle with religious discussion at this perilous moment of sacerdotal animosity. There is a prophecy in the Revelations, (a favourite book of mine—the foundation of our school of poetry,) that Satan is to be loosed on the earth for a season; and is it not apparent to you, sir, that that period is arrived? that he is already loosed, and, in order to improve his time to the best advantage, has begun with the churchmen, and even fixed on the most ardent professors of religion for his purpose? Presbyterian and Seceder, Catholic and Episcopalian, are all in a fume against each other. Even the most popular of the Covenanters have gone to fisticuffs; and therefore to begin a *religious discussion* just now, would be the same as snapping an improved patent percussion cap over a barrel of gunpowder. I shall conclude this serious and well-meant letter by an advice which I once heard a father give to his son. "Let us alane o' your glaibering about religion, ye rascal. I wish you wad think mair, and pray mair, and haver less about it.—D'ye think that religion's naething but a pease-kill for chicken-cocks to cackle about?" I am, &c.

JAMES HOGG.

Mount Benger,
Oct. 30th, 1828.

POETRY OF THE HEBREWS.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

THE character of every nation is perhaps best visible in the nature of its poetry. The national characters of the French and English people are not more dissimilar than is that of their poetry; in the wild and energetic productions of the German Muse, the German character is reflected as from a mirror. The Jewish people have left to us, in the Bible, a body of song characteristic of themselves, and worthy of that sublime Theocracy which principally constituted their government, and under the influence of which issued every poetic emanation. *The poetry of no nation is so elevated and sublime*; sublimity, pure, simple, unpropped and unencumbered by any fictitious aids of sounding and ostentatious language, is its great imperial characteristic. Greece, which perhaps stands in this regard next to Judea, stands next only by a long interval. Neither Homer, Hesiod, nor Æschylus, the sublimest Greek writers, copious and animated as they are in their sentiments and their descriptions of conflicts of Gods and men, can enter into competition with the Hebrew poets. The works of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, contain more sublimity than is to be found in the productions of the poets of all other countries taken together. Of these, Isaiah stands supreme, unique, and unapproachable. *His* is indeed the tongue "touched with live-coal from the hand of Seraphim." The sublimity of Homer appears but a temporary and impetuous flight, ever tending inevitably earthwards; that of Isaiah is a self-sustained, continued, and majestic soaring, most at home in heaven. His exultation over the fallen glory of the King of Babylon—his description of the power and majestic operations of the Almighty—his burdens of Egypt, Tyre, and Damascus, exceed in power all the finest passages of Homer and Æschylus. His sublime yet satirical contrast of the God of Jacob with the idols of the heathen (in chap. 44), exhibits the noblest piece of satire on record. Nor is Jeremiah less pre-eminent over the Greeks in pathos—a quality of writing, though inferior to and of less dignity than sublimity, yet entitling the writer to at least the second rank. The lyric poetry of the Hebrews is excellent. The classic reader is disappointed in his perusal of the writings of Pindar; the Roman language possesses no sublime lyric poetry. In David we have beauty of sentiments, tenderness, sublimity; and these are at times mixed up (as in Psalms 8th and 19th) with a divine spirit of philosophy peculiar to himself, and of which no traces are to be found in any ethnical poet. In short, the Bible, considered as a body of writing, will ever be regarded as the greatest and best treasure of poetic literature; and it may be deemed a good test of taste and sound canon of criticism, that in proportion as a man possesses a true relish for the higher beauties of writing, and has endeavoured to gratify and refine that taste by extensive reading, in the same proportion will he praise, and the more frequently recur to, that Book, wherein, above all other books, is to be found most *simplicity* and *sublimity*.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED MR RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION.

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," "The Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

THE only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject. A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ———, some miles off, (not that of Mr Erskine,) where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Na, he's no at hame yenoo," answered the servant-lass; "he's down the burn fishing. But I can soon cry him

in."—"Ye needna gie yoursell the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteese my bairn." Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let a-be kirsen a wean!"—"Wait, lassie!" cried the man in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor the shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their reaching, however, the house of this clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, in rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. "The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) wad na be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle."—"The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token that it's himsell that's playing, honest man. He aye takes a tune at night, before gaun to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could."—"*That* the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If *he* does this, what may the rest no do! Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey.—I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenned him to fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle, a' his days!"

DR CHALMERS.

THE University of Edinburgh has this year added another name to her list of eminent professors, and we have no doubt that, under the management of Dr Chalmers, Theology will vindicate that rank among the sciences which it justly claims. The Rev. Professor's Introductory Lecture, on Monday last, was a splendid specimen of that warm and imaginative eloquence, which has made his name illustrious as a pulpit orator. It is premature to judge of his public usefulness as a Divinity Professor, but surely we are justified in anticipating all that success which first-rate talents in the possession of a zealous theologian can accomplish. One great advantage he seems to possess at the outset, in the enthusiastic admiration and confidence of his students; admiration which we hope time will but increase, and a confidence which we trust to find confirmed by experience.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

IT is well known to literary people, that in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proofsheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr W—n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he could not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark, on the margin, that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned with this reply, which we give verbatim—"Mr J— sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the d—d quantity of commas, which Mr W—n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with."

THE DRAMA.

IN introducing a series of dramatic criticisms to the attention of our readers it may be proper to remark, that whilst we shall always take the acted drama of the Theatre Royal here for our text, and shall not scruple to animadvert freely both upon the performances and the performers, we are at the same time anxious to handle the subject in such a manner that our articles may not be considered of merely provincial and ephemeral interest. The proper end and dignity of dramatical criticism have of late years been too much neglected both in the metropolis and throughout the country. Little is to be learned from the lucubrations of the public journals, unless that a new piece succeeded or failed, or that a certain actor or actress, in some established and familiar part, drew down much applause, or excited very general ridicule. What may be termed the philosophy of liberal criticism is entirely lost sight of; and instead of regarding every stage representation as an engine either for good or for evil, and every piece of acting as either a sin against taste and nature, or as a proof of refinement in the one, and accurate knowledge of the other, we are put off with a few flippant and disjointed observations which are forgotten almost as soon as read.

There are two sets of dramatic critics who principally possess the public ear, and against both, objections of a different nature, but equally just, may be urged. The one consists of those, who having in their youth, perhaps twenty or thirty years ago, when John Kemble and his sister Mrs Siddons were in their glory, acquired some reputation for dramatic acumen, have long considered themselves entitled to lie upon their oars, and pronounce opinions only now and then, "as who should say, I am Sir Oracle." To them the drama has lost with its novelty much of its interest. They have seen all the great actors play all their great characters; they have been at a hundred rehearsals; they are familiar with all the fashions of the green-room; plays have they read and seen performed without number; much have they spoken and much have they written upon "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-historical-comical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited." Seneca has not been "too heavy" for them, "nor Plautus too light." Gradually, however, all this activity has died away; and, what often happens when an over degree of enthusiasm in a favourite pursuit produces exhaustion, they have passed into an opposite extreme of listlessness and apathy. They are inclined to parody Hamlet, and exclaim—"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of dramatic criticism!" Their feelings upon this subject have become morbid, and though they still retain their former judgment and discrimination, the activity which

ought to accompany these qualities is gone, and they slumber unexercised. No man who takes a steady interest in the progress of the Drama can depend upon such persons for regular and satisfactory information.

The other set of critics above alluded to, are perhaps still less to be trusted. They are for the most part young men of fair abilities who cultivate the *belles lettres*, and are somewhat vain of the clever articles they write in newspapers, and of having their names on the free list of the theatre. To them all behind the curtain is new, because they have but lately come to consider the realities of an actor's life in a common-sense point of view. The illusions of their boyhood have but recently passed away, when the stage was fairy-land, and all the beings who moved across it genii of a higher order in the scale of creation than themselves. And though this pleasant dream is dissolved, another scarcely less pleasant, has succeeded. The performers are men and women, the manager is a little king, on the scenery and decorations large sums of money have been expended, the audiences are numerous and respectable,—and there is something intoxicating in feeling that over all these their own talents may give them a certain degree of control, and that they may live in the eye of the public in the most enviable of all lights—as guardians of its amusements and directors of its tastes. The consequence is, they are all bustle and energy. The manager has not a moment's peace with them. If a favourite actor be not engaged,—if there be too much Opera and too little Tragedy,—or if there be too much Melodrama and too little Comedy, how they fume!—they denounce him as a manifest traitor to the best interests of his country,—they impeach his moral character,—they question the soundness of his intellect,—they hardly think him entitled to exist! Or it may be that their feelings flow in an opposite channel altogether; they are delighted with every thing, and the merest trifles are magnified into matters of the utmost moment. Of a new piece in one act they will talk for weeks; the elegance of a favourite actress's costume will be the theme of many a lengthened paragraph;—the comic humour of Mr A., the fine figure of Mr B., the sonorous voice of Mr C., the dazzling beauty of Miss D., will be reiterated like some childish rhyme which the child drops asleep in repeating. Or, with a still more tantalizing display of zealous industry and total absence of all discrimination, they will inform us, day after day, that "Mr E. played delightfully," "Mr F. was exceedingly amusing," "Mr G. was never seen to greater advantage," "Mr H. did more than justice to his part," "Miss I. sang with her usual sweetness," "Mrs J. was greatly and justly applauded." If this be dramatic criticism, there are certainly "no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but an honest method by very much more handsome than fine."

It will surely not be a task of great difficulty to avoid either of the extremes we have attempted to describe; and by endeavouring to catch some little inspiration from that immortal author, whose works we shall be frequently called on to notice, mingle at once instruction and entertainment in our dramatic criticisms. It is not merely the shortlived actor alone, or the peculiar style of his representation of character, that we conceive ourselves called upon to bring under review; we should wish likewise to convey to our readers some substantial knowledge of the literary merits of our modern drama, and to inspire them also, if the inspiration be not their own already, with a love for all the ancient glories of the British stage. Two good ends will be thus accomplished:—our opinions of actors will not be thought the less valuable because intermingled with topics of a more comprehensive and permanent interest, and those topics will themselves be divested of any dryness which might occasionally attach itself to abstract literary discussion, because they will bear a reference to men and things which are, at the very moment, immediately before the public eye. The lapse of a few weeks will enable our readers to judge how far we shall be able to carry these designs into execution.

Of the Edinburgh Theatre and its present management we shall speak at more length in our next. The winter campaign has commenced auspiciously; the house has been very handsomely repainted; new scenery and decorations have been procured; several novelties have been already produced, and more are in preparation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A PASTORAL SANG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

AWAKE, my bonnie Marrion Graham,
And see this scene before it closes,
The eastern lift is a' on flame,
And a' besprinkled o'er wi' roses;
It is a sight will glad your ee,
A sight my Marrion loe's to see.

Here are the streaks of gowden light,
Fair as my Marrion's locks o' yellow;
And tints of blue as heavenly bright
As smile within her eye sae mellow;
Her cheeks, young roses even seem
To dimple in yon heavenly beam.

Awake, my bonny Marrion Graham,
Ye never saw sae bright adorning;
I canna bear that my sweet dame
Should lose the pleasures o' this morning;
For what wad a' its beauties be
Without some likeness unto thee!

I see thee in the silver stream,
The budding rose, and graceful willow;
I see thee in yon morning beam,
And beauty of the glowing billow;
I see thy innocence and glee
In every lamb that skims the lea.

And could you trow it, lovely May,
I see thee in the hues of even;
Thy virgin bed the milky way,
Thy coverlet the veil of heaven;
There have I seen a vision dim
Hush'd by an angel's holy hymn.

And, Marrion, when, this morn, above
The gates of heaven I saw advancing
The morning's gem—the star of love,
My heart with rapture fell a-dancing;
Yet I in all its rays could see,
And all its glories, only thee.

Ah! Marrion Graham! 'tis e'en ower true,
And gude forgie my fond devotion,
In earth's sweet green, and heaven's blue,
And all the dyes that deck the ocean,
The scene that brings nae mind o' thee
Has little beauty to my ee.

Get up, ye little wily knave!
I ken your pawky jinks an' jeering,
You like to hear your lover rave,
An' gar him trow ye dinna hear him;
Yet weel this homage you'll repay,
Get up, my love, an' come away!

THE TRIUMPH OF MALACHI, KING OF MEATH, BY WHOM THE DANES UNDER TURGESIUS WERE EXPELLED IRELAND.

By James Sheridan Knowles, Esq. Author of "Virginius," &c.

Mirst forest deep of flashing spears
The flag of Erin's flying;
Her cause, the one the tyrant fears,
The freeman dares to die in!
In garb of steel each true-born son,
Her anthem bold repeating,
With martial stride moves blithely on,
Impatient for the meeting!

Till Erin saw her son enslaved,—
While Tara's princes sway'd her,
What tongue in vain her shelter craved?
But see what wrongs have made her!
The hand—the first to welcome in,
And feast and rest the stranger,
Now wakes him with the battle's din
To meet the stern Avenger!

In shining lists no more appear
The sons of Erin vying;
Forbade to wield the glaive or spear,
Their knightly name is dying:
For Erin's daughters, fair in vain,
Their ardent breasts are glowing,—
The nuptial couch is now their bane,
For honour shame bestowing.

From end to end the country groans;
On every hand's oppression,—
Till death becomes the best of boons;
With wrongs, in thick succession,
Her princes fall!—her heroes fall!
Her misery's upbraided!
Her name a mock! and, worst of all,
The sacred cross degraded!

But man is man, howe'er you boast
To tame his noble nature!
Though warp'd a while, is never lost
Its framer-marking feature!
The slave that's made by tyrant pride
To grace the foul oppressor,
Is found the freeman still to hide
That's Freedom's sure redresser!

O, day of pride!—O, happy day!
When Erin's king deploring
His country's sorrows, braved the fray,
Her banner green restoring!
Then fled the Dane, while Erin's son,
New-burst from bonds inglorious,
Stood free the gory plain upon
That saw his arms victorious.

SONG.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

1.

When snaw-flakes straigle down the lift,
And frostit doors are seal'd wi' drift,
And bairnies on the dubs are skaitin',
And daddies auld in blankets heatin',
And Boreas, wi' his cauld ice-draps,
Gems the noses blue o' carrier-chaps,
And hailstanes on the windows jingle,
O leif is to me the social ingle!

2.

When skytes o' rain the causeys lash,
And eaves drap fast wi' a constant plash,
And bairnies in the strands do paidle,
And ducks in dubs do dive and daidle,
And ploughman Jock to his smeeky house
Comes daund'ring hame like a druikit mouse,
And barkit hoasts auld dads maist throttle,
O leif is to me the bowl and the bottle!

3.

When merry May in the woods is dancin',
With her kirtle o' lilies around her glancin',
And the new-born woods in the sun-beams glitter,
And the new-come swallows at casements twitter,
And Jock, rejoiced 'mid the sunny gleam,
Gangs whistling alang wi' his blithsome team,
And the gardens are glad, and the meadows grassy,
Then I think of love, and my bonnie lassie!

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. I.

[We consider ourselves particularly fortunate, in having it in our power to lay before our readers, from a very high source, the following interesting literary information upon various subjects; and to be able to promise a continuation of these letters from time to time.]

THE literary campaign is now about to open, and there appears to be no doubt that it will prove an animated one. The *Annuals* are almost all in the hands of the booksellers already; and it is obvious that a considerable improvement in this department has taken place. By degrees, no question, some distinctions either of political or religious feeling will be called in; for, as yet, it is impossible to classify these works. They are all *Souvenirs*, *Keepsakes*, or *Forget-me-Nots*; but no one addresses itself to any one particular order of readers more than the rest. The expense at which these pretty books are got up is enormous. On the *Keepsake* and *Anniversary* alone, £20,000 have been spent; and chiefly, no doubt, on the engravings, and on the painters who charge highly for permission to copy their good things. Sir Thomas Lawrence gets £200 or £300 for leave to engrave a portrait of Mrs Peel or the like. Yet this year, the literary contributors have been paid well also. Sir Walter had £500 for his little stories in the *Keepsake*, and I hear the five or six *Lords* who figure in its pages, have condescended to take £100 a-piece, £5 being the full value of all the brains some of them possess. These aristocratic authors have the name in *the trade*, of being the greediest of the *genus irritabile*. Lady Charlotte Bury had £1000 for *Flirtation* last year, and another is on the stocks at the same rate, and no doubt Mr Colburn knows what he is about. He gave £250 for Sir Walter Scott's two Sermons, which, if printed as Sermons usually are, would make a very little pamphlet.

These Annuals are one symptom of the prevailing rage for bringing literature to the doors of the people—their steel engravings and wood-cuts are a strange contrast to the illustrations of books ten years ago. Meanwhile, the booksellers who do not publish Annuals, are all at work with *cheap books*; Longman starting a Cabinet Encyclopædia, under the editorship of Dr Lardner of the London University; and Murray about to bring out a series of Biographies in separate volumes, which, for all I hear, is likely to be a work of the highest importance, and successful accordingly. Sir Walter Scott, Mr Southey, Mr Milman, Dr Brewster, Mr Lockhart, Mr Edwards, &c. are the collaborateurs. Southey's Lives of Wolfe and Marlborough are to be among the first of the series; but

it will open with a Life of Napoleon, written, it is said, by Mr Gleig, "The Subaltern," in two small volumes, full of beautiful engravings on wood and steel, done under the presiding care of George Cruickshanks, who is Murray's *graphic* editor.—The Life of Byron by Moore, and the Papers and Memoirs of the late Lord Castlereagh, appear to be the *magna opera* of the Albemarle Street list.—Much is expected from the Garrick papers, announced by Colburn; and the report gains ground, that Sotheby's Iliad about to come out, I know not where, is really a great work, and sure to rank in the first class of permanent stock-books.

The days of quartos and of dear books are over. You may be sure the public will not consent much longer to give half a guinea a volume, for a modern novel, when the whole works of Dr Johnson are in every shop window, at the moderate price of thirty shillings!—well and clearly printed too!—and when it is obvious to all men, that the just price of the Zillah, or Salathiel, or Roué of the day, cannot be above three or four shillings a-volume.

In the world of the periodicals, little is stirring. There is to be a new Quarterly Review, called the London, edited by Mr Blanco White. It is understood to be got up chiefly in Oriel College, where White has had chambers for some years past; and that the principal writers are to be the Rev. Dr Whately and Mr Senior, the professor of Political Economy.—The two Foreign Reviews go on *pari passu*, neither paying, but answering the publishers' purposes, as promoting the sale of foreign books, and without doubt, affording a vast deal of valuable information to the public.—Blackwood keeps at the head of the Monthlies; next Campbell's, next the Monthly Review, now edited by the Catholic barrister, Mr Quin. The London Magazine, though it has changed hands for the better, like the Old Monthly, makes little noise in the world. A "Monthly Foreign Review" is, I am told, on the anvil, and this I think not unlikely to do well; for *news* is, after all, the great desideratum, and its will be the freshest.

Constable's Miscellany is improving, I hear, in circulation, and I hope the managers will keep on the alert; for both Longman's Cabinet Cyclopedia, and Murray's Biographical Series, will in fact be rivals, and formidable rivals.

Mr Southey, the indefatigable, has an edition of John Bunyan, with a copious life, in the press of some of the City publishers.

P. P.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Mr J. G. Lockhart is preparing for publication, the Poems and Letters of Robert Burns, chronologically arranged, with a preliminary Essay and Notes, and sundry additions.

We are informed that the interesting little work about to be published by Messrs Oliver and Boyd, on the life and adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who died in 1723, contains the real incidents on which the romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded.

There is preparing for Constable's Miscellany, a History of the Rise and Progress of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, Ancient and Modern, by J. S. Memes, LL.D., author of "The Life of Canova." Both from the nature of the subject, and the talents of the writer, there is every reason to suppose that this work will be highly interesting.

The Indefatigable Author of Waverley is about to publish "Essays on Planting and Gardening," in one pocket volume.

The "Souvenir Litteraire de France," edited by Alaric A. Watts, with original contributions from a great variety of distinguished French writers, and ten of the illustrations of the English Souvenir, will be published in a few weeks, both in Paris and London.

Le Petit Bijou, which has just appeared, is a selection in the shape of an Annual from French authors, ancient and modern, intended principally for young ladies, who have finished, or are finishing, their French studies.

Mr Southey has in the press, "All for Love, or a Sinner well Saved," "The Pilgrim of Compostella," and other poems.

Mr T. Roscoe is engaged in writing the Life of Ariosto, with sketches of his most distinguished literary and political contemporaries.

A dissertation, proving, or attempting to prove, that Ulysses is the real author of the Poems commonly attributed to Homer, is about to appear, from the pen of Constantine Koliader, Professor in the Ionian University.

Purcell's Sacred Music is to be collected and edited by a gentleman whom we should think fully adequate to the duty, Mr Vincent Novello. The vocal secular music of Purcell, was collected and published by his widow two years after his decease, in 169⁵, under the title of Orpheus Britannicus; but his ecclesiastical compositions, which do equal honour to his skill and science, have remained scattered and detached in various works by other authors; and many of his anthems still remain in manuscript. All these Mr Novello proposes to bring into one entire work.

Theatrical Gossip.—A Comedy, by James Sheridan Knowles, Esq. entitled "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," is about to be performed in London, and if possessed of even a moiety of the merit of "Virginius," cannot fail to be successful. At Covent-Garden, Morton has a new musical piece in preparation, called "The Sublime and Beautiful." The music is composed by Lee, and the principal female parts are to be supported by Madame Vestris and Miss Foote. Bishop is also preparing an opera for the same theatre. We hear it whispered that a drama of an interesting kind is in rehearsal at our own theatre, which it is said is from the pen of a fair author, and is to be speedily produced.

TO OUR READERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the pains which may have been bestowed upon it, we believe it has been invariably found impossible to make the first Number of a new periodical work exactly what was desired. Whatever opinion our readers may entertain of that now before them, we venture confidently to affirm, that they will find us gathering additional strength as we proceed. Of the general style of the work, in so far as regards its appearance and typography, they will now be able to form some estimate. The Royal Octavo size which we have adopted, is somewhat smaller than the Quarto shape, commonly chosen in London periodicals of a similar description, but the diminution in size is not nearly in proportion to our lower rate of charge; whilst it will be at once perceived, that "The Edinburgh Literary Journal" is much more calculated for binding into an elegant volume, than any other weekly periodical now existing. This we consider of the last importance, for our great and leading anxiety is, that our readers, and the public in general, should consider these pages as a permanent record of much of the literary talent of the day. Of one thing we are sure, that we shall be able to boast of many contributions from the most eminent pens, which will be found nowhere else but in the columns of this Journal. If we thus succeed in giving to the metropolis of the north a weekly periodical of its own, which will supply to our Scottish readers what has been long a desideratum, and will not fear a comparison with the most successful of its southern contemporaries, we shall feel that we have done the literature of our country a service, and shall not doubt of being well supported by that patriotic spirit, which was never yet appealed to in vain.

The "Literary Journal" will be made up into volumes every six months, and our readers supplied with an ornamental title-page, and index. The last leaf of each Number, which will contain advertisements, and other temporary matter, will have a paging of its own, so that it may be either bound up at the end of the volume, or cancelled. The "Journal" will also be sold in Monthly Parts, neatly covered, price TWO SHILLINGS. Country readers, who do not wish the stamped edition, may have these parts forwarded to any corner of the kingdom.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We take this opportunity of returning generally, our sincere thanks to our numerous literary friends for the interest they have already expressed in our Work.

Articles which we consider of much value reached us too late for the present Number, but will appear very speedily, from Dr Memes, author of the "Life of Canova;" the author of "Tales of a Pilgrim;" John Malcolm, Esq.; the Authors of the "Odd Volume;" the Author of "The Histories of the Scottish Rebellions;" and W. Anslie, Esq. M.D.

The Articles entitled, "Popular Remarks on Comets and other Celestial Phenomena;" "On the Present State of Music in Scotland;" and "The Papermaker's Coffin," from the German of Clauren, will appear in early Numbers.

The communications of "C. H." are under consideration.

The books which have been sent us for review will all be noticed soon.

As we cannot devote more than four columns to Advertisements, we have been obliged to delay several favours of this kind, not having received them in time for the present Number. All Advertisements intended to appear in the earliest publication must be forwarded to the Publishers *not later* than the previous Wednesday. We trust for a continuance of that support in this department which we have already received.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 2. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1828. PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

History of the Rebellions in Scotland under the Marquis of Montrose and others. From 1638 *till* 1660. By Robert Chambers, author of the "History of the Rebellion in 1745." In two volumes, being the 31st and 32d volumes of "Constable's Miscellany." Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1828.

HAD we been requested to stand godfather to the Work before us, we think we could have suggested a more apposite title in these words,—"Sketches of the leading Political Events, with Illustrations of the State of Society and Manners in Scotland, from 1638 till 1660." Mr Chambers is himself aware, and has mentioned more than once in his prefaces, that he does not write "history, of the legitimate description." It is perhaps difficult to explain exactly what "history of the legitimate description" is; but it seems to us that its general features ought to be these,—a dignified and impartial narrative of all the public events which distinguished the period it undertakes to illustrate,—comprehensive views of all those collateral circumstances, whether immediate or more remote, whether of indigenous or exotic growth, which conspired in bringing about the accomplishment of any important end,—and an enlarged spirit of philosophical inquiry (founded on the most accurate study of our common nature) into those secret springs of human conduct, which, though unseen and not easily understood by the superficial observer, so frequently and so materially influence both national and individual destinies. Added to these qualifications, the historian should possess a library of knowledge within himself, judiciously selected, and carefully arranged; and he should be endowed, too, with the power of conveying his information to others with a clearness of diction, and a force of thought, which will satisfy the most scrupulous, of its great increase in value from having passed through the alembick of his mind. These are no slight talents and attainments; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered, that to the great historian mankind in all ages have been willing to assign the very first rewards in the intellectual arena—the very innermost place in the temple of fame. We cannot, therefore, for a moment consent to countenance Mr Chambers in the depreciating manner in which he occasionally ventures to talk of the high and solemn nature of history. Those only ought to descend from what he jocularly terms its "stilts," who find that their heads grow giddy when raised to that unaccustomed elevation.

While we thus vindicate the most majestic species of composition with which literature is acquainted from taints, which its own strength enables it to throw off and despise as the mighty rock throws off the idle waves of a summer sea, we are by no means disposed to close our eyes to the merits of an humbler but still exceedingly useful species of writing, which, to a certain extent, borrows the garb of history, though perhaps scarcely entitled to assume its name. We are perfectly willing to admit with Mr Chambers, that it is more easy "to interest the imaginations of ordinary readers, than appeal to the moral faculties of the select few." We admit further, that history is in general necessarily more conversant with events than with men,—that it speaks more to the reasoning and reflective powers, than to the feelings and sympathies of ordinary existence,—and that, striding like a giant from hill to hill—from peak to peak—from one great landmark to another,—it is apt to overlook the lowlier valleys that intervene, with all their garniture of grove and stream. The past, as described by our best historians, seems to move before us like a splendid peristrephic panorama. We see its empires, its cities, its armies, its kings, its conquerors, its revolutions, its triumphs, its overthrows;—we learn what the fates of man have been when congregated together in multitudes—in nations;—we ascertain those grand marks of distinction which have their origin in government, in religion, in climate, in situation;—we observe under what circumstances wars arise, arts flourish, or commerce increases;—we are carried away from the little circle to which we are ourselves confined, and taught to understand how the operations of ten thousand small communities, such as that with which we are connected, all bear a reference to the great whole, and are working together for good or for evil. But these momentous and ennobling views, interesting as they at first sight are, may be felt ere long to want sufficient minuteness and accuracy of detail to satisfy the laborious and attentive inquirer. Like the Spaniard in the story, we may not choose to rest contented with seeing merely the streets and squares of the populous town spread out like a map beneath us; we may wish also to have the roofs of the houses removed, and that which is going on within exposed to view. Here it is evident that both a new faculty and a new species of observation are required; and it will be found that in these the great distinction between pure history, and a more desultory and familiar style of writing, consists. Perhaps it is possible to mingle both successfully, but this is an undertaking which has never yet been achieved. History is apt to look upon the minutiæ of personal incident, and more circumscribed and private adventure, as beneath its notice; while the painter of national and individual habits and manners has seldom the abilities requisite to invest his productions with the additional interest they would possess, were they considered in connexion with the great phasis of surrounding society. In the one case, we see the streets and squares and general aspect of the town; in the other, we remain comparatively ignorant of its external appearance, but look into the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of its separate houses.

In his account of the Rebellion of Forty-five, Mr Chambers presented us with a vivid picture, well filled up, of those extraordinary scenes which for a season left even the sober and steady mind of Scotland "perplexed in the extreme." A visible leaning, it is true, might

be discovered in his narrative of these events, to the Stewart party; but whether this leaning was overstrained or not, it was at the worst a failing that "leaned to virtue's side." He espoused the cause of the brave and the unfortunate; and this is a cause which Scotsmen have been known to espouse more than once. The success of this work, of which we believe about eight thousand copies have already been sold, induced Mr Chambers to attempt the present, "in a style of as minute detail," and in the hope that he might be able to send it forth "gemmed with as many circumstances of interest."

Following out his own peculiar ideas, Mr Chambers has written an entertaining, and on the whole, a valuable book; but he appears to have made two miscalculations, which we suspect may materially affect the success of his labours. The first of these arises from this circumstance,—that the events of the period, of which he here treats, are not only "more remote from the memories and sympathies of the present generation," but in so far as Scotland is concerned, never admitted of that continuousness of narrative, that compactness of arrangement, and that breathlessness of interest, which distinguished the brilliant, though short career of Charles Edward. There is, no doubt, ample scope for powerful delineations of character and manners during the troublous times of religious struggling, which marked the middle of the seventeenth century; but, as Mr Chambers himself is obliged to confess at the commencement of his 12th chapter, in volume first, Scotland, after the campaign of 1640, acted but a secondary part in the disputes between the King and the Commons; and we are not aware that the transactions of the next twenty years were of so important a nature, as to make it particularly desirable that our author should expend much time in endeavouring to throw additional light upon them. The other miscalculation to which we allude, consists in the extension of that Jacobitical spirit which characterised (and perhaps wisely) the History of the Rebellion in Forty-five, to the contests of a previous century, when we fear it is scarcely to be denied, that, but for the simultaneous resistance of an outraged people to the gross and indecent increase of the royal prerogative, the laws and religion of their fathers would have been trampled under foot. We enter not upon the question which involves the expediency of bringing the unhappy Charles to the scaffold, inclined, as we are, to believe that a milder course might have been pursued, with equal safety and more constitutionally; but whilst we avoid this oft-disputed theme, we cannot but protest against the little weight which our author seems to attach to the motives that induced the people of Scotland to take up arms—motives which were unquestionably the purest that could influence any belligerent party—an anxiety to preserve their freedom of thought, and the purity of their religion—all that gave life a value, and divested death of its terrors. Though philosophy, in its self-arrogated superiority, may, if it so please, affect to ridicule a nation's stubborn attachment to a creed, whose imperfections that very nation may have subsequently confessed, casuistry itself will not assert, that any individual has a right to annihilate that creed, and to force upon the consciences of its professors a new set of doctrines of his own. We do not say that Mr Chambers has attempted to maintain so hopeless a position; but we are afraid he is chargeable with the sin of having palliated the severity and injustice of Charles, and magnified the errors and improprieties committed by the Covenanters. We are afraid that he has not seen, in its proper light, the treacherous and tyrannical conduct of the monarch, nor duly estimated the long forbearance, the resolute fortitude, and heroic energy, of the people. In the one case, he has spoken of faults too transiently, and given credit for virtues too hastily; and, in the other, he has too frequently represented the indignation of outraged feeling as indicative of inherent and brutal cruelty, and endeavoured to excite suspicion of the motives which prompted the noblest actions.

There is another fault with which the work is chargeable, and to which, as we are speaking of its faults, we think it necessary to allude. There is a want throughout of general and comprehensive views of the subject. We see that the civil war breaks out; we see that its rage is for a while intermitted; we see it again renewed; and, finally, we are conducted to its conclusion; but we are never once completely and satisfactorily informed of the exact relative positions of the contending parties,—of the circumstances which principally influenced their conduct,—of their precise wishes and demands—hopes and fears. We are kept too much like soldiers engaged at one particular corner of the battle; we know well enough how the matter is going where we ourselves are; but whether the centre has been beaten or not; whether the right wing has been broken, or has maintained its ground, is matter of profound dubiety. Now, the historian ought to stand, like the commander-in-chief, on an elevated site, and view the whole engagement; and the reader, like one of his staff-officers, should stand beside him, and be able to cast his glance over all the field, arresting his attention wherever the finger of the general pointed.

It will be observed, however, that all these objections chiefly apply to this work when considered as a History. But, though called a History, we can hardly look upon it as such; and it is certainly not as a History that it reflects most credit on its author. It is calculated to illustrate, and in many respects to enrich, the history of the times of which it treats. It is an admirable subsidiary to history, but it is not history itself. With the industry and persevering research of Mr Chambers, the public is already well acquainted; and the volumes before us fully bear out the reputation he has established in this respect. Nor do we greatly object to the trifling nature of some of his stories, nor to the occasional credulity with which he seems to swallow all oral traditions, as well as the asseverations of familiar chroniclers; for it is his peculiar genius to discover anecdotes and traits of the times of which he writes, that either escape others, or are rejected from motives of taste, but which, if selected with any tolerable skill, fulfil the interesting and important purpose of elucidating human nature, "its actions, its emotions, and its sufferings." Mr Chambers is thus both a very excellent pioneer over a country which has not yet been traversed, and a highly useful gleaner of fields, which less careful observers have pronounced already bare.

It would be easy, if it were necessary, to produce from these volumes many examples both of the faults and the merits we have enumerated; but as they are widely circulated, and will be extensively read, the judgment of each individual will easily lead to their discovery. Mr Chambers's over-anxious defence of Charles,—his enthusiastic and preposterous admiration of Montrose,—his neglect or depreciation of the good qualities of Leslie, and the other leaders of the "Covenant,"—and his total indifference to the great and glorious cause for which his forefathers fought, and to the sufferings they endured on its account, will be remarked at almost every page. While, on the other hand, his intimate acquaintance with the customs and manners of the period,—his vivid pictures of national and individual peculiarities,—his graphic and minute delineations of scenes both in quiet and active life, in public and in private, at civil assemblies and in hostile rencontres, will be no less conspicuous, and will not fail to render his lucubrations exceedingly interesting.

In general, our author writes in a plain narrative style, with little ornament, and little pretence; but, when he chooses, he can call to his aid the higher powers of composition, and become animated and impressive. We

select one specimen, which will be read with pleasure, and shall entitle it

MONTROSE'S HIGHLAND MARCH.

"THE movement which Montrose determined upon in this emergency, was, both in its conception and execution, perhaps the most remarkable he ever performed. His army was much diminished; the greater part of the Highlanders having gone home to deposit the spoils of Argyle. He scarcely mustered one half of the forces which report gave to his enemy. He was also aware that the man he had to oppose must be animated against him with all the feelings of the bitterest hatred and revenge; yet, as he supposed it likely that Argyle had not resolved upon directly fighting him, but rather followed for the purpose of simply driving him forward to destruction at Inverness, he judged that, even with his inadequate forces, his best course would be to fall back upon him, and endeavour to surprise his troops, a victory over whom at this crisis might cause the northern army to disperse of its own accord, while the eclat of such a triumph would probably encourage the loyal clans, thereby for ever relieved from the terror of Argyle, to join him in even greater numbers than hitherto. A thousand dangers and distresses were involved in the project; but these, together with the romantic character of the exploit, and the prospect which it presented of giving another blow to the hated Argyle, seem to have only recommended it with greater force to the enterprising genius of Montrose.

"It is known to almost every body who has ever been in the Highlands of Scotland, that the distance between Kilcummin, in Abertarf, where Montrose received his intelligence, and Inverlochy, in Lochaber, where he understood that Argyle had taken up his quarters, is about thirty miles, and that the way lies along that wonderful natural chasm, or furrow of the country, which the natives term the Great Glen of Albin, and which has latterly formed the bed of the Caledonian Canal. Along this tract, although it was not then provided with the smooth military road which now renders it so convenient, Montrose had just come, on his way to the north; and he could easily have retraced his steps by the same route. There was, however, a reason for his not doing so. That way, he felt assured, must now be so completely possessed and watched by Argyle's scouts, that it would be totally impossible for him to make by it the insidious approach to Inverlochy, upon which he mainly calculated for the means of victory. It was necessary to adopt some more circuitous, some less obvious, some altogether unsuspected and unguarded path. Here lay the great difficulty of the enterprise. In a country so mountainous as the Highlands, the reader must be aware that there are not many tracts of ground calculated for the formation of roads; he is also aware, that, if there are at this day few roads to choose among in this wild region, there were still fewer at the time under review. To increase the difficulty, the few paths which the natives used amongst the hills, and which then formed the only roads, were now, by the nature of the season, obscured and obstructed by deep snow. Altogether it seemed totally impossible that Montrose should advance upon Inverlochy by any other path than the peculiarly low and easy one which he had just traversed in a contrary direction.

"'Contra audentior ito,' however, had all along been the heart-motto of Montrose; he resolved, at all hazards, to assume a path of the nature described. Having first taken pains to acquaint himself with the route, and having sounded the resolution and ability of his men to endure the march, he gave orders that they should strike off to the south, up a narrow glen formed by the little river Tarf; that they should then climb over the hills of Lairic Thurard, and descend upon the wild vale at the head of the Spey; then, traversing Glenroy, that they should pass another mountainous tract; after which they would fall in upon the river Spean, and so along the skirts of Ben Nevis to Inverlochy. The tracks he pointed out had hitherto been traversed almost exclusively by the wild deer, or by the scarcely less wild adventurers who hunted them. The heights which it skirted or over-passed were as desert and lonely as the peaks of primeval chaos. The vast convulsed face of the country was as white and still as death, or only darkened in narrow black streaks by the irregular and far-extending lines of the marching soldiery. It must have been a scene of the greatest sublimity to see these lonely human beings, so diminutive as compared to the wildernesses around them, hurrying and struggling on through hill and vale, and bank and pass; their arms either glancing fitfully and flickeringly under the low winter sun, or their persons obscured to a visionary and uncertain semblance by the snow-storm or the twilight, and, all the while, the bloody purpose which animated them, and which gleamed in every face and eye, contrasting so strangely in its transitory and unimportant nature, with the majestic and eternal solemnity of the mighty scene around them."—Vol. II. p. 9—11.

Mr Chambers is a young author, exceedingly industrious, and exceedingly useful, which is better, perhaps, than being either brilliant or profound. His books sell, and are read; and, so long as this is the case, he has probably no objection that others should be admired and neglected.

Scenes of War, and other Poems. By John Malcolm. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, pp. 191.

POETRY, like cotton, is looking up, and prices may now be quoted a shade higher. Two years ago no bookseller would even glance at the article. The most ingenuous young author, with that faint fluctuating colour on his cheek which is one of the decided symptoms of genius and consumption, was received with the most chilling indifference; and as soon as his neat manuscript volume was produced, a hasty "good morning" was pronounced by the bibliopole, and the ingenuous young author walked down stairs profoundly convinced of the utter nothingness of life. But, if he went home and died of a broken heart, he was decidedly wrong. The literary market is just like the market for sugars, rums, oils, hops, coffees, or brandies. To-day it is as dull and heavy as can be, but if you have patience you will find it brisk enough ere long. Besides, when goods of a better quality are in the field before you, they must be sold off before you can expect to meet with any buyers. Two years ago the echoes of Byron's harp were still ringing through the land, and its very echoes were more thrilling than the first and fullest tones of others. The birds are silent when the thunder roars; for a mightier voice is in the sky than theirs, and little marvel that booksellers looked cold and stately as icebergs to young poets, for so long as the full moon was careering among them, they twinkled with a pale and sickly light.

But an interregnum has at length taken place. The prince is dead, and his successor has not yet been appointed. It is a popular election, the competition is open to all, and the candidates can hardly fail to be numerous. It is not impossible but that the government may be vested not in one, but in a body of men. In the meantime, public curiosity is awakened,—the bugle is hung up, as in the fairy tale, at the dead king's gate, and whoever can blow it shall reign in his stead; if the achievement can be performed by none, then must there be a band of musicians substituted in his place.

It is idle to tell us that people will ever grow tired of poetry, or that we have had so much of it of late that

there is no occasion for any more for a long while to come. Because the hills and the plains were covered last summer with a thousand flowers, shall we welcome less joyfully the return of the sunny spring "with her kirtle of lilies around her glancing,"—shall we hold in less estimation the unbought treasures of green and gold she scatters over the glorious earth? The affections of the heart, the delights of the senses, the perception of the beautiful, must cease,—human nature must be changed,—the soul must be taken out, and the body left to walk on without it, before that species of composition which appeals to the feelings and the fancy, to the intellect and the judgment, will become uninteresting, and of little value. True, prose is the great staple commodity of life; and without prose, libraries would dwindle down into very small dimensions, and periodical works be comprised in a very few leaves. True also, the mind may be wearied out with poetry, and for a time may turn away from it, like the bee from the blossom, satiated with sweets. But not on these accounts will one of the purest pleasures left to fallen humanity be resigned—the pleasure which the Peri experiences at the gates of paradise,—catching glimpses of a brighter state of existence, and with the aid of imagination gradually inducing forgetfulness of personal exclusion.

In all seasons, times, and places, we take up a volume of poetry with pleasure—nay, though it be only a volume of rhyme, it is apt to soften down the asperity of our nature, and make us feel less of the critic and more of the man. When we condemn a volume of prose, we are subjected to far fewer compunctious visitings than when we see it necessary to treat severely the fledgling of a bashful muse. There is something sturdy and substantial about prose—something that smacks of worldly wisdom and the tear and wear of everyday life, and which seems to fit it well for encountering the buffetings of fortune, and the whips and scorns of criticism. But not so with poetry. Timid as a virgin on her bridal morn, it comes forth to meet the gaze of those who wait without, and like her, too, its charms are often veiled at first from the vulgar eye. They shrink into concealment from the rude touch of doubt or curiosity; but the soft voice of encouragement, and the gentle hand of affection, may soon succeed in withdrawing the filmy covering, and beauty stands revealed in its noonday blaze. Never, while you live, breathe with harshness a poet's name. If he has awakened one deeper feeling, one finer emotion, one nobler aspiration,—he has not written in vain. Far distant he may shine, on the very verge of the horizon; but so did the sun itself when it first broke on the gloom of night. Let the pseudo-pretender to the name of minstrel be whipt back into his original obscurity; but if in his bosom there lurk one spark of the diviner essence, cherish it as the fire of an altar which may yet kindle into a broad and purifying flame.

The mightiest lyres have for a time been unstrung or silent, but others have been wooing the public ear not unsuccessfully. Three of these have sent forth their voices from Scotland,—Pollok, Kennedy, and Malcolm. Though frequently too verbose and tautological in diction, and in conception too unvaried and almost tedious, "The Course of Time" is a very wonderful production for so young a man as the author was when he wrote it; and though we are not quite sure that Pollok would ever have risen to any thing much beyond it, there is every cause to regret that his untimely death should have deprived both himself and his country of the honours they promised mutually to confer on each other. The author of "Fitful Fancies" is alive, and in all the freshness and vigour of manhood. Of some new and yet more sustained effort of his genius, we hope soon to be called on to express a more than merely laudatory opinion. At present, it is Malcolm who has come before us, and his style is very different from that of either of the two we have already mentioned.

Mr Malcolm is not one of those writers who take the mind by storm, or who wrap the feelings as in a whirlwind. All that he pretends to is that gentle influence over the heart which steals upon it imperceptibly, and which, like the light of evening, is loved the more, simply because it wants the brilliancy of noon—because it is more feeble, and therefore the sooner likely to pass away. Mr Malcolm's is peculiarly the poetry of sentiment, in opposition to that of conception. There is a great deal of sentiment in the poetry of Mrs Hemans, but there is also a great deal of flowery embellishment; her rich Italian fancy enables her to wreathe garlands round the feelings, and while she thus adds to their beauty, she perhaps detracts a little from their sincerity There are innumerable small imitators of Mrs Hemans, whose lines are made up of "gleams of golden hair," "gushing streams," "the dead, the dead," "the bold and free," "they have gone in silence down," and such little pieces of floridness, but who, wanting the fine musical ear, and delicate taste of their prototype, are mere tinsel and emptiness from beginning to end. Mr Malcolm is no imitator; he goes straight forward to his purpose, and expresses natural feelings in natural and simple language. The smooth and pleasant flow of his heroic verse reminds us a good deal of Goldsmith and Rogers. The first and longest poem in the present volume is in this measure. It is entitled "The Campaign," and describes very touchingly and unaffectedly some of the scenes of the Peninsular war. A good number of the minor poems have already appeared in the "Literary Souvenir" and other periodicals. Some of them we like extremely; others are a little commonplace. Our chief favourites are "The Soldier's Funeral," "The North-Wester," "The Vesper Bell," "My Birth-Day," and "The Poet's Death-Bed." Of one or two of these our readers shall judge for themselves.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Time shakes his glass, and swiftly run
Life's sands, still ebbing grain by grain;—
For weary, wan, autumnal sun
Brings round my birthday once again;—
And lights me, like the fading bloom
Of pale October, to the tomb.

My birth-day!—Each revolving year
It seems to me a darker day;
Whose dying flowers and leaflets sere
With solemn warning seem to say,
That all on earth like shadows fly;—
That nought abideth 'neath the sky.

My birth-day!—Where, when life was young,
Is now each promise which it gave?
Hope's early wreaths have long been hung,—
Pale faded garlands,—o'er its grave,
Where Memory waters with her tears,
Those relics of departed years.

My birth-day!—Where the loved ones now,
On whom in happier times it dawn'd?—
Each beaming eye and sunny brow
Low in the dark and dreamless land
Now sleep—where I shall slumber soon,
Like all beneath the sun and moon.

My birth-day!—Once I loved to hear
These words by friendship echoed round;
But now they fall upon mine ear
With thoughts too mournful and profound,—
Fraught with a sad and solemn spell,
And startling as a wailing knell.

Not less soft and beautiful, and, on the whole, more original and striking, is—

THE POET'S DEATH-BED.

Oh, alas, and alas!
Green grows the grass!
Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass.
DELTA.

Ye tell me 'tis the evening hour;—then, ere the day be flown,
The casement ope, that I may see my last of suns go down.
With beams as beautiful he'll rise to gladden earth again,
And wake the world with life and light,—but shine for me in vain.

Yes—of the azure sky above, and the green earth below,
I yet would take a last farewell to cheer me ere I go;
And I will deem the light that glows along the verge of even,
And plays upon my faded cheek, the smile of opening heaven.

And let my fainting heart inhale sweet Nature's fragrant breath,
That wafts a message from the bowers to soothe the bed of death;
That bears a whisper from the woods, a farewell from the spring—
A tale of opening leaf and bud—while I am withering.

And let me hear the small birds sing among the garden bowers
Their evening hymn, that wont to bless my solitary hours:
That choral anthem, warbled wild upon the leafy spray,
Will glad this ear, that to the strain must soon be deaf for aye.

And blame me not, that, called away unto a land of bliss,
I fondly linger on the shores of such a world as this;
And better love than aught I know of bright immortal spheres,
This earth, so lovely in her woe, so beautiful in tears.

Ye say that songs of triumph swell, and flowers eternal wave,
Along the streams of life that flow 'mid scenes beyond the grave;
But shall I love the fadeless blooms and songs of endless joy,
Like strains that make it bliss to weep, and flowers that bloom to die!

And now I give the parting kiss, and wave the parting hand,
My passing spirit's on the wing to seek the distant land,—
Ye loved ones of my heart, with whom I may no longer dwell,
And thou green earth, with all thy streams, woods, songs, and flowers,—farewell!

"The Wake" is a very sweet poem, and is one of those, moreover, which show how poetical minds can turn into gold all they touch. After describing the delights of "The Wake," and the exquisite pleasure derived from music heard in the silence of the night, the author's imagination carries him a little further, and he adds,

"Now, through the silence deep and wide,
The soft aërial accents swoon,
Like some lone spirit's anthem sigh'd
Beneath the midnight moon."

We suspect the English reader will be a little puzzled to discover what kind of music is meant by this description; and it is indeed melancholy to perceive the difference which there is in this instance, as in so many others, between poetry and reality. The "wake," be it understood, consists commonly of a couple of hautboys, and a bassoon, played by three blind musicians in the dark evenings, for six weeks or so before the new year, in the hope of obtaining some little perquisite for their pains. So far from being "lone spirits," they are particularly jovial spirits, and are observed to be fondest of playing in the immediate vicinity of whisky shops, as it is natural that "spirits" should. So far from their ever "sighing anthems," they are commonly found soothing the Scottish ear with such airs as "Duncan Gray," "Jenny's bawbee," "Aiken Drum," and "The East Neuk o' Fife." They may possibly be "beneath the midnight moon," though it is much more likely that they are beneath a gas lamp. But it is ever thus that prose—cold, calculating, heartless prose—attempts to disenchant the creations of poesy.—Out on the foul fiend!

We trust that Mr Malcolm will long continue to write, as he has been doing, strains which must ever please "the gentle and the good," and that, in our literary progress, we shall meet with him again anon, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies."

Diversions of Hollycot; or, The Mother's Art of Thinking. By the Author of "Clan-Albin," and "Elizabeth de Bruce." Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1828. Pp. 350. (Published this day.)

THIS is one of those books whose numbers cannot be too much multiplied. It is intended for the rising generation, and is full of that useful knowledge, conveyed in that easy and familiar manner, which makes its attainment at once a duty and a pleasure. We are not among those who approve of the entire exclusion of all imaginative writing from the nursery; nor are we disposed greatly to commend those dry catalogues and catechisms, those abstract questions and answers, which are in many cases more apt to burden the memory than to store the mind. Besides, they make children little artificial things, who reply to you by rote, and who have no ideas, and very few feelings, of their own. All the gentler humanities of their nature ought to be cultivated as carefully as their intellectual faculties; for without the former, the latter will be of little avail towards the securing of happiness.

A lady of Mrs Johnstone's varied reading, and solid and extensive acquirements, seems peculiarly adapted for rescuing her juvenile friends at once from the enervating and prejudicial effects of mere fiction, and the uninteresting barrenness of plain hard statements of fact. In the "Diversions of Hollycot," (a title scarcely explicit enough,) she has presented us with the first of a series of works intended exclusively for the improvement of the young. Hollycot is a cottage in England, inhabited by Mrs Herbert, a widow lady, with her three sons and two daughters, of whom the oldest is thirteen and the youngest seven. Mrs Herbert superintends the education of her children; and her judicious instructions are for the most part conveyed under the form of family conversations, and are interspersed with various little incidents and anecdotes calculated to win the attention of youth. On the whole, the plan is pretty similar to that of Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," and executed with nearly as much ability. The titles of the chapters are as follows:—I. "Introduction." II. "Quizzing—The Boast of Knowledge—Rational Reading—The Nutting Excursion." III. "Saturday Night at Hollycot—Memoir of Grisell Baillie." IV. "Sunday at Hollycot." V. "Lights and Shadows of Juvenile Life." VI. "Style and Vulgarity—Courage and Humanity." VII. "The Ship Launch." VIII. "True Charity—Instinct of Birds." IX. "Punctuality—Visit to a Cottage." X. "The Juvenile Debate—Beauty or Utility." XI. "Infirmity of Purpose—Philosophy of Daily Life." XII. "The Geysers—The Cuttle-fish—Knowledge is Power—Young Casa Bianca—Christmas—A Home—Holydays."

In one of these chapters we are introduced to a species of mental exercise, called "Rational Readings," which,

we observe, are to form a subsequent volume by themselves. This exercise consists in making it compulsory on the pupil to read with the understanding, by obliging him to fill up all the blank words or phrases which are intentionally left in any piece of composition selected to form the Reading. Whilst the mind, as well as the memory and the eye, is thus brought into action, a lesson in grammar, and in the exact signification and application of words and synonymes, is taught at the same time. The blanks are marked regularly by figures, and the teacher keeps a key with corresponding figures, to which the words or phrases omitted are affixed. "Sometimes, when in doubt about a word, the children were gratified to find that they had hit upon the right one,—the *true* sense and *exact* meaning of the author: sometimes their mother said they had found even a better word than the original one." An example of this sort of Reading will make the matter more distinct:

"BRITISH INTREPIDITY AND HUMANITY.

"A small French vessel, the Leonora of L'Orient, with a (1) of seven men, and a (2) of grain, was, in April 1817, attacked by a violent gale, and in (3) to get into the (4) of Calais, was overpowered by the force of the (5) and currents, and waves, and driven on the rocks to the east of the port, where she struck. The danger soon became (6), and the wrecks thrown on shore, announced the certain (7) of the (8) mariners. Numerous (9) of this scene of desolation, lamented that they could afford no (10). At this (11) moment, there was seen (12) with force of oars, a pinnace-boat sent from the British Yacht, the Royal Sovereign. The boat, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Moore, who had under him eight (13), advanced with (14) in spite of the dangers by which it was (15). Captain Owen, the commander of the yacht, stood on the extremity of the pier of (16), covered with the dashing (17), to cheer and direct the brave lieutenant and his (18) crew. Four of the (19) men on the wreck had, by this time, disappeared; but at last Lieutenant Moore got within a little (20) of it, and by means of a rope which they threw (21) saved two of the (22) men. Not being able longer to keep their position, they attempted to land these two on the pier, when Captain Wilkinson, commander of a Dover packet, threw himself into the boat to assist this manœuvre at the risk of his own (22). All was (23) accomplished, but there was still a poor man who had (24) himself to the mast with a rope, that he might not be (25) overboard. Lieutenant Moore and his brave (26) returned to face anew a danger they already knew to be so great, and had nearly (27) the (28), when the gallant lieutenant, standing up to direct the rowers, was swept into the water by a (29) wave, that (30) over the pinnace. He instantly disappeared! A feeling of horror and consternation struck the (31) spectators on the shore.

The lieutenant, after passing under the boat in that frightful sea, recovered himself, and rose to the surface, where he was immediately taken up by the (32), and replaced in the (33). The courage of this generous man was not (34) by this narrow escape from death; he returned with (35) perseverance to the perishing (36), for whose safety he (37) his own.

The Key. "(1) crew; (2) cargo; (3) endeavouring; (4) harbour; (5) wind; (6) imminent; (7) fate; (8) wretched; (9) spectators; (10) help; (11) perilous; (12) advancing; (13) men; (14) rapidity; (15) surrounded; (16) Calais; (17) spray; (18) daring; (19) unfortunate; (20) distance; (21) out; (22) unfortunate; (22) life; (23) happily; (24) lashed; (25) washed; (26) crew; (27) reached; (28) wreck; (29) tremendous; (30) broke; (31) anxious; (32) sailors; (33) boat; (34) shaken; (35) unabated; (36) seamen; (37) risked."

We heartily agree with Mrs Johnstone, in thinking that this mode of instruction has only to be tried, in order to be very extensively adopted. We find that she disclaims the merit of originality in the discovery, mentioning that she saw it accidentally "in a single printed sheet, published some time since by Dr Borthwick Gilchrist, the well-known Oriental scholar;" but, nevertheless, praise scarcely inferior to that of originality is due to the person who perceives so distinctly the merit of a suggestion made by another, that the very first opportunity is taken to revive and enforce it, and make it generally known.

We wish Mrs Johnstone all success in this new branch of literature which she has taken under her care. The only fault we can find with the "Diversions of Hollycot," is an occasional disposition to snappishness, and perhaps a little vulgarity on the part of the young people, which we should have been glad to have seen avoided. Mrs Johnstone's good sense will easily enable her to correct a defect of this kind; and, with her abilities, we are aware of no reason why she should not ere long be regarded as the Miss Edgeworth of Scotland.

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Knight's Heraldic Illustrations of Supporters, Shields, Ornaments, Brackets, Ciphers, &c. Drawn and Engraved by the first Heraldic Artists. To be completed in five Parts, published every two months. London, T. Griffiths; Edinburgh, A. Stewart.

Knight's Modern and Antique Gems. London, T. Griffiths; Edinburgh, A. Stewart.

THESE very beautiful heraldic works, executed in a style of elegance and taste seldom surpassed, are as yet hardly known in Scotland. We have much pleasure in recommending them to the attention of our readers, whether as illustrations of heraldry and chivalry, or as specimens of art which reflect the highest credit on the publishers. The crests of the nobility and gentry, comprised in one large quarto volume, and of which several hundreds are given, must be interesting to the antiquarian, from the nature of the subject, and the aid they will afford him in his researches regarding that honourable emblem of distinction, which, being the uppermost part of an armoury, frequently characterised the bearer as much as his arms, was often constituted by royal grant, and was almost always borne by monarchs themselves, as witness the lions of Richard II. of England, and of James I. of Scotland. To herald-painters, engravers, and chasers, the work, in a professional point of view, must also be exceedingly valuable, as exhibiting a specimen of a much correcter style of drawing in this department of art, and entirely doing away with the rudeness and the inaccuracy of the mottos, inscriptions, and sculptures of former times.—The Illustrations of supporters, shields, and other ornaments, is an undertaking of equal merit, but only the first part has yet been published.

The work on "Modern and Antique Gems," which contains a very numerous and curious collection, though originally designed principally for the use of seal-engravers, may justly be entitled, as suggested in the preface, "A Fancy Scrap-Book." There is in it something to afford a study or an amusement to almost everybody. The admirer of the fine arts will have his taste gratified by a minute examination of many of the subjects; the scholar will find antiques from the Elgin marbles, some fine Grecian heads, and several plates of hieroglyphics; the young lady will be delighted with the multiplicity of designs which bear a reference to the tender passion; the sportsman will be entertained with dogs, horses, and birds innumerable; the man of general literature will

find mythology, sentiment, satire, humour, all at his command; and, with these claims upon attention, we think the "Modern and Antique Gems," or *The Fancy Scrap-Book*, should be plentifully sprinkled through libraries and drawing-rooms.

Lodge's Series of Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Historical Memoirs. London, Harding and Lepard; Edinburgh, W. Tait.

THIS is a new edition of one of the most interesting works in this department of the fine arts which England has produced. Under the superintendence of Mr Lodge, one hundred and eighty portraits of the illustrious dead of this country were engraved by the most celebrated artists, from original and authentic portraits in the possession of the nobility and gentry. These were accompanied with biographical and historical memoirs, written with much clearness and ability. Two sets of this work were published,—a large one, which sold at an immense price, and a smaller one, which has proved so successful that the plates were all worn out. The portraits have been now re-engraved, and are to be published a third time, in monthly numbers, each number containing three, with biographical memoirs attached to each, and to be sold at the moderate price of seven shillings and sixpence. The specimen number is now on our table, containing portraits of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; Mary Stewart; and Lord Darnley. In other copies Cardinal Beaton is substituted for Montrose. All these are beautifully executed, especially the first. A letter from Sir Walter Scott to the publishers has been printed along with them, which, altogether independent of its remarks upon this work, is valuable as a piece of literary composition, and shall therefore be transferred to our pages:

"SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MR HARDING, BOOKSELLER, LONDON.

"SIR,—I am obliged by your letter, requesting that I would express to you my sentiments respecting Mr Lodge's splendid work, consisting of the portraits of the most celebrated persons of English history, accompanied with memoirs of their lives. I was at first disposed to decline offering any opinion on the subject; not because I had the slightest doubt in my own mind concerning the high value of the work, but because in expressing sentiments I might be exposed to censure, as if attaching to my own judgment more importance than it could deserve. Mr Lodge's work is, however, one of such vast consequence, that a person attached, as I have been for many years, to the study of history and antiquities, may, I think, in a case of this rare and peculiar kind, be justly blamed for refusing his opinion, if required, concerning a publication of such value and importance.

"Mr Lodge's talents as a historian and antiquary are well known to the public by his admirable collection of ancient letters and documents, entitled Illustrations of British History, a book which I have very frequently consulted; and have almost always succeeded in finding not only the information required, but collected a great deal more as I went in search of it. The present work presents the same talents and industry; the same patient powers of collecting information from the most obscure and hidden sources, and the same talent for selecting the facts which are the rarest and most interesting, and presenting them to the general reader in a luminous and concise manner.

"It is impossible for me to conceive a work which ought to be more interesting to the present age than that which exhibits before our eyes our 'fathers as they lived,' accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments and actions.

"I pretend to offer no opinion upon the value of the work in respect to art—my opinion on that subject is literally worth nothing in addition to that of the numerous judges of paramount authority which have already admitted its high merits. But I may presume to say, that this valuable and extended series of the portraits of the illustrious dead affords to every private gentleman, at a moderate expense, the interest attached to a large gallery of British portraits, on a plan more extensive than any collection which exists, and, at the same time, the essence of a curious library of historical, bibliographical, and antiquarian works. It is a work which, in regard to England, might deserve the noble motto rendered with such dignity by Dryden:

'From hence the line of Alban fathers come,
'And the long glories of majestic Rome.'

"I will enlarge no more on the topic, because I am certain that it requires not the voice of an obscure individual to point out to the British public the merits of a collection which at once satisfies the imagination and the understanding, showing us by the pencil how the most distinguished of our ancestors looked, moved, and dressed; and informs us by the pen how they thought, acted, lived, and died. I should, in any other case, have declined expressing an opinion in this public, and almost intrusive manner; but I feel that, when called upon to bear evidence in such a cause, it would be unmanly to decline appearing in court, although expressing an opinion to which, however just, my name can add but little weight.

"*Abbotsford, 25th March*, 1828."

Art and Nature. A Tale. Edinburgh. Alex. Mackay. 1828. Pp. 32.

THIS is a production of some seven hundred lines, in which a considerable facility of rhyming is discovered; but what they mean, or for what purpose they were written or published, is quite past our comprehension. The preface, too, which one generally expects will explain something, is as bad as the rest. The author, "in travelling to London, chanced to see in a window a French print," and this print brought to mind a very beautiful and fascinating lady of his acquaintance. But "the inferiority of the print (however graceful and interesting,) was at least as striking as its resemblance to the fair object of his agreeable reminiscences; and this *incident* gave rise to a series of rhymes, which neither are entitled, nor aspire, to the dignity of a poem." Now, though one does not exactly see what occasion there was to found "a series of rhymes" on this "incident" at all, yet one naturally expects that the rhymes which were founded on it will turn out to have some connexion with it. But they have no more connexion with the said "incident" than they seem to have with any thing else, human or divine, under or above the sun. Nevertheless, there is some cleverness in them, though it is difficult to say of what sort.

On the Knowledge of Christ Crucified, and other Divine Contemplations. By Sir Matthew Hale, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of King's Bench, England. With an *Introductory Essay*, by the Rev. David Young, Perth. Glasgow: William Collins. 1828. Pp. 464.

THIS is a reprint of some of the best of the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale's religious works, with a spirited introductory essay by the Rev. David Young of Perth, pointing out the impropriety of allowing mere temporal knowledge to be so much diffused as it is in the present day, without an equal accompanying knowledge of Christianity, and its various blessings. The publication forms, we observe, the fortieth volume of a series of select Christian authors, printed uniformly, with introductory essays to each.

Heads of Plane Geometry. By Robert Hutton. 1828.

A USEFUL and very well-arranged school-book, with this objection, that the figures, instead of being introduced into the body of the work, each in juxta-position with the theorem or problem it illustrates, are collected together in separate plates, which makes the reference not so easy.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE PAPER-MAKER'S COFFIN.

From the German of Claweren.

IT was an evening like the present; the snow fell thick and heavy; the sky was gloomy and cloudy; we sat round the warm fire and talked. Our conversation became interesting. The death of our neighbour, the Paper-maker, which had taken place only the day before, occasioned many remarks. The old warder of the forest called the Paper-maker a beggarly rascal; not so much on account of his trade, as from the badness of his character. "Such a fellow," he said, "could have no peace in his grave. He oppressed every one within his power, and was a severe, cruel man all his life."

"Be quiet, husband," said his wife. "He is gone, and we should never speak ill of the dead. The pall which is thrown over the coffin at the interment, should be the mantle of Christian love; it covers the deceased with all his errors and sins. 'Judge not, that ye may not be judged.'"

"Neither do I judge," replied the old man, holding out his hand affectionately to his wife; "I only think, that if all the tears lay upon my heart which that villain made to flow, I should never sink peaceably to my eternal rest. The fellow died frightfully, and no wonder; —pain had distorted all his limbs; and his last word was a tremendous oath. In the morning he had declared that he would go that night to the fir plantation, and show the bailiff the boundary; but when he said so, he little suspected he was standing on the brink of the grave. Three hours afterwards he was a corpse."

"Dear father," said Mina, half playfully, half in earnest, and casting a look full of meaning at me,—"dear father, do not talk about the fir plantation; for there is one here who must go through it to-night."

"Oh, never mind that, Mina. Should ten Paper-makers stand in my way, I and my black horse would gallop by them or over them. What is the history about the boundary?"

"Do you really mean to go home in this weather?" said the old lady. "It is so dark, that one cannot see one's hand. The country is covered with snow; you will not be able to find the road, and—the night is no man's friend."

I could not consent to stay. I was only a short league from home; and whilst my horse was getting ready, I learned the following particulars:—

About a year ago, an old woman was murdered in the fir plantation. The assassin had dragged her several steps away from the spot where he committed the deed, and concealed her behind a hillock. The spot where she was murdered was very evident from the marks in the sand, and the quantity of blood. The infamous act was committed behind a bush close to the road-side. The bush lay in the demesne of the Prince, but the mound in which the woman was found buried was, according to the assertion of the Justice, on the property of the Paper-maker. The latter, however, affirmed that his property began only at the back of the hillock. The question had not yet been decided who should bear the expenses of the prosecution, whether the proprietor of the post where the murder was committed, or of the spot where the murdered person was found. The assassin, who had been apprehended, remained in the mean time in chains. This very evening there was to have been a meeting at the place of dispute. The Paper-maker had said, on the morning of the day on which he died, being then in sound health, that he would attend the meeting, but it might be late, as he had business of consequence to transact. Shortly afterwards, he was taken suddenly and violently ill; but, notwithstanding his excruciating pains, he remembered his rancour against the Bailiff; and just an hour before his death, whilst writhing in agony, he said, that if a million of devils held him down on his bed, he would nevertheless appear at the place of dispute, and confront the Bailiff.

My horse, which was to carry me in a few minutes over the spot in question, was now saddled, and waiting for me at the door. I took leave, and my good steed darted off with me like lightning. I willingly gave him the rein; he pranced on through the deep snow, and went snorting across the dreary flat, till we entered the fir plantation. There the road was narrower, the snow deeper, and my horse became more impatient. He was dashing impetuously along, when he stopped so suddenly, that I was nearly thrown over his head by the jerk. I kept on my saddle, however, tightened the rein, and spurred him forward, but the animal was immovable; he pawed with his fore feet, reared up, pricked his ears, and snorted.

"What if the Paper-maker"—the idea only passed half through my mind; yet I stood on the spot where the poor old woman had breathed out her soul in the struggle with the murderer. "Coward!" said I to myself, and again had recourse to the spur; but the horse only made a spring sideways. I now tried to coax him; I patted his neck with a trembling hand; but nothing could induce him to advance a step. I began to feel convinced that something either stood or lay in his way; but, though it had ceased snowing, I could not see five steps before me. I have tolerable nerve; but people may say as they will—I felt a very uncomfortable sort of sensation creeping over me; I alighted, led my horse with my left hand, and held my switch before me with the right. The horse followed a few steps trembling; he then suddenly stopped, and again snorted loudly from his wide-extended nostrils. I looked steadily before me —my eye fell on a black coffin which stood in the middle of the way. I had courage enough to strike it with my switch; but the stroke sounded dreadfully hollow, and, as the horse at the same moment darted still farther off, my heart failed me. I recollected there was a foot-path which led through the plantation. I remounted, and rode back till I reached its commencement, and then turned into it. It ran parallel with the road, and at no great distance from it. When I got again to the neighbourhood of the coffin, the horse resumed his symptoms of uneasiness; but no sooner had he passed the spot, than he dashed forward at full speed, as if for life and death. For my own part, I was so cold and frozen, that every limb shook. My brother had not gone to bed, and I related to him my adventures. He laughed at me; but I protested, on my honour, the truth of what I had seen and heard.

"Then I will prove the whole a piece of rodomontade," said he. "My two land bailiffs shall go with you to the spot. If you find the coffin, I will pay each of them a dollar for his trouble: if you do not find it, it is but right that you should reward them."

I had no objections to the conditions, and ordered my horse to be brought out again. The bailiffs accompanied me, and we drew near the plantation. My horse went on quietly—we reached the spot of terror—the coffin had vanished—I was two dollars poorer—and when I got back they all laughed most unmercifully. I remained, however, perfectly convinced that my senses had not deceived me. I scarcely slept an hour all night—the black coffin was continually before me—I heard the

hollow stroke of the whip, and felt the trembliug of the terrified horse under me.

Next morning I made it my first business to ride back to the plantation. The traces of my horse's feet were still visible;—he had trampled down the snow all round the spot where the coffin had stood; but there was nothing else to be seen. I rode on to Mina's house, and related the whole circumstances there. "I told you so," said the old man; "I knew he would have no peace in his grave!" His wife folded her hands, and said mildly, "Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not; he will certainly be judged, but God will judge him!"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered her husband; "but the devil has already got him in his clutches. You hear that it was his coffin."

"Of a truth," said Mina, more seriously and energetically than she was wont, "of a truth, it was *his* coffin."

Her manner surprised me; there was none of her usual gaiety in it; my pulse began to beat quick.

"What do you know of the matter, Mina?"

She raised up her head from her work, flung back the ringlets that clustered over her brow, and looking significantly about her, she beckoned us to gather round her work-table.

"You know the deceased Paper-maker's boy, Martin? Well, yesterday evening, Martin went to fetch his master's coffin from the undertaker's; but as it was badly secured on the sledge, it slipped off behind, while Martin went on quite unconscious of his loss. You and your horse came to the spot; got into a terrible fever of fright, and galloped off by the side path. Meanwhile Martin got home, missed the coffin, returned, and carried it away; so when you and the two bailiffs heroically came back, the apparition had vanished. Martin told me the whole story this morning."

For at least a fortnight, I was the laughing-stock of the country.

FINE ARTS.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ARCHITECTURE IN SCOTLAND.

By Dr Memes, Author of "Memoirs of the Life of Canova," &c.

"Art is the half of man's nature.
WIELAND.

THE history of our early architecture, whether compared with itself, or in reference to English and continental art, exhibits remarkable peculiarities. As respects general characteristics, the architectural labours of no modern nation present a style of composition so little varied, or which appears to have been so uniformly governed by external influences. Posterior even to the former part of last century, there existed only the two grand divisions of sacred and feudal erections, by which, in other states, the middle ages of improvement and of empire are distinguished. In each of these classes its own uniformity of taste prevails; while they possess distinctive features of the most opposite description. Our sacred architecture, (inferior though it certainly be in extent and magnificence of undertaking,) in purity of design, variety, and richness of decoration, equals the best examples of the south, and excels those of the east and north of Europe. The reverse is the case of our baronial remains. These, in design, workmanship, and extent, not only partake of the general inferiority of their class, as compared with ecclesiastical buildings, but rest far beneath the feudal strongholds of all our neighbours. Through the connexion, always to be traced between the modes of refinement, and the political condition among any people, it would prove not difficult to reconcile these seeming anomalies. At present, we can barely indicate the principles of elucidation. Of these, the isolation of Scotland—her limited resources—the peculiar character of her warfare—the briefness of foreign dominion—the means, habits, privileges and knowledge of her hierarchy and nobles—above all, the absence during many centuries of even a resemblance to a *tiers état*, will furnish the chief.

The Reformation first created a third political estate, by calling into action the energies and weight of the people; but to the arts in Scotland, the spirit of the reformers proved doubly destructive. During the reigns of the English Stuarts, some advances were effected towards the introduction of classical architecture, and even some of the designs of Inigo Jones were executed. These attempts, however, as well as a few buildings at a later period by Campbell and Bruce, excited little attention, and no sympathy in the nation at large. Nor till the last reign, when the numerous works of Chambers, Clerk, Adams, and Stark, but especially the commencement of a new capital, awakened the public mind to the interest of the subject, does the state of architecture in Scotland merit much attention. The names now mentioned formed the school in which our living architects chiefly studied. The masters, however, have been excelled by the pupils. The former took as their model, Palladio, an imitator, though a graceful one, at second-hand, for he imitated the Roman imitators. The architects of the present day, we mean of our own country, and to them as a body the praise is understood to be restricted, have advanced to the origin and sacred source of art; following the pure, and simple, and universal modes of Greece.

The architectural character of a country depends upon that of its individual buildings, as is chiefly the case in Italy, or upon the beauty of its cities, as generally throughout Europe. It is in like manner to her capital that Scotland is indebted for what celebrity in this respect she may have attained. Than Edinburgh, few cities, perhaps not one, enjoy more excellent capabilities of natural site; while none, Vienna not even excepted, whose plan admitted this precious and rare beauty to a very great extent, supplies an instance of the contrast of two entire cities, each of different age, manners, and associations; not only so, but each furnishing a most noble specimen in itself,—for in varied grandeur of effect than the High Street, the sixteenth century has scarcely left a finer example. Much of all this certainly has been felt and realized, but it is equally true, that neither the moral nor the natural capabilities of the scene have been justly evoked. Nay, good taste is often shocked by strange and inexplicable dereliction of advantages, easier far to have been embraced; and features have been effaced in wantonness, for the preservation of which sacrifices were rather to be made.

The subject generally will derive illustration from further consideration of this topic. Edinburgh, that is the New Town, possesses the greatest simplicity and regularity of plan; while, if judiciously made available, the situation would have enabled the architect, with this simplicity, to have united variety of parts and force of contrast—the very perfection of street architecture—the most arduous department of the profession. Unfortunately, it is exactly here that the failure has occurred. Of the three noble routes, forming the master lines in the ichnography—Prince's Street, fronting the Castle and the ancient city, in site the finest, is in architecture the most irregular, and the meanest. On the contrary, to have preserved, or even heightened, the distinctive character and associations of ancient feudal power, und modern refinement, which we have mentioned as diffusing over the whole a rare and elevating charm, as constituting the very poetry of the spot, Prince's Street should have been conspicuous for rich and varied, but strictly regular and classical embellishment. Queen's Street, the corresponding terrace on the north, looking out upon

a landscape of almost unrivalled beauty and magnificence, should have accorded in an architecture simple, yet noble, in which the chaste Ionic predominated. Instead of this, the buildings here are without pretensions to distinctive character of any kind. The central range of George Street might have commanded almost every beauty of street scenery. Fine terminations, lateral divisions, admitting with great propriety of varied compartments, or symmetrical mutations of manner, an elevated position, giving an unbroken skyline,—all have been overlooked, and a monotonous unfeeling style adopted, differing little from a continuous wall. These remarks are not to be regarded merely as gratuitous criticisms upon what might, or might not have been done. The principles which they advocate are founded in nature, and appear sufficiently obvious, while to have acted upon them would have added little to the original expense, had they, from the first, been held in view. We wish, therefore, to impress their results as supplying two essential maxims, either unknown or hitherto disregarded in Scottish Architecture:

I. It should always be remembered, that street scenery admits, with advantage, greater variety of embellishment, than its component edifices separately and apart could with propriety receive.

II. In the architecture of cities, greatness of general effect can seldom or never be attained by mere extent; there must be variety combined with symmetry in the constituents of that grandeur. It is on the principle of variety that ancient cities are so generally picturesque; it is the want of symmetry that renders them so seldom beautiful or grand.

In Edinburgh, excluding the churches, the public buildings are in two styles; those of an earlier date, Palladian; the more recent, Grecian in design. Not as a question of mere taste, but on principles of real science, we prefer the latter, although to the former more strictly belongs the most superb structure, not only in the capital, but of Scotland. The College, standing, as in great measure it does, the representative of our national taste, as of our national learning, we rank, not amongst, but with, the noblest quadrangles of Europe. It possesses, too, this singular merit, that while complete in itself, no feature harshly discordant is obtruded upon the antique and hallowed associations of the locality. This effect, always so desirable, is here most judiciously preserved by the massive and unpretending plainness of the exterior; the front indeed belongs to a different character, but in spite of barbarisms and puerilities, the master thought is grand and imposing. These remarks will explain, why we by no means unite in the censure so universally expressed both by foreigners and natives, that this fine structure is not insulated. We see no primary advantage, far less any improvement now, commensurate with the expense of exposing three unadorned walls, while all that has architectural pretensions externally is open to view. The noble edifice is to be regarded in itself; it borrows and could receive nothing from surrounding objects. This is precisely what should have been in a site to which no grounds were attached, an adjunct by the way little necessary for a winter session in a northern climate, and where no peculiar excellence of surrounding art required an accessory. Let then this truly national work be viewed as it ought. Enter,—the whole is one magnificent burst of beauty! Nor can we well imagine an effect better calculated to arouse genuine and manly enthusiasm in the mind of the student, to awaken him to the ambition and the dignity of letters. He finds himself at once, and only within his college, surrounded by order, and beauty, and majesty, fitting associations for the calm delights, the elevating pursuits of letters and philosophy. These are matters not of mere sentiment. They mingle in the great business of education, as less obvious indeed, but most powerful instruments; and happy is that instructor, and fortunate his pupils, who discovers and applies such incentives most extensively. The awaking of such feelings in the youthful mind, therefore, as ranking, in the present instance, with the principle of utility the accomplishment of the effect, is one of the highest and most legitimate beauties of art. The minor imperfections and improprieties which appear amid this splendour of general result, are to be ascribed to the original plan: Adams wanted the soul,—the genius—the exquisite cultivation, which lives only in the majesty of simplicity; of this we are the more convinced from observing the classical purity of other works, by the present accomplished architect, and from the simple beauty of his part of the internal arrangement. We note especially the library, not unworthy of the Palatine itself, when the repository of the undiminished treasures of Grecian and Roman literature. We would venture to suggest what cannot have escaped his penetration—that a difficulty of no little magnitude still remains;—one which would escape the unpractised eye—but one, upon the successful removal of which, much of the beauty and firmness of effect in the basement depends, namely—the providing of proper means of access to the numerous entrances.

The buildings in the Grecian style, now erecting or recently completed in Edinburgh, exhibit pleasing proofs of the advanced state of Scottish Architecture, furnishing practical illustrations of the precept, "think as the ancients thought," being composed both in the spirit and in the very modes of antiquity. The precept should ever thus be united with its corollary. They are also in this union the more anxiously pointed out, as evincing the convenience of the classic forms applied to the usages of modern life. A theory and practice opposite to this, has supplied pretext for every innovation, and for more than half the absurdity introduced into the art. It is matter of much regret, that the only one of these edifices yet finished—the "Royal Institution," as an architectural feature in the general scene, realizes not its full purpose. There are two axioms common alike to good taste and to utility, ever to be held in mind, with regard especially to public buildings, namely, that in itself the structure may appear to the greatest possible advantage from all the principal points of view,—and that, as a part of one grand whole, it contributes the most largely to the general embellishment. In practice, these two propositions will rarely, if ever, be found independent of each other. For the accomplishment of these ends, two other co-relative principles must be studied; the position of the edifice on its site,—and the selection of that site. In the case before us, the site is happily chosen,—but the position is bad, being too low. No important erection, especially no columned portico, should be looked down upon in any of the chief approaches. The whole ought to have been elevated, and rendered distinct from the general plane of the Mound, by a terrace, on which the temple itself should have been reared, with access by a noble flight of steps in front. We may here just mention, that more space still is wanted on each side, and that the junction of the Mound should be formed into a circular sweep, in order to correct or conceal the original want of a retiring circus at the union of Hanover with Prince's Street.

Of original adaptation in the use of the purest classic modes, yet adaptation where all their native grace is preserved, the new High School presents a beautiful example. The general design to which this praise is given, similar indeed to all truly good works, is extremely simple, we had almost said common,—being merely a quadrangle, with corner turrets, having also, from the inequality of the ground, fronts of different elevation. But such are the powers of real talent, that, out of elements so meagre, and in common hands disadvantageous, has been created an effect—one of the most august in architecture—that of a Grecian temple on an elevated position.

By the simplest, and, what is of infinite consequence to true effect, evidently necessary arrangements, the lower story in front is altogether concealed, and the eye upwards, from gradation to gradation, finally reposes on the grave majesty of the Doric portico which crowns the whole. By this fine composition, two faults, into one or other of which an ordinary mind would have fallen, are avoided,—namely, either raising the columns of the portico and flanking colonnade from the ground, thus falling into triteness, besides exposing the inequality of the fronts,—or continuing the columns from the basement only, thus committing the too common, but most unclassic error, of different orders and manner in the same elevation. The internal arrangement is admirable for simplicity and appropriateness of purpose.

The National Monument, from the small portion yet in a state of forwardness, can hardly become the direct subject of criticism; but if it may be allowed to judge of the future whole from that small portion, not one building in modern Europe will approach nearer to the majesty and simple beauty of ancient art, in the sweetest, too, of its orders—

"The nobly plain—the manly Doric."

We recommend to the student and the amateur, desirous of seeing exemplified the grand principles of stability, as dependent on mechanical excellences and on science, to view here the magnitude of the masses, and the exact workmanship, and to observe how these are rendered subservient to the effects of gravity and equilibrium—principles the very essence both of the art and science of building, and which he will not elsewhere in the kingdom have at this moment an opportunity of seeing united with architectural grace and harmony. Certain discussions, we understand, have arisen respecting the perpendicularity of these mighty columns. The merit of such discussions, or even their object, it is difficult to perceive. If each column is taken apart, it would not require much science to prove whether its position makes equal angles with the tangent to the earth's surface passing through the level of its base. On the same analysis, granting each to be separately thus perpendicular to the plane of its own position, it is plain that no two can strictly be said to be perpendicular to each other. Consequently the extreme columns will have perceptible divergence from parallelism. It is therefore plainly impossible to rear a range of columns which, relatively and separately, shall be perpendicular. But what is the *practical* inference from this? We wish to point it out, the more so, that we conceive every one of our modern architects has overlooked it, as in the present case.

The true architectural perpendicularity is this, that each mass, or part, has a middle line, that is, a line on each side of which are equal quantities of matter. This middle line, to insure stability, ought always to stand exactly in the direction of gravity, that is, of the plum line. In columns this is most especially necessary; but not only so, but this "line of the middle," to translate a term, ought to be continued, so as to form, with the nicest precision, the line of junction of each two adjacent beams of the architrave resting upon the abacus. But it is *impossible* to effect this, if columns be finished, or nearly so, before their erection. It is here where our architects fail; a column should be reared at first, not in its just proportion, but length; the architrave ought to be laid, and then, and not before, should the middle line be struck, not from the centre of the abacus, but from each joint of the architrave. This view of the subject might be mathematically demonstrated to be the only correct method; and if our limits permitted, we could further illustrate its practical application from our own personal examination of the ancient ruins and ancient *quarries* of Magna Grecia.

One entire branch of the subject, the reader will perceive, is omitted, namely, the state of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. This may form the matter of future consideration. At present we shall merely state, that scarcely a church has been erected among us since the Reformation, which is not an absolute deformity. The preceding remarks will evince our admiration of the art in our own national school, we may therefore be permitted to express censure as freely, and as conscientiously, as we have bestowed praise. The causes and nature of this corruption may hereafter be explained.

THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

It is remarkable that while Scotland seized the earliest opportunity, after the Union, of distinguishing herself in General Literature and most of the Liberal Arts,—emulating and rivalling England in their prosecution,—she should so completely have overlooked Music,—the most seductive, and certainly the most elegant of studies, a study which under the sway of her own Kings she had formerly cultivated, and one which, to say nothing of its attractions to the man of science, is the most intimately connected with the domestic and personal enjoyments of a polite people. It is not in any original diversity of susceptibility or taste, that we are to look for a satisfactory solution of this contrast between the English and ourselves; for if we travel back to the time of the Jameses, and a century or two preceding, we find the most intense relish of the national melodies then in use diffused through the whole body of our people, from the prince to the peasant, while England, with all her theatrical and scientific attainments, had not escaped from a dry and artificial counterpoint, adapted rather to the eye of the Mathematician, than to the ear of the Musician. A glance at the religious services and ceremonies of the two countries, however, will serve to explain the seeming enigma.

Music, unlike the kindred arts of Poetry, Painting, and Oratory, has never been known to leap at once from infancy to manhood; for this plain reason, that the latter being pure forms of art, having reference to the simplest feelings or forms of nature, are dependent entirely on the efforts and inspirations of individual genius; and a gifted genius is as likely to appear in early as in later ages: But Music is twofold, compounded of science as well as art, and as such its progress and perfection (if the latter is attainable) must, like those of the other sciences, be the result of cautious experiment and laborious investigation. In short, it has to do with ascertained laws; and although, without a profound knowledge of these, some progress may be made, yet, as is the case in all other sciences, it is but natural to conclude that in proportion to the knowledge of the abstract and fundamental rules, will be the facility of applying them, and the superiority of their application. Now in England, as Music has, from the earliest times, formed a prominent and essential feature in the religious services, the Temples of Devotion have there at the same time been conservatories of Music; where the professor might explore his science, and reduce it to practice; where genius, while it met with an ample field, found a suitable reward, and where the body of the worshippers imbibed with the spirit of devotion, a taste for the purest and sublimest specimens of an art that wafted their praises to their Maker. Nothing can better show the taste and talent for Music, produced by the church service, than the fact of the most difficult and grand of Handel's choruses being performed in the English Cathedrals, by those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. Even in petty and obscure towns, the strains of the great Masters may be heard, sometimes with, sometimes without, an organ, but generally with some accompaniment, and almost always with a choir of some sort. If the practice is not now

altered, or if the vestry funds are not richer, we could direct our readers to one of the loveliest villages in South Wales, where, Sabbath after Sabbath, for the happiest years of our life, we heard some of the finest chants and tunes performed by a little choir of three voices, supported by a single clarionet; so poor were the parish funds, but so eager the desire for an instrumental accompaniment. It is not, however, merely intrinsic or native talent, that has been elicited by the English service in the days of Catholicism as well as Episcopacy; but the foundation of a solid judgment and accurate taste has been laid, that has rendered the people feelingly alive to the merits of the noblest compositions. As proficients in instrumental performance, it would be ridiculous to compare the English in general with the bulk of many of the Continental states; but in point of scientific acquirements and refined taste, it would perhaps be difficult to congregate in any foreign city, an audience to surpass that which frequents the Philharmonic Society's Concerts. As for the society itself, it may defy the world.

Such are the benefits that have accrued from amalgamating more closely the music with the religion of England; and these benefits will only appear the more conspicuous by reviewing the results of a contrary practice in this kingdom. Instead of bringing in all the adventitious aids that might, by the natural laws of association, be supposed to lend fervour and sublimity to the aspirations of its followers, Presbyterianism seems to have had for its aim—an aim highly laudable if not carried too far—to strip religion of all externals, to abolish, as far as possible, aught that might heighten the plenitude of faith by the pleasures of sense, and above all, to select a form of worship diametrically opposed to the ritual it superseded. Music, indeed, is still retained in the service of the church; but, "not to speak it profanely," we put it to any musical Presbyterian, whether, even in this metropolis, the psalmody in any of the established churches, (with one honourable exception,) is not grating to the ear, and derogatory to the service? The evil, however, seems already to be working its own cure, being no longer endurable; for the Dissenters, we perceive, (those who can least afford it,) are now getting organs to their chapels—an example which we should wish much to see followed in more influential quarters.

It is not surprising, then, that a taste for music is so limited as it is. It is scarcely to be imagined that a good taste can be formed on models of sacred singing extant; and where else can the majority of the people have an opportunity of cultivating it? In secular music, some may say;—but we fear even our boasted national music is rather a poor school for the student. The beauty of a few of our old melodies is apparent, and enchanting even to a stranger,—and to such as date their nativity north of the Tweed, even the very worst of them come recommended by a thousand associations that would more than redeem, in their eyes, defects and deformities of any kind. This, however, is patriotism, or what you will, but not taste,—and even patriotism may now and then be allowed to doubt whether an imperfect scale, an irregular harmony, and a lawless progression, are not the most likely elements of a music, calculated to vitiate rather than refine the taste. The truth is, that there seems to be some lurking conviction of this kind under all our boasting,—for the stock of national music has not received a single addition for many years, although the value nominally attached to the old airs should naturally lead to the continuance of the same style of composition.

It is not, however, the want of a regular and refined music of our own, that is most severely felt, and that constitutes our great inferiority to England, but our comparative inability to bring forward in public those great works, which, though the pride of Germany or of Italy, are the available property of the world at large. Until very lately, the great orchestral compositions could not be heard in this city; and we have been sorry to mark, that the Professional Society, which bid fair to supply the desideratum in a very creditable manner, has been more than once threatened with extinction, from the want of support. When such apathy is evinced, it is futile to puff ourselves up as a musical nation or city. Our very festivals are little better than occasions when the stewards may express their thankfulness to Heaven, if they are permitted to escape without loss; and our concerts, though improving yearly, and given at a moderate rate, have, in more than one instance, been performed to an audience that scarcely outnumbered the band. We hope it may be taken as earnest of better times, that the most influential of our nobility has extended his patronage to the only institution in this country, that affords an opportunity of hearing real classical music.

Z.

POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

WESLEYAN AND AMERICAN METHODISTS.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,

As your Periodical is open to "religious discussion," without partiality, I trust you will allow me to make an observation on an article in "The Edinburgh Christian Instructor" for October. Somebody, under the signature of "*Psalmus*," has made it his business to condemn the use of "hymns" in public devotional singing. I am not going to speak of the *ability* he has displayed in maintaining his position; but he has introduced an observation which most intimately concerns the Church to which I have the honour to be united:—"The American Methodists have also their doctrine of sinless perfection, and possibility of falling from grace, embodied in their hymns." And this is prefaced by the following:—"But not only is the use of uninspired songs unlawful, they have also been made the vehicles of heresy and error." Now, the American Methodists, although they may have a different Collection of Hymns, yet are one body of Christians with the Wesleyan Methodists of this country; and the day is past for them to be branded with "heresy." If "Psalmus" means by "sinless perfection," what we call "Christian perfection," he must be told, that this doctrine, which is held most sacred by us, we received from the Holy Scriptures, and will defend to the best of our power. As to the "possibility of falling from grace," it is surprising there are two opinions. Surely no man is so insecure as when he fancies he cannot fall; consequently, we are always exhorting our friends to "take heed lest they fall." I am, sir, &c.

A. J.

THE DRAMA.

As we are preparing for our next number, a short historical sketch of the progress of the drama in Edinburgh, and of the different managements under which the Theatre-Royal has successively been placed, we trust our readers will excuse the brevity of the present notice, which we could not lengthen without entering upon particulars that will come to be discussed in better time and place. We shall be obliged by receiving, as speedily as possible, any information with which our correspondents may be able to supply us upon this subject.

The French comedians, who entered on an engagement for eight nights on Wednesday last, deserve encouragement, and have already made themselves favourites with the Edinburgh audience. Pelissié and Gamard,

Madame Beaupre and Mlle St Ange, are, in particular, possessed of varied and excellent abilities.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.
Nov. 13—21.

SAT. *Belle's Stratagem, He Lies like Truth, & John of Paris.*
MON. *George Heriot, Two Friends, & The Bottle Imp.*
TUES. *Green-eyed Monster, He Lies like Truth, & Do.*
WED. *Les Fourberies de Scapin, Le Tableau Parlant, and Charles Edward.*
THURS. *Les Premieres Amours, Les Rendez-vous, and Cramond Brig.*
FRI. *Le Tartufe, Le Mariage Extravagant, and Cramond Brig.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SIGH FOR THE PAST.

By John Malcolm, Esq.

O FOR the days of youth,
When life was in its spring,
Ere its visions, that came in the guise of truth,
Had fled on the morning's wing,—
When the heart shed forth its hallowing light
On all that met the raptured eye—
Ere Hope's young bloom was touch'd with blight,
And Memory but a sigh!

O for the dreamers gone,
With whom our childhood play'd,
Soon as the little task was done,
In the calm sequester'd shade!
And the later friends beloved so well,
(Alas! to think that friendship dies!)
Where do their gentle spirits dwell?
I ask—but none replies:—

No voice, except the breeze,
As it waves November's wood—
And the heavy knell of the distant seas,
Filling the solitude
With pulses of such saddening sound,
Where every sound of life is fled,
As seem, amid the stillness round,
Like voices from the dead.

The dead!—No voice have they—
No echo lingering here—
By mountain, wood, or wave, to stray
Back on the living ear.
Yet still ascend earth's choral strains,
As if she ne'er had lost a tone
Of gladness from her green domains,
Tho' theirs are voices gone;—

Save that they seem in dreams
On the sleep-seal'd ear to fall,
Like the sighing sound of far distant streams,
Or the tones that night-winds call
(When roaming round baronial piles)
From some forlorn Æolian lyre,
Or down cathedrals' echoing aisles,
Where sleep the tuneful quire:

Or unto thought return
In the hour of reverie,
Oft as in vision dimly borne
Far from the things that be.
In Memory's land the spirit roams,
As o'er a pale and pillar'd waste,
Mid broken shrines and silent homes,
And spectres of the past;—
And weeps for the days of youth,
When life was in its spring,
Ere its visions, that came in the guise of truth,
Had fled on the morning's wing,—
When the heart shed forth its hallowing light
On all that met the raptured eye—
Ere Hope's young bloom was touch'd with blight,
And Memory but a sigh.

SONNET.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

LADY! when I behold thy golden hair
Hang on thy cheek, its tangles all unshorn,
Like clouds envermeiling the brow of Morn
With tufts of fleecy radiance rich and rare,
In sooth, my soul is caught as in a snare;
A thousand threads, finer than e'er were worn
By Her that was of spumy ocean born,
Twine me inextricably to am'rous care;
In vain I struggle for escape; in vain,
From these crisp burnish'd tufts that tangle me,
My feeble spirit flutters to be free:
Yet, yet, amid my flutter and my pain,
I bless that bondage, and I court these charms,
And wish me captiv'd all within thy gentle arms!

SONG—"*The red wine is glowing.*"

THE red wine is glowing, the moments are flowing,
Like waves into light, when the darkness is gone;
Joy's magic is o'er us, bright hopes are before us,
And ever through life may they welcome us on!
And round the gay circle which binds us together,
While wit, love, and friendship, flash warmly and fast,
Oh! who would not smile at the storms he can weather,
And quench every sorrow which darken'd the past?

If Wisdom be weeping,—while Folly is sleeping
Mid visions of happiness,—false though they be!
If Wisdom be sighing,—while Folly is trying
To mingle elixirs—then Folly for me!
Oh! who would exchange for this earth and another,
For Glory's false glare, and the troubles of Pride,—
One bowl such as this,—and the friend and the brother
Who brightens his life, and would die by his side!

Then let every sorrow go sleep till to-morrow!—
'Tis noonday with us from the east to the west:—
And with us the blessing, most dear in possessing,
The soften'd remembrance of those we love best;
For the red wine is glowing,—the moments are flowing,
Like waves into light, when the darkness is gone;
Joy's magic is o'er us,—bright hopes are before us,—
And ever through life may they welcome us on.

E. B.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. II.

YOUR distinguished countryman, David Wilkie, has brought home with him from the Continent two finished pictures of Italian, and seven of Spanish subjects, besides a multitude of sketches. The two Italian pictures represent the washing of the feet of the male pilgrims in the holy water by the Pope and Cardinals, and the *pediluvium* of the females, on the same great occasion, by the Princess Doria, and other high-born ladies of Rome. They are both very pathetic pieces, and executed with an austere simplicity of outline and of colouring, such as the early productions of Wilkie's pencil could not

have led one to anticipate. I take it that few artists are any thing but Catholics in their heart—and after feeling so profoundly the beauty of the Roman ceremonial, I doubt if Wilkie will return *con amore* to his "John Knox thumping the cushion in the Kirk of St Andrews,"—which picture remains in the same state in which I saw it four or five years ago. The Spanish pictures are much larger than these,—much more richly painted,—and probably, for their subjects, also better calculated for extensive popularity among us. They are designed to tell the story of the great struggle of Spain against France, and its melancholy termination in the re-establishment of the old despotism of Ferdinand and the monks. Only one of the seven, however, represents an actual incident of the war—it is the defence of Saragoza; and I rather think it is the least successful of the set. The finest, undoubtedly, are the first and the last. The former sets before us a supper party at a *posada*, three priests, strongly inter-distinguished;—a lordly Benedictine abbot, a sly Jesuit, and a half-crazy and also half-drunken mendicant friar of St Dominick, are in consultation over their cups; a group of athletic peasants expect the result, and are whetting their swords and bayonets. This tells the secret of the motive-spring throughout the contest. The concluding picture is the return homeward of a poor battered and worn-out Guerilla soldier. His priest is holding him on his Rosinante, and his wife preparing to lift him off. "The French have been driven out of Spain; but what have the Spaniards gained?" is the moral. You will be much gratified to hear that the whole of this collection has been purchased by his Majesty, and after being exhibited in Somerset-House, will be placed in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, which, however, is not as yet built. The Great Gallery of Windsor Castle, by the by, is getting all its ornaments in order. His Majesty's magnificent suite of Camallettis are already hung up, and between them there are now hanging, Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of the contemporaries of George IV., the Princes of Europe, and the great men, military and civilians, of Great Britain. The portraits of Wellington, Eldon, and Sir Walter Scott, are *en suite*; and Sir Thomas is now putting the last hand to perhaps a more exquisite picture than any of these, his portrait of Southey—who may console himself that "Tate's bust," and "Sooté" are henceforth supplanted gallantly.

Have you seen the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker's "Geography for Children?" It is even a better book than his "Stories from the History of England."

P. P.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We are informed that Mr William Chambers is preparing for publication a work, to be entitled "The Book of Scotland;" comprehending "Popular Delineations of the Government, Courts, Political Officers and Institutions, the most prominent and peculiar Laws, Customs, Superstitions, Religious Establishments and Tenets, College and School Education, Banking, Modes of Living, &c.;—the whole in *contrast* with the English, and intended principally for the use of strangers, and young Scotchmen."

Mr M'Phun of Glasgow is about to publish a second volume of the "Scots Worthies," which will contain their last words and dying testimonies, and will embrace the whole of Naphtali and the Cloud of Witnesses, together with numerous others, taken from Memoirs of their Lives, and other documents, both in old published Collections and in original Manuscripts. The whole is to be accompanied with Historical Notices and Observations, explanatory and corrective, by the editor of the new edition of the Lives of the Scots Worthies. There is to be a Preface to the volume, by Mr M'Gavin, the author of the Protestant; and it is to be embellished with several portraits of the Reformers.—Mr M'Phun is also about to publish, in an octavo volume, uniform with the Scots Worthies, Select Memoirs of the Lives, Labours, and Sufferings of those Pious and Learned English Divines, who greatly distinguished themselves in promoting the Reformation, in translating the Bible, and in promulgating its Doctrines by their Writings. Such has been the success of the first volume of the Scots Worthies, that a sixth edition is now at press.

Mrs Catherine Godwin, daughter of the late Dr Garnett, who was for several years Professor of Physics and Natural Philosophy at Anderson's Institution in Glasgow, has just published, in London, a Collection of Poems, on various subjects, of which we hear very favourable opinions.

An exceedingly elegant little volume has just appeared, called "The Golden Lyre," which contains selections from some of the best English, French, German, and Italian poets,—all printed in gold; and thus verifying the common laudatory expression—"worthy to be printed in letters of gold." The effect is peculiarly splendid.

We understand that Messrs Smith and Co. of Hunter Square have been appointed sole agents in Scotland for those beautifully enamelled and delicately-finished Cards, engraved in gold, silver, ruby, copper, &c., which have been recently invented on the Continent, and are now so universally used in England for visiting and invitation cards. Their enamelled Drawing-Boards, Hand-Screens, Medallions for Miniatures, and elegantly engraved Borders and Wreaths, in gold, silver, and other metals, are also well entitled to general attention.

Printing for the Blind.—Our attention has been recently directed to this very interesting and curious subject, and we propose laying some statements concerning it before our readers next Saturday. In the meantime, we are happy to have it in our power to say, that Mr Alexander Hay, teacher of Ancient Languages, who is himself blind, appears to us to have invented a simple and ingenious method of printing, which will greatly facilitate the important object he has in view—that of enabling those who are deprived of sight to make themselves masters of the knowledge contained in books.

Sir Walter Scott was, on Saturday last, elected Lord-Rector of the University of Glasgow, by the casting vote of the Vice-Rector, two of the nations having voted for Thomas Campbell. Sir Walter has declined the dubious honour, and Mr Campbell will of course continue in the Rectorship. We understand that, from the sentiments the students have already expressed, there is every reason to believe that Professor Wilson will ere long be chosen Lord-Rector.

A statue of the King, in bronze, by Chantrey, has just been placed upon a pedestal of granite, on the Steyne, at Brighton. It is the first work of this distinguished artist in bronze, and does him infinite credit. The statue, with the pedestal, is about nineteen feet high; the statue itself is nine. The hideous costume of the moderns is well concealed by the drapery and robes of the state-robe. The bust is full, and finely rounded, and the likeness is considered excellent.

Theatrical Gossip.—We are glad to understand, that Kean is about to play *Virginius* at Covent-Garden. Our readers are perhaps not aware, that it is almost a rule among actors, (founded upon the most contemptible feelings) to refuse to perform the characters of any living author, if another actor has distinguished himself in them. Macready was the first *Virginius*, and the part has been, in consequence, carefully avoided by all his brother tragedians, till Kean has at length wisely determined to break through so absurd a practice. This jealousy extends even to opera singers; if a composer's music is sung by one, it is universally neglected by the rest!—The principal parts in Mr Knowles' comedy of the "The Beggar's Daughter" are to be sustained by Liston, Farren, Cowper, and Miss Ellen Tree.—Laporte, the present patentee of the King's Theatre, has, among others, engaged for the next season, which commences in January, Mlle. Sontag, (concerning whom there have been some little whisperings of late,) Signora Pesaroni, the ugliest, but one of the most esteemed, of the Italian *prima donnas*, and Madame Mallebranche, formerly the celebrated Signora Garcia.—At the Argyle Rooms, Charles Wright, the dealer in foreign wines, is about to open his winter *champagne*.—It has been found necessary, by the management of Covent-Garden, to close that Theatre for a week, in order to have the gas removed, the odour of which was pronounced disagreeable by the Public. No inconvenience of this kind was ever experienced here. Is it Scotch gas or Scotch noses that are differently made?—Young Kean has been performing in Nottingham, and other provincial towns, to very thin audiences; but these are what John Kemble used to call "the judicious few," and they seem to approve of him.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged by the good wishes of our Donegal Correspondent, whom we shall call "*Werdna*," according to his request. We shall be happy to hear from him on all or any of the subjects he mentions.—"J. G" of Elgin, may receive the "Literary Journal" on the terms he proposes.—We are afraid none of the numerous papers sent to us from Elgin by "H. G." will exactly suit us.—From "D. V." of Dundee we shall be glad to hear, and shall probably notice his volume soon.—The poetry of "R. W." of Glasgow scarcely comes up to our standard.—From "T. B. J." of Glasgow we should like to receive something both in prose and verse, and will notice his little work speedily.—"C. H." will hardly suit us.—For "B.'s" expressions of friendship we return thanks.—We regret that we cannot possibly comply with the request of "A Friend to Literature."

On again perusing the Lines addressed to the "Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal," we perceive they are of so complimentary a description, that we must reluctantly decline giving them a place, lest we should be accused both of egotism and vanity.

Were we to add, in addition to the Publisher's name, the price of the book reviewed, as has been suggested, we should be subjected to advertisement-duty on each of our critical notices.

We must again beg the indulgence of our advertising friends, some of whose favours, for want of room, are necessarily excluded from our present Number, but will punctually appear in our next.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 3. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1828. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from Scottish History. Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. In three vols. Second Series. Cadell & Co. Edinburgh. 1829. (Published on Thursday.)

So much has been already written and spoken about Sir Walter Scott,—his name is so continually occurring in all newspapers—in all magazines—in all reviews—at all public dinners, and all private parties,—that when his hundredth new work issues from the press, all that it may seem possible for a critic to say, is, that it has made its appearance, and that he will give some extracts from it. And, in truth, little else is ever attempted. Sir Walter finds a new book in *cover*, and gives it a fair start; the critics, like so many fox-hounds, open in full cry, and before many minutes elapse, each may be seen running away with a bit in his mouth, carrying it off in triumph, and scattering it to the four winds of Heaven, which, in their turn, bear it across the Atlantic and the Pacific,—to the torrid and the frigid zones. Few men have so completely reaped in their own persons the reward of their labours as Sir Walter Scott. Many of his illustrious predecessors were left all their lives in doubt as to the success of their exertions, and the reputation which might attach to their memory. To them fame was as the distant murmur of the far-off sea, that found an echo only in the low whispers of their own lofty spirits. They spent their daily existence among those who knew them not; they passed on to the grave little honoured and little regarded; they had minds beyond the comprehension of the times in which they lived; and it was not till society in general, and by slow degrees, had made a progress somewhat similar to their own, that the laurel was strewed upon their graves, and an apotheosis was the tardy recompense of those who had breathed in neglect the breath of immortality. Widely different has it been with the author of "Waverley." He has been the favoured child of fortune—has been lifted on her wings to the mountain's top, and has stood there in a blaze of sunshine. Nor is it to *fortune* alone (a vague and most unmeaning word) that he is solely or chiefly indebted for his unparalleled success. His own talents are unquestionably of the highest order; and he has cultivated them with an assiduity and an industry that few of his predecessors, and none of his contemporaries, have been found to possess. The very *quantity* which Sir Walter Scott has written, judging, as ship-owners do, by the barrel-bulk, or as grocers, by the pound-weight, and altogether independent of its *quality*, is enough to strike the most common perception with astonishment, and is a theme which has been harped on till the harpers themselves became tired, or found that they required a dozen more strings; for the subject grew upon them every alternate month. We admire the prolific powers of the scribblers for the Minerva press; but the most arrant scribbler among them all never scribbled one-fifth part so much trash, as Sir Walter Scott has written of standard and classical composition. For it is not the paper alone he covers, but the materials with which he covers it. The topic is stale, and we shall not pursue it. The very infant is taught to lisp his name with wonder; and the grey-haired sire is prouder of his country because it is Scott's. He has been called "the Modern Ariosto,"—"the Modern Shakspeare,"—"the Great Northern Magician;" and without stopping to inquire into the precise justice and appropriateness of these different appellations, we may be allowed to quote them as showing the dominion he possesses over men's hearts and judgments;—

"Others are fond of fame, but fame of him."

Nor is he situated as most authors are, of inferior popularity, who may be aware that they possess a certain degree of reputation, but can form no accurate estimate of its extent and value. Sir Walter's rings in his ears wherever he turns. It is not merely an occasional flattering review,—a considerable number of private complimentary letters from friends and persons of eminence in the literary world,—a few public honours somewhat pompously bestowed by different public bodies,—(things which gladden the heart of most men, and are marked as eras in their lives,) it is a far more abiding and apparent glory—which has won the smiles of all ranks, softened down the asperities of all parties, and given him the voices of the multitude, as well as the far worthier approbation of the select few. Nor is it possible that he can be ignorant of the homage so universally paid to his genius; it is as palpable as that of the great actor whose ears are deafened with the plaudits of his audience. As one instance of this immense popularity, we would refer to the sensation created, two years ago, at the first "Theatrical Fund Dinner" in Scotland, when Sir Walter ceased for ever to have any claim to the title of "the Great *Unknown*," by announcing himself as the sole and unassisted author of "Waverley," and all the novels that followed in its wake. The sensation, we believe, has never been properly described to those who were not present to witness it. The common and hackneyed phrases of the newspaper reporters,—"tremendous applause," "continued shouts," "waving of hats and handkerchiefs," "renewed vociferations," &c. convey but a feeble and inadequate notion of what seemed to be really felt, and what was endeavoured to be expressed. It was a moment of delirium,—of wild, heart-thrilling excitement. Soul shot forth from eyes that had never shot forth soul before, and those that had always shone with brightness now trebled their lustre, and rolled "in a fine frenzy," as if from earth to heaven. Again, and again, and again, the deafening thunder of human voices filled the hall. Patriotism, and, for the time, genius, bounded in every bosom; it was happiness to have lived in the same century with Sir Walter Scott,—it was ecstacy to know that he was your fellow-countryman,—it was a thousand times more than all to have heard from his own lips,—to have been made, as it

were, his confident, and to have been told personally what had so often before been surmised, but had never been perfectly ascertained,—that his were the works of genius which "enchant the world!" This to Sir Walter must surely have been an hour worth a life of misery, had such been his. It is recorded in the Memoirs of Schiller, that when his "Maid of Orleans" was performed at Leipzic, as soon as the curtain fell, the whole assembly, having first given vent to their approbation in loud shouts, rushed from the theatre, and crowding round the door through which the poet was expected to pass, uncovered their heads as soon as he made his appearance, and opening an avenue for him, held up their children in their arms, and exclaimed, "*that is he!*" This was feeble in comparison with the compliment paid Sir Walter Scott. The *digito monstrari, et dicier hic est*, always implies that there are *some* who do not know you. The very supposition of such a thing with regard to Sir Walter, in Scotland at least, is almost an insult:

> "Not to know *him* argues yourself unknown—
> The meanest of the throng."

Thus, then, if ever the living felt what fame was, Sir Walter Scott does. One question still remains behind;—it is a dangerous one, but it must be put. Is it entirely by the triumphant merits of his literary works that this fame has been amassed; and if so, is it impossible for the most fastidious to point out any serious imperfection in their execution? We have considered the question maturely, and whatever weight may be attached to our opinion, we answer, with deference, but with firmness, that it is *not solely* to his intellectual endowments that Sir Walter's fame is to be attributed, and that there *is* an imperfection pervades his works, which must ever be felt by the reflective reader, not perhaps as a positive, but as a negative weakness,—as a sin not of commission, but of omission. We must explain ourselves a little more distinctly; and let it not be supposed that, while engaged in pointing out a spot on the sun, we are capable of any mean detraction from its general splendour.

In one word, the fault we have to find with Sir Walter Scott, by *voluntarily* falling into which, we think, he has succeeded in making himself a more universal favourite among those who only see the surface of things, is, an over-degree of cautiousness in broaching new opinions, or in stating his own on matters of literary, political, moral, intellectual, or religious importance. At first sight, this charge may not appear one of so much moment as we think it really is. It may be answered for Sir Walter, apparently with much show of reason, that if he pours forth the stores of his own mind,—if he opens up his rich and varied stock of information,—if he paints the manners of past times, and awakes from the sleep of death,—awakes and sets before us the buried but the unforgotten of almost all ages,—he does enough, and is right to stand aloof from the war of opinions, and refuse to mingle in the doubts that perplex, the desires that delude, the fears that distract, the animosities that divide, the strange theories that confuse and lead astray others, throughout all the ramifications and departments of society. To this may it not be replied, that we owe a duty to our fellow-men as well as to ourselves, and that superior abilities and profounder knowledge, unless directed to *their* edification as well as our own glory, exhibit little else but a more exalted species of selfishness? And is there no edification, it will be demanded, to be derived from the writings of Sir Walter Scott? Much,—a great deal more than from any ordinary mind is to be expected,—but from him *not enough*. There are two methods by which a reader may be edified or improved;—the one is by communicating *facts*,—the other is by communicating *thoughts*. It is true that there is no such thing as abstract thought unfounded on facts; and it is also true that all facts must necessarily suggest thoughts. He, therefore, who supplies facts, supplies the tools with which thought works. He who farther places these facts in a light so interesting, and clothes them in colours so beautiful, that they at once instruct the judgment, charm the fancy, and engage the heart, performs no mean service to the nobler part of our nature. But from the simplest or the most elaborate statement of facts, a thousand trains of thought must arise, and, such is the variety of mental constitution, that, unless guided to the inferences most consonant with reason, few indeed would spontaneously arrive at the same conclusions. It is here that mental power chiefly exhibits itself. It is not what people *know*, but what they *think*, (of course in consequence of what they know,) that ought to be chiefly attended to. He who furnishes knowledge alone, supplies weapons which may be directed against himself, unless he also point out the physical and intellectual *use* to be derived from that knowledge. Religion itself is little else but a piece of history, unless we are able to perceive, by a process of induction, the consequences which its historical truths infer. One proposition, as soon as proved, ought to lead to another; and he is the great mental pioneer who boldly goes first in the march of intellectual discovery, and who, though he may sometimes lose his way, yet finally succeeds in finding a path where human foot never trode before, which is speedily beaten down into a broad road, by those who had not the courage or the ability to precede him.

Now, let us apply these observations to Sir Walter Scott. No man ever poured forth from his single mind, or rather from his pen, so inexhaustible a stock of information; but certainly few men, possessed of such information, would have so carefully and systematically avoided entering not only upon any *one* of those great questions of ethics or metaphysics which have so long divided the world, but also on any of those lesser discussions which from time to time agitate the framework of society. We dispute not for a moment that the calm dignity of letters is better maintained by avoiding all the petty wranglings and contentions into which inferior capacities are so often apt to be betrayed; and so far we give Sir Walter Scott all praise, that from these he has ever stood at a distance. But it will not do to affect the same tone of philosophical indifference in regard to those momentous questions which so deeply affect mankind, and a solution of which must ever be so anxiously sought. We do not ask or wish Sir Walter Scott to become a controversialist or a polemic; but seeing the place he holds in the literary world,—seeing the influence he possesses over all the reading population of Europe,—we frankly avow, that we consider ourselves entitled to know what his opinions are upon many subjects which he has been obliged to refer to in his writings, but regarding which he has carefully avoided to give any exposition of his sentiments. And why? Not certainly because he had formed no opinions concerning them, for that is impossible; or because he did not know that his opinions would be esteemed of much value, for no man had ever one half of Sir Walter's extent of knowledge without feeling conscious of the weight that was due to his judgments, and of the importance that would be attached to them. The only other answer, therefore, which can be rationally given to the question, is, that a certain sacrifice has been made of advantages which would have accrued to the world at large, for the sake of greater personal aggrandizement and popularity. Sir Walter is aware, that nothing so effectually shuts up at least one avenue to these, as boldly and manfully stating sentiments which, though they may be considered just by some, have long been set down as erroneous by others. But how are we ever to arrive at truth, unless they, best capable of directing us to it, undertake the task? It is only a very small part of mankind who take the trouble to think at all; and the few who, in the common phrase, think for themselves, invariably think also for all the rest of their fellow-creatures. They fall into errors, no

doubt, but time corrects them; whilst the sparks of intellectual fire that are struck from their minds often kindle a flame that illumines a nation, and adds a value to life. Newton formed erroneous theories; but had he determined to avoid all erroneous theories, what would have become of his glorious discoveries? Byron grasped at shadows beyond his reach, and where he hoped for light only plunged into darkness; but shall not his splendid errors be forgiven, for the sake of the new region of thought which they opened up, and the glimpses they afford of light ineffable, like that which shines through the fissures of the thunder-cloud? Here, indeed, consists the great difference between him and Scott. Byron was too daring,—Scott is too timid. Byron cared not to stem the torrent, if it "roared 'gainst him,"—Scott is only anxious to float down the easy current of popular applause. Byron uttered sentiments which he knew scarcely an individual would own but himself,—Scott never once contradicted the opinions of a body of men, nor yet said that he disagreed with the opinions of another body to whom the first were opposed. If the "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" be cited as bearing against this assertion, it would not be difficult to show, that certain powerful reasons made it prudent for Sir Walter, at the time of their appearance, to conciliate the good-will of the Scotch bankers. Not that he on that account wrote what he did not think, but that he expressed his thoughts more freely. We repeat, therefore, that which we stated at the beginning, that our leading objection to Sir Walter Scott's works is, their want of original thought, and of decided opinions. What we mean by "original thought," is clear and new inferences drawn from facts that were not generally known; and what we mean by "decided opinions," is an undaunted statement of the author's own convictions, formed upon extensive research, and consequently comprehensive reasoning.

The observations we have just made, and made, we hope, in a spirit of candid criticism, not of paltry carping, were partly suggested by the work before us, "The Tales of a Grandfather." Both in the First and Second Series of this work, we have remarked the most scrupulous anxiety, on the part of the author, to avoid stating his own sentiments, on most of those historical questions which are considered of so much interest, and on which it would certainly be of importance to the old, as well as the young, to have the benefit of his judgment. We may mention his extreme caution, in the first Series, not to commit himself regarding the character of the unhappy Mary; though one would think that a grandfather would naturally endeavour to point out to his grandson, either the hideous and shameful guilt of that princess, or the unmerited and treacherous cruelty heaped upon an innocent and lovely head. We may advert especially to his account, in the second Series, of the origin and progress of the civil war between Charles I. and the people of Scotland, by which it is impossible to discover whether the king or the people were to blame,—whether the king was an encroaching despot, or the people idle malcontents and rebels; though one would think that a grandfather would naturally endeavour to show to his grandson, either that tyranny had been exercised towards a sincere and devout people, who fought for the faith in which they trusted, or that a good, but unfortunate monarch, had been driven to destruction by the wilfulness and bigotry of a mob. "In medio tutissimus ibis," says the Latin poet; and no man ever wrote more strictly in accordance with this advice, than Sir Walter Scott, when he says, (vol. 2d, p. 28.) "the war must be justly imputed to a train of long-protracted quarrels, in which neither party could be termed wholly right, and still less entirely wrong; but which created so much jealousy on both sides, as could scarcely terminate otherwise than in civil war."

As soon, however, as this general exception, which we have endeavoured to illustrate, has been taken, it is hardly necessary to mention, that nothing else remains to be done but to praise. The "Tales of a Grandfather" are delightfully composed, and embody with admirable simplicity, yet great accuracy and minuteness, all the leading facts of Scottish History. Neither are they intended for mere children; they could hardly be read with advantage by either a boy or girl under fourteen or fifteen, while far more advanced students of history will find in them much that is new, and much that they had, in all probability, forgotten. The first series brought us down to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England; the second conducts us from that period to the time when both kingdoms were finally united into one. The parts which strike us as most worthy of commendation, in the last three volumes, are the Introductory chapter on the progress of civilisation, the view of the state of society at the court of James VI., the chapters on the disorderly state of the Borders, and the wild state of the Highlands and Islands, the account of Cromwell and some of his exploits, and of all the incidents which occurred in Scotland during the reign of William and Mary, as well as that of Queen Anne; including, among other things, the massacre at Glencoe, the Darien scheme, and the struggles which took place between the parties that favoured or opposed the Union.

We shall present our readers with two extracts, which will not lessen their anxiety to get possession of the volumes themselves. The first we shall entitle

A HIGHLAND FEUD OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"The principal possessors of the Hebrides were originally of the name of MacDonald, the whole being under the government of a succession of chiefs, who bore the name of Donald of the Isles, as we have already mentioned, and were possessed of authority almost independent of the Kings of Scotland. But this great family becoming divided into two or three branches, other chiefs settled in some of the islands, and disputed the property of the original proprietors. Thus, the MacLeods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the MacDonalds and other tribes of the islands. The following is an example of the mode in which these feuds were conducted:

"About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the MacLeods, landed in Eigg, a small island peopled by the MacDonalds. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the MacLeods hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But fate so ordered it, that a boat belonging to the Laird of MacLeod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the Laird's castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the MacDonalds of Eigg. MacLeod, in great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at MacLeod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea shore.

"This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small that a man cannot enter save

by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

"MacLeod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The MacLeods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the MacDonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, MacLeod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the grey of the morning, one of the seamen beheld, from the deck of his galley, the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the MacDonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether MacLeod had retired or no. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all his art was in vain; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the cavern.

"MacLeod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The MacDonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen.

"MacLeod then commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the precipice. This being done, the MacLeods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within.—There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place, where the bones of the murdered MacDonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church."—Vol. I. p. 111—117.

Our next quotation is upon a subject almost as peculiarly national, and not less revolting to common sense, than the above is to the feelings:

WITCHES.—REMARKABLE TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

"Most of the poor creatures who suffered death for witchcraft were aged persons, women in general, living alone in a poor and miserable condition, and disposed, from the peevishness of age and infirmity, to rail against, or desire evil, in their froward humour, to neighbours by whom they were abused or slighted. When such had unwittingly given vent to impotent anger in bad wishes or imprecations, if a child fell sick, a horse became lame, a bullock died, or any other misfortune chanced in the family against which the ill-will had been expressed, it subjected the utterer instantly to the charge of witchcraft, and was received by judges and jury as a strong proof of guilt. If, in addition to this the miserable creature had, by the oddity of her manners, the crossness of her temper, the habit of speaking to herself, or any other signs of the dotage which attends comfortless old age and poverty, attracted the suspicions of her credulous neighbours, she was then said to have been held and reputed a witch, and was rarely permitted to escape the stake.

"It was equally fatal for an aged person of the lower ranks, if, as was frequently the case, she conceived herself to possess any peculiar receipt or charm for curing diseases, either by the application of medicines, of which she had acquired the secret, or by repeating words, or using spells and charms, which the superstition of the time supposed to have the power of relieving maladies that were beyond the skill of medical practitioners.

"Such a person was held a *white* witch; one, that is, who employed her skill for the benefit, not the harm, of her fellow-creatures. But still she was a sorceress, and, as such, was liable to be brought to the stake. Such a doctress was equally exposed to such a charge, whether her patient died or recovered; and she was, according to circumstances, condemned for using sorcery to cure or to kill. Her allegation that she had received the secret from family tradition, or from any other source, was not admitted as a defence; and she was doomed to death with as little hesitation for having attempted to cure by mysterious and unlawful means, as if she had been charged with having assisted to commit murder.

"The following example of such a case is worthy of notice. It rests on tradition, but is very likely to be true. An eminent English judge was travelling the circuit, when an old woman was brought before him for using a spell to cure dimness of sight by hanging a clew of yarn round the neck of the patient. Marvellous things were told by the witnesses, of the cures which this spell had performed on patients far beyond the reach of ordinary medicine. The poor woman made no other defence than by protesting, that if there was any witchcraft in the ball of yarn, she knew nothing of it. It had been given her, she said, thirty years before, by a young Oxford student, for the cure of one of her own family, who having used it with advantage, she had seen no harm in lending it for the relief of others who laboured under similar infirmity, or in accepting a small gratuity for doing so. Her defence was little attended to by the Jury; but the Judge was much agitated. He asked the woman where she resided when she obtained possession of this valuable relic. She gave the name of a village, in which she had, in former times, kept a petty alehouse. He then looked at the clew very earnestly, and at length addressed the Jury:—'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we are on the point of committing a great injustice to this poor old woman; and to prevent it, I must publicly confess a piece of early folly, which does me no honour. At the time this poor creature speaks of, I was at college, leading an idle and careless life, which, had I not been given grace to correct it, must have made it highly improbable that ever I should have attained my present situation. I chanced to remain for a day and night in this woman's alehouse, without having money to discharge my reckoning. Not knowing what to do, and seeing her much occupied with a child who had weak eyes, I had the meanness to pretend that I could write out a spell that would mend her daughter's sight, if she would accept it instead of her bill. The ignorant woman readily agreed; and I scrawled some figures on a piece of parchment, and added two lines of nonsensical doggrel, in ridicule of her credulity, and caused her to make it up in that clew which has so nearly cost her her life. To prove the truth of it, let the yarn be unwound, and you may judge of the efficacy of the spell.' The clew was unwound accordingly, and this pithy couplet was found on the enclosed bit of parchment—

'The devil scratch out both thine eyes,
And spit into the holes likewise.'

"It was evident that those who were cured by such a spell must have been indebted to nature, with some assistance, perhaps, from imagination. But the users of such charms were not always so lucky as to light upon the person who drew them up; and many unfortunate creatures were executed, as the poor ale-wife would have been, had she not lighted upon her former customer in the character of her Judge."—Vol. II. p. 115—20.

The work is very handsomely printed in duodecimo, each volume containing about three hundred and twenty pages, and two spirited engravings by Lizars.

Notes on Religious, Moral, and Metaphysical Subjects. Aberdeen. William Gordon. 1828. Pp. 274.

We were well aware, that in proposing to admit occasionally into the "Literary Journal" discussions of religious subjects, ideas might in consequence suggest themselves to the minds of some of our readers, not of a nature calculated to increase their favourable anticipations of our work. Controversy, especially regarding any of those matters which have of late so disagreeably occupied the attention of the religious world, might be expected necessarily to form an essential part of the discussions to which we alluded; and thus, instead of all the charms of literature, a considerable part of our pages, it might be concluded, would be devoted to the Apocrypha, and written in the spirit of "Anglicanus" and the "Christian Instructor." Our excellent and talented friend Mr Hogg, in particular, seems to have been terrified at the announciation; but his sentiments and ours upon this subject are in perfect unison. We have higher and more sacred views of the manner in which religious topics should be discussed, than to think of descending to mere polemics. Religion and polemics are, at present, terms too easily convertible; and it would be as unwise for ourselves, as it would be worse than unprofitable for our readers, to lend the slightest countenance to an evil which we are anxious to see repressed.

Our design in making the intimation contained in our Prospectus, was founded on the consideration, that periodical works of the class to which our Journal belongs, had confined themselves rather too exclusively to subjects of Belles Lettres, and had not given encouragement to such as might have been made as interesting, as they unquestionably are at least as important. Our wish was to endeavour occasionally to give a better direction to the desire at present existing for literary knowledge; and instead of confining its gratification to those works which excite attention from local or temporal associations, to mingle amusement with instruction—instruction with knowledge, and knowledge with its highest aim and end—religion. Nor is there any thing incongruous in this design; on the contrary, we conceive that a right discussion of such graver matters will, by giving strength to the mind, and purity to the taste, at once fit ourselves for doing more justice to less momentous subjects, and at the same time, by the introduction of a wider and more varied range of topics, enable our readers to enter upon each with a keener relish. And surely religion embraces many subjects, in which all men are so agreed, and which are so intimately connected with the pursuits and wishes of every individual, that they may be considered, in a work like this, not only without prejudice to its other departments, and without any manifestation of a spirit of controversy, but with the soundest propriety, and the approbation of all reflecting persons. There are many who will no longer be "pleased with rattles, and tickled with straws." If they are to have literary papers at all, they must have those which exert some salutary influence upon their minds, and may tend to strengthen their rules of conduct; and we should be sorry to think, that in a country like Scotland, encouragement should not be given to an attempt to discuss, from time to time, with a philosophical and sound religious feeling, much that relates to interests beyond the amusements and concerns of a passing day. Why should the times of the "Spectator" and "Rambler" be gone for ever?

Without farther preface or apology, we proceed to say a few words of the work whose title we have copied above. It is published in Aberdeen, and is there generally understood to proceed from the pen of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Aberdeen is now a large, elegant, and increasing city. Improvements with stone and lime are going on in all directions, and many more are contemplated; and we hope also, in the course of our labours, to give good proofs that the inhabitants are not forgetting the cultivation of their minds, amid the polishing of their granite; and that, whether connected with its universities or not, its townsmen and *alumni* are not unworthy of the ancient reputation which has so long been maintained by the capital of the Don and the Dee.

The author of the book before us, having abandoned the busy scenes of life, the "endless round of counting and computing," appears now to be viewing them at a distance with the eye of a philosopher, "indulging in a generous misanthropy," and casting "a moralising eye, more in sorrow than in anger, over the moving mass of folly, vanity, and vice," which constitutes the great world now at a distance. "The inquiry," he says, "was undertaken solely for private information, to satisfy private scruples, and to compose the mind to rest on some more consolatory pillow than a glorious *hope* (as Plato has it) beyond the grave." In pursuit of this object, he proceeds to take a view of the opinions entertained on religious subjects by the sages of Greece and Rome, giving a good abstract of their different theories. He then comes to Christianity, and finds evidence of its truth in the agreement of its precepts with those which he had previously examined. He next replies to the objection, that if they are so similar, what necessity was there for revelation? This he does so far well; but he might, perhaps, have taken higher ground, or at any rate pushed his conclusions somewhat farther. After ascertaining, from its various evidences, the authority of revealed religion, he should have proceeded to consider its nature and great leading objects. He would then have perceived more satisfactorily its beautiful and comprehensive reference to this world of sin, vanity, and death—its glorious announcement of a mode of reconciliation with the Creator of all things, and of life and immortality. He would thus, too, have discovered that the sages inferred *their* duties after a long process of reasoning, while the Apostles *instantly* deduced theirs from a doctrine; and both agree, merely because both are true—both proceeding from the fountain of truth. This would have been taking the just and full view of revelation; and in consistency with it, our author would have had, perhaps, a heightened pleasure at finding the moral truths of Christianity corresponding so exactly with his own opinions, and with those of so many wise and good men.

There is only one doctrine, in so far as we observed, upon which the author is at variance with what is generally thought to be the truth of the Bible. He calls in question the eternity of punishments, and brings forward a variety of arguments to prove that he is in the right. Upon this subject we will not enter; but we may be permitted to suggest the propriety of considering it with that humility and self-diffidence which our ignorance of the divine nature, plans, and proceedings, renders so necessary. Punishment of some sort or other, we are assured, will be awarded to the wicked; and it more becomes us to spend our lives in endeavouring to guard against deserving it, than in useless arguments as to its probable duration.

Having stated these things, we have no hesitation to add, that the book of which we have been speaking is ably and classically written, and that every page of it proclaims the author an amiable man. As a specimen at once of his piety and his talents, and of his successful mode of treating a subject, we make the following extract:—

"He that searches this subject dispassionately, will discover that the authenticity of the sacred writings has been examined again and again, with the utmost diligence, and found to rest, I apprehend, on evidence superior to that which supports the credibility of any ancient volume. The characters of the sacred witnesses have been sifted with the most searching scrutiny; they have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting in any particular. Nor can it remain a question, that if we are to disregard such evidence, we must apply a sponge to all historical record. The misfortune is, we measure the evidence *not* by its own strength, but by the importance of the intelligence it supports; yet the evidence is what it is, sufficient or insufficient, be the information what it may. It is of very little consequence to me to know that the hero of Cannæ was crushed at Zama, and found refuge at last in a dose of poison—that the conqueror of Asia was driven before the legions of Cæsar at Pharsalia, and was thrown a headless trunk on the shores of Egypt;—these are but the shifting scenes in the tragedy of conquest and ambition. That Socrates perished through the injustice of the Athenians,—that Seneca fell under the cruelty of Nero,—that the Father of his country was butchered on a litter by the man whom he had saved:—these are but images of the atrocity, and tyranny, and ingratitude of man, which are ever passing before the magic-lantern of life; and these I can believe without scruple on the word of a Roman historian, or the testimony of a Greek sage. But that Jesus of Nazareth delivered to us the commands of our God,—that he suffered ignominiously on a cross the pains of our transgressions,—that 'by stooping to death he conquered death,' rising from the dead and bringing life and immortality to light by his resurrection,—that he was thereafter seen, touched, heard, and handled, satisfying all misgivings,—that he lives to intercede for us now, and will in mercy judge us hereafter;—these are truths which lie out so far in the distance beyond all sublunary occupations, which reach so far into infinity above all earthly cogitations, that we lose the evidence of the fact in the immensity of the subject; we look to the thing asserted, not to the proof given, which is positively stronger for any one of these positions than for any of the historical events we have noticed."

In conclusion we beg to remark, that here is a work written by one who possesses many of those requisites which enable him to give a sound opinion upon the subject to which it relates,—a sincere desire to know the truth—leisure, ability, and considerable learning; who is, moreover, swayed by no professional or other motives to make his testimony suspected, and whose conviction is *often, and warmly, and unaffectedly recorded of the truth of the Gospel*. There are not wanting still more illustrious instances of a similar kind; but this is a recent and obvious one, and surely might well dispose sceptics to suspect that an impartial and candid examination of the Scriptures, such as our author's has been, might lead them, as it has done him, to an honest and sincere conviction of their truth. "Turn and twist the question as we will," say the "Notes," "there is no way of giving the go-by to the evidences of our holy faith, but by some desperate plunge, in default of all argument. And I wish to God, that every man who meditates the leap would but well consider whither it may carry him—

'Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck.'"

We recommend this work to the attention of our readers.

"*The Reception due to the Word of God;*" *a Sermon preached before the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge.* By the Rev. James Henderson, minister of Ratho. Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh, 1828.

SINGLE sermons, and pamphlets in general, can scarcely be considered as legitimate subjects of criticism; for it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, from such scanty materials, to form a just estimate of the author's general talents. Some exceptions must, however, be made,—as when the subject discussed is of much importance, or when the occasion which suggested it is interesting, or when the author has displayed considerable ingenuity in illustrating it. Some or all of these reasons must be our apology for noticing the present publication. This sermon was preached before the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge, at their anniversary meeting in June last. Its subject, viz. *the reception due to the word of God*, is happily chosen; and had the author confined himself somewhat more strictly to this his professed subject, we should probably have felt ourselves more at liberty to praise his discourse. Instead, however, of giving us its evidences, Mr Henderson has dwelt principally upon the *mode* of receiving God's word, and the manner of the Spirit's efficacious working. And here we are sorry to find the reverend author falling into what we think a very great error; for his principal object throughout the discourse seems to be, to depreciate the external evidences, or perhaps we should rather say, to exaggerate the force of the internal evidences, of religion. He grants, indeed, that a knowledge of the external evidence is useful, but rather as furnishing us with a weapon wherewith to combat the avowed enemies of Christianity, than for our own private satisfaction. He seems unwilling to admit, nay, if we understand him rightly, he positively denies, that the Spirit ever converts an unbeliever by means of the external evidences. Now, this appears to us an erroneous and a dangerous doctrine. We believe that the external evidences do of themselves furnish a very sufficient ground for belief in the truth of Christianity, and that they may be, and in fact often are, the means of conversion, through the divine energy of the Spirit. It even appears to us very evident, that all other means of receiving God's word save through its external evidences, are not a little unsafe and unsatisfactory. Christian faith is not the slave of reason; but far be from us the creed that contradicts reason. There is nothing unreasonable in our religion,—and it is just because it is consistent with reason's noblest dictates, that Christianity has ever had a triumphant answer to the arguments of the infidel. After all, it must depend upon circumstances to which species of evidence an individual will, in his own particular case, attach most importance. We will hope, that as God has been pleased to establish his word upon the double foundation of external and internal evidence, he will bless either indifferently for our salvation.

Having thus pointedly expressed a difference of opinion with the author upon a very important subject, we must now do him the justice to confess, that we were much struck with some of his reasonings and illustrations. We are greatly tempted to extract a passage or two, towards the end of the discourse, of singular beauty and eloquence; but Mr Henderson is already too well known to the public, as an interesting and a popular preacher, to make this necessary; and his sermon, we doubt not, will be extensively read and admired.

The "Society for propagating Christian Knowledge," before which this sermon was preached, and for whose benefit it has been printed, is both worthy of public support, and deserving of public gratitude. By confining its labours to the less enlightened districts of our own country, it is distinguished as a patriotic institution;

while its unquestionable usefulness places it at the head of those societies, which propose for their object the diffusion of education and religious knowledge.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE DEATH OF ALICE BLAND.

By the author of "Tales of a Pilgrim."

Ah! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Did not the pain depart;
But shed over my grave a few sad tears.
BARRY CORNWALL.

AUSTIN, I am domiciled once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matronized in her beauty, hails me every morning with her benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me, if you find my pen dwell too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the prolixity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless and, perhaps, somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother: but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household hearth.

Five years afterwards, my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our banner—as brave and generous-hearted a youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month, you saw him stricken down lifeless at my side. Green, for ever green be the Navarrese valley in which his young bones moulder! A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dewed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his stoneless grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds, and dusky as Moors, from five years' exposure to a burning sun—honoured, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, Austin, with pride and joy to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations—at the very moment when we heard the shouts of thousands of our home-returning soldiers, sweeping over the blue-waved Garonne, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac and Mississippi testified;—and there we buried many of the bravest of our band—men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as shortlived as before. While other corps sailed homewards, the vessels in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that had bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved, that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die without an effort being made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward-turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to debark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehension of impending evil—that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone barely a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony, to transact in England; but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not re-invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Avranches, a small town in the south-western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that island run across in a French market-boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan, I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St Helier; and ere the sun went down beyond the waves we were ploughing, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St Helier, I made immediate inquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several barks belonging to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs, were lingering on the quay anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put to sea, until the wind should chop about into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely requisite, I tried to curb my impatience; and, to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was the middle of September. The harvest had been some time reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mont Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in

gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de la Hogue to Mont St Michel. The rock-strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mont Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly-foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its walls, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying-ground, and gazed listlessly at the head-stones that crowd it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here, after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the suavity of a barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvass-homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of their paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honours? No one, save Alice,—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad even unto death.

I was roused from my moralizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent-looking matron—the other, one of those sylphid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark-blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services; and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetery, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings round her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to their vehicle, "let me be buried in this quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns—" Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct. I reseated them in their car, and they drove away.

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she flitted like a beatified vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams, and brought the master of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

Le Curieux was a decked shallop of about twenty tons, miserably found in sails and cordage, and manned by four of a crew—all Frenchmen—but only two of them able seamen. Vidal, the master, was a fine-looking young fellow, with black eyes and florid cheeks, and a bright crimson-coloured handkerchief tied round his sinewy neck. We got on board under the lee of Elizabeth Castle, and in a short time the anchor was weighed, and we stood out to sea. The breeze was northerly, consequently we easily weathered the labyrinth of submarine rocks that fence the south-eastern shore of the island. The broken clouds that covered the firmament, and a long line of breakers about ten miles to the leeward, occasioned by the surf beating on the perilous Minquais, presaged a boisterous voyage. I looked with some alarm at my female charges, especially the younger, who could not be prevailed upon to take shelter in the horrid hole called a cabin,—but Vidal reassured me, by asserting that if the wind held for six hours in a favourable quarter, he would, at the end of that time, land us at Granville, of which a bluff promontory, visible on the eastern horizon, indicated the site. The old lady soon became sadly affected with the malady incidental to novices at sea, but her companion, as is not unusual with invalids, was not tormented by it. She sat down under the shelter of the weather bulwark, and I exerted myself to make her forget the discomfort of her situation by cheerful converse. I experienced an undefinable happiness in this employment. There was a sympathetic tie that drew me insensibly towards the stranger, at once indescribable and delicious. I had seen thousands of beautiful eyes in my wanderings, and you, Austin, can bear testimony that they shot not their glances at me always in vain; but hers were eyes that spoke a language that no others had ever spoken. She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image."

At noon, notwithstanding the prediction of Vidal, we had only accomplished something more than half our voyage, for the wind had been hourly falling off, point after point. Chausey—a cluster of bare rocky islets in the mouth of the great bay of Mont St Michel—was behind us, and slowly but steadily we gained upon the precipitous headland on which Granville is perched. An additional hour of favourable weather would have brought us safe into port, when suddenly the wind chopped round due east, and blew directly adverse, with all the fury of an autumnal gale. The sea became a sheet of foam, furrowed by dark valleys, and our vessel, barely sea-worthy, rode heavily through the waves. Still, with our destined port so near, we did not like to yield to the elements, and though only one of his crew stood by our gallant captain, he kept her prow to the weather in at least ten successive tacks. The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in token of dissent. "I shall suffocate there," was her answer; "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven."

At length our steersman saw that it was useless to contend with the head-wind that annoyed us. The helm

was put about, and we stood away direct for Chausey, among whose rocks Vidal expected to find shelter for the night—an adventure rarely attempted, but still our only hope, seeing that we could not, with the smallest prospect of safety, approach Jersey after sunset. I now tried to encourage my charge, by holding out a prospect of a speedy termination to our disaster. "Before darkness sets in," said I, "we shall be snugly moored among yonder rocks; and Vidal assures me that there is a hut on them inhabited by a kelp-burner, where you can safely pass the night."

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she; "but, in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my deportment. What does it signify, since God wills that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? It is here"—she laid her hand on her heart—"that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined, perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amid these turbulent waves!"

"An orphan," said I, and I took her hand, and looked steadily on her face—"how deeply—how very deeply these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair, and desolate as yourself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! *My* brother is far far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever."

"Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stifling my words—"Powers of Mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."

"Talbot Bland!"

I clasped her to my breast, and wept, as I exclaimed "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart."

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes, and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs. I saw, when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How gladly would I have bartered the rank and honours that years of perilous service had won to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away!

At the twilight we ran under the lee of Chausey, and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks expressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hovel in which we had been taught to look for shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded. It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble.

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his sailors. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice alone that I would speak.

We had some sea-stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a rusk in wine, and put it to my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her; and the crew of Le Curieux, and the kelp-burner's family, gathered round the fire of dried *fuci* which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the *Livre Noir* of Coutances told of a Seigneur de Hambye having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings, and watching the flight of the imperishable spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day-break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the shallop, alone lighted the *cabane*. All my fellow-voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning, and, for a moment, went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disc above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the *cabane*, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned not my pressure—the lids of her eyes were half unclosed; but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to hers, but they were cold and breathless. Alice was dead.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died I carried her remains to St Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast!

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT. AN ANECDOTE.

"Timeo dona ferentes."

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

THE Rev. Mr L——, minister of C——, in Lanarkshire, (who died within the present century,) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion. Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners—a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr L—— became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem. No pot on earth could match it in symmetry. It was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister,' said the widow, quite overpowered by the re-

verend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra [*superfluous*] pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule."—"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then, he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he had got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head; where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least, *into*, the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood: the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor to make it slip back again; the contracted part or neck of the *patera* being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretems* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help. Or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be DEATH IN THE POT.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister of C——. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye-sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

> "Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted;
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted;
> And a' the town-neighbours were gathered about it;
> And there was he, I trow!"

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of his release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than dying for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but assuredly the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

THE DRAMA.

THE first plays acted in Scotland were performed in the open air, and there was a piece of ground attached to most towns, known by the designation of the "Play-field." In the year 1555, one of these plays was acted at Cupar in Fife, composed by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. In general, the dialogue and plot were little superior to those which still draw crowds round caravans at fairs. The incidents and *dramatis personæ* were such as are now to be met with only in Harlequinades. There was a father, a daughter, and two lovers, one of these being commonly an old fool who ran away with the lady, and she was not rescued from his clutches till many practical jokes had been played upon him. During the trou-

blous times of Mary and James, and afterwards during the civil war which raged between Charles I. and the Covenanters, little attention was paid in Scotland to amusements of any kind, and least of all to the drama. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., who held his Court at Holyrood from 1680 to 1684, in imitation of his brother Charles, kept a set of players who constituted a part of his household, and called themselves "the Duke's servants," as in England they were termed "his Majesty's servants." Some jealousy seems to have existed between the English and Scotch companies; and Dryden was expressly employed to satirize the northern actors, which he has done with considerable tact in these lines:—

"Our brethren have from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters all the kinder hearted
To Edinburgh gone,—or coached—or carted.
With bonny blue-cap there they act all night,
For Scots half-crowns,—in English, threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There, with her single person, fills the scene;
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Died here old woman, and rose there a maid;
Our trusty door-keeper of former time,
There struts and swaggers in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute;
And that which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor;
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go like Indians bare.
Laced linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring,—
The Scot who wore it would be chosen king."

At this period the drama must have been at a sufficiently low ebb. The ferment excited by the Union, in the reign of Queen Anne, prevented the Augustan literature of that age from extending itself to Scotland; and it was not till after the rebellion of 1715 that we began seriously to cultivate the arts of peace, or give any encouragement to stage representations.

The Taylors' Hall, in the Cowgate, was used for the first plays which were publicly and regularly performed in Edinburgh. The price of admission was two shillings and sixpence for pit and boxes, (which anciently seem always to have been charged the same,) and eighteenpence for the gallery. These prices, considering the greater cheapness of the times, were far from being very low; and the Taylors' Hall, when full, held about forty-five pounds. At this period, however, players were, by act of Parliament, classed with common rogues and vagabonds, and were liable to imprisonment as such. An attempt was therefore made to get a bill passed, licensing a theatre in Edinburgh; but as petitions were presented against it from the Lord Provost and Magistrates, the professors of the University, and many of the clergy, the attempt failed. A new theatre, however, was built in 1746, by an opposition manager, in an alley which branches off the Canongate, and is now designated the "Auld Play-house Close." This rival establishment soon knocked up the performances at the Taylors' Hall, and continued for two-and-twenty years, obscure and mean as its situation was, the only theatre of which Edinburgh could boast. One of the first pieces performed here was Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," which drew crowded houses for a whole season. To evade the law, which forbade the receiving of money for the representation of stage-plays, the bills and advertisements always announced "a concert of music, with a play between the acts," which last was understood to be given *gratis*.

The poor players had many difficulties to contend with, and none greater than the feelings of superstitious fear, with which the more bigoted clergy made it their business to inspire the common people, teaching them to believe that Satan himself was in league with the actors, and that the commonest stage-tricks were the work of supernatural agency. On one occasion, "Hamlet" struck this enlightened audience as so horrid and profane a play, that they tumultuously left the theatre, and, collecting on the outside, began to set it on fire. To quell the riot, the Town Guard was called out, and in the course of discharging their duty, they had to enter the house and cross the stage. This appeared to them rather a hazardous undertaking; for though many of them had fought at Blenheim and Dettingen, they did not by any means choose to encounter the Evil One. However, the captain placed himself at their head, and, summoning up all his courage, said resolutely, "Follow me, my lads." But he had scarcely advanced two steps, till one of the trap-doors, on which he happened to tread, gave way, and in a moment he vanished from the sight of his men. This was too much; the Town Guard fled in disorder; and though their captain afterwards returned to them, they were never quite sure but that it was only his ghost. In 1756, however, the production of the tragedy of "Douglas," and the success it met with—not so much on account of its own merits, (which had to Garrick appeared so small, that he rejected the piece,) as on account of the unjust opposition it experienced—tended much to overcome the national prejudice against the theatre. Yet there was nothing stable in its establishment, and continual riots were taking place within its walls. One affray arose out of a party of loyalists, calling on the band to play the air of "Culloden," on the anniversary of that battle,—a demand which was immediately met by a call from the Jacobites for, "You're welcome, Charlie Stuart." The band complied with the latter requisition, and a very desperate rencontre between the two parties was the consequence. Another memorable affair of a similar kind took place, when "High Life below Stairs" was produced. The footmen, sent thither by their masters who occupied the boxes, were the preponderating part of the gallery audience, and they determined, in a body, "to sacrifice fame, honour, and profit," to prevent the toleration of so glaring an insult upon their profession. The consequence was, that the gentlemen had to unite against their own servants, and it was not till they had been turned out of the gallery by main force, and after making a very stout opposition, that the piece was allowed to proceed. In the course of these repeated disturbances, all the theatrical property was destroyed, and the very walls of the house came at last to be demolished.

But peace and prosperity, and the happy effects of the Union, were by this time beginning to open up better prospects for Scotland. A new town was about to be added to old Edinburgh, upon a comprehensive and magnificent plan; its wealth and population had greatly increased, and a desire for public amusements was in consequence increasing also. To the bill for the extension of the Royalty, a clause was added, enabling his Majesty to license a Theatre. The rights accruing from the patent which was thus obtained, were made over to Mr Ross, an actor of celebrity at Covent Garden, for eleven hundred pounds. Ross immediately proceeded to raise L.2500, in shares of L.100 each, for which he gave security on the new Theatre, wardrobe, and patent, agreeing to pay three per cent interest on each share, besides giving the holders the privilege of free admission at all times. The shares were also declared transferable, but the capital was not exigible from the patentee. These preliminaries being adjusted, the building of the present Theatre Royal was begun in March 1768, and finished towards the end of the following year. The site chosen, we learn from the "Traditions of Edinburgh," was "nearly upon the place where the celebrated Whitefield used to harangue the populace, when he visited Edinburgh in the course of his evangelical tours. On coming to the city for the first time after the extension of the Royalty, and preparing, as usual,

to preach in the 'Orphan Hospital Park,' what was his surprise, and what was his indignation, on finding the spot which he had in a manner rendered sacred by his prelections, thus appropriated to the service of Satan! He contemplated the rising walls of the Play-house with a sort of grim despair; but, perhaps, as Robert Burns says, in allusion to a similar circumstance—'there was a rivalry in the job.'"

Through the kindness of the present manager, we have been favoured with a copy of the original prospectus, containing "Proposals for building a new Theatre-Royal in the new streets of Edinburgh," and bearing date March 1st, 1768. This is a curious document, and illustrates the manners and feelings of the times in a remarkable manner. It sets forth, among other things, that "the state of learning in the University of Edinburgh, and the rank the medical class has over Europe, is a glory to this nation, which seems every year growing to perfection."—"A well-regulated theatre," it is added, "will not only be an inducement to students to come to Edinburgh, but of infinite utility to those in particular who are to speak in public, and to the people in general, as a standard of the English language." We are also informed, that, the value of money being greatly decreased, the tickets could not remain at the same low prices which were then paid, and which had been paid sixty years before, when half-a-crown was as valuable as five shillings were then, and that they would therefore be raised to four shillings for the boxes, three for the pit, two for the lower gallery, and one for the upper. For these prices, we are assured the Edinburgh stage should be made to vie with that of London or Dublin; and, with very little of the courtesy and punctilio of more modern times, the manager pledges himself that "there shall be five capital men actors, one good man singer, and one second ditto; three capital women actresses, two capital women singers; one capital man dancer, and one woman ditto; the rest as good as can be had." We are not sure that the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room now-a-days would like to be talked of so unceremoniously.

On Saturday the 8th of December 1769, the new theatre was opened; and though now worn almost out of date, and pronounced scarcely worthy of Edinburgh, it was considered quite a splendid structure by our ancestors. It is thus spoken of in an old newspaper of that day now before us:—"On Saturday last, the new Theatre-Royal was opened. It may, with justice, be said to be one of the neatest and most elegant theatres in Europe. Mr Ross has given us the most superb modern building in the kingdom, which does honour to the country, and to his taste." An opening address was delivered by Mr Ross, by which it appears that he was all for tragedy,—

"For Randolph's woes, and Tancred's youthful fire."

He never thought of drawing houses by smart afterpieces—little agreeable things *pour rire*;—

"Let manly reason with these pleasures vie,
Let Shakspeare triumph, and may opera die!"

Managers of a later date seem to be of a very different way of thinking.

Having thus briefly traced the progress of the drama in Edinburgh, till it got possession of its present stronghold, we shall make the various fortunes it experienced there the subject of another article next Saturday.

Weekly List of Performances.
Nov. 22—28.

Sat.	*Les Deux Edmon, Le Tableau Parlant, & Scape-Goat.*
Mon.	*Green-eyed Monster, He Lies like Truth, & Bottle Imp.*
Tues.	*Do., Do., & The Two Friends.*
Wed.	*Les Freres a l'Epreuve, Les Anglaises pour Rire, & John of Paris.*
Thur.	*Voyage a Dieppe, Le Bouffe et le Tailleur, & The Lady and the Devil.*
Fri.	*Michel et Christine, Les Freres Feroces, & Angeline.*

NEW MUSIC.

Love, art thou waking or sleeping? a Serenade; the Music by J. Thomson, Esq. Edinburgh. Patterson, Roy, and Co. George Street.

Mr Thomson is, perhaps, the cleverest practical musician in Edinburgh, and has evinced occasional glimpses of talent that place him at the head of our amateur composers. His present effort is a lively little melody in B, with a very pretty, though very unpretending accompaniment; and so simple as to be perfectly within the reach of the most inexperienced voice. Though less learned in its construction, it is better fitted to become popular, than any of his former productions that we have seen.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE UNCLE.—A MYSTERY.

By Henry G. Bell, Author of the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots."

I had an uncle once—a man
Of three score years and three,—
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee,
And often talk whole winter nights
Things that seem'd strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought,
And there before his mental eye
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gamboll'd up and down,
And often peep'd into his room,
And pluck'd him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
'Twas in a darken'd place,
And few or none had ever look'd
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night, I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily,
I sat and read in that old hall,
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book—
For with a side-long glance I mark'd
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turn'd him round
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;—
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seem'd so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—
I started at the sound,
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,—
Thou wert her only child;—
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was to him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nurst;
He came—he conquer'd—they were wed;—
My air-blown bubble burst.

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"By Heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
For ever on his brow,
That seem'd in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I cross'd the raging sea;—
In vain—in vain—where'er I turn'd
My memory went with me;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seem'd to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He dozed on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy,—
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms,
Wrapp'd in delirious joy.

"*He disappear'd*—draw nearer, child;—
He died—no one knew how;
The murder'd body ne'er was found,
The tale is hush'd up now;
But there was one who rightly guess'd
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,—
No—not his death alone,
For she had clung to hope when all
Knew well that there was none;—
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I too have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"*I'll show thee what thy mother saw*,—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now——
What see you that you groan
So heavily?—that thing is but
A bare-ribb'd skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backwards gave,—
"O God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed
In raving madness tost;
He gnash'd his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

The Messrs Laing are on the eve of publishing another posthumous work of the late indefatigable Ritson. It is to be entitled "Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots; and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, Galloway, and Murray." It is particularly interesting on this account, that it commences with the remotest period of Scottish History, and ends with the accession of Malcolm III. just where Lord Hailes begins his "Annals," under the impression that the previous history of this country was involved in obscurity and fable. In the present work, Ritson has extended the supposed limit of authentic history for many centuries.

We understand that Bishop Jolly, of Fraserburgh, the venerable and pious author of the recently published "Remarks on the Sunday Services of the Church," is preparing for publication a work on the Lord's Supper, to be entitled "The Eucharist."

Mr David Grant, of Aberdeen, is preparing for the press, "The Class-Book of Modern Poetry." This Work, we are informed, is intended principally for the use of schools, but will also form a choice cabinet of poetry for the private library, containing extracts from all the most admired poets of the present age. The pieces are arranged on a plan suggested some time ago in the "Edinburgh Review;" those on the same subject follow each other in immediate succession, so as to show the different styles of poetical composition adopted by different authors. Mr Grant

is also about to publish "Battles and War Pieces, by the most eminent Modern Poets; now first collected into one volume."

Mr Edward Upham, author of "Rameses," an Egyptian Tale, and other works, is preparing, for "Constable's Miscellany," the "History of the Turkish or Ottoman Empire, from its Establishment in 1326 to 1828; comprising a Preliminary Discourse on the Arabs, and also the Life of Mahommed, and his immediate successors in the Khalifat." Mr Derwent Conway is likewise preparing for the Miscellany, "A Personal Narrative through Parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway."

We observe that there is to be a double Number of "Blackwood's Magazine," for December. We are glad to perceive that one of the Parts is to contain an article from the able and ingenious pen of Charles Lamb, entitled "The Wife's Trial, or the Intruding Widow." This is a coalition, perhaps, scarcely to have been expected, but it is quite as it should be. There ought, if possible, to be no personal animosities among literary men, who are all alike "pressing forward for the prize of their high calling." We rejoice to see the lion at length lying down with the *lamb*. There are also a Noctes, an article on Sacred Poetry, and another called "Buy a Broom?" which, we have reason to believe, will be found excellent.

The Author of "Waverley" is about to give us another Novel in three volumes, entitled "Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist." The scene is principally laid in Switzerland, but the hero, we believe, is a Scotchman.

"Tales of the Great St Bernard" have just appeared from the pen of Mr Croly. Mr Croly is a poet, the author of "Salathiel," (an Eastern Romance, in three volumes, which has not sold,) a minister of the Gospel, and an expounder of the Apocalypse. The Tales of the Great St Bernard are spoken of as possessing various degrees of merit.

The "Literary Remains" of the late Henry Neele, author of the "Romance of History," have just appeared. Mr Neele was an amiable and voluminous writer. His recent melancholy fate gives an additional interest to his "Literary Remains."

Hamilton, whom the "Edinburgh Review" pronounced a sort of Newton among pedagogues, whom other sensible men thought a quack, and whose system made a blaze for six months, and then went out, has been publishing more metrical translations; but their day, we suspect, is past.

We have seen a little book, entitled, "Liber Honorum, or Mirror of the Peerage," which contains, 1st, an alphabetical list of the mottos of the Peers, followed by the titles of those bearing them; and, 2d, an alphabetical list of the titles, followed by the mottos. It is executed in the new and beautiful style we noticed last Saturday, as introduced here by Messrs Smith and Co., and is a very elegant little work.

Among the principal Memoirs which will appear in the "Annual Biography and Obituary for 1829," are the following:—Archbishop Sutton—Dugald Stewart, Esq.—Sir J. E. Smith—the Hon. Mrs Damer—the Margravine of Anspach—Captain Clapperton—Archdeacon Coxe—Lady Caroline Lamb—the Rev. Edward Forster—Sir Henry Torrens—Henry Neele, Esq.—Dr Mason Good—Harry Stoe Van Dyk, Esq.—Vice-Admiral Nowell, &c. &c.

We regret to announce the death of Mr Matthews, author of the "Diary of an Invalid." He died at Ceylon of water in the chest, on the 20th of last May.

Scottish Academy.—We perceive by the first Report (just published) of the "Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," that this Institution is in a flourishing condition. The clear profits arising from the first exhibition in 1827, were L.317, and pictures were sold to the amount of L.506. The profits of the second exhibition in 1828, were L.535, and pictures were disposed of to the amount of L.490. At this exhibition, there were 309 pictures, and 16 pieces of sculpture; these were furnished by 101 different artists. The Academy has not yet been able to procure a Charter of Incorporation, on the plea, that "it would not be expedient," as Mr Peel expresses it, "to constitute by Royal Charter, two bodies politic, for the promotion of the fine arts in Scotland." We may have some remarks to make on this subject soon.

The Ayrshire Sculptor.—A self-taught genius, if any one of influence happens to take an interest in him, is very apt to get himself puffed for a week, and forgotten for the rest of his life. The compliment of a ticket, and an invitation to a private exhibition, secure the good will of Newspaper Editors; and without knowing any thing about the subject, all they have to do is to write a flattering paragraph. We hope Mr Thom, whose two free stone figures of Tam o' Shanter, and Souter Johnny, we have seen with much pleasure, will not allow himself to sacrifice solid pudding for empty praise. There is a great deal of spirit and talent in his productions, considered not as works of art, but as the creations of a strong and original mind. We hope he will set about studying the severer beauties of sculpture, and with steady perseverance doubt not of his attaining eminence; but he has a long road before him, which is not to be shortened by taking a cross-cut of his own. He has already, we understand, received an order from one nobleman for a group of four figures, for which he is to be paid two hundred guineas, and from another, an order for a group of two figures, for which he is to be paid one hundred guineas. This is excellent encouragement to begin with; and it remains with Mr Thom himself whether he may not make himself a wealthy and a celebrated man—an honour to his native town, and to Scotland.—As an instance of local enthusiasm, it may be mentioned, that the "guid folks" of Ayr escorted these statues in triumphant procession, when they were carried on board the steam-boat, which brought them up, free of expense, to Glasgow.

Mons Meg.—This is the largest, most ancient, and most celebrated piece of ordnance which Scotland seems ever to have possessed. It is thirteen feet long, seven feet in circumference at the mouth, and its bore is 20 inches in diameter. It appears to have been originally made for James IV., and is frequently mentioned as doing good execution at different periods of Scottish history. It was commonly kept in the Castle of Edinburgh, but on one occasion was sent to assist in the defence of Dunottar Castle, when besieged by Cromwell's army and fleet. There is a tradition, that in this siege, Mons Meg dismasted an English vessel lying at the distance of a mile and a half. From these and similar exploits, it was called "the great iron murderer Muckle Meg." In 1754 it was removed to London, probably as a measure of precaution; and application having been recently made to that effect, it has been re-transported, and is now lying at Leith. There is some talk of bringing it up to Edinburgh with military and civic honours.

Theatrical Gossip.—Mr Knowles' Comedy of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," was produced last Saturday evening at Drury Lane, to a very crowded audience. It was not so successful as was expected, though abounding in many powerful situations, and much fine poetry. The under plot was considered too prominent, and, we observe, it is mentioned in the London papers, that Mrs Faucit, who was entrusted with the important part of Queen Elizabeth, completely murdered it. The piece, however, was announced for repetition, with considerable applause, although there appear to have been some individuals present who were determined that it should not have a fair hearing. "A stout gentleman," in particular, in one of the lower (" No. 5," we presume) with the voice of a Stentor, and the face of a Medusa, and the gesticulations of a Cyclops, is spoken of as having particularly distinguished himself for the vivacity of his opposition. He was a shilling gallery of himself. If our old friend Weekes had taken his place beside him, we think he could have silenced him. We propose presenting our readers, next Saturday, with some choice extracts from this Comedy, of which we are fortunate enough to possess an unpublished copy.—We observe that Miss Phillips, who made her debut in Miss Mitford's Tragedy of "Rienzi," (not a copy of which, by the way, is to be had in Edinburgh,) is spoken of by the London critics as the actress of greatest promise now on the stage.—Ducrow and his equestrian company are attracting crowded audiences in Dublin.—Mr Macready is rather celebrated for being an impassioned actor, and he sometimes suits the action to the word a little too closely. The other day, at a provincial town in England, when playing *Othello*, he nearly stabbed his *Iago* in good earnest;—exclaiming, "If thou art a devil, I cannot kill thee," he sent his sword, not along Iago's back, as is usual, but through his doublet, till the cold steel passed close to his skin, slightly raising it. Iago, we understand, thought it was all over with him. Macready nearly killed a *Virginia* once before. This is doing more than the author means.

TO OUR READERS.

It gives us much pleasure to intimate, that our next Number will contain a poem from the pen of Professor Wilson. And in the "Literary Journal" for Saturday the 27th of December,—which may be considered as our *Christmas Number*,—our readers, we are sure, will share with us the satisfaction we have in announcing, that they will find articles, in prose and verse, by Professor Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, William Tennant, Esq., James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., John Malcolm, Esq., Dr Moir, William Kennedy, Esq., and some other authors of eminence, whose names we forbear to mention, from the possibility of disappointment. The support we have already received is, we believe, almost unprecedented in the history of Scottish periodicals; and we are determined to spare no exertion to entitle us to its continuance.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Friend to Unity" is under consideration.—"Cato's" Letter on the Drama shall have a place, if we can find room for it.—"Pictures of Life," No. I. begins well, but does not end so well.—"Q. Y. Q. T." does not seem to have read the preface to Knight and Rumley's "Crests of the Nobility." No review shall ever appear in the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," merely to please a bookseller.

We regret that our observations on the art of teaching the blind to read are unavoidably postponed till next Saturday.

We have been perfectly inundated with original poetry. We are happy to receive contributions of this kind; but we have poetry at our command, which makes it impossible for us ever to think of admitting inferior compositions into the "Journal." The effusions of "Clio," of "W. C.," of "W. T.," of "Alpha," and of "Ynyr," do not quite come up to our standard.—"A. M." and "J. S. P." may write to us again;—their productions are *very nearly* good enough to merit an imprimatur.—The "Sonnets to a Daughter," the sonnets by "Gamma," "A Remembrance of Eight Years," and the song by "S. S." of Glasgow, will appear as soon as possible.

We have to express our surprise, that the advertisement of the "Edinburgh Literary Journal" has not yet appeared in the "London Literary Gazette," though transmitted to that paper, and paid for, several weeks ago.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 4. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1828. PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Tales of the Great St Bernard. In three volumes. London: Henry Colburn. 1828.

MR CROLY, the author of these tales, has won unto himself a name; but we are inclined to suspect, that on the strength of that name he has of late years been writing too much. This is a great error; but it is one into which authors of the present day are continually falling. With only one or two exceptions, they have all written too much. Instead of allowing their genius to rest like a fountain, deep, unruffled, and pellucid, within its own green margin, and for ever reflecting the glad faces of those who first discovered, and still delight to haunt it, they have idly thought of enhancing its value by allowing it to dribble through a dozen long agricultural ditches, where the pure water becomes muddy and scanty, and the well from which it sprang "splendidior vitro,"

—— "unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt,"

is choked with weeds, and deserted by its votaries. There was an age when men read too much, and wrote too little,—when they stored their own minds with an undigested mass of things, but did not cultivate the art of communicating their knowledge to others. But that age has long been past. The smallest quantity of knowledge, and the very last dregs of an exhausted imagination, are now considered quite enough to form the *materiel* of those goodly octavos. With more than the gold-beater's assiduity, the tiniest piece of the precious metal—thought, is thumped and hammered till it cover a whole acre of paper;—one idea, bordering on originality, serves for a dozen pages; and one incident, betraying a distant indication of invention, amply fills out a volume, like the single tea-spoonful of preserved fruit which the skilful pastry-cook places in the centre of the vast circumference of a puff-tart. The opinion, indeed, of most living authors seems to be, that they must take the temple of Fame by storm, and that the ladder by which they must scale its walls ought to be made of their own works piled on the top of each other. They might spare their pains; for the temple is not to be taken by storm. If they ever got into it, whom will they find there? Homer with only two books, his Iliad and Odyssey; Virgil with only one, his Æneid, Pastorals, and Georgics, bound up in the same volume; Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton, Gray, and a hundred others, with the labours of their immortal lives held easily in their unburdened hands. It is quite proper that an author who has never acquired any reputation at all should write all sorts of books, upon all manner of subjects, in the hope that at last he may make a lucky hit, and obtain a name; but let the writer who has already gained distinction beware how he trifles with it. It is a thousand times more respectable to be the author of a duodecimo of twenty pages that has been received with general admiration, than the acknowledged father of a whole library of works, all of which are passing smoothly down the current of oblivion, freighted with the heavy freight of leaden mediocrity.

One cause why the literature of the present day is so much shallower, and therefore necessarily so much more ephemeral, than that of an earlier date, is, that there is now a far greater demand for books than there used to be. We are a reading people; and the cravings of our literary appetite must be satisfied some way or other. The question is, not where the most costly food can be had, but where food of any kind is to be soonest found. The many-mouthed public stand gaping round the doors of their publishers;—if they would have patience, something *recherché* would be cooked for them; but they will not have patience, and so the publishers beseech their friends the authors to supply them, for the love of heaven, with whatever comes to hand. The authors, without considering what they are about, stuff into the maws of the hungry monster all sorts of bitter and indigestible edibles. These are, perchance, swallowed at first; but as soon as their unpalatable flavour is discovered, the monster turns upon the hapless author, and tears him into a thousand pieces.

The great number of periodicals, many of which pay well, is another reason why the energies of numerous clever men are prevented from arriving at maturity. Every body knows that if wine be drawn off the cask as soon as made, it may be very pleasant to the taste, but it possesses little potency,—it wants that rich and strongly-embodied relish, that cool and manly vigour, that rough and racy *burr*, which it is almost sure to acquire after being allowed to lie a long lustrum "in the deep-delved earth." It is the same thing with man's intellectual powers. If there be too speedy and constant a drain upon them, it is absolutely necessary that they should be wire-spun, in order to make them last at all. "A rolling stone," says the proverb, "gathers no fog;" and if all that comes in by the eyes and ears must immediately go out again at the point of the pen, a certain degree of quickness, versatility, and cleverness, may be exhibited, but depth and breadth, an overmastering power of mind and imagination, rarely or never. The general rule, therefore, unquestionably is, that no very voluminous author, and no very constant and professional writer in periodicals, is to be compared with the mightier spirits of former days, however valuable a contributor to the literary habits and enjoyments of the present generation. Put Bacon—put Locke—put Gibbon—put Hume—put Burke—put Dr Samuel Johnson in the midst of a coterie of some of our "very clever men," and how pigmy-like would the said clever men appear beside the resuscitated giant, whose far sterner studies led to far higher results, the grasp of whose mind was like that of the iron-glaive, whose words descended like the hammer of the Cyclops, and whose perspicacious thoughts "summered high upon the hills of God," where the petty novelists, the chirping poets, and the barking critics of our age, in which external polish is regarded more than inward substance,

dare not lift their enfeebled eyes. We love those venerable and sinewy ancients, and can almost fancy them in the repose of their strength, leaning over the battlements of heaven, and with a calm smile viewing far below the skirmishes of us petty men.

If there be aught digressive in these remarks, Mr Croly must bear the blame, for they were suggested by seeing him before us as a teller of tales. It is several years since Mr Croly distinguished himself as a poet; and it is certainly as a poet that we are still disposed to think he principally excels. A poet's laurels, however, though they have a comfortable sensation on the brow, do not always produce the same comfortable feeling in the pocket. They are not to be ate, but only to be looked at, like the fruit in a fruiterer's window. A poem is published; the impression is a thousand copies; the reviewers praise it to the skies; with the exception of a few scores, every copy is sold; the author dreams of retiring to a country estate, and, hoping to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* for the rest of his life, orders his printer, paper-maker, binder, and publisher, to make out their accounts. The printer's demand is nearly double the original estimate; but then the author is requested to remember, that his corrections were scarcely less expensive than the original setting up;—the paper-maker supplied paper which had never before been equalled for beauty, and at nineteen shillings a-ream he has absolutely no profit at all;—the binder regrets extremely that the recent rise in leather, and in his workmen's wages, makes it necessary to charge considerably higher than usual;—and the publisher, after deducting his thirty-five per cent, and other reasonable charges, finds that he is due to the author the sum of L.3, 9s. 6d., and having still some copies of the first edition on hand, cannot conscientiously advise the publication of a second. The poet either finds his revenge in a small quantity of arsenic, a phial of laudanum, or a moderate dose of prussic acid, or flings his muse into the fire, and writes a novel every ten days to that "most liberal and enterprising of all booksellers," Mr Henry Colburn.

We do not know whether some such motive first drew Mr Croly from his "Angel of the World," and "Gems from the Antique," into the Green-room with his comedy of "Pride shall have a Fall," and from thence into a mystical theological investigation of the Apocalypse, and from thence into a three-volumed "story of the past, the present, and the future," called "Salathiel," and from thence again into "Tales of the Great St Bernard," grave and gay, historical and descriptive. But whatever effect all this wandering may have on Mr Croly's purse, we hardly think it will enhance his reputation, except in so far as it will prove him possessed of more versatility than commonly belongs to poets. But abstract versatility is nothing, unless it be a versatility of excellence. There are seven tales in the three volumes before us, and though all more or less amusing and clever, we cannot say that any of them struck us as particularly brilliant. The first is, on the whole, the best. It is entitled "The Squire's Tale," and contains a good deal of smart and, we think we may say, able writing. The great and vulgar error, however, which pervades it, is that its whole object is to inculcate that wealth must necessarily bring misery, even to those who had always enjoyed a competence, and who possess well-cultivated and steady minds. There is no plot in this tale; it is merely a series of incidents to show the embarrassments in which a worthy man was involved, along with his family, in consequence of becoming worth twenty thousand pounds a-year. Probability is continually outraged, and we feel therefore dissatisfied, even where most pleased with the author's ingenuity and cleverness. The second tale, which is called "Hebe," and is the longest of the whole, has a tremendously complicated and confused plot, and, though containing some powerful scenes and vivid descriptions, is to us very dull and uninteresting. The scene is laid in modern Greece and Turkey, and we are treated with all the usual barbaric horrors of assassinations, battles, stranglings, and so forth, which we confess are little to our taste. The third tale appeared a year or two ago in one of the Annuals; it is a clever, lively sketch, called "The Red-nosed Lieutenant." Of the rest, "The Married Actress," which has also appeared in one of the Annuals, is the best. The others are called "The Patron Saint," "The Locked-up Beauty," and "The Conspirator."

There are two defects in Mr Croly's tales, which we suspect he will not be able easily to get rid of, else he would never have fallen into them. The first is, that he does not understand how to arrange a plot, and the second, that he has not the art of giving interest to individual character. Wherever he writes generally and descriptively, he much excels the common run of novel-writers; but he cannot get up a story with any thing like dramatic effect, and he seems to want a knowledge of those attributes which ought to be given to his heroes and heroines, in order to win for them the reader's affections. We shall present only one specimen of Mr Croly's style. It is from his "Introduction," where his writing is entirely descriptive, and consequently good. The extract may be entitled—

LIFE ON THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

"If I could be a summer monk, and change my vows, like my clothes, with the winter, I know no fraternity that offers stronger temptations than the Augustins of the Saint Bernard. To escape the bustle of the world, yet be in the world; to have moving before our eyes an easy succession of society—a constant living phantasmagoria, often highly piquant, and always amusing; to indulge in literature, without the toils of authorship, the teasing of dilettanti, or the agonies of exulting criticism; to ramble over a sun-clad kingdom of mountains, with the kingship undisputed, among all the royal and heroic strugglers for a grave ten thousand feet below; to 'sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell;' to turn painter, poet, pilgrim, and dreamer, at one's own discretion, and without having the fear of living man before our eyes; and to do all this with the saving and singular consciousness, that we are doing some good in our vocation, that humanity is the better for us, and that our place would be missed among mankind.—Utopia might grow pale to the beatitudes of the little republic under the protection of St Augustin, and the shadow of Mont Velan, *existente aestate*.

"But summer is, unfortunately, a rare guest, and its visit one of the shortest possible duration. The sunshine that subdues the plain, with the fidelity of a wife, is, at the famous Hospice, capricious as a first love. I had entered its walls on a day made in the prodigality of the finest season of the year. The snowy scalps of the hills were interspersed with stripes of verdure, that had seen the light for the first time within memory; the bee, that, more than all creation beside, gives assurance of summer to my ear, was roaming and humming away among the thistle-down and mosses, that even the Alpine frost is not always able to kill. I could imagine, in the air that passed in slight gusts from time to time, the odours of the Italian flowers. I lingered long at the gate of the convent, enjoying the magnificent serenity of the sky, the air, and the hills, and felt no trivial reluctance at abandoning so alluring a contemplation for a corridor crowded with servants, and a chamber imbedded in a wall as thick as if it had to stand a siege. Even the indulgence of the convent table could not wean me from the conviction that I could have got through my travel pleasantly enough, though the Hospice had, like the Santa Casa, been transported on the backs of angels to some new Loretto, 'many a league and far.'

"But I had not been two hours under its roof before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar

of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan, stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in instant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground-floor of the building, which is occupied with stables, and storehouses for wood, and the other supplies of the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window—summer was gone at once; and 'the winter wild' was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow, in every shape that it could be flung into by the most furious wind, whirlpool, drift, and hail, flashed and swept along. Before evening it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood fires; the bursts of wind shook the walls like cannon-shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St Bernard.

"As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the danger of travellers surprised in the storm. The fineness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change; and the sounds of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs, as the strangers arrived, kept me long awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed; cauldrons smoked; every stranger was pelissed and furred up to the chin; and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading-room, where they found books and papers which probably seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios of prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place; or amused themselves at the piano-forte in the drawing-room,—for music is there above the flight of the lark; or pored over the shelves to plunge their souls in some 'flattering tale' of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed, capped, and guitarred into irresistible captivation. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half a dozen herbals from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligations to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasantries, the memorials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best, there were eighty beds."—Vol. i. p. 10—15.

To our town readers, who have all the new books at their command, we shall not especially recommend the "Tales of the Great St Bernard;" to our country readers, who have not the same advantages, it is right to say that their leisure hours may be amused, as they perhaps, have often been before, with works a thousand times inferior in point of literary merit.

Professor Pillans's Letters to T. F. Kennedy, Esq. M.P. on the Principles of Elementary Teaching, and the Parochial Schools of Scotland. Edin. Adam Black, 1828.

No national institution, perhaps, ever operated more visibly, more beneficially, or more widely, on national character, than the parochial establishment of Scotland. Nor among the almost innumerable plans for the instruction of the people is there one which, in its entire efficiency, appears better adapted to accomplish an object so very desirable. A more important service, therefore, could hardly have been undertaken than Professor Pillans has recently performed in directing attention to the present defects and future improvement of this mighty instrument. The attempt, also, was the more meritorious, that the unshrinking discharge of the duty must have been foreseen as likely to arouse the clamours and misrepresentations of the prejudiced and the interested. We regret that our limits permit only a brief outline of the Professor's "Two Letters" on this subject,—a work which, in the compass of one hundred and seven pages octavo, will be found to embrace every essential precept of practical tuition, forming a manual that ought to be in the hands of every teacher,—nay, of every parent really studious of the dearest interests of his children.

The first of these admirable Letters contains illustrations of the leading principles of Elementary Education; the second points out the causes and the cure of imperfect discipline.

The principles laid down in the First Letter are the three following:—I. That a child in being taught to read, should be taught at the same time to understand what he reads. II. That corporal punishment should never be resorted to till every other method has failed. III. That the office and duty of a public teacher are, so to arrange the business of his school, and the distribution of his time, that no child shall be idle. Although the "Letters" bear reference to Elementary Education alone, it will be at once apparent to those conversant with the subject, that the propositions now enumerated constitute, in fact, the science—the philosophy—the art of teaching in all its stages. The first, in its varied application and extended uses, enlarging with the increasing years and acquirements of the pupil, is the only principle which can fully insure the primary object of all education—intellectual culture. While, therefore, we go along entirely and most heartily with the learned Professor in his always useful—often truly beautiful—illustrations of the greater rapidity, ease, and certainty with which the child will read when he is also taught to carry the meaning along with him, we look forward, and, grounding our assertion on experience of some extent, affirm, that just in proportion as this principle shall have been observed and acted upon from the commencement—just as the understanding has been gradually unfolded from the Horn-book upwards, will the more difficult studies of succeeding years advance with facility, comfort, and success. The pupil who, from his earliest career at school, has thus been trained to apply both the judgment and the memory in every lesson, while, by the aid of two faculties he advances more securely than by one, will acquire powers of understanding growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength. We may anticipate even more distant, but equally certain results, of this intellectual education,—and a consideration of infinitely greater importance than mere acquirement. Behold the youth carrying into the business of life those habits of calm inquiry and of sound judgment, without which scholarship were vain—which form the respectable man and the useful citizen.—The second principle is the foundation of moral education. Every imperfection of character which displays itself in maturer years, is to be traced either to neglect, or to erroneous and ungenerous principles of action addressed, and consequently improper associations formed, in early life. Fear, the principle addressed in the system of education to which the work before us is opposed, constitutes a powerful, indeed, but, with all its attendant brood of degraded feelings and revengeful passions, a most debasing agent in our moral nature. Here, however, we confess the difficulty of decidedly legislating,—a difficulty, not to say a dan-

ger,—as respects both the teacher and the scholar. The former, in the want of confidence which prohibition would imply,—the latter, in the license which it would give. Yet, agreeing fully with the general proposition, we do not hesitate to say, that the man who employs the lash as an ordinary means in education, is unworthy—utterly unworthy of the sacred trust reposed in him, who might wield each fresh and generous sympathy of the youthful breast. In his profession he is not less grossly ignorant and bungling, than would be the artisan who should break in pieces some precious casket, instead of opening it by a touch on the proper spring.—The third principle includes the whole business of practical education. For one teacher who fails from defect of acquirement, hundreds err in this department: and here the Professor's remarks are peculiarly valuable, as explaining the *monitorial system*, the only one that can meet all the exigencies of a large and promiscuous school, and where many branches must necessarily be taught by one master, while his income will not permit of paid assistants; the only system, in short, applicable to our parish schools. We regret the more on this account, that we cannot enter at large into the subject, nor display the triumphant manner in which every objection is anticipated and refuted. It would have given us much pleasure to prove the soundness of the Professor's views, and the practical nature of the details, from our own experience of their efficacy even in the highest branches of education. As a general principle in the science of teaching, the Monitorial, or system of mutual instruction, is invaluable; and we ourselves are acquainted with successful applications of it not only to history and geography, but to logic and mathematics.

The Second Letter ranges the *causes* of imperfect discipline under the five following heads, while, in the discussion of each, is introduced the proper *cure*. I. The total want of all public provision for the professional education of schoolmasters. II. Want of proper elementary books. III. Prejudices of parents. IV. Little countenance shown to the parochial teachers, by the upper ranks, in visiting their schools, &c. V. The scanty pecuniary provision made for parochial teachers. The existence of these causes is universally acknowledged; to some, the remedy proposed in these Letters might instantly be applied; the rest, time and care will remove. On all, we think the remarks in the volume before us excellent. The last-mentioned has generally been considered as the *origo mali*—the *principium et fons* whence have proceeded all other evils; and, consequently, if the salaries were raised, every defect, it has been said, would be removed. This we cannot concede; but while we admit the necessity of more liberal provision, we deprecate an indiscriminate, fixed, and certain increase as far more likely to augment than to remove existing imperfections. For our reasons, we must refer to the "Letters," of which, not only the perusal, but the study, we again earnestly recommend to every one, whether professionally or otherwise interested in an establishment which, for nearly a century and a half, has been regarded as an honour to this country. The author's name is identified with the very idea of good teaching, and perfect management of the youthful mind; permanent value and utility were consequently to be expected from remarks founded upon the inferences, and embodying the experiences of a whole life, devoted—enthusiastically devoted—and, as proclaimed by the gratitude of his country—successfully devoted to the cause and the business of education. The great aim of the publication, indeed, is to base principle upon experiment—to apply the philosophy of induction to "the noblest of all arts," (the words are those of Dr Thomas Brown,) "the art of teaching;" and what the labours of Reid and Stewart have done for Metaphysics, the plans of Professor Pillans are capable of accomplishing for Education.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, a Comedy, by James Sheridan Knowles, Author of Virginius, Caius Gracchus, and William Tell. Glasgow, Richard Griffin and Co. 1828.

THIS comedy is formed on the old English model, and that model is known to any one who may have seen or read the popular play of Tobin's "Honeymoon." It is in blank verse, with occasional sprinklings of prose, and is well studded with characters, incidents, and scenic effect. Like most comedies, it has a principal and an under plot,—both simple in design, but, perhaps, scarcely sufficiently interwoven. The principal plot is briefly this:—Wilford, a young nobleman at the Court of Elizabeth, resolves to disguise himself as a peasant in order to seek a maiden worthy of his hand, in whose love selfishness shall have no share. It is not long before he meets with Bess, the Beggar's daughter, whose charms are so transcendent, and whose manners are so modest and winning, that he becomes deeply enamoured of her. Lord Thomas, however, another young nobleman, with far less honourable designs, contrives to have Bess carried off from her old blind father Albert. In great distress, the old man throws himself before Queen Elizabeth on one of her "progresses" from Westminster to Norwich, and states how he has lost his daughter. The Queen orders proclamation to be made, that whoever has carried her off shall make reparation for the wrong by marrying her, having first appeared at Court and confessed his fault. But Bess has, in the meantime, escaped from the ruffians into whose hands she had fallen, and seeks for shelter at an inn in Rumford. There she is exposed to several annoyances; but fortunately, Wilford, who had himself set out in search of her, arrives at the same inn. They meet; he protects her, and they become mutually attached. Her place of refuge being known, they are both commanded to appear before Elizabeth, who insists upon Lord Thomas offering his hand to Bess; but she refuses it, and remains constant to Wilford, whom she still believes a peasant. A discovery, however, now takes place. The blind beggar is the elder brother of Lord Woodville, by whom he has been unjustly dispossessed of his estates; and Lord Wilford is Woodville's only son—therefore, Bess and he are cousins-german. This *denouement* is very happily brought about, and is just as it should be. The under-plot consists of the adventures of Young Small and his servant Peter; the former an extravagant spendthrift in the lower ranks of life, and the latter a good-natured simpleton, who is often made the scape-goat of his master's follies.

It will be seen, by this short analysis of the play, that there is a want of strength and novelty in the story; and, accordingly, we think it is in the original ground-work of the fable, not in the author's execution, that it fails. It contains many scenes and passages of much spirit and beauty, and a few of these we shall now quote. The comedy opens in the following fresh and vigorous manner:—

SCENE FIRST—A GARDEN NEAR THE THAMES.

Enter Lord WILFORD *and* BELMONT, *the former dressed as a peasant, the latter as a courtier.*

Lord Wilford. To doubt that woman loves, to question were,
If light her dwelling fair hath in the sun—
That passion sweet at home is ne'er so much
As when it doth sojourn in her sweet breast!
But noble house may noble tenant lack,
And roof a sordid one; so woman's heart
May lodge ignoble passion—vanity,
The lust of pleasure, pride of rank, or wealth;
Guests uncongenial unto love, with which
It can't consort, nor enters where they are.

Belmont. So, of love's gem possession to ensure,
Thou doff'st thy title, and resolv'st to roam,
In modest guise of simple yeoman's son?

Wil. E'en so.
Bel. The gem, such labour seeks, is prized.
You'll take some pains to pick the casket too.
Wil. I'll pick a casket fit to hold the gem.
Bel. I prithee figure to me such a one.
Wil. To try a metaphor, it shall be rare
As may be; curious in the workmanship;
But, in the use, the primal value still:
Not shining chief where constant falls the eye,
But opening brighter, that, to look within,
The rich without seems poor, and to complete
My casket fair, that shall love's jewel shrine,
As worth's thrice worthy, modestly reveal'd,
Its spring that does its value chief disclose,
Shall coyly answer to the prying touch.
Bel. May she be rich?
Wil. Ay, if she knows it not.
Bel. Titled?
Wil. A princess, so the queen of wives.
Bel. Shall she be brown or fair?
Wil. Whatever hue,
Fair truth commendeth with ingenuous blush.
Bel. Say she is poor and low—
Wil. So nature proves
At odds with fortune, she will answer me.
Bel. But she must love thee?
Wil. Ay, 'bove earth and sea!
Yea, 'bove herself, of twice their worth the sum!
So that, while others my pretensions scan
To be the master of such bravery,
She shall account my wearing on't its pride,
And the o'er-rich wish richer to deserve me!
Bel. Thou hast a quaint conception of a wife.

The following passages strike us as breathing much of the energy and poetical fire which so finely characterise almost every scene of "Virginius" and "William Tell:"—

A FATHER'S PRESENT TO A SPENDTHRIFT SON.

Who marries thee loves not herself;
She goes a voyage in a fair-weather bark,
That scuds while wind and wave do favour it,
But in itself hath no sea-worthiness
To stand their buffeting! Here—have thy wish;
Thou'lt find no niggard hand has fill'd that purse.
I give it thee to feed thy wantonness;
But, e'en for that, I'd have thee chary on't.
There's not a piece in it but is made up
Of grains of fractions, every one of which
Was slowly gather'd by thy father's thrift,
And hoarded by his abstinence! It holds
How many minutes ta'en from needful sleep!
How many customary wants denied!
How many throbs of doubting—sighs of care,
Laid out for nothing, in thy waywardness.
But take it with a blessing! Fare-thee-well!
Thou never yet couldst suit thee, Thomas, to
Thy father's house; but should there come the time,
Thou know'st the door, and it will open to thee!

PATRIOTISM.

Albert. I will not—cannot quit my native land!
Bann'd as I am, 'tis precious to me still.
It is my father's land—'tis loved for that;
'Tis thine—thy child's—it should be loved for you;
It should be loved, if only for itself!
'Tis free; it hath no despot, but its laws;
'Tis independent; it can stand alone;
'Tis mighty, 'gainst its enemies, 'tis one.
Where can I find a land the like of it!
Its sun, though under ban and forfeiture,
Is envied for it. He's the brother of
The free! I cannot quit my native land;
For sight of other land I would not give
The feeling of its breath. The wall of him
That does not forfeit it, which none may scale,
However proud, unscath'd to do him wrong.
I cannot—will not quit my native land!
Emma. Then let us seek some quiet corner on't,
Nor spend on thriftless hope, what husbanded
By wise content would keep us more than rich.
Al. Nor can I that. Who sees his house pull'd down,
And does not strive to build it up again?
Who sees his vessel sunk, and does not look
For other hull to plough the waves anew?
I cannot do't! I've lived on the high seas
Of restless life; I would be on them still.
Say I'm unfit for't—I'd be near them still.
The sailor, maim'd or superannuate,
Seeks not an inland home, but on the cliff
His hammock slings, in hearing of the surge
He went to cleave of yore.

A LOVER'S CONSTANCY.

Belmont. Still wrapt as ever!
Rouse thee, Wilford! rouse thee!
Shake off this lethargy, and be a man!
Take faster hold of hope! We'll find her yet.
But should we fail, what then? Art thou to pine
To death? This malady is of the head
More than the heart. Believe it can be cured;
Thou'lt find 'twill be so. Be thyself again!
Be free! But once beheld may be forgot.
Wil. Yes, if a thing that any fellow hath—
I may forget a diamond, can I find
Another one as rich: but show me one
That is the paragon of all the mine,
And try if that's forgot, though seen but once!
Say that but once I see a beauteous star,
I may forget it for another star;
But say but once I do behold the sun,
And name the time will blot its image out!
Bel. But of a single draught of love to die!
Wil. Why not? There is your poison, strong and weak;
One kind admits of antidote—one, not—
One by the drachm, one by the scruple kills;
Another, by the grain—for not in bulk,
But subtleness, the lethal virtue lies:—
So there are kinds in love! A dozen shafts
May gall him, and the bounding deer run on,
But one shot home, behold he's down at once!

A LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Look you,—a man will let one take his life
Ere he'll give up his purse; and that perhaps
Will hold a score of crowns. It hath been done
For less. Come, state the sum thou'dst set 'gainst her!
What's its amount? Come, name't! Couldst borrow it
From usury? Couldst find it in the mint?
In that which feeds the mint—the unwasting mine?
Couldst eke it out with diamonds, and the rest
Of all the brood of gems? Couldst fancy it?
And shall I give her up, that have the right
To keep her? Never, but with life! She's mine!
You see she is! You see her will no less
Doth hold her here, than do the arms, with all
My soul I lock upon her. Loosen them
Who counts his life a straw!

There can be little doubt, and these quotations tend to make it less, that Mr Knowles's forte is tragedy. With a high and dignified subject before him, his imagination rises, and his feelings burst freshly forth. He is too much of the poet to be a great deal of the humourist. When he speaks of the simple and grand passions which agitate the bosom,—of liberty,—of paternal, filial, or conjugal affection,—of honest hatred, or indignant revenge, he is at home; and we trust his next effort will be of the same sort as his "Virginius" and his "Tell."

The Elements of English Composition. By David Irving, LL.D. The eighth edition, corrected and enlarged. Edinburgh, John Boyd, 37, George Street. 1828. Pp. 378.

We know of few books which we can more sincerely recommend to the student of English composition, than that now before us. Dr Irving disclaims the merit of much originality in its execution, confessing his obliga-

tions to Bishop Lowth, Drs Campbell and Blair, Lord Kaimes, and others; but the judgment he has exhibited in the arrangement of his materials, and the clearness with which he has adapted himself even to the most juvenile capacities, whilst he conveys instruction that will be found profitable by those who are much farther advanced, entitle him to no mean approbation. The success his work has already experienced, proves its excellence. To the present edition, besides other improvements, there is subjoined an interesting series of quotations from distinguished authors, chronologically arranged, and exhibiting the progressive changes and advances in English style.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Lettere su Roma e Napoli. Milano.—*Lettere su Firenze e Venezia*, 2 tom. Milano.—*Letters on Rome and Naples.* Milan.—*Letters on Florence and Venice*, 2 vols. Milan.

WHILE almost every nation of the world is at present exhibiting the beneficial effects of that moral tempest, which, sweeping from one end of Europe to the other, regenerated in its progress enfeebled states and corrupted dynasties; Italy, the land, which, in infancy, conquered countries by her liberty, and in manhood held the world by her genius, displays, in age, the same appalling picture of disunion, and the same melancholy marks of woe, as when Filicajia penned his patriotic sonnet. No nation, nevertheless, listened with greater breathlessness for the first indications of the approaching tempest, than the one which had been prepared, by the writings of Beccaria and Parini, to expect that that storm would bring a lightning in its gloom, which would shiver the chains of a galling and a long-endured despotism. No people hailed the bursting of the thunderbolt, which enkindled the fiercest passions of man from Domo d'Osola to Otranto, with greater joy, or mingled in the turmoil with greater eagerness, than those who generally felt, as well they might,—that their only hope of beholding their land of glorious memories once more great and independent, lay in the tempest destroying the political divisions which its oppressors had created. And yet, after all the terrible sacrifices and the patriotic efforts which were offered at the shrine of liberty; after all the promises which were made to an afflicted people by monarchs amid defeat as well as victory; after all the miseries of a twenty years' warfare were endured,—a warfare probably never surpassed for its desolating effects amid even the annals of the wildest revolutions,—Italy, the ancient mistress of the world—the cradle of literature and the arts, the land where every field is a page of history, and where every ruin tells a tale of interest even now, can be only looked at with satisfaction through the mist of ages,—the monument of past might, and of modern misrule, and doomed, it seems, ever to exhibit the mournful character given to her by her own Fantoni—

"Or druda or serva di stranieri genti!"

It may easily be believed that the literature of a nation so circumstanced could not fail to partake of the wild, the melancholy, and the desponding feelings which such struggles, such sacrifices, and such a consummation as we have alluded to, would successively engender. The poetry and the prose of modern Italy, in fact, present the sad record of the bright and the blasted hopes of that national regeneration which her children have indulged in and bewailed. For, whether the subjects which have elicited the genius of Italian writers for half a century, may have been those of fact or those of imagination, it is scarcely to be denied that their productions are universally and chronologically tinctured by the momentous events and the passionate feelings of the period during which they were penned. In the dramas of Alfieri, for instance, we find all that longing for independence, that detestation of servility, that contempt for corrupt control, and that scorn of tyranny, which actuated the national mind for freedom, and at length ushered in the intoxicating prospect of Italy's redemption. In the bitter satire and moral pleadings of Parini's* lyre, we mark the democratic spirit of the succeeding period, when every patriotic heart bounded to beard its tyrant sovereign and its effeminate and heartless aristocracy, and seemed determined to try the fancied panacea of a republic. In the strains of Monti, Pindemonte, and Cesarotti, who, like Jealousy,

"Now courted love, now, raving, call'd on hate,"

we behold that dastardly tergiversation of opinion and of action which denote the time when universal discord held its sway, cursed as then the nation was with French and Austrian chicanery. In the glowing sentiments and heart-breaking musings of Foscolo,† we discover the rage and the despair which stung every patriot's heart, when the avowed liberator of Italy recklessly partitioned and basely betrayed a people who trusted in the might of his arms for union and independence. In the romantic *Rime* of Grossi, we trace the tears of a bleeding country, who distractedly fled to bewail the sorrowful fate of *Ildegonda*, that they might weep for the approaching destiny of *Ausonia*. In the writings of Manzoni and Bertolotti are mirrored much of that bitter disappointment and distrust which followed the last dismemberment, or settlement as it was termed, of the garden of Europe. Their pages show us that present realities are too agonizing to be thought of, far less to be dwelt upon; and they follow the example of their brethren in eschewing the transactions of the passing hour for the chronicles and the tombs of the past. And, in fine, from the grave volumes of Botta‡ may be fairly deduced the sad conviction which he and his countrymen have been at last brought to, of the almost utter hopelessness of ever seeing Italy again great and independent.

We have been led to hazard these opinions after perusing the volumes which stand at the head of this notice, their author having presented us, in his pages, with the most striking proofs of our position. Throughout the greater portion of these *Lettere* we find the writer, as may be naturally inferred from the present state of Italy, chiefly occupied with the *Antiquities* of his father-land. Stored, as his mind evidently is, with classical and historical lore, he seizes every opportunity of turning these to account. Italy is an endless theme for the scholar to descant upon, and the scholar here pours a flood of erudition over every step of his journey. Signor Dandolo, who indites these epistles, appears to be a lineal descendant of those noble Venetian sires whom Titian and Tintoretto took a pleasure in depicting, and, sorrowing for the sunset of their city's glory, he feels a solace to his sadness in the picturings of memory, and the creations of imagination. A time-hallowed church or a deserted temple—a tottering column or a crumbling aqueduct—a ruined palace or a lonely tomb, are to him the themes of eloquent contemplation. Chronicles give him facts, and Fancy gives him figures. Beings of past ages flit before his eye, as History draws them; and long-stilled

* See "*Il Giorno.*"

† We principally allude to the "*Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*," and "*I Sepolchri.*"

‡ Mark the despair which lurks in these simple words of the author of the "*Storia d' Italia*," when he says, "Così l' Italia, dopo una sanguinosa e varia catastrofe di vent' anni, della quale dicci terremoti e non so quanti vulcani sarebbero stati per lei migliori, si ricomponeva a un di presso nello stato antico."—Vol. iv. p. 500.

voices speak as Imagination dreams they would have done; in short, Dandolo indulges at every step of his tour, and would wish his readers to join him, in that

> Worship of the great of old,
> The dead, but sceptr'd sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns.

Although antiquities, however, are the leading characteristics of the volumes before us, the author occasionally risks himself upon modern ground. And when we find him there, as is more frequently the case in his letters on Florence and Venice, we feel regret that he has not the fortitude to risk himself there oftener. We are tired with the oft-repeated opinions of strangers upon Italy, and sigh for something new from a native. Here, to a certain extent, we have had our wish gratified. The happy picture which Dandolo draws of the present condition of Tuscany is, we are happy to think, in full accordance with our own opinions arising from personal observation; and though rich in colouring, is, nevertheless, destitute of flattery. Under the mild government of Leopold, Tuscany has become an exception and an example to the rest of Italy. Unlike its suffering and weeping neighbours, it has bettered its condition, and is happy. "In this country, at the present hour," as Dandolo well says, "grievous and infamous proscriptions no longer sully the pages of Florentine story; while, in their stead, worth in every shape is found. The rule of a father is seen in the Prince, the obedience of children is displayed in the people; there is public prosperity and individual industry. These are the enchanting features which Tuscany displays in these latter times." What a melancholy contrast to this picture is to be found in the author's account of Florence, the city of his ancestors!

To the sober-minded English reader, the style of these epistles may appear inflated and over-stretched; but it is a style well suited to Italian taste and Italian feeling. The inhabitants of the land, which for centuries has been

> "Sempre il premio della vittoria,"

can only be attracted, at the present moment, by the expression of deep passion or patriotic melancholy. Under such feelings, prose, in the dulcet tones of the Italian tongue, becomes poetry; and what perhaps appears little short of rodomontade and extravagance to us, is nothing else than the common food which is required to meet the cravings of morbid sensibilities. The style of a nation is invariably influenced, more or less, by its political history; and what we might reprove as affectation in some, is, in the Italian, the natural expression of brooding disappointment and deep-rooted melancholy.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THOUGHTS ON ANCIENT, AND HINTS TO MODERN, TRAVELLERS.

It is a constant theme of regret to some,—of joy to others,—and of sage observation to all, that the national character has undergone a thorough metamorphosis during the last hundred years. The advocates of antiquity look with philanthropic grief on the extinction of the sublime principle that guided our progenitors, in matters of cocked-hats, long waists, and immeasurable hoops,—and make little scruple to avow their belief, that with the tailorly and millinery virtue of former years, have vanished the secondary, but still important, qualities of national courage and sound morality. The "*Laudator temporis præcutis*," on the other hand, points with proud satisfaction to the modern reformation in starched cravats and saltatory science, and blushes for the barbarism of ancestors to whom the inestimable blessings of "Weippert's quadrilles" were denied, and to whom the beautiful nomenclature of "La Belle Assemblée" was no more intelligible than the Jewish Cabala or Doctor Spurzheim's theories.

For my own part, I join but feebly either in the complaints or the felicitations. In such an affair, I am little better than Byron's flirt,

> "Who smiles with all, and weeps with none."

Heaven forbid that I, or any one else, could feel or affect indifference when female honour was likely to be endangered by the abolition of what Pope calls its "seven-fold fence!" The satirist, indeed, declares that he has known it "oft to fail;" but as I have always considered this a base and malicious slander, I, for one, could never, in conscience, have consented to the abrogation of the "Hoop,"—had I not seen an adequate substitute adopted in straw and velvet bonnets, that, Cerberus-like, debar the approach of mortal within questionable limits. Then, however one may weep over the decay of high-heeled shoes, which set our great-grandmothers three inches nearer heaven, we still have the consolation to see their offspring established on the more solid basis of mud-boots. Let no man sigh that two-o'clock dinners are exploded, as long as, in his own day and generation, Providence has consigned him a basin of turtle-soup at that hour, and the comfortable assurance of a no less savoury and more substantial dispensation at six. In short, in every point except one, I think the comparative advantages of the abolitions and innovations so nicely balanced,—that the specific difference "'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" may be safely set down as the assignable value of any actual change in the aggregate of human happiness, produced by the various revolutions in customs, clothing, dining, and drinking. A striking corroboration, by the way, of Paley's profound theory of Compensations.

There is, however, *one* notable point in which the lapse of a century has produced a change, no less remarkable in itself, than deplorable in its consequences; namely, in the taste, talents, and inordinate affection of the public, for every engine and opportunity of locomotion, and the insatiable cacoethes for spawning quartos thereanent. The time was, when a journey to the neighbouring market town was regarded as an epoch in the life of him who undertook it, and entitled him thereafter to the veneration of his fellow villagers; when geographical knowledge was limited to a space like that over which a fat pony, with a full-grown alderman on its back, could amble in the course of a summer day;—when the natives of Glasgow left home in the heavy coach, being then in the prime of youth, and reached Edinburgh grey haired,—every individual having first taken the precaution to insure his life against the perils that awaited him; and lastly, when the "Leith Mail" changed horses three times on the road to town,—thereby allowing the passengers sufficient time to breakfast, dine, and sup;—night-caps being always provided in cases of emergency. But, alas! these days are fled, and nothing now remains to recall to mind the dignity and importance of travelling in our great-grandmothers' time, save some mouldering remnant of a machine, that carried forty-four souls and bodies at a time, drivers excluded;—or an occasional instance of traditionary lore, that records the death of some adventurous spirit,—the Mungo Park of his day, who purchased immortality in a fearless, though fatal, attempt to explore the fastnesses and boundaries of his native country.

It is in vain to search modern annals for similar instances of noble daring. Long coaches and impassable roads have vanished from our land, and with them have gone the poetry and romance of travelling. Who, in this

degenerate age, has ever experienced the mysterious and undefinable emotions that agitated the bosom of him, who, of yore, committed himself to the body or basket of a long coach—unable to foresee the time and place at which dinner should be served; all the future, so far as regarded a comfortable cup of tea,—a barren waste;—unconscious of the season when "tired nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep," should revisit him on a shake-down on three chairs, in a village inn; and looking forward to the overturning of the vehicle every hundred yards, or its final arrestment in a deep rut, where he and his companions, ignorant of the path, and unable to extricate the old lumber-box, would be found, after many days, fleshless skeletons, with not a vestige of their former frames, but the night-caps in which they died! When people had one common prospect of peril and suffering before their eyes, it could not fail to excite the social sympathies and sentiments of all. Every lady would look forward to the time, when the first overturn should afford a convenient opportunity of falling, faint, languid, and speechless, into the arms of an admiring swain, with a Welsh wig, who was her vis-à-vis. The gentlemen would gaze with chivalrous idolatry upon the fair forms, which, the next moment, they might be called upon to rescue from a muddy grave, and restore to animation by the skilful application of a scent bottle; and all ranks and sexes would be knit together in that friendly and paternal affection, which long and continued intercourse could not fail to beget.

Such were once the perils, the excitements, and the pleasures, of travelling in a long coach. Alas! that it should ever have been superseded;—for to its decay must be attributed the decline of that ardent friendship for their own, and that devoted admiration of the other sex, which constituted the glory and character of the men of other ages. Nay, I have not a doubt, that were the records of the mail-coach office at Madrid rigidly inspected, it would turn out, 'twas not "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away," but merely the extinction of the race of heavy coaches that annihilated the gallantry and courage of his countrymen. This is melancholy enough; but in our own vaunted land, matters are still worse. Can there be a more deplorable object in this world, than a father of a family setting out on a journey, calculating to the twentieth of a second when he will arrive at the Bolton Tun, or the Swan with the Two Necks; and letting his wife know, in course of post, the precise instant at which to have the eggs boiling for breakfast on his return? The excitement and delight of an oyster are infinitely greater than those of the individual who is hurled along a road smooth as a billiard-table, and monotonous as a doctrinal discourse, and who can neither be enlivened by accident, nor retarded by circumstances, every thing being previously arranged and predestined by the fiat of a mail contractor. What interest can such a being have in travelling, or what pleasure can he enjoy in reaching the end of a hundred miles, journey, before he has had time to button his great-coat, much less to ascertain whether his fellow-passengers are human beings or not? Even if he is blessed with an intuitive perception of the sex and beauty of the sweet little item of flesh and blood that sits opposite, what avails it? There are no robbers on the way—no ruts in Macadamized roads—no possibility of murder when moving at the rate of eleven and a half miles per hour—nothing on which a rational man could found a discourse—and nothing that could ever elicit for reply from any well-bred Miss, more than an insipid "Yes," or a drawling "No."

Every body, in fact, allows the nothingness of modern travelling, and inveighs against the silence and monosyllables of the unhappy creatures he meets with in the mail; but still, every one seems impelled by a mania he can neither resist nor explain, to swell the number of those who annually indulge in this species of penance and self-persecution. It is impossible to witness such persevering attempts to extract enjoyment by a precise formula and determinate process, without thinking of the patient labours of a worthy and phlegmatic German, who spent half a century in performing somersets over tables and chairs; and who, on being asked the reason for such singular and severe exertions, replied, with conscious pride glistening in his eye, "Je me fais vif, monsieur." This indefatigable man rose early, eat seldom, and sat up late, in order to pursue his favourite task, and, as may easily be supposed, fell a martyr to his vivacious determinations. In like manner, I have no doubt, do a full moiety of our population become victims to their erratic propensities. During the summer months, we can scarcely take up a newspaper that does not narrate the premature exit of a young gentleman with drab gaiters, who sought relief to his cares by stepping from a stage coach into his own garters. The bills of mortality are greatly increased, likewise, by the crowds of interesting females, who, in their fruitless search after the pleasant and picturesque, precipitate themselves into the nearest lake, for the mere purpose of dissipating ennui. And so far (many will think) there is nothing else than the wise provision of nature, to rid society of blue-stockings, sentimentalists, and sonneteers, in the present redundant state of these pestiferous tribes. But, unfortunately, the evil does not rest with them; and it is impossible to say how far it may proceed, if steam coaches are once tolerated, and the unlimited use of "pen and ink" not speedily interdicted. As matters stand, no bagman posts without printing; nor, for many years, has a milliner with a green veil been seen three miles out of town, without making her *debut* in hot-pressed tomes six months thereafter. In short, whenever a travelling bag or band-box is seen, there, be assured, are materials for another volume, calculated to spread the baneful itch for *being happy by force*, through all ranks and conditions of men. It is thus that respectable tailors are annually seduced from their shop-boards and thimbles—that promising haberdashers are led into the pernicious snares of sensibility and cigar-smoking—that young gentlemen of genius in the grocery line have been entrapped into fur caps and broken English—and the great bulk of our people been driven into the unseemly practice of once-a-year leaving a home, which nature, in its mercy, never intended they should quit.

Manifold as these evils are, still it would be unjust to ascribe them wholly to the mere exercise, or despicable modes of travelling now in use. Every pursuit, in order to be successful, requires, as is well known, an especial taste and original faculty for itself. Not to mention the instances of poets, painters, fiddlers, &c. there is my worthy friend, Mortuus, who is so completely *au fait* in all that relates to funerals, mortcloths, graves, and undertaking in general,—he would never have attained his present reputation, had he not been gifted with an original passion for wearing crape, and intense relish for sable garments, that neither time nor education have been able to eradicate. Even so is it with travelling. Let no piece of *mechanism*, whether male or female, attempt the same; no man of arithmetical principles and syllogistic aspect; nor any virgin, afflicted with pride, prudery, or phlegm. But whenever you find one who, in time and place convenient, can look upon the world and all its concerns as means and materials for mirth and merriment—who can, for a season, discard the gravity and restraint of decorous dulness, and yield himself to laugh at every thing, including himself—one, in short, who in punning is abstemious, in joking indefatigable, and in "deevilry" assiduous,—there, be assured, is one who may take a tour without taking the blue devils, and with whom you may safely ramble for a twelvemonth, if he does not kill you with enjoyment in the first fortnight.

FINE ARTS.

THE AYRSHIRE SCULPTOR.

[We have been favoured with the following article from the pen of a gentleman whose taste and habits enable him to invest the subject with a much more than common degree of interest.]

In the history of the Arts, we know not that there occurs a more striking instance of natural genius—meaning, by this use of the term, a certain bias of the mind, as it were, irresistibly impelling to some particular exercise—than in the sculptures from the Poems of Burns, now exhibiting in Edinburgh. James Thom, the sculptor of these (every thing considered) wonderful figures, is a native of Ayrshire, and of very respectable parentage near Tarbolton. Although, like those of his countryman and inspirer, his relatives were all engaged in agricultural pursuits, (his brothers, we understand, possess large farms,)—the young man himself preferred the occupation of a mason, and was, accordingly, apprenticed to a craftsman in Kilmarnock. This profession was probably selected as offering the nearest approach to the undefined workings and predilections of his own inexperienced mind, since he was not, as in the instance of several sculptors of eminence, thrown first into the trade of a stone-mason by the force of circumstances. This would appear from his showing little attachment to the drudgery of the art: accordingly, his first master is understood to have pronounced him rather a dull apprentice. From the beginning he seems to have looked forward to the ornamental part of his calling, and in a country town where there was little or no opportunity of employment in that line, to those more immediately concerned, he might appear less useful than a less aspiring workman. The evidences of young Thom's diligence and talent at this time, however, still remain in numerous specimens of carving in stone, which he himself still considers, we are told, as superior to any thing he has yet done. The seeming errors which even the greatest men have made in the estimate of their own powers, have been commented upon as proverbial truisms. The causes of these apparent miscalculations have, however, not been taken into account. The artist or the author alone fully knows the difficulties encountered in the execution of any design,—the triumphs he achieved over his own mind and means,—the obstacles both external and intellectual which he had to remove.

His term of apprenticeship being expired, Mr Thom repaired to Glasgow in pursuit of better employment.—Here his merits were immediately perceived, and so well rewarded, that his wages were considerably higher than the ordinary rate. We feel it proper to advert here pointedly to these circumstances, as honourable alike to Mr Thom and his friends; and as presenting his claims to public patronage in a just light, as the claims of a young man, who, by his talents, had rendered himself truly respectable in his occupation, but who, with laudable ambition, is desirous of rising to a higher profession. In this attempt he can already plead more than one example, and, we are disposed to think, no ordinary qualifications for becoming from a stone-mason—a sculptor.

In this latter profession, Mr Thom's career may be dated from the commencement of last winter. Being employed at this time in the immediate neighbourhood, he applied to Mr Auld of Ayr, who has since proved so steady and judicious a friend, for permission to take a sketch from a portrait of Burns, with the intention of executing a bust of the poet. This is a good copy of the original picture by Mr Nasmyth, and is suspended in the very elegant and classical monument, from a design by Mr Hamilton, erected to the memory of the bard on the banks of the Doon, near "Allowa's auld haunted kirk." The permission was kindly granted; doubts, however, being at the same time expressed, how far the attempt was likely to prove successful, Mr Thom not being then known in Ayr. These doubts seemed to be confirmed, on the latter returning with a very imperfect sketch, taken by placing transparent paper on the picture. These occurrences happened on the Wednesday, consequently nothing could be done till Thursday, when materials were to be procured, and other arrangements made, before the work was absolutely begun. The surprise, then, may be conceived, on the artist returning on the Monday following with the finished bust. In this work, though somewhat defective as a likeness, the execution, the mechanical details, and the general effect, were wonderful, especially when viewed in connexion with the shortness of the time, and the disadvantage of being finished almost from memory—the very imperfect outline, already mentioned, being the only *external* guide. It was this general excellence that encouraged the proposal of a full-length figure—a proposal to which the artist gave his ready assent, stating that he had wished to undertake something of the kind, but did not consider it prudent, without any prospect of remuneration, to hazard the expense both of the block of stone and the loss of time. On this Mr Auld offered to procure any stone from the neighbouring quarries which the artist might judge fit for his purpose. Several days elapsed in this search; in the meantime, the matter was rather laughed at than encouraged; and some apprehensions of failure, and exposure to consequent comments, being expressed, "Perhaps," said the artist, endeavouring to re-assure his friends, "I had just better try my *hand* at a *head*, as a specimen o' Tam." This being agreed to, he returned to Crosby churchyard, where he was then employed upon a grave stone. The day following happened to be one of continued rain, and finding that the water filled up his lines, probably, too, thinking more on "glorious Tam," than on the *memento mori* he was attempting to engrave, our artist resolved to take time by the forelock, and to set about the "specimen head" directly. Accordingly, pulling from the ruins of the "auld kirk" of Crosby a rabat of the door-way, as a proper material for his purpose, he sat himself down among the long rank grass covering the graves, and in that situation actually finished the head before rising. Nay, more, although the day has been described to us "as a doun-right pour," so total was his absorption in the work—so complete his insensibility to every thing else, that he declares himself to have been unconscious of the "rattling showers," from the moment he commenced. Such is the power of genuine and natural enthusiasm in a favourite pursuit. This head, which contained, perhaps, more expression than that even of the present figure, decided the matter. Next day, the uninformed mass which now sits in St Andrew's Square, the every thing but living representative of "Heroic Tam," was brought into Ayr, a load for four stout horses, and placed in a proper workshop, within Cromwell's fort.

It may be interesting to mention a few particulars of the manner in which these figures have been composed and finished. "Tam" was selected by the artist as a subject for his chisel. The figure now is understood to bear a strong traditional resemblance to the well-known Thomas Reid, some forty years ago a renowned specimen of a Carric farmer, and who, residing at Shanter, furnished to Burns the prototype of his hero. Mr Auld stipulated a given price, which has since most liberally been doubled, and proposed the subject.

——— "Souter Johnnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie,"

is said to be a striking likeness of a living wight—a cobbler near Maybole; not thatthis individual sat for his portraiture, but that the artist appears to have wrought from the reminiscences of two interviews with which he was favoured, after twice travelling "some lang Scotch

miles," in order to persuade the said "souter" to transfer his body, by means of his pair of soles, from his own to the artist's studio. The bribe of two guineas a-week, exclusive of "half-mutchkins but the score," proved, however, unavailing, and the cobbler remained firm to the last. By this refusal, "the birkie" has only become poorer by the said couple of guineas, and certain "half-mutchkins drouthier," for so true has the eye of the sculptor proved, that every one is said instantly to recognise the cobbler's phiz and person. A strange perverseness, indeed, or fatality, or what you will, seems to have seized upon all the favoured few selected as fitting archetypes for these admirable figures. For, Tam's "nether man" occasioning some anxiety in the perfection of its sturdy symmetry, a carter, we believe, was laid hold of, and the *gamashins* being pulled on for half-an-hour, Tam's *right leg* was finished in rivalship of the said gentleman's *supporter*. It appears to have been agreed upon that he should return at a fitting opportunity, having thus left Tam "hirpling;" but in the interval, the story of the sitting unfortunately taking *air*, and the soubriquet of "Tam o' Shanter" threatening to attach to the lawful and Christian appellations of the man of carts, no inducement could again bring him within the unhallowed precincts of our sculptor's atelier.

It will, doubtless, excite the admiration of every one in the slightest degree conversant with the Arts, that these figures, so full of life, ease, and character, were thus actually executed without model, or drawing, or palpable archetype whatsoever. The artist, indeed, knows nothing of modelling, and so little of drawing, that we question if he would not find difficulty in making even a tolerable sketch of his own work. The chisel is his modelling-tool—his pencil—the only instrument of his art in short, with which he is acquainted, but which he handles in a manner, we may say, almost unprecedented in the history of sculpture. This, however, is yet the minor part; for we think, nay, are sure, we discover in this dexterity of hand, in this unerring precision of eye, in this strong, though still untutored, conception of form and character—the native elements of the highest art. These primordial attributes of genius, by proper culture, may do honour to the country and to their possessor. At all events, instruction will refine and improve attempts in the present walk of art, even should study be unable to elevate attainment to a higher. Now, however, it would be not only premature, but unjust, to criticise these statues as regular labours of sculpture. They are to be regarded as wonderful, nay, almost miraculous, efforts of native, unaided, unlearned talent—as an approach to truth almost in spite of nature and of science; but they do not hold with respect to legitimate sculpture—the high-souled—the noblest—the severest of all arts—the same rank as in painting, the works of the Dutch masters do as compared with the lofty spirits of the Roman. Precisely for this reason, that while similar subjects are not only fit, but often felicitous, subjects for the pencil—they are altogether improper objects of sculptural representation. Mr Thom may be assured we do not say this to discourage him—we are his best friends in recommending diligence and deep study of his profession. He has yet to commence from the very commencement.

Much will depend upon the patronage and judgment of his countrymen. With the melancholy fate of Burns before them, we trust both parties will avoid the errors which in each destroyed the happiness, and blasted even the talents, of that unhappy son of genius. Mr Thom, it gives us the sincerest pleasure to state, has hitherto been distinguished and respected for sober habits, and manly steadiness of character; nor can we refrain from commending, as a future example, the judicious manner in which his patrons in Ayrshire have acted. There the upper ranks have lent that countenance which is at once necessary and grateful to genius. They have shown that they properly esteem his works—they have given him commissions, but they have left him to follow his pursuits—they have not attempted to withdraw his attention from that very profession, by improvement in which he alone can realize the prospects ever open to talent, sobriety, and industry.

THE DRAMA.

It was the building of the New Town that led to the building of the present Theatre Royal, which was not completed under an outlay of L.6900. This expense seems to have been more than Mr Ross, the first patentee, was prepared to bear; and his resources being cramped, he opened with a very indifferent company, and in consequence found it impossible to make his establishment pay. An accident, too, happened at the time, which, while it affected the public generally, bore against the Theatre in particular. We allude to the falling of the North Bridge;—when nearly finished it gave way above the vaults at the south end, and buried five persons in the ruins. This happened in August 1769, and the Theatre opened in the December following, just at the moment when the spirit of enterprise, which was so rapidly inducing the extension of the New Town, had received a check of so serious a nature. It was not till 1772 that the bridge was made passable, and the houses were not finished, nor the shops occupied, nor the street opened for carriages, till 1778. The wealth, however, which about this period existed in Edinburgh, finally succeeded in carrying every thing before it. The mighty advantages which accrued to the city from the accession of the New Town, in the short space of fifteen or twenty years, are hardly to be credited. In 1763 the revenue of the Post Office was only about L.11,000 per annum; in 1783 it had risen to L.40,000. In 1763 there were only three stage-coaches in all Scotland—two of these went between Edinburgh and Leith, with three horses, a coachman, and outrider; and the other departed once a-month for London, and was about eighteen days upon the journey; in 1783 there was not a place of any consequence in the country to which there were not coaches regularly every day, and fifteen left Edinburgh for London every week, and reached the capital in four days. In 1763 people of the first rank and quality lived in the old-fashioned houses situated in the dark and confined *closes* of the Old Town; in 1783 these houses were possessed only by persons of the humblest grade, while not the nobility alone, but even several of the ministers and professors kept their own carriages, and lived in the first style of splendour and fashion. In 1763 the shore-dues at Leith amounted to L.580; in 1783 they were not under L.4000. These are only a few instances of the rapid growth of prosperity, in Edinburgh; but they serve to mark the general features of the times, and, of course, with this prosperity, theatrical entertainments gradually acquired increasing interest and importance.

Mr Ross, perceiving that he had not the talents exactly qualified to suit him for a manager, let the Theatre on a lease of three years, for five hundred guineas a-year, to the celebrated Foote, who, in 1770, brought down an excellent company with him from his own Theatre of the Hay Market, and cleared one thousand pounds in a single season. Finding it inconvenient, however, to be so much absent from London, he sublet the Theatre for the remaining two years of his lease to Messrs Digges and Bland, the former of whom, in particular, was then well known in Edinburgh as a clever and favourite performer. They were so well pleased with their bargain, that they renewed the agreement with Mr Ross for five years more; but it is not understood

that they finally made much money. The Theatre was afterwards rented for separate years by Corri and Wilkinson; and in 1781 the house and patent, and whole property, were purchased from Ross by Mr Jackson, himself an actor, and man of ability, being the author of a "History of the Scottish Stage," which is creditably written.

For ten years Mr Jackson continued to act as manager, with various success. His company was always respectable; and there were some, both among the male and female resident performers, who are still remembered by many, who are older now than they were then, as possessing attractions, which to them have not appeared to be surpassed or equalled by those of any of their successors. This, however, may only be imagination,—the fondness with which we cling to early associations, when every thing was new, and the capacity of enjoyment more fresh and keen. Though comparatively but a few years have passed, it is only in the recollection of the old, that the names of the performers resident here towards the conclusion of the last century, whose abilities delighted, or whose beauty charmed, continue to exist. To the present generation, with one or two exceptions, they are all alike unknown; but such is ever the actor's fate. During the period of which we speak, most of the first-rate London performers visited Edinburgh. Among these were Henderson, Pope, King, Bowden, Lee Lewes, Yates, and John Kemble; and Miss Farren, Mrs Pope, Mrs Jordan, Mrs Esten, Mrs Yates, Mrs Baddeley, and Mrs Siddons. It was on Saturday, May 22, 1784, that Mrs Siddons first appeared on the Edinburgh stage, in the part of *Belvidera*. She was then in the very zenith of her fame; and in order to enable the manager to make her a suitable offer, the nobility and gentlemen raised L.200 by subscription, to which, L.200 was added from the treasury of the theatre, and the four hundred was offered to Mrs Siddons for an engagement of nine nights. She preferred, however, to take her chance of the receipts, and to halve the profits of each night, after the expenses had been deducted. By this means Mrs Siddons made a very handsome sum: her share of the receipts amounted to L.467; she was also presented with the L.200, which had been subscribed by the noblemen and gentlemen; she had a clear benefit at raised prices, which gave her L.180; and she received, in presents of plate and gold tickets, at least L.120; so that her nine nights were worth to her L.967. On the other hand, taking the manager's various expenses into consideration, his profits were only L.347. This Mr Jackson states decidedly (and we believe he is correct) to be no equivalent for the depression which takes place in the receipts before a star appears, and the public satiety which ensues afterwards. "The introduction of exotics," he remarks, "for a short period, at any theatre out of London, must be attended with inconveniences to a manager, in a greater or a less degree, according to local circumstances, or the temper of the times. For though the wishes of the audience may be thereby gratified to the uttermost, and the spirit and exertions of the manager for a moment extolled; yet the hour of reflection soon returns to the latter, and satiety and lassitude pervades the town. The best selected pieces, most respectably cast, are represented to empty benches; and the hundreds that have been taken in a week, by the attraction of merit or fashion, are thus expended in support of an expensive company, through the remainder of a long and dragging season." "Mrs Siddons's cast," he adds, "is *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, *Lady Randolph*, and all in that line. Mrs Jordan's, the *Country Girl*, the *Miss Hoydens*, and sprightly comedy. Thus, if those ladies are seen in *twelve* characters each, it proves the occasion of *twenty-four* plays being laid upon the shelf. For so attractive have they been found in those particular performances, in which they are allowed chiefly to excel, that it would be next to an impossibility, for the best *annual actress* that could be procured, to support the situation of either, in the smallest degree of comparison; or to preserve the pieces in which they had so recently appeared upon the acting stock list of the theatre."

In the year 1787, the time for which the patent had been originally granted having expired, it was renewed to Mr Jackson, being taken out in the names of the Duke of Hamilton and the Right Hon. Mr Dundas. The campaign of 1788 opened with every probability of success; but a circumstance happened which materially affected the manager's interests. Messrs Fennell and Woods were the principal tragedians of the company. The latter had been long known to the Edinburgh audience, and was much liked; the former was not so well known, and not so popular. In the play of "Venice Preserved," Woods had always sustained the part of *Jaffier*; but in casting it for July 9th, 1788, during an engagement of Mrs Siddons, Jackson thought that Woods would play *Pierre* better than Fennel, and that Fennell would play *Jaffier* better than Woods. The piece was arranged accordingly, and so announced in the bills; but the public were not at all satisfied at this attempt, as they construed it, to make their favourite Woods give way to Fennell. On the day before the tragedy was acted, the manager received an anonymous letter, couched in the following terms:—"Sir,—If the parts of *Jaffier* and *Pierre* are not differently cast before to-morrow, the play will not be allowed to go on. It is unpardonable in a manager to thrust a fellow into a part which he must be sensible he is totally incapable of performing.—*The Public.*" Jackson, however, had made his arrangements, and was resolved to abide by them. The consequence was, that for three nights no performances were allowed to proceed in the theatre, and there was a regular riot every evening. Fennell, unfortunately, on the first night made a speech, which only exasperated the minds of the public to such a degree, that they were resolved to get quit of him altogether; and on the 15th the manager received the following letter, signed by Henry Erskine, and one hundred and sixty-two other advocates and writers:—"Sir,—We are of opinion, that Mr Fennell's late deportment to the public, and your conduct as manager with regard to that matter, require a very ample apology from both, testifying your deep regret for having failed in the respect due to them; and that, if Mr Fennell refuses to make such an apology, you ought immediately to dismiss him. And we take this method of intimating to you, that if this opinion is not complied with, by making the apology suggested on Wednesday evening, or dismissing Mr Fennell, that neither we nor our families will hereafter frequent your theatre, or show you any countenance as manager, except that, from our high regard to Mrs Siddons, we shall postpone executing our resolution till her engagement expires." There was now no alternative. Poor Jackson made the apology demanded, and, as this was a concession Fennell refused, intimated, that "it gave him inexpressible concern to be under the disagreeable necessity of informing the audience, that Mr Fennell was withdrawn."

These disturbances were thus put an end to; but Mr Jackson does not seem to have ever afterwards felt quite so comfortable in his situation. During the year 1789, nevertheless, his clear profits amounted to L.726; but in 1790, upon balancing his accounts, he found he had sustained a loss of L.21. This was partly owing to the establishment of a kind of minor theatre, which, under the title of a Circus, thinned the benches of the Theatre Royal. "The supposition of two theatres existing in Edinburgh," says Mr Jackson, "even increased as it is in size, and the number of its inhabitants, cannot for a moment be entertained by those who are the least conversant in stage matters." He makes good this assertion by referring even to London, and more especially to Dublin; where, to prevent the ruin of all parties, the

legislature found it necessary to interfere, and limit dramatic amusements to *one* theatre. We are strongly inclined to believe that his arguments still hold good; but upon this subject we shall not at present enlarge.

Mr Jackson was now beginning to get tired of his managerial duties; and, in 1791, he associated Mr Stephen Kemble with himself as joint manager. They soon quarrelled; Jackson retired altogether, and, for ten or twelve years, Stephen Kemble remained sole manager. But if we are to be at all guided by the "Letters of Timothy Plain," which appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper called "The Scots Chronicle," during the years 1797, 8, 9, and 1800, and which were afterwards collected and published separately, we must believe that Stephen Kemble was altogether unfit for the office he undertook, and that, under him, the drama in Edinburgh retrograded very considerably. Nor did it recover itself much under the dynasty of Mr Henry Siddons, who succeeded Kemble, and who, we believe, was an amiable man, but a very indifferent actor and inefficient manager. On his demise, the patent passed into the hands of his widow, Mrs H. Siddons, who has, of late years, given her brother, Mr Murray, a share in the establishment, and intrusted him with the exclusive management. We shall have occasion frequently to advert to his conduct in this capacity, and we shall be chary both of praise and blame, unless when the one or the other is justly deserved. But, in the meantime, it is only fair to remark generally, that few theatres in the country are on a more respectable footing than ours now is; and that this is to be attributed mainly to the exertions of the present manager, and the high character for talent and integrity which both he and his sister have always maintained.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 29—Dec. 5.

SAT. *Les Folies Amoureuses, La Somnambule, & 'Twas I.*
MON. *Green-eyed Monster, Two Friends, & Bottle Imp.*
TUES. *Do., He Lies like Truth, Do. & John of Paris.*
WED. *Le Depit Amoureux, Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac, Le Bouffe et le Tailleur, & The Bottle Imp.*
THUR. *La Somnambule, Les Anglaises pour Rire, & He Lies like Truth.*
FRI. *Tartufe, Le Mariage Extravagant, & Brother and Sister.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HAREBELLS.

A DREAM OF HOME.

By Professor Wilson.

An utter wilderness of heaven and earth!
Above—no dreamlike isles Elysian,
In rest or motion on a blue abyss
Of boundless beauty, felt to be profound
As the pure silence of the ancient skies!
No solitary cloud-ship sailing by,
All by herself, with her unmurmuring prow,
Through tideless ether, ever and anon
Brought brightlier out in all her bravery
By sudden splendours streaming from the sun,
Enamour'd of the pageant from afar!
Nor yet innumerous fleet aerial,
Varying its shape to every breath that blows
Unheard in that high clime by mortal ears,
From wedge to crescent, voyaging the light,
Like creatures in their native element
Banded for pastime in meridian day!
But all was dim; and soon the dimness grew
Darker and darker, almost black as night,
When, drowsily, at last th' eclipsed sun
Shut his faint eye-lid, and a sudden awe
Fell on me from th' obscured firmament.

Below—the sun-forsaken desert lay,
Shorn of the colour'd beams that beautify
The naked rocks, till their old lichens burn
Like rainbows, and the dusky heather moors
Look up in crimson to the crimson clouds,
Making one glory; soon the death of light
Brought on the death of sound in streams and lochs,
All hush'd as frost; while the great Cataract
Kept falling in his forest sullenly,
Like far-off thunder deaden'd by the hills.

An utter wilderness of heaven and earth!
No cottage-smoke—no flitting bird—no bee
Humming—no roe astir within the brake—
No red-deer belling up among the cliffs—
Silent the eagle's eyry, as if the Bird
Were preying far at sea—among the mist
Mute Echo listen'd, listen'd all in vain
In her dim cavern unresponsively,
To ghost-like whisperings and mysterious sighs
Coming and going through the solitude.

I felt a syncope of soul and sense!
Fancy her wings upfolded; Memory
Lay in a swoon; Imagination,
In the dull eye, and in the duller ear,
Imprison'd, lost at once her heavenly dower,
And work'd no wonders; like a burial-place
Was all the scene around, mere dreamless dust;
And I stood there, mid strange evanishings
Of thoughts and feelings dearest to my heart,
With all their sweetest, fairest imagery,
Insensate almost as the very stone
On which I leant, deep-sunken in the moss,
The black moss of that quaking wilderness.

Oftimes to me the heart of solitude
Beats cheerily, with grandeur in the cheer,
With many-pulsed life. Were I a Thrall
In some stone dungeon-cell beneath the sea,
Rock-ribb'd against the music of the tides,
My finer ear could catch the melodies
Of small waves breaking foamy on the shells,
The pale pink shells of silvery-sanded shores
Of far-off isles, where plumed heads are seen
Nodding in graceful dance through palmy groves;
Or the dread diapason of the deep,
When ocean renders back unto the sky,
From the white tumult of some mid-sea cliff,
A more majestic thunder; or escaped
In soul from th' iron bondage of my frame,
The wings of some glad Dove would I then take,
And, like that Dove sole-sitting in a tree,
Enjoy the silvan silence, by fair shapes
Haunted,—by Dryad, or, than Dryad far
Lovelier, some simple human Shepherdess
Seeking lost lamb, or floweret in the woods;
Or, in a bolder mood, the sounding plumes
Of the Golden Eagle I would borrow, fresh
With light and dew of morning, and aloft,
Soaring in glorious metamorphosis,
Make heaven and earth my own—as lightning quick
Mine eye—my wing far stronger than the storm.

Vain boast! for in that desert's loneliness
My spirit, faithless to her sacred trust,
Forsook her stay upon the past, and fell
Into a mortal fit as blank as death!

In that dim trance, lo! something at my feet,
That in its wavering bloom seem'd beautiful!
The beauty indistinct of form, and hue,
And motion—for the Vision gently moved
Like light on water—almost dazzling—bright,
Yet in its brightness tenderly subdued
Down into faint and melancholy smiles!
With startled spirit, even as one awakes
From dreamless sleep, soon as his face is touch'd
By the ray'd fingers of the rosy morn,
I gazed and gazed; and then the beauty grew,
Burnishing up by fine and fine degrees,
Into a happy Family of Flowers,
In their delight delighting all the desert,
Though narrow was their mossy nook of home,
The Wild wide as the sea!

Nor grass nor herb,
Nought but their own fair selves were smiling there,
As if they all had sprouted suddenly
Laden with full-blown blossoms, and with buds
Half-blown between, with stalks most delicate,
From the thin soil o'ergrown with yellow moss
That shared their beauty; or had fallen down,
Immortal flowers! from the pure coronal
Of Seraph swimming through our lower skies,
One hour away from heaven!

A whispering wind,
Self-born amid the silence, like a thought,
A cheerful thought, not unembued with love,
Nor unallied to tears, almost a sigh,
Touch'd these sweet HAREBELLS,—for I knew their names,
Even through the uncertain glimmer of their blue
And skiey beauty,—and a shower of pearls,
Shook from their petals, bathed the stalks as fine
As gossamer, and slipt along the leaves,
The tiny leaves almost invisible
Thus hid in dew, and as the dew expired,
Now greener than the green of emeralds.
Fancy, awaken'd by their loveliness,
Believed one moment that she heard a chime
From these blue bells, as from the magic reins
Of that green-armour'd elfin Chivalry,
That wont of old, beneath the moon and stars,
In many a glittering squadron, through the woods
And down the glens of Scotia to deploy,
In long succession, while the Lady-Fern
The cavalcade o'ershadow'd, and the Hind
Or Shepherd lonely and belated, view'd
With beating heart, and with the Holy Sign
Across his bosom drawn unconsciously,
Ride by the Fairy Queen and all her Court!

But Fancy's dreams are transient in their flight
As the thin thistle-down—those of the Heart
Are in their nature permanent and pure,
As fragrance vested in the rose-bud's cell.
So, suddenly methought, those HAREBELLS fair
All bended towards one central Luminary,
The fairest of them all—the parent Flower!
Like to young children, on some Sabbath eve,
Some deep-hush'd hour of pious ecstacy,
Leaning with tearful faces towards one
By all beloved, the mother of them all;
And mute as images, when from the Book,
The Holy Book spread open on her knees,
She reads some scriptural story steep'd in woe—
Of Abel near his grassy altar kill'd
Even by his brother Cain—or Joseph sold
To slavery by his brethren—can such guilt
Be born beneath the skies?—or Absalom
Rebelling 'gainst his father—and bemoan'd
By the old man, "Would I had died for thee!
O Absalom! Absalom! my son! my son!"

The fine association fill'd my soul
With an access of love, that overflow'd
My inmost being, like a flood of light
Pour'd all at once into a room that fronts
The East, when an impatient hand unbars
A little bolt, and of our clay-built walls
A window, to the windows of high heaven
Exposed, lets Morning in through all the house
Rejoicing in its tenant—the bright Sun!

Still were the moorland HAREBELLS beautiful
In their own mute insensate nature, breathing
Of God amid the wild; but from that show
So exquisite of heavenly workmanship,
Emblems of beings far more exquisite
In the endowment of immortal souls,
I turn'd me round in gushing tenderness,
And, manifest before my eyes, lo! stood
Even in the very flesh, no phantoms they,
My own dear Family, my children blest,
And in the midst their mother—wife beloved!
The gentle one whose gentle life they share,
Whose joy is oft like sadness, and her sadness
Oft but a dim faint shadow of her joy!

What love—what bliss—may be concentrated
In one uprising of the soul within us,
During one single comprehensive moment,
In time a point, and as a sunbeam fleet,—
The swelling and the dying of a wave!
Yet to the wondrous being who enjoys it,
Like a long summer day, and deep and full
Of mystery as the multitudinous sea.
Unto the blessed phantoms, for indeed
Phantoms they were, although I knew it not,
Few were the tenderest words I did address
In that my dear delusion! One I drew
Close to my heart, within my folding arms,
And with a father's prayer I kiss'd that head
So star-like, all the while her Christian name
Murmuring, "my Mary!" and the child was blest!
Soon was her place most lovingly supplied
By my bright Margaret, and the phantom sang
Without my bidding, the sad favourite air
That I might almost wish to hear her sing
Upon my death-bed, for 'tis like a hymn,
And breathes of something far beyond the grave!
I felt a pressure on my knees; and lo!
That merry elf, my rosy-cheeked Jane,
Hung back her head with all its links of light,
And laugh'd up to my face so joyously
That in the sweet contagion of her glee
I started, for an instant undeceived,
At my own laughter in the wilderness.
But wild, and likewise bold, as roes at play,
Danced round me my two boys, then disappear'd
Behind a knoll, and then with shouts and springs
Careering through the heather, breathless came
Back to my feet, and laid them gently down,
By pastime given into the arms of sleep.
While, meekly standing, some small space apart,
That she might there more tranquilly enjoy
My joy, upon a sunny spot I saw
The Guardian Angel of my mortal life;
And sure no sooner met our eyes than met
Our hearts; but in that meeting broke the spell,

Beneath too strong a stir of happiness!
A vanishing! and I was left alone
In the dark desert, while the HAREBELLS smiled
Like disenchanted flowerets at my feet!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Messrs Oliver and Boyd seem to have commenced with activity their publishing campaign. We have already had occasion to notice two new works of theirs,—Malcolm's "Scenes of War," and Mrs Johnstone's "Diversions of Hollycot;" and in the course of this week, four more new works have been put into our hands, which are about to issue from "Tweeddale Court." These are "My Grandfather's Farm, or Pictures of Rural Life,"—"The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk,"—"Discourses on Some Important Points of Christian Doctrine and Duty, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Minister of Douglas,"—and "A Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Intestine Worms, by William Rhind, Surgeon." All these it is our intention to notice speedily.

Mr Blackwood is also about to publish several works of an interesting description, among which are a "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, during the Sixteenth Century, by Dr Thomas M'Crie," the able Historian of the Scottish Reformation, and Biographer of the Fathers of our National Church,—"The Shepherd's Calendar, by James Hogg," "The Shepherd Boy," a translation from the German,—and a seventh edition of Pollok's "Course of Time."

We have received a copy of Miss Mitford's "Rienzi;" and we understand that this tragedy is on sale at Mr Sutherland's, in Calton Street, whose shop, we believe, is the principal depot for plays in town.

Dr Irving, the learned Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and author of the Elements of English Composition, is preparing for publication a History of Scottish Poetry, from the middle of the Thirteenth to the commencement of the Eighteenth Century.

"The Jurisdiction of the Temporal Courts of Scotland," just published, by Maclachlan and Stewart, is a small pamphlet, giving an account of the powers and privileges of these courts.

We perceive that Mr Colburn is to publish, in January next, No. I. of a new monthly periodical, to be entitled "The Journal of the United Service," to be dedicated entirely to the interests of the military and naval professions. The work is to be conducted by an officer of his Majesty's Service.

"The Disowned," a novel, by the author of "Pelham," has just appeared.

"The Musical Bijou, an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for 1829," is announced. Amongst its contents are two songs by the Ettrick Shepherd,—"The Harp of Ossian," and "My Emma, my darling." There are also original musical compositions by Bishop, Barnett, Bayly, and others.

A gentleman of the name of James has lately published a Poem, called "The Ruined City," which is reviewed and praised in the last Number of the New Monthly Magazine. In the Preface there is this passage:—"A few years ago a party of English gentlemen, travelling in the Morea, *conceived the idea* of visiting some of the ruins of ancient Greece by moonlight. An account of the effect produced, given by one of the travellers to the author, suggested the following little Poem." The English party must have consisted of men of the most original minds, to *conceive the idea* of visiting Greek ruins by moonlight, and the author must be a person of a vast reach of thought to *conceive the idea* of writing a Poem in consequence.

Mr Sheppard, the author of "Thoughts on Devotion," has in the press a work entitled "A View of some of those Evidences for the Divine Origin of Christianity, which are not founded on the authenticity of Scripture."

A History of India, in two volumes, is preparing for publication, by James Augustus St John and Leitch Ritchie.

A new work is announced, to be completed in five Numbers, each of which will contain four portraits, engraved by the first artists, of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II, with Biographical Notices, by the author of "The Diary of an Ennuyé."

Dr Macintosh, Lecturer in Edinburgh on the Practice of Physic, is about to publish "Elements of the Principles and Practice of Physic."

"A New Year's Eve, and other Poems," have just appeared, by the amiable Quaker, Bernard Barton.

F. Mansel Reynolds, the editor of "The Keepsake," is the son of Reynolds the dramatic writer, who, during more than a quarter of a century, produced annually one or two dramas, nearly all of which were eminently successful. Reynolds's last publication was the history of his "Life and Times," to which, we learn, he intends to add a supplementary volume.

A new Cyclopædia, to be called "The Cabinet Cyclopædia," has been announced by Messrs Longman and Co., in which, it is said, some of the first men of the age will unite their labours. One of the peculiarities of this work is, that it professes to produce treatises on the most abstruse departments of science and art, divested altogether of their technical language and symbols, and to present them in such a form, that all their most important results will be intelligible to the general reader. This, perhaps, may be done, but it is very difficult to do. We know of only three successful attempts of the kind. Newton in his "Opties;" Laplace in his "Systeme du Monde;" and Biot in his "Precis de Physique." Dr Lardner is to be the Editor.

It is suggested in the last Number of the "Literary Gazette," that the large block of stone lately dug out of Craigleith Quarry, should be transported to London, and erected in a conspicuous situation, in honour of the King. There are just two objections to this suggestion—the first is, that we do not see why a natural curiosity of this kind should be carried away from the land that produced it; and the second is, that the stone in question is now broken into small pieces.

We are glad to find that the activity and zeal of the Scottish Episcopal Church keeps pace with the impulse lately given to the study of Theology in Scotland, by the induction of Dr Chalmers to the Divinity Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Besides the Theological Lectures delivered by the learned Episcopalian Professor, Dr Walker, we understand that the Right Reverend Bishop Sandford has commenced reading Lectures on Hebrew Literature, in which it is known he is profoundly versant; and we also learn, that that acute and accomplished scholar, the Rev. Mr Terrot, has announced his intention of giving a course of Lectures on the Greek Testament, to begin in January next.

European Universities.—It may be interesting to some of our readers to know, that there are twenty-five Universities in France; from twenty to thirty in Germany; four in Prussia; six in Russia; fifteen in Italy; eleven in Spain; six in the Netherlands; four in Switzerland; two in Portugal; two in Denmark; four in Scotland; and three in England.

We observe that a new peristrephic panorama of the Battle of Navarin, (is not this a Cockney corruption of Navarino?) is about to be opened in this city. We consider a good panorama one of the most innocent and delightful exhibitions with which we are acquainted; and we are glad that Edinburgh is seldom without one or two—both Panoramas and Dioramas. We should have no objection to see Cosmoramas and Myrioramas added to the list.

Messrs Roberts and M'Donald have both, we perceive, announced a series of Rhetorical Readings. Mr Roberts, with Miss Noel's assistance, is to mingle music with elocution, which cannot fail to make a very agreeable combination.

We think it right to direct the attention of all lovers of the fine arts to Mr Galli's Exhibition of Ancient Paintings, now open in the rooms of the Royal Institution. The pictures are very numerous, and some of them—especially one or two by Albert Cuyp, Spada, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Titian, Backhuysen, Teniers, and Gerard Douw,—of rare beauty and value.

We are assured by a correspondent, upon whose authority we can rely, that the *Grace* recited at the recent dinner of the Antiquarian Society, as an extempore and unpublished effusion of Burns, is well known throughout all the south of Scotland, as an old covenanter's grace, which was composed, and frequently delivered, before Burns was born. The lines themselves, in so far as their literary merit is concerned, are scarcely worth quarrelling about.

Theatrical Gossip.—A new drama, in two acts, entitled "Aloyse, or the Forester's Daughter," is to be brought out at the Edinburgh Theatre on Tuesday next. It is the production of a lady, who, as an authoress, is already a favourite with the public. From what we have learned regarding "Aloyse," we are inclined confidently to anticipate its success. The piece, we are informed, is somewhat of a melancholy cast, and Mrs Henry Siddons, who plays the heroine, upon whom the interest mainly hinges, has a part admirably suited to her. Pritchard, and Montague Stanley, have also striking characters; and Murray one to which he will, no doubt, do ample justice. We believe, also, that some original music will be introduced by Miss Tunstall; and, in short, it does not seem to be at all probable, that the fair author will need to claim that indulgence from the audience which gallantry and good feeling would of course prompt, were the dramatic effort she has made less likely to be successful.—Nothing particular is doing in London. A Miss Byfield, who has recently appeared as a singer at Covent Garden, is spoken of as likely soon to fill the place of Miss Stephens. Miss Fanny Ayton is warbling at Bath; and Miss Foote is playing at Lincoln. Ducrow is about to make his appearance in Glasgow, where he will remain some time.

TO OUR READERS.

The Edinburgh Literary Journal for November 1828, Part I., in a handsome cover, containing three numbers, is this day ready, price 1s. 6d.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear occasionally from the Glasgow Correspondent, whose communication appears in this day's "Journal."—We hope to hear soon again from our friend at Dumfries.—We cannot judge of the translations from the German by the specimens sent us, which are too short and unconnected.—"The Smuggler" will not suit us.—"The Telescope, No. I." and "Practical Jokes, No. I." indicate abilities which practice might improve.—"Old Edwards" is good, but not quite good enough.—Want of room prevents the insertion of our article upon the Blind.

We continue to receive much more poetry than we know what to do with. Our best thanks, however, are due to the author of the "Sonnets," which shall appear as soon as possible. So shall some of the "Stanzas" of "D.V." of Dundee; and also of "J. S. P." —"A. S." of Dundee—"M." of Glasgow—"M." of Edinburgh, and the Lines entitled "Manhood," will not suit us.—"D." asks for a candid opinion. We never give any other. His "Fragment" has been converted into fragments.

All anonymous Communications must be post-paid, which an Aberdeen Correspondent, who signs "A. B." should have known. But as we are somewhat opposed to the system of anonymous writing, so common of late, we should wish as many of our Correspondents as possible to add their names to their communications.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 5. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

An Examination of the Human Mind. By the Rev. John Ballantyne. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1828.

To the great majority of people, *metaphysics* is, perhaps, the most appalling combination of vowels and consonants in the English language. It is regarded as a sort of cabalistic dialect,—difficult to pronounce, and most impossible to comprehend,—generally made up into treatises of four volumes and upwards, which receive their final accomplishment in the purposes of the snuff-vender, or the devices of the trunk-maker. It is the only branch of science of which a man makes a merit of knowing nothing, and young ladies avow ignorance without blushing. In short, it is looked upon as something disreputable to human beings, and excusable only in divinity-students and dissenting weavers. Even as far back as the middle of the last century,—when the general impulse that paved the way to revolution, of government in France, and of opinion throughout Europe, had lent a deeper interest and intensity to the abstract and fundamental doctrines of man's constitution and rights,—even then we find the most acute and elegant philosopher of his age,—perhaps of his country,—regretting the comparative apathy of his contemporaries to abstruse theories, and reluctantly frittering his own system into detached essays, as the only means of gaining a hearing with the public. And yet it is curious, that what is thus obnoxious in a systematic and symmetrical form, is the habitual study and practice of every one. The whole business and conduct of life is nothing else than the practical application of those individual laws, which it is the province of philosophy to correct, arrange, analyse, and illustrate. In the most trivial actions some theory is formed,—some ratiocination made,—upon those very principles which, in their more extended application, constitute the body and the value of metaphysical science, and of physical discovery. So wonderful, indeed, do the splendours of intellectual art appear, when brought together, and made palpable to view in the annals of philosophy, that "we can scarcely bring ourselves to think that genius is but a form of general tendencies of association, which all partake; and that its magnificent conceptions rise according to the same simple laws which regulate the course of vulgar thought."

The distaste for systems of abstract inquiry that has so long prevailed, is attributable, therefore, not to the subject matter itself,—for its immediate application comes home to the business and bosom of every rational being,—but to the repulsive aspect which, under the dogmas and drivelling of the schoolmen, philosophy for a period assumed. Urged by a zeal no less blind than impetuous, for the support of a creed, as uninfluential on the heart as incomprehensible to the mind, their whole energies were devoted to mystify matters which could not be explained, until the sacredness of religion, in the end, became subservient and secondary to the very subtleties that were originally invented for its aid. These impieties and fooleries, indeed, were subsequently destroyed by the promulgation of the Inductive Laws; but, like the stains on female honour, their memory and influence have never been altogether obliterated. One great lesson, nevertheless, has been taught to philosophers in general, by this very stigma,—namely, the danger of prosecuting their speculations with any other view than the discovery of truth, for its own sake; and the absurdity of setting out with the determination of involving their opinions with preconceived notions or systems.

This lesson, however, the author of the volume before us seems to have overlooked; for, at the very outset, he lays down, as a positive criterion of the truth of any system, that it cannot, by any inference, lead to a conclusion on which a full majority of the Christian world hold to be infallible; and, in perfect accordance with such a preface, we have all manner of texts from holy writ to solve the most legitimate and appropriate questions of natural theology. This is equally repugnant to good taste, and to the plainest principles and ordinary rules of philosophical reasoning;—and although the author's plea of being but slightly conversant with the metaphysical writings of others, may serve as an apology in cases of oversight or mistake,—we apprehend that it cannot stand him in stead for raising, on the very violation of a rule, a charge of Atheism (as clearly as implication can) against the very individual to whom the doctrines of the existence of a Deity, and of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, as dictates of natural religion, owe more than to all his predecessors. It is either childish or Jesuitical to make any distinction in Atheism between a genius like Brown and his doctrine. At that rate, Atheism might abound all over the world, and yet it would be impossible to point out a disbeliever in his God. We can conceive of even a mind like Pope's being gradually blinded by the metaphysical plausibilities of another, until he became the instrument of disseminating a system which, had he seen its consequences, he would have abjured and detested; but that the most subtle and profound intellect of modern times was unable to perceive, what to Mr Ballantyne appears so very obvious, is altogether incredible indeed. We would fain hope, that the passage which has called forth our animadversions is merely one of the hasty and undigested remarks, of which the volume affords so many specimens; and that, should a second edition ever afford an opportunity of correction, the author will be prompt to cancel an imputation, which justice should have withheld him from throwing on the living, and charity from casting on the dead.

We have insisted thus long on the tone and temper of this work, because the author has weakened his own positions by a perpetual appeal, when hard pushed, to devotional consequences, instead of sound logic: As, where he combats Edward's doctrine of the Will, by declaring, "that it is purely physical necessity, or fatal-

ity,"—where he overthrows Reid's theory of Contingency, by the simple assertion, that it proves "the whole universe must be under the supreme jurisdiction of chance,"—or where he denounces Dugald Stewart for having broached a theory, which, notwithstanding "the appearances of piety under some of its aspects," leads directly to more impious results—than we choose to copy, but which the author has elaborately detailed in a note at pp. 242 and 243. Such impotent conclusions could only beget a smile, were it not that they appear a kind of retributive justice towards the philosopher last named, who, when the fire of genius was nearly extinct, raked up its flickering embers for the purpose of blasting the fair fame of a departed, and, in our opinion, superior, genius.

It is time, however, that we proceed to give some account of the work itself. From the introduction,—by far the best piece of composition in the book, and which contains some sound and acute remarks on the mode of conducting philosophical speculations,—we learn that the volume now given to the public contains only one of four sections, into which the "Examination" is divided; and that the publication of the rest is (very judiciously, we think,) delayed, until the receptio nof their precursor is ascertained. We are further informed that the author is an amateur, "not extensively acquainted" with writings on the subject of which he treats, and, therefore, as he very truly says, liable "to appropriate to himself what may really belong to those who have gone before." Such is the account given by Mr Ballantyne of his intentions, his acquirements, and his book; and after a careful perusal of the latter, it seems to us pretty apparent, that it is the work of one, who is an admirer of what in the days of Beattie was so popular under the misnomer of "the Common Sense Philosophy." Not that in his individual doctrines he is to be confounded with that interjectional and stipendiary polemic,—or even with the more temperate, though equally untenable, arguments of Dr Reid; but his great aim, in the peculiar system he has adopted, is, like theirs, to measure philosophical theories by popular or vulgar opinion; and to take the ordinary feelings and indiscriminate language of mankind, as the ultimate basis, standard, and appeal, in abstract speculation. This leads him, at every other page, to assume as axiomatic, proven, or needless of explanation, points, on which great doubt, and diversity of opinion, prevail.

In no instance is this more conspicuous than in the first chapter, "On the Sensitive Principle," where, without the slightest preparation, and while expecting some hypothesis or explication of the sentient principle, and its susceptibilities, as the ground-work of future deductions,—we are plunged at once into a theory of the Ideas of Extension. Here, in opposition to Brown, who held that such ideas are acquired, and not original; and to Reid, who supposed them to result, not from actual *impression*, but from the consequent *sensations*,—he ascribes their origin, as well as that of our ideas of duration, to what he styles the "law of correspondence." We give the enunciation of this law in his own words. "Every impression on a sensitive part of the body suggests a sensation; and, in connexion with it, an idea of a portion of extension corresponding to the portion of nervous expansion affected." Ideas of extension, therefore, are concomitant and coeval with our sensations; or, in other words, the very first impression on any of the sensitory organs, (which are merely the extremities of nervous expansion,) necessarily suggests the idea of extension and its various modifications of figure, &c. &c. Now, to this explanation we have only one objection, viz. that it is utterly at variance with the facts and phenomena it is meant to elucidate, even in the impressions of touch,—where the idea of extension in the impinging object is most likely to arise. Will any one pretend, that with the tactual feeling of an external substance, we have primarily any idea of extension, real or comparative, either of the nervous expanse affected, or of the body producing the impression? On the contrary, it is notorious, that if, with our eyes shut, the hand is carried over any superficies, the idea of extension depends, not on the position of sensitive surfaces employed in the act of palpation, nor on the portion of space traversed,—but on the comparative celerity or slowness with which the operation is performed. On making the experiment, it will be found, that so far from "the idea of extension corresponding with the extent of impression," we are completely ignorant of the longitudinal dimensions, whether we use a finger or a hand,—or whether the body be two yards or five yards in length. Or, to put the matter in another light,—if the idea of extension depend ultimately on the extent of the *nervous extremity* affected, the puncture of a pin should suggest little more than the idea of a mathematical point,—which hath position but not magnitude. And yet, (when once the idea of extension has been obtained by other means,) there is, perhaps, no impression, which, in its apparent diffusion, conveys an idea of greater extent. The truth is, that even in our tactual impressions, we do not uniformly refer our immediate sensations to the part affected,—as in the case of those who, having lost a limb, ascribe any feeling in the fragment left, to the extremity of which they were long since denuded.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the sense of touch, as subversive of mere sensual impressions affording our first notions of extension. But if we take the most cursory survey of sight, taste, smell, and hearing, the theory becomes supremely ridiculous. We should like to know what ideas of extension arise from the odour of a rose,—or if they do arise, whether we have an idea of greater magnitude in smelling with one nostril, with half a nostril, or with both nostrils,—or whether a rose of small dimensions suggests its comparative diminutiveness when coming after the fragrance of a bulkier predecessor? In taste,—the doctrine may excuse a glutton for taking large mouthfuls,—but it will scarcely satisfy a philosopher of temperate habits.

Our author's theory of our conceptions of Duration we regard as equally unsound,—and his notions on Association scarcely less so. He combats the opinions of Hume and others on the latter point, and maintains that ideas suggest one another, not by any similarity or relation between *their objects*, but by the simple affinity of precedence between themselves. He endeavours to reduce the commonly received laws of association to this single principle, but at such length that we have not space to follow him into details.

The third chapter treats of Volition, under which he includes Attention, Abstraction, Imagination, (in part,) and Causation. He defines Volition to be "the power of detaining our ideas for a longer or shorter period, with a view to the attainment or accomplishment of something;" and characterises it as an original principle of our constitution, "on which, strictly speaking, none of the other principles act. It is it which acts on them, and acts only occasionally as we see meet to employ it." It is in this chapter, and particularly in the 5th and 6th sections, when speaking of the freedom of the mind, and the causative influence of volition,—that an unfounded apprehension of consequences has hurried the author beyond his depth, and made him, as is usually the case with drowning men, catch at straws. That there is in the mind some power or susceptibility, by which, in the choice and attainment of objects, its decisions are regulated, is beyond the reach of doubt. But that this principle is not, like every other mental susceptibility, called into exercise, and modified and controlled, by the circumstances and objects among which it is placed, is improbable from analogy, and contradicted by experience. It must never be forgotten that what we call distinct powers or principles of the mind,

are nothing else than general denominations, under which certain classes of feelings are arranged; and that so far from any absolute diversity or divisibility of powers, we only know of mind as something capable of existing in certain states, which constitute our whole catalogue of feelings, whether sensations, appetites, or emotions; and susceptible, likewise, of affection and change of state, by the infinity of objects of which it is cognizant. Of these states or modes of mind, there is one termed Desire by some,—Will by others,—and Volition by a third party; but which, in all cases, is simply the perception of any object, coupled with the wish to obtain it. This feeling is, perhaps, with the exception of sensation, the most frequent and abiding, in which the mind exists; but still it is as dependent for its rise, force, and duration, upon previous states or affections of the mental principle, as any sensation or emotion whatever. *How* any existent feeling suggests that which immediately follows it, we do not pretend to explain; but that, in the infinite series of mental states, every mutation has its cause in some antecedent affection, and becomes itself the necessary generator of another change, is perfectly apparent, if we suppose any relation or congruity between the sensations, emotions, and notions of human beings. In short, Desire,—or, as our author terms it, Volition, is always an effect of some determinate cause; and, like every other effect, the *necessary* result of its antecedent. We say *necessary*; for, according to any rational definition of cause and effect, it is impossible to conceive the existence of the first, without the instantaneous production of the other. Mr Ballantyne, indeed, informs us, that he knows causes, which, in identical circumstances, are not uniformly followed by identical results; and he gives us to understand, that a man may be placed, at different times, in precisely the same situation, as to all motives and capability of acting, and yet his volitions may be different each time, or he may have no volition at all. We shall not pretend to contradict this, as we are not aware that any parallel phenomena ever occurred in this world; but we will give ten to one,—as a friend of ours offers to all manufacturers of the marvellous,—that the like does not take place again.

There still remains an interminable chapter on the Motive Principle, in which the author seems to be in much the same predicament with ourselves, viz. sorely puzzled to discover the meaning of his "Law of Congruity." This, perhaps, was his excuse for writing so much about it. It must be ours, for dropping the subject.

From what we have said, it must be pretty apparent that we have no high opinion of this work. Indeed, we have only been induced to give it the attention it has met with, from the importance of the subjects which it was intended to expound. It is defective in arrangement,—lame in reasoning,—and so stiff and dry in style, as to be absolutely insufferable to any other than those who are accustomed to the perusal of mediocre metaphysicians.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk; containing the real incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded. By John Howell, Editor of the "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment," "The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner," and Author of An Essay on the War-galleys of the Ancients." Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 196.

THERE are few sorts of reading in which the landsman takes a more romantic interest than the adventures of those who "go down to the great sea in ships." They are a peculiar people who live upon an element of their own; their habits, and thoughts, and feelings, are not as ours. The murmur of the ocean is for ever around them; the four winds of heaven know them as the children of the storm, and the nurslings of the breeze. They have been over that pathless wilderness of waves, which submits not, as the passive earth does, to human control. On its wide fields mortal hand never sowed or reaped; never does it bring forth its spontaneous fruits for man;—it is boundless because unexplored—omnipotent because irresistible. The lord of the creation sinks into helplessness before its might. Wealth and pride go down with a shriek into its depths, and the solitary sea-bird, in whose sight they perish, wheels far away with a shrill cry of scorn, that they should thus idly have braved their fate. And not the daring navigator alone, but all the habitable globe, seems to be at the mercy of the deep. For a time, perhaps for many ages, it may consent to act in accordance with certain unknown and mysterious laws which regulate the heavenly bodies; but who shall say when it may again, as it has done before, burst its bounds, and roll sullenly on over a vanished world? It is a useless question—an unprofitable speculation; but these and similar reflections, though dimly perceived, and seldom expressed, tend more or less to tinge the seaman's character as well as the complexion of the landsman's thoughts, when we happen to consider the nature of his pursuits.

It is true that this is the poetical side of the subject, and that there is another more familiar and not less just, which detracts considerably from the romance that might otherwise attach itself to the habits and occupations of the sailor. He is in general uneducated, ignorant, simple, unrefined; he ploughs the ocean without meditating on its grandeur; he comes into port, and he can tell you little of what he has seen. To him his ship is merely a vehicle for transporting goods from one country to another, and the sea is the mountainous road by which he must continually travel. He may launch forth upon its waters and return no more; but so have thousands, and when a fate is common it ceases to inspire dread. What, then, is to hinder him from passing over the surface of the waves with as much indifference as the fish passes beneath them? What is he but a fish who occasionally walks about upon dry land? When the sea is calm, it is well; when a storm comes, he must weather it the best way he can. As for the poetry of the thing—its beauty and sublimity,—a glass of grog and a bit of fresh beef are worth them all.

Yet, disenchant it as we will, the ocean is full of romance, not in itself alone, but in that which it contains. Its icebergs, its coral reefs, its wild rocks, and its lovely islands, smiling far away like stars in the coronet of night, live in the imagination, and rouse the mind into activity. Then the stories that have been told by the adventurous mariner who has wandered out of the common tracks; who has been placed in situations novel, if not appalling, and the history of whose sensations tends to throw additional light upon human nature,—these can never lose their interest so long as the tides flow. Of all kinds of romance, the romance of real life is the wildest and most absorbing; and in proportion as it is founded upon that romance, fiction acquires a value. Hence, the great charm of De Foe's History of Robinson Crusoe; and hence, the anxiety that has long been felt to know exactly the real incidents from which that history takes its rise. In the work before us Mr Howell has undertaken to supply the information. It was an undertaking well adapted to Mr Howell's peculiar habits and turn of mind. The books he has already published, all of which have sold extensively, prove, that besides a very general stock of knowledge, and a liking for laborious research, he possesses the art of arranging his ideas lucidly, and expressing them in plain simple language, without pretension, and without affectation. Altogether, Mr Howell is a person *sui generis*. Belonging, as he does, to the lower ranks of life, supporting himself entirely as a mechanic,

by honest industry, obliged to combat with the disadvantages of birth and adverse fortune of various kinds, he has, nevertheless, rescued himself by his own decided abilities, from the neglect to which his lowly sphere would have consigned him; and is now not unfrequently honoured, in his humble shop, by visits from Professor Leslie, Sir Walter Scott, and many other scientific and literary characters of the first eminence. We think it right to mention these facts of the author, and we have now a few words to say of his book.

Though it is not absolutely proved, there is every reason to believe that the circumstances stated in Cook's Second Voyage Round the World concerning Alexander Selkirk, meagre as they are, suggested to De Foe the first hint of Robinson Crusoe; and, as Mr Howell justly remarks, "the first perusal of the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe forms an era, not the least important in the pleasures which the young mind derives from the divine gift of letters." When, therefore, we come to understand that Robinson Crusoe was not a real person, but that there *was* a real person on an uninhabited island, under precisely similar circumstances, we are very much inclined at first sight to argue *a fortiori*, that if we could be made to feel so intense an interest in a man of straw, we must needs feel still greater interest in a *bona fide* reality of flesh and blood. And so we should, provided his biographer, honestly determined to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth—could find, in connexion with him, a stock of incidents, so minute and artfully arranged as those which the vivid fancy of De Foe supplied. But, on the contrary, little except a few general and leading facts has been recorded. All that even Cook has told us of Selkirk is meagre and unsatisfactory; nor have others been more explicit, for nothing is to be found but cursory notices and accidental allusions in the Voyages of Funnel, Rogers, Ulloa, and Anson; while the separate pamphlets and papers which appeared concerning him in the magazines and other periodicals of the day, were either catch-penny impositions or theoretical speculations. De Foe drew upon his own imagination, and with its assistance evaded these difficulties; but imagination has little to do with biography, and the consequence is, that the small volume before us, with the exception of some 20 or 30 pages of interesting matter, bears too evident marks of being patched out with extraneous and supplementary care before it could be made to attain even its present moderate size. The truth is, that a hundred and thirty years ago, when the science of navigation was not so well understood as it is now, the mere circumstance of being left for a shorter or longer period on an uninhabited island, was not considered so very wonderful. Cook, in alluding to Selkirk, has expressly said; —"This solitary life is not so amazing: we have mentioned two other persons who, at several times, continued long on the same island, and without these conveniences, this man we here speak of was furnished with; and yet it was never thought worth while to give any particular account of their behaviour there." More than twenty years before Selkirk came to reside on the Island of Juan Fernandez, the celebrated Dampier left one of his men there by mistake, who remained alone upwards of three years. Subsequently several of Davis's crew were left in a similar predicament. Indeed, there used to be nothing more common than sailors being left, either through accident or design, on uninhabited islands or coasts at which ships touched. The genius of De Foe has almost impressed the belief that no man ever suffered in this way but Robinson Crusoe; and it is with regret we learn, on examining the subject, that he is not so singular an exception as we had been led to believe. We cannot, in fact, see, that any man in this situation, is in circumstances very materially different from those which were voluntarily made for themselves, by the hermits of old who lived among the mountains of Abyssinia, or in the deserts of Egypt. The principal distinction seems to be, that in the one case we read of the feelings and occupations of a simple sailor, whose only study was how to keep himself alive; and in the other we are informed of philosophical meditations and austere devotion.

It must not, at the same time, be denied, that though it is right to divest the subject of the romance attached to it by the novelist, it still retains a very considerable interest; and Mr Howell, as a conscientious inquirer into the truth of the case, has the merit of placing the whole circumstances of Selkirk's peculiar destiny in the proper light. We shall present our readers with one or two extracts, which relate particularly to the great incident of Selkirk's life, and which we, of course, consider the most amusing and instructive part of the work. Having told us that he was born in the year 1676, of mean parents, at Largo, in Fife, and that he turned out a spoiled and wayward boy, our biographer, having few materials to work upon, brings us quickly down to 1703, in which year Selkirk, who had early shown a propensity for the sea, and had acquired some little reputation as a man of skill and courage, left the Downs as sailing-master, in one of the two ships with which Dampier proceeded on a cruising expedition to the South Seas. After being furnished with some details of the voyage, which at this time of day possess little general interest, we at length arrive at the island of Juan Fernandez, to which Selkirk's vessel had come for repairs. Selkirk had by this time quarrelled so seriously with his captain, that he determined, at whatever risk, not to return to his vessel. The following is the account Mr Howell gives us of his resolution to remain alone on the island, and of his first feelings when he saw his comrades depart, never to return:—

"From the beginning to the end of September, the vessel remained undergoing repairs. The disagreement, instead of being made up, became greater every day, and strengthened the resolution which Selkirk had made to leave the vessel. Just before getting under weigh, he was landed with all his effects, and he leaped on shore with a faint sensation of freedom and joy. He shook hands with his comrades, and bade them adieu in a hearty manner, while Stradling sat in the boat urging their return to the ship, which order they instantly obeyed; but no sooner did the sound of their oars, as they left the beach, fall on his ears, than the horrors of being left alone, cut off from all human society, perhaps for ever, rushed upon his mind. His heart sunk within him, and all his resolution failed. He rushed into the water, and implored them to return and take him on board with them. To all his entreaties Stradling turned a deaf ear, and even mocked his despair;—denouncing the choice he had made of remaining upon the island as rank mutiny, and describing his present situation as the most proper state for such a fellow, where his example would not affect others.

"For many days after being left alone, Selkirk was under such great dejection of mind, that he never tasted food until urged by extreme hunger, nor did he go to sleep until he could watch no longer, but sat with his eyes fixed in the direction where he had seen his shipmates depart, fondly hoping that they would return and free him from his misery. Thus he remained seated upon his chest, until darkness shut out every obstacle from his sight. Then did he close his weary eyes, but not in sleep; for morning found him still anxiously hoping the return of the vessel.

"When urged by hunger he fed upon seals, and such shell-fish as he could pick up along the shore. The reason of this was the aversion he felt to leave the beach, and the care he took to save his powder. Though seals and shell-fish were but sorry fare, his greatest inconvenience was the want of salt and bread, which made him loathe his food until reconciled to it by long use.

"It was now the beginning of October, (1704,) which in those southern latitudes is the middle of spring, when nature appears in a thousand varieties of form and fragrance, quite unknown in northern climates; but the agitation of his mind, and the forlorn situation in which he was now placed, caused all its charms to be unregarded. There was present no one to partake of its sweets, —no companion to whom he could communicate the feelings of his mind. He had to contend for life in a mode quite strange to him, and it was with much difficulty that he sustained the horror of being alone in such a desolate place. If we think, for a moment, how disagreeable it is to most men to be left by themselves for a few days, we may form a faint idea of his situation, and how painful it must have been to him, a sailor, accustomed to enjoy and perform all the offices of life in the midst of bustle and fellowship. What greatly added to the horrors of his condition, was the noise of the seals during the night, and the crashing made by falling trees and rocks among the heights; which last often broke the stillness of the scene with horrid sounds, that were echoed from valley to valley.

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"The building of the hut was the first object that roused him to exertion; and his necessary absence from the shore gradually weaned his heart from that aim which had alone absorbed all his thoughts, and proved a secondary means of his obtaining that serenity of mind he afterwards enjoyed; but it was eighteen months before he became fully composed, or could be for one whole day absent from the beach, and from his usual hopeless watch for some vessel to relieve him from his melancholy situation."

After the lapse of several months, custom gradually made Selkirk's situation less irksome, and we find him at length becoming happy in his solitude. The following extract supplies us with an account of his mode of life:—

"Having food in abundance, and the climate being healthy and pleasant, in about eighteen months he became reconciled to his situation. The time hung no longer heavy upon his hands. His devotions, and frequent study of the Scriptures, soothed and elevated his mind; and this, coupled with the vigour of his health, and a constantly serene sky and temperate air, rendered his life one continual feast. His feelings were now as joyful as they had before been melancholy. He took delight in every thing around him; ornamented the hut in which he lay with fragrant branches, cut from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, and thereby formed a delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, soft and balmy as poets describe, which made his repose, after the fatigues of the chase, equal to the most exquisite sensual pleasures.

"Yet, happy and contented as he became, there were minor cares that broke in upon his pleasing solitude, as it were to place his situation on a level with that of other human beings; for man is doomed to care while he inhabits this mortal tenement. During the early part of his residence, he was much annoyed by multitudes of rats, which gnawed his feet and other parts of his body, as he slept during the night. To remedy this disagreeable annoyance, he caught and tamed, after much exertion and patient perseverance, some of the cats that ran wild on the island. These new friends soon put the rats to flight, and became themselves the companions of his leisure hours. He amused himself by teaching them to dance, and to do a number of antic feats. They bred so fast, too, under his fostering hand, that they lay upon his bed and upon the floor in great numbers; and, although thus freed from his former troublesome visitors, yet, so strangely are we formed, that when one care is removed, another takes its place. These very protectors became a source of great uneasiness to him; for the idea haunted his mind, and made him at times melancholy, that, after his death, as there would be no one to bury his remains, or to supply the cats with food, his body must be devoured by the very animals which he at present nourished for his convenience.

"The island abounds in goats, which he shot while his powder lasted, and afterwards caught by speed of foot. At first, he could only overtake kids; but latterly, so much did his frugal life, joined to air and exercise, improve his strength and habits of body, that he could run down the strongest goat on the island in a few minutes, and, tossing it over his shoulders, carry it with ease to his hut. All the by-ways and accessible parts of the mountains became familiar to him. He could bound from crag to crag, and slip down the precipices with confidence. So great was his strength and speed, that he could in a short time tire out even the dogs belonging to the Duke and Duchess, and outrun them in the most laborious chase.

"With these capabilities, hunting soon became his chief amusement. It was his custom, after running down the animals, to slit their ears, and then allow them to escape. The young he carried to the green lawn beside his hut, and employed his leisure hours in taming them. They in time supplied him with milk, and even with amusement, as he taught them as well as his cats to dance; and he often afterwards declared, that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit anywhere, to the best of music, than he did to the sound of his own voice with his dumb companions."

At length, after he had been on the island four years and four months, he was destined to be restored to human society. Some Bristol merchants, having fitted out two armed ships to cruise against the French and Spaniards, in the South Seas, gave the command to Captain Rogers, who visited Juan Fernandez at nearly the commencement of his expedition. Mr Howell thus writes on the subject:—

"On the 31st of January 1709, they came in sight of Alexander Selkirk's dominions, who was, as usual, anxiously surveying the watery waste. Slowly the vessels rose into view, and he could scarcely believe the sight real; for often had he been deceived before. They gradually approached the island, and he at length ascertained them to be English. Great was the tumult of passions that rose in his mind; but the love of home overpowered them all. It was late in the afternoon when they first came in sight; and lest they should sail again without knowing that there was a person on the island, he prepared a quantity of wood to burn as soon as it was dark. He kept his eye fixed upon them until night fell, and then kindled his fire, and kept it up till morning dawned. His hopes and fears having banished all desire for sleep, he employed himself in killing several goats, and in preparing an entertainment for his expected guests, knowing how acceptable it would be to them after their long run, with nothing but salt provisions to live upon.

"When day at length opened he still saw them, but at a distance from the shore. His fire had caused great consternation on board; for they knew the island to be uninhabited, and supposed the light to have proceeded from some French ships at anchor. In this persuasion they prepared for action, as they must either fight, or want water and other refreshments, and stood to their quarters all night ready to engage; but, not perceiving any vessel, they next day about noon sent a boat on shore, with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men, all well armed, to ascertain the cause of the fire, and to see that all was safe.

"Alexander saw the boat leave the Duke, and pull for the beach. He ran down joyfully to meet his countrymen, and to hear once more the human voice. He took in his hand a piece of linen tied upon a small pole

as a flag, which he waved as they drew near, to attract their attention. At length he heard them calling to him for a good place to land, which he pointed out, and flying as swift as a deer towards it, arrived first, where he stood ready to receive them as they stepped on shore. He embraced them by turns, but his joy was too great for utterance; while their astonishment at his uncouth appearance struck them dumb. He had at this time his last shirt upon his back; but his feet and legs were bare, his thighs and body covered with the skins of wild animals. His beard, which had not been shaved for four years and four months, was of a great length, while a rough goats's-skin cap covered his head. He appeared to them as wild as the original owners of the skins which he wore."

We have room for only one other extract. A year and a half elapsed before Selkirk returned to England. He was a good deal noticed in London, and Sir Richard Steele has given some account of his appearance and conversation in "The Englishman," which was a periodical paper in continuation of "The Guardian." Selkirk, however, did not remain long in London; he had acquired a distaste for society generally, and set out on a visit to his native village, not so much in expectation of finding himself comfortable there, as from a dislike to the metropolis. We subjoin our author's account of this visit, which is interesting:—

"Selkirk, as soon as he had got the proceeds of his voyage realized, set out for Largo, and arrived early in the spring of 1712 at his native village. It was on the forenoon of a Sabbath-day, when all were in church, that he knocked at the door of his paternal dwelling, but found not those whom his heart yearned to see, and his soul longed to embrace. He set out for the church, prompted both by his piety and his love for his parents; for great was the change that had taken place in his feelings since he had last been within its walls. As soon as he entered and sat down, all eyes were upon him; for such a personage, perhaps, had seldom been seen within the church at Largo. He was elegantly dressed in gold-laced clothes; besides, he was a stranger, which in a country church is a matter of attention to the hearers at all times. But his manner and appearance would have attracted the notice of more discerning spectators. After remaining some time engaged in devotion, his eyes were ever turning to where his parents and brothers sat, while theirs as often met his gaze; still they did not know him. At length his mother, whose thoughts, perhaps, at this time wandered to her long-lost son, recognised him, and, uttering a cry of joy, could contain herself no longer. Even in the house of God she rushed to his arms, unconscious of the impropriety of her conduct, and the interruption of the service. Alexander and his friends immediately retired to his father's house, to give free scope to their joy and congratulations.

"For a few days Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habit, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs, where his chest at present stands, and in the exact place, it is probable, where it then stood. Here was he accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he aught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance, and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, 'That, were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.' But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears.

"Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards. Here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival at Largo, Alexander constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; nay, he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, 'O, my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee! I have not been such since I left thee! and, I fear, never can be again!'"

Little more is known of Selkirk, except that he was afterwards twice married, and died in the year 1723, at the age of forty-seven, on board his Majesty's ship Weymouth, where he held the rank of lieutenant.

The nature of the subject, which, as we have said, we conceive calculated to throw some additional light upon the constitution of human nature, and the propensities and susceptibilities of man's mind, has induced us to devote more time and space to this book than its size and literary merits would otherwise have justified. That hour cannot be mis-spent which is given to the examination of the new emotions which rare and uncommon occurrences awaken in the breast, and of the ingenuity and mental exertion which unforeseen events call forth.

Account of the Edinburgh Sessional School, and the other Parochial Institutions for Education, established in that City in the year 1812. By John Wood, Esq. Edinburgh, John Wardlaw, 1828. Pp. 262.

"SCARCELY," says Mr Wood, "had the atrocious scenes of riot and of bloodshed, by which our northern metropolis was disgraced on the morning of 1st January 1812, disclosed the lamentable extent of youthful depravity in that city, than its established clergy, with a zeal and promptitude worthy of their Church, stood forward to oppose to the violence of the torrent that best, and surest, and only bulwark, of which the wisdom of their pious forefathers had laid the foundation,—the education, and particularly the religious education, of the poor." The expedient adopted by them for this purpose, was the establishment of Gratis Sunday Schools, one of which should be attached to every parish in the city, and under the patronage and superintendence of its kirk session. It was soon found that many of the candidates for admission to these schools were unable to read at all—a circumstance that threatened to defeat the usefulness of the scheme, at least in some degree. Little could be done in the way of teaching young people to read on one day of every week; besides, the great purpose of the institution was to communicate religious instruction, which could not be attempted with effect till the first steps of education were surmounted. To remedy this inconvenience, it was determined to establish, in connexion with these Sunday Schools, one daily school, to which a limited number of the poorer candidates should be admitted gratis, and the rest for a payment of sixpence a-month. This school, supported like the others by a voluntary contribution of the inhabitants at

the church doors once a-year, now receives from five to six hundred scholars, and has been the scene of a most successful experiment in education, of which the results and details are now before us in the little work of which we have copied the title above.

As the directors of the Sessional Schools were under the necessity of consulting economy in their arrangements—in fact, they have but one stated master for their principal school—their attention was naturally turned to that system of teaching which professes to accomplish most by the cheapest means,—namely, the Madras, or National School, or Monitorial,—in short, Dr Bell's system. This, in its external arrangements, they adopted, and it is now practised, but with some modifications.

The substantial merits of this school are, however, in a great measure peculiar to itself. One of the chief things attended to, almost from the first, is to make the pupils understand the meaning of the words and phrases that occur in the course of reading. The simple sounds are taught in words that have meaning, and every body who refers to Mr Wood's book (p. 166) will be satisfied, as well as astonished, that this may be done. These are combined into short sentences, which, as soon as he is capable of reading them, the pupil is required to put into language (Scotch, if he will) of his own—and thus ideas, trifling it may be, but still ideas—results of mental action—are circulating in his brain contemporaneously with sounds. As the child advances, the same attention is paid to the longer words and more complex sentences that occur in the course of his reading, and he pronounces no word that, before he has done with it, he must not have learned to define, no sentence that must not have been resolved into ideas of his own. The method of explaining compound words is analytical; and it is curious enough with what trifling assistance children, who know no language but their own, and *that* imperfectly, are able to resolve words, which none but adepts in the dead or the cognate languages have been hitherto expected to understand, otherwise than empirically. A short extract from Mr Wood's book will explain the way in which this is done:—

"If in any lesson the scholar read of one having 'done an unprecedented act,' it might be quite sufficient for understanding the meaning of that single passage, to tell him that 'no other person had ever done the like;' but this would by no means fully accomplish the object we have in view. The child would thus receive no clear notion of the word *unprecedented*, and would, therefore, in all probability, on the next occasion of its recurrence, or of the recurrence of other words from the same root, be as much at a loss as before. But direct his attention to the threefold composition of the word, the *un*, the *pre*, and the *cede*. Ask him the meaning of the syllable *un* in composition, and tell him to point out to you (or, if necessary, point out to him) any other words in which it has this signification of *not*, (such as *uncommon*, *uncivil*); and, if there be leisure, any other syllables which have in composition a similar effect, such as *in*, with all its modifications of *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, also *dis* and *non*, with examples. Next investigate the meaning of the syllable *pre* in composition, and illustrate it with examples, such as *previous*, *premature*. Then examine, in like manner, the meaning of the syllable *cede*, and having shown that in composition it generally signifies *to go*, demand the signification of its various compounds—*precede*, *proceed*, *succeed*, *accede*, *recede*, *exceed*, *intercede*. The pupil will in this manner acquire not only a much more distinct and lasting impression of the signification of the word in question, but a key also to a vast variety of words in the language." P. 145, 6.

If it shall be asked, What can be the advantage to charity children of so critical a knowledge of terms? the answer is easy and obvious. First, it must be kept in mind, that book-English is to the lower natives of Scotland a sort of foreign tongue, which requires this or some sort of interpretation to make one word in every three or four intelligible. Secondly, it should be remembered that the great object of educating these children at all, is to open the door to religious instruction; and it must be obvious to every body how much the method in question must assist in making the Bible and the Catechism well understood. Thirdly, as the pupils of this school are for the most part intended for trades, to which they must be bound apprentices at an early age, and as they can afterwards be expected to have few opportunities of extending their verbal acquaintance with English, it is desirable that they should carry away from school such an acquaintance with the words that occur in reading, as to make the perusal of any book of information that may fall into their hands easy and agreeable to them. And lastly, the habit of activity and watchful attention, which is created by the necessity of invariably catching the sense of what is read, is found to tell amazingly in some of the other and more advanced departments in the school, insomuch that we can scarcely recommend to our friends a more pleasing or a more wonderful spectacle, than the examination of the geography, the arithmetic, and the grammar forms of this Sessional School.

For the particular steps by which so much is accomplished, as well as for a complete explanation and defence of the method of teaching practised in this seminary, we must refer to Mr Wood's book, which we now take much pleasure in characterising as one of the most judicious and interesting works on education which we have seen. The author is a gentleman of station and liberal acquirements, who gives much of his time to the institution of which he is here the historian; and it is to his judgment and activity that it owes most of what is distinguishing in its plan and management. This book contains many details with which we could have entertained our readers far better, than by our own remarks on the subject of it, had it not been still more our object to invite attention to the institution of which Mr Wood is the Coryphæus, than to do justice to his merits as an author.

The Man of Two Lives: A Narrative, written by Himself. Two vols. London; Henry Colburn. 1828.

We do not know whether this be a translation or not, but it looks a good deal like it. There is a stiffness and a flatness in the writing, which seems to imply that the ideas were originally put on paper in another language—we should guess the German. The fiction, at all events, upon which the main interest of the story principally hinges, is sufficiently German. We do not, however, exactly mean to use this word as a term of reproach. Without professing any admiration for the many wild and extravagant absurdities to which German writers have given birth, we do not choose to join in the cry which has of late been so promiscuously raised, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, against German novels, romances, plays, superstitions, and horrors of all kinds. On the contrary, we care not to conceal our liking even for the bold and most unnatural conceptions which have emanated from this school. The powers of the mind of man may take various ways of showing themselves. Reason, at a certain stage of its progress, must always end in conjecture; and those conjectures, though they may be the most unprofitable, are often the most interesting, which do not merely flutter round the confines of knowledge, but soar away into those dark and undiscovered regions through whose gloom thought rarely or never penetrates. It is said that there are stars so distant that their light has not yet reached this earth; and in like manner there are

some imaginations so wild and erratic, that it would seem to be difficult to determine from whence they came, or whither they were going. Yet, they are not without a purpose; light sprang out of chaos,—order proceeds from confusion; and surely some good may be ultimately derived from the most undigested elements of thought, however far-fetched, or however strained beyond the utmost bounds of probability. This diving into the mysteries of mind—this endeavouring to tear aside the veil that hangs before the filmy sight of materiality, has been stigmatised as dangerous; but it is not dangerous. The very desire which prompts to such investigations, proves that they are lawful; it is an evidence of the noble aspirations of our nature to wish to dig down into the grave, and tear out from its recesses the secrets of futurity. There may be hopelessness in the undertaking; but though the light of day be shut out, why should not the captive long to breathe once more the fresh air of heaven, and dash his chains against his prison walls? Who shall say that some little chink may not be made at last, through which the breeze and the sunshine may enter? Blame not, then, the austere and gloomy votary of German superstition;—superstition is sublimity, and the more sublime, because obscure:—superstition is the very mantle of immortality.

There is *intellect*, too, in many of the mystic disclosures of German imaginations. A traditionary and hereditary belief in supernatural terrors is but the symptom of a weak and ill-regulated constitution; but to conceive and give consistency to beings and things endowed with attributes out of the common course of those laws which seem to regulate the universe, implies a creative power—a something higher than the mere gross frame which surrounds us here. It is for this we look in the pages of German metaphysicians and novelists,—two characters which with them are in general combined. A tale of vulgar terror, calculated only to make peasants gape round a winter fire, would be stale and uninteresting; but the mind that seems capable of untwisting some of the threads of destiny,—of leading us a certain length down the dark road of futurity,—of re-animating the dead, or giving a new species of existence to the living, is not one of which we would willingly speak with disrespect. In the calm exercise of ordinary judgment, we may be inclined to smile at the visionary dreams of heated enthusiasm, but why should we denounce them as baneful or useless? The alchymists of old devoted their lives to a glorious, though most deceitful phantasy; had they succeeded, they would have been deified. They failed; but in their failure there was no disgrace, and to their researches science is indebted for some of its most brilliant discoveries. The eagle cannot imp his golden crest with sunbeams from the fount of light; but still the royal bird, though far beneath the goal to which he tends, soars far above his less ambitious mates. So is it with the genius of the solitary reveller among the forbidden things of heaven and earth;—oftentimes he goes far astray, but there are moments when he seems to touch the very skirts of the hidden mystery, and with thrilling awe we wait for the one additional step which is to carry him into its immediate and revealed presence.

These remarks have partly been suggested by the book before us. In the leading idea on which "The Man of Two Lives" is founded, there is something bold and striking. "If consciousness alone establishes our identity," says the author, "for our body is in a constant state of change, *that* principle in me might render other proof unnecessary. I need only express my consciousness that one and the same mind has animated and directed two distinct persons, was intimate with their growth and their decay, their pleasures and their pains, their mental and moral discipline, their hopes and their fears. I *am* the man now writing his present history, and am equally sure that I *was* that other being whose life I also record, because I know it to have been mine." "As this life," he proceeds, "resembles no other that has ever been written, it should commence in a manner utterly unlike every other biography. The reader, therefore, will allow me to tell him, in the outset, that I died at the early age of forty-five, in the city of Frankfort on the Maine. I distinctly remember the last expressions that were used as life was ebbing fast away. After a rapid survey of a mis-spent existence, I suddenly clasped my hands together, and exclaimed, with convulsive energy, 'Oh! that I could return again into the womb of my mother, and spring once more into a world in which I have trifled with time, and abused the blessings of my condition! I have suffered much, and deserved to suffer; never having promoted the happiness of others, I, of necessity, poisoned my own.' At that agonizing moment, did I fancy a voice of more than human sweetness, or did really some immortal spirit speak to my mind, rather than to an ear stiffening into clay, the words which follow? *Unhappy mind! thy wish is granted; thou shalt once more animate a human form.*"

Such is the wild conception upon which this romance is founded, and it is one out of which a good deal might have been made. But the author appears to be quite unequal to the task. We could almost believe that another had supplied him with the idea, and that he had only reared a dull superstructure upon it. We cannot descend to particulars; but we may state generally, that there is a woful deficiency of incident, and that those introduced are far too insignificant and puerile for the subject. Neither is there much animation in the style; and though there is an occasional attempt at a display of some learning, we strongly suspect it is only surface work. Instead of being prolonged into a novel of two volumes, had the tale been condensed into thirty or forty pages, it might have been interesting; as it is, we are afraid a good subject has been spoiled.

My Grandfather's Farm; or Pictures of Rural Life. Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 335.

This is the production of an amiable, but not of a very talented man. Like the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," it consists of a series of sketches, illustrative of the character and peculiarities of the peasantry in the southern and agricultural districts of the country. But these "Pictures of Rural Life," are not an imitation of the "Lights and Shadows." The style of the two authors is perfectly different, the one being much more imaginative and poetical, and consequently of a higher order, than the other. Plain narrative, which trusts to exciting attention by the truth and minuteness of its details, rather than by its glowing colouring or flights of fancy, chiefly characterises "My Grandfather's Farm." The volume contains twenty-two chapters, all of which possess merit, and are read with satisfaction; but are scarcely entitled to the highest meed of praise, and seldom awaken very deep emotions. The book is, in short, one of those which it would be preposterous to criticise severely, and which many people will like the more, (and perhaps wisely,) because it is simple and natural, without being very original or very energetic. It is exactly what it pretends to be—a faithful picture of many of the common scenes and occurrences of rural life. It looks very much like the production of a country clergyman, who had never seen much of the great world, and in whose mind a chastened melancholy,—a sort of cheerful sadness, (if we may use the expression,) is the predominant feeling. A tone of benevolence and piety pervades his book, which, though it does not rouse, perhaps silently improves; and at its conclusion we are inclined to think so favourably of the man, that we feel reluctant

to say aught severe of the author. We can present only one specimen of the volume;—it is entitled

THE FLITTING.

"It was on the day before the flitting, that John Armour's farm-stock, and indeed every thing he had, but as much as might furnish a small cottage, was to be rouped to meet his debts. No doubt it was a heart-rending scene to all the family, though his wife considered all their losses light, when compared with her husband's peace of mind. The great bustle of the sale, however, denied him the leisure which a just view of his condition made most to be dreaded; so that it was not till late in the evening, when all was quiet again, his cherished possessions removed, and time allowed him to brood over his state, that the deep feelings of vexation and despair laid hold of his spirit.

"The evening was one of remarkable beauty; the birds never more rapturous, the grass never greener around that farm-house. The turf seat on which old Hugh was wont to rest, in the corner of the little garden, was white with gowans; the willows and honeysuckles that overarched it all full of life;—the air was bland, the cushat's distant cooing very plaintive—all but the inhabitants of the humble dwelling was tranquil and delighted. But they were downcast,—each one pursued some necessary preparation for to-morrow's great change, saying little, but deeply occupied with sad thoughts. Once the wife ejaculated, 'Oh, that the morn was o'er!'—'Yes,' said her husband, 'the morn, and every morn o' them; but I wish this gloamin' had been stormy.' He could not settle,—he could not eat,—he avoided conversation, and, with his hat drawn over his brow, he traversed wearifully the same paths, and did over and over again the same things. It was near bed-time, when one of the children said to her mother, 'My father's stan'in' at the corner o' the stable, and didna speak to me when I spak' to him;—gang out, mother, and bring him in.'—'If he wad but speak to ane!' was the mother's answer. She went out,—the case had become extreme,—and she ventured to argue with and reprove him. 'Ye do wrang, John,—this is no like yoursell;—the world's fu' o' affliction,—itliers ken that as weel as you,—ye mauna ha'e a' things your ain way; there's ane abune us wha has said, "In sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life." Ye canna expect to gang free; and I maun say, it wadna be guid for ony o' us. May be greater ills are yet to befa' ye, and then ye'll rue sair that ye ha'e gi'en sic way at this time: come in, John, wi' me; time will wear a' this out o' mind.' He struck his hand against his brow,—he grasped at his neckcloth,—and after choking on a few syllables which he could not utter, tears gushed from his eyes, and he melted in a long heart-rending fit of weeping. Oh! it is a sorrowful thing to see a strong, hard-featured man shedding tears! His sobs are so heavy, his wail so full-toned! John Armour, perhaps for twenty years a stranger to weeping, had now to burst the sealed sluices of manhood's grief, which nothing but the resistless struggle of agony could accomplish, ere relief could reach his labouring breast. Now it was he sought the dearest sanctuary on earth,—he leaned upon his wife's bosom, and she lavished on him the riches of a woman's love. At length he went to rest, gentler in spirit, and borne down by a less frightful woe than what had lately oppressed him.

"Next morning brought round the bustle of flitting. There is a deep interest attending a scene of this kind, altogether separate from the feelings of those who have to leave a favourite abode. Circumstances of antiquity,—of mystery, belong to it. The demolition even of an old house has something melancholy; the dismantling it of furniture is not less affecting. Some of the servants that had been at one time about the farm assisted on this occasion, and entered fully into the sentiments now described. 'That press has been there, I'll warran', this fifty years; it was his mother's, and cam on her blithe marriage-day; the like o't ye'll no see now-a-days,—it's freck yet. Few hae seen the back o' thee, I trow, these twa days, but the wabsters and sclaters; they winna ken what to mak' o' this wark;—let me look into the back o't.' 'I wad be a wee eerie,' said another, feeling the gloomy appearance of the old empty dwelling suggest thoughts allied to superstition,—'about gangin' into that toom house at night; I wad aye be thinkin' o' meeting wi' auld Hugh, honest man.'

"The flitting set off to a cottage about two miles distant; two cart-loads of furniture, one milk-cow, and the old watch-dog, were its amount. John Armour lingered a little behind, as did his wife, for she was unwilling to leave him there alone. He then proceeded to every part of the premises. The barn and stable kept him a few moments; the rest he hurried over, excepting the kitchen and spence. When he came to the kitchen, (for it was the apartment he visited last,) he leant his head for an instant against the mantel-piece, and fixed his eyes on the hearth-stone. A deep sigh escaped him, and his wife then took him by the hand to lead him away, which he resisted not, only saying, 'I hae mind o' mony a thing that happened here.' Then casting his eyes hastily round the desolate apartment, 'but fareweel to thee for ever.' In a few minutes they overtook the flitting, nor did he once turn again his head towards the desolate place, which had so firm a hold of his heart." P. 138—143.

To those who are in pursuit of innocent recreation, not of brilliant talent; who love rural life—its familiar joys and sorrows—its trials and its virtues—its humble hopes, its pleasant pastimes, and its refining influences, we recommend a perusal of "My Grandfather's Farm."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

By Thomas Aird, Esq. Author of "Religious Characteristics," &c.

THE author of "St Ronan's Well" thus describes the effects which the re-appearance of Tyrrel, after a long absence, produced upon some of the inmates of the Cleikum Inn, who thought that they saw in him the ghost of a murdered man:—"The two maidens took refuge in the darksome den entitled their bed-room, *whilst the humpbacked postilion fled like the wind into the stable, and with professional instinct began, in the extremity of his terror, to saddle a horse.*" These Italics mark what we conceive to be one of the profoundest things in all the writings of Scott,—one of those hits, so compounded of humour and deep philosophy, which raises in the reader an emotion that lies too deep for laughter,—an elevated smile, which he feels pervading his whole animal economy. In the present instance, we quote the sentence, for the sake of its philosophy, as a striking illustration of what its great author teaches us to term *the instinct of discipline and habit*,—that bond which keeps men of low natures faithful to their secular duties; but which, as a rational rule of conduct, is only a slight grade above the mere disciplined instinct of a dog or a horse. In this blind clinging of the poor postilion to external use and wont, lay all his virtue and all his hope, even though he knew that the case was one where professional habits could serve him nothing; and the circumstance strikingly marks the untaught meanness of his nature, which had been tutored to nothing better, and possessed, therefore, no higher resources of manly consideration or moral strength. In nine instances out of ten, we believe, the industry of the rude peasant-

ry of most nations is directed and secured by no better principle. But we know that there is a better principle even among men of the humblest occupations; and we know that the same good effects, as they are exemplified in sober industry, in persevering attention to a severe routine of lowly duty, nay more, in a power to extract a moral pleasure from these hardships, may be gained from a far nobler constitution in the poor man's heart—*the wisdom of duty*. This we claim, as impressing a strong characteristic upon the sober industry of our Scottish peasantry.

It is this ruling principle which fills them with manly independence, yet without denying the right claims of a superior; which makes them full of self-respect, and therefore steady in their order, and amenable to superiors and to laws; which renders them provident of the future, and therefore diligent in business, and on that account also voluntarily submissive. As a principle equally of their religious character, it sanctions and guards these prudential and covenanted obligations; but, above all, brings them near to God, by a direct reference to the chartered Bible, whilst, with a noble jealousy, it makes them mistrustful of having the clear light thickened with the impure glosses of priestly *middlemen*. Why, we may here ask, is any man afraid to encourage their independence of soul, by promoting the education of the lower orders, if they may be guided, as we think the lower classes of the Scotch are at present, by this *wisdom of duty*? Why does not such an exclusionist equally fear that the rapid improvement which has taken place within the last twenty years, and which is still taking place, in their food, and other modes of natural living, may tend to something similar to the deprecated effects of too much knowledge, in as much as fulness of bread and full conditions of body seem as proximate causes of insubordination as any mood of a well-stored mind can be? The more men know of themselves and the world, the more they will perceive the necessity of labour and subordination. An equal and general rise throughout the scale of society leaves no room for individual dissatisfaction. A community of wise and thoughtful men, labouring together in the same lowly occupation, makes it dignified and classical,—hallows it with moral associations,—invests it with every becoming propriety;—in the same way as the plastic power of beauty, among a highly-refined people, condescends to fashion and adorn their meanest utensils, associating them with the finest emanations of mind, and thus giving them a dignity above their literal use.

From the earliest times, the Scots seem to have been a grave and enthusiastic people, impatient of the interference of strangers, steady in their old attachments, and slow in forming new. This was already the character of the people when they were led to oppose the systematic policy of Edward I., and his powerful attempts to subdue their liberties; yet there can be no doubt, that this period of extreme peril, and most patriotic exertion, had, in re-action, a greater share than any other circumstances in the early history of this nation, in forming and fixing its leading characteristics. The well-appointed designs of a politic prince, taught them distinctness and perspicacity in their watchfulness; they were trained to suspicious caution by his crafty policy, which disregarded fair chivalrous hostility; and his powerful and persevering attempts kept them up to an equal spirit of ardent and determined opposition. In the farther developement or formation of this people's temper, the frequent sore defeats which their little bands had to endure, in a conflict with superior and well-appointed numbers, mixed a wild pathos with the stern and short breathings of vengeance purposed anew. Brief intervals of enjoyment, the more fervently enjoyed, because beset by a thousand calls to renewed toil, and liable to be mingled with regrets for the past, and the sense of coming danger; the grave, and thoughtful, and stern consideration of grey-headed sires, mingled with the forebodings of old women, and relieved by the inspiration of minstrels, and by the fierce jest, and careless farewell of the young warrior, the poignant wit of his own brooding heart, the more fully expressed when meant to cheat the fears of his aged parent, and the maiden of his love,—may account in part for the expression of our early national temper, in which humour, and pathos, and stern resolve, are so curiously blended.

The blood of those early fathers of ours was not the rapid overwrought froth of waspish and vindictive slaves; but strong exercise, and the cold-blowing winds of their mountains, gave it the balm of cool valour, whilst the wrongs of their country supplied the zeal, and made them hearts of the "ice-brook temper." And they *were* men of stout hearts unto very death, fighting for their decent homes and the "Auld Scottish glory." How many thoughts must have thronged the hearts of the Scottish women of those times, as they sat at home in fearful expectancy, while their fathers, and husbands, and sons, and brothers, were away to the fight! What overwatchfulness must have been theirs, shaping their fears into palpable visions of *wraiths* and *ghosts!* Nor can we conceive a more interesting picture than the daughter of a Scottish mountain chief rising early from her battle-haunted sleep, fearfully tripping over the green pasture hills and "the wild wood thorough," to look down the far green gorges of the Yarrow for the brave returning band. Far down, beneath the morning sun, might be seen the little plump of bonnets and spears;—O God! how much diminished! slowly and solemnly coming on, in mingled grief and indignation of heart for their brave fallen. But soon shall be descried the sublime faces of devoted men, not less erect than when they went forth to battle; and never shall their bonnets be pulled over their brows to hide the cloud-spots of shame and dishonoured defeat.

The Border wars of our country with England admit of other illustrations, and furnish a continuation of the argument in reference to this philosophy of the Scotch character. Most strongly to show how much the above times of peculiar and patriotic warfare went to fix its leading features, we have only to refer to the origin and temper of the national minstrelsy, always the true representative of national feeling. It is generally allowed, that most of the Scottish airs and ballads were breathed forth from the heart of the people in the period to which we have referred; and the leading qualities of our minstrelsy, its mingled pathos, and humour, and resolve, seem easily derivable from the circumstances of the times which we have attempted above briefly to illustrate. The heroic men of those ages have become national models, and the impulse of an old, hallowed, long-acknowledged music, tends to perpetuate, throughout all the generations of a people, the very feelings in which it first originated.

In later times, if we look to the general character of the people in connexion with the mode of the Christian religion to which they cling, we find them strongly intellectual, and impatient of any thing like a spiritual yoke. At the Reformation, their perspicacity and grave enthusiasm in sacred things made them go much farther than the English in rejecting the splendours of a ritual; and, accordingly, their religious ordinances were purged to a severe simplicity. The attempt of England, in the time of Charles I., to impose Episcopacy on Scotland, besides being directly at variance with the wishes of the latter, awoke the remembrance of former attempts from the same quarter to impose a civil government, and this Episcopacy became doubly associated with the idea of tyranny, making the Scotch cling more closely to their own form of worship, which, independent of its approval by an intellectual and wise people, is certainly the sublimest in the world. It requires not to show what effect this mode of religion has in reaction upon the na-

tional character. It confirms men in their intellectual clear-sightedness, in their grave enthusiasm, in their steadfast morality, in all those measures of ascendency pre-eminent in a people who are controlled by the *wisdom of duty*.

The striking faults of the Scotch character are a want of courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best and most deeply-rooted affections;—suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of strangers, and such as differ from them in their opinions and modes of living;—pride and self-conceit;—and a great degree of irreverence connected with the external forms of their religious devotions. We may illustrate each of these particulars of blame in order.

A Frenchman, or even an Englishman, if he saw the setting sun shining upon a remote churchyard, would never hesitate to say to a stranger, and he would do it with pathetic elegance, "How sweetly yonder sun is shining on my little daughter's grave!" A Scotchman would have the same feelings in such a case; but he would blush were he to attempt to give them utterance. To make good our second charge, we refer to the discourteous manner in which French prisoners, during the last war, were treated in Scotch towns, compared with the more generous attentions which they met with in England. As to the third,—the pride and self-conceit of a Scotchman is proverbial. With regard to the fourth and last accusation,—can any one who has seen the decency and decorum of a Catholic or English chapel deny the imputation, that the Calvinistic Scotch are irreverent to a disgusting degree? Listen in country congregations to the clamorous confabulation of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman come in; look, in country or city church, to the half of the congregation taking their seats so soon as the clergyman gives any hint that he is drawing towards the conclusion of his prayer; look at the scores that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service; at the scores who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as a signal to clap them on their heads; and in the face of all these gross things, can our imputation be contravened? We believe, indeed, that these and similar liberties furnish no proof that our people are not full of heart and reverence for the good and sacred thing; but we would rather see the abuse reformed than aid its continuance by any thing like an apology for it.

Such are the lights and shadows of the Scottish character in general; and the glory and the gloom will be found, in their most marked features, in the men of our simple and unsophisticated villages. They are beset with the hard and unamiable peculiarities which we have mentioned above; but then they are sober and industious, and have exalted notions of morality and religion. They walk onward with manly and thoughtful countenances, selected by the sad consciousness that the lapse of our mortal minutes, which powder away from us like a handful of glib sand, is bringing them on towards death, with little chance of exchanging privations and severe toils for a season of indulgence which the human heart is ever craving; yet elevated with an equal consciousness that they have the enduring soul within which can never be repressed,—which no contrast of wealth in others can depreciate, nor

> "All the tide of pomp
> That beats upon the high shore of this world."

No man knows them truly who is not delighted with the simple and self-contained mode of life of these remote villagers, and who does not most deeply respect their moral mind, which, though hardened with the weather-stains of poverty, seems only more firmly, in that indurated grain, to keep the stamp of religious discipline,—the impress of heaven. To see the old men, on a bright afternoon of the still Sabbath, in their light-blue coats and broad-striped waistcoats, sitting on the low beds of camomile, with the Bible in their hands, their old eyes filled with mild seriousness, blent with the sunlight of the sweet summertide, is to us a delight equalled only by the awe with which we have seen the peace of their cottages within, and the solemn reverence of young and old, when any grey-headed patriarch has gathered himself up in the bed, and, ere he died, blessed his children.

Filled then, as we are, with a deep, and founded, and hoary veneration for the memory of all the dead generations of our Scottish peasantry; and believing, with heartfelt pleasure, that the present generation is, in every good respect, worthy of their fathers, we shall hold ourselves at liberty to speak frequently of them,—to point out, it may be, some of their follies, and to bring forth into the daylight many of their secluded and unnoticed virtues.

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

By one of the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.

It happened, in the course of the Thirty Years' War, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Manheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that very morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed; and her husband, of course, staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and, on the spur of the moment, bethought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants, having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose,—namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide;"—he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels, that they lifted him about half a yard from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, "tell your commander, that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever. *First*, The garrison must be allowed to march out with military honours; *second*, The lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected; *third*, They must be left to enjoy the free exercise of the Protestant religion."

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; adding, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluding by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend," answered the shepherd, "do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have already stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you, by the faith of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of."

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate *nonchalance*. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered; and, followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of some sense." He then left the walls, let down the drawbridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange-looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and, seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was?

"If your highness will follow me I will show you," answered the rustic.

"Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo; "and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me, Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and, followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife with her little boy beside her.

"Noble General!" he said, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison; and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware, now, of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a rich gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem," he said, good-naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold, for the use of the young recruit."

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night, of the success of his stratagem.*

THE DRAMA.

We must at present limit our remarks upon this subject to the principal novelty of the week—"Aloyse; or the Forester's Daughter." As we anticipated, this piece was completely successful; indeed, we are not sure that we ever saw a drama, in two acts, so triumphantly received in any theatre. This may perhaps partly be attributed to the circumstance of the author being a lady; but there cannot, at the same time, be a doubt, that it was still more owing to the intrinsic merits of her production, coupled with the admirable manner in which it was performed. There are not a very great number of characters in the piece; yet the stage effect is picturesque to an extraordinary degree, and the leading *dramatis personæ* are so strongly and judiciously contrasted, that they immediately take a hold of the mind; and when once seen, are not likely to be soon forgot. There is the youthful and noble *Philip* brought into fine relief with the dark and intriguing *Montijo*; the good-natured, elderly, garrulous, and somewhat vain *Madame Gageot*, finely contrasted with the young, the beautiful, the artless, and the devoted *Aloyse*. Then, to fill up the picture, we have the frank, generous-hearted *Martin Ervil*, —the lively and sweetly-warbling *Lisette*,—the excellent old dame *Margaretta*,—and the inimitable *Mayor of Nevers*, with a character that belongs to the author, a wig and a face that belong to Murray, and a personal identity that must belong to the very individual himself.

With regard to the plot, which, though simple, is so managed that curiosity is at once awakened, till the interest becomes so intense that it is almost painful, we shall not enter upon any analysis of it, lest we should defraud our readers of the pleasure they would otherwise enjoy in witnessing the representation of the piece. With the acting, however, we must express the very highest satisfaction. We have seldom seen Mrs Siddons to greater advantage than in the part of *Aloyse*. Wherever there is deep emotion, to be pourtrayed with powerful and natural emphasis, Mrs Siddons is almost sure to be preeminently successful; and she is so, most unquestionably, in "Aloyse." Montague Stanley, also, has seldom been seen to greater advantage than as the young Prince; nor has Denham's judgment ever been more conspicuous than in his conception and execution of the part of *Montijo*.

As to the literary merits of "Aloyse," in so far as the style and dialogue are concerned, we think them entitled to no mean consideration. There is no attempt, it is true, at any very elegant and impressive writing; but the fair author has taken a much surer way to the hearts of her audience, by studying the simplicity and unaffected diction of refined and natural feeling. There are numerous little touches of this sort, full of elegance and delicacy. Thus, when Philip, whose real rank and character have not yet been ascertained, presents all the young girls of Nevers with valuable triukets and jewels at a *fete champetre*, given in honour of Aloyse's birthday, Aloyse, who is already fascinated with his gallant bearing, is made to watch him anxiously, and the following little colloquy takes place:—

Aloyse. (aside.) I am bewildered!—Philip! who art thou that can thus throw thousands from thee with so careless a hand? I dare not think. Be still, my heart! He approaches! What! will he dare to adorn *me* too with his sparkling gems? I'd spurn them to the earth!

(Philip, after taking out of the casket a diamond necklace, looks at Aloyse, and throws it back; then plucks a rose and approaches her.)

Aloyse. His heart is noble still!

Philip. I well knew, sweet Aloyse, I dared not have approached you with these baubles. Flowers assimilate only with flowers, and the child of nature loves nature alone. Take this rosebud, Aloyse; it will be happy even in withering on your bosom—but, oh! longer,—much longer, than its fleeting existence may my remembrance dwell in thy gentle heart!

(Aloyse takes the rose, and turning away, hides her head on her father's shoulder.)

* The above anecdote is authentic, and mentioned in the Memoirs of the Elector Palatine.

The opening scene of the second act is very pretty and simple. We give it a place here, not by any means because it is one of the best in the piece, but because it is almost the only scene which can be read without materially infringing on the interest of the rest :—

MARGARETTA'S COTTAGE.

MARGARETTA discovered making lace—Enter ALOYSE with a little basket upon her arm, the rosebud given by PHILIP in her bosom—MARGARETTA advances to meet her.

Mar. Welcome, my good child; you never forget your poor old friend.

Aloyse. How have you been, Margaretta, since I saw you last? Why do you not answer me? Why do you look at me so sadly? Is there any thing the matter?

Mar. Oh no, nothing, my sweet child, nothing while you are thus before me. It was only a dream that has disquieted me. I thought you were threatened by some nameless danger. I saw you bend down to seize a sparkling gem that rolled towards a fearful precipice; you grasped it as it was about to fall over the abyss; but as soon as you placed it in your bosom, it pierced you to the heart.

Aloyse. (*Aside.*) Ha! this is in accordance with thy jewels, Philip.

Mar. That was not all. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber; every thing glittered with gold—but the gold cast a ghastly shade upon your cheeks; and when I looked more closely at you, your colour was gone, your eyes were closed,—you were dead!

Aloyse. Holy Virgin! what a fearful dream! It makes me shudder. (*Aside.*) I will not tell her of the stranger's sparkling presents; it would increase her fears. We must not let our thoughts dwell, Margaretta, on these gloomy forebodings. See, here is a basket of fruit I have brought you. We held a festival yesterday. It was my birth-day, and we were gayer than usual; for we had two strangers with us, who had been compelled to seek for refuge from the violence of the late storm.

Mar. Who are the strangers?

Aloyse. I scarcely know; but they tell us they are officers—the elder is named Montijo, and the younger Philip, a cadet of the noble house of Le Bel.

Mar. Aloyse, my child, you talk with hesitation—you blush at the mention of these strangers. Guard well your heart, Aloyse. May heaven grant this fearful dream shall be found to be nothing but a dream. When I see you blooming before me in youth and beauty, and then think of your perhaps fading away—like the withered flower in your bosom, (*Pause—Aloyse looks confused.*) I scarcely know why, but I feel a weight pressing on my heart, which tells me all is not right. Aloyse, will you listen to what I say, and follow my advice? You always come through the forest alone;—I never thought so before; but it is at this moment impressed upon me, that there is danger in doing so. Promise me that you will never come again without a companion. Two are always safer than one.

Aloyse. Dear mother, what danger can there be in the forest? I have passed through it daily all my life, and never met with any thing to alarm me. But, if it will set your mind at rest, I promise to comply with your request. And now I must take my leave; for Madame Gageot desired me to return home soon.

Mar. Farewell, Aloyse; and may all good saints watch over thee.

(*Music—ALOYSE kneels, and MARGARETTA gives her her blessing.*)

We consider ourselves fortunate in having it in our power to give the above short and very imperfect specimens of this unpublished Drama. We must not conclude without mentioning that the author, combining fine musical taste with her literary talents, has introduced several pieces of very excellent music, in particular a duett of much merit, and a solo, beautifully sung by Miss Tunstall, and always rapturously encored.—The words of this song are quite in the spirit of the air. We cannot help expressing our hope that it will not be long before the authoress of "Aloyse," already so favourably known to the public as one of the authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c. will pluck another laurel in a career she has thus so successfully commenced.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 7—12.

SAT. *La Jeune Femme Colere, Le Reve d'Amour, L'Ami, Intime, & Les Anglaises pour Rire.*
MON. *Rob Roy, & the Bottle Imp.*
TUES. *Green-eyed Monster, Aloyse, & He Lies like Truth.*
WED. *Paul Pry, Aloyse, & A Roland for an Oliver.*
THUR. *Mason of Buda, Do., & Brother and Sister.*
FRID. *Do. Do., and Two Friends.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS,

BY THE REV. ROBERT MOREHEAD.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—Some years ago, I was in the habit of embodying any little picture of nature, or reflections on occurrences or books, in the form of a sonnet—a kind of composition long enough to bring out a slight sketch or a single thought, but which, at the same time, necessarily requires compression. My manner of writing was too rapid to admit of much polish or finish, which are rightly considered as requisites in this species of poem; but there may still be some small degree of interest attached to my attempts, if they are considered rather as a sort of thinking aloud in verse, than as any thing more imposing or pretending. If you are disposed to print any of my collection, I can, from time to time, copy out one or two for you—to which I shall generally prefix the date of their composition, and subscribe my initials. I am, sir, with great respect, and good wishes for the success of your labours, your faithful servant,

ROBT. MOREHEAD.

A WINTER SUNSET.

THE Sun seems setting in the south,—a screen
Of high cloud, circling from the jutting steep
Of the Eastern crag, girdles the city deep
Below, under its smoky blanket seen
Shadowy, roofs piled o'er roofs, as they had been
Thrown thus at random, in chaotic heap,—
And o'er that cloudy wall the Sun doth keep
His station, of a troubled bloody mien,
Pouring his lurid rays, from its bold rim,
Upon the hazy covering, sitting dim
Over the housetop ridges rising grim,—
Portentous as of earthquake, to entomb
The living mass in one wide crashing womb,
Or as precursor of the general Doom!

November 30th, 1825. R. M.

A DECEMBER LANDSCAPE.

WHAT though the unsparing tyrant of the year
Has rifled of its tresses every bough,
Some shrivell'd leaves alone remaining now,—
Does Nature's beauty therefore disappear?
No!—by yond glorious westering Sun, I swear,
(And Heaven and Earth bear witness to my vow!)
That now through rich Mosaic cloud, with prow
Of gold, his burning course doth proudly steer!
Did dewy fingers of the blushing Spring
E'er with such roses gem the kindling bush,
As o'er Heaven's azure, hands of Angels fling?
Nor Earth is unsaluted,—see the blush
On snowy hill,—the sear leaf quivering,
Or twig as coral in the reddening flush.

December 3d, 1825. R. M.

ON HEARING DR CHALMERS LECTURE.

The glowing periods that impetuous roll,
Travelling the universe in rapid sweep,
And as they image upon image heap,
And reasoning crowd on reasoning,—storm the soul,—
These, Chalmers, form not of thy charm the whole,—
But rather 'tis the aim thou still dost keep
Before thee, to awake from torpid sleep
The principle divine, and to its goal
Direct it,—that from earth's encumbering clay,
And the dull load of ignorance and sin,
To the First Good it may retrace its way:
So taught by thee the noble art to win
Lost souls, fishers of men will catch their prey,
Doubt not, till burst the nets with myriads pouring in!

December 8th, 1828. R. M.

SONG.

MINNIE TO HER SPINNIN'-WHEEL.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
The roofs and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gowl at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care na for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Hey, how the towslet tow comes down!
Hey, how the wheel rins roun' and roun'!
How merrily, hey, the tirlin' pirn
Snaps wi' its iron teeth the yairn,
Aye followin' fast the birrin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Kate's bridal day will soon be here,
And she maun hae her pairt o' gear;
The weaver's hands are toom o' wark;
He's crying loud for sheet or sark,
And flytes you, lazy spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Haud aff, ye bairns! touch nae the rock;
Play farrer awa, wee Jean and Jock;
For minnie is taskit and set to hae
A braw linen wab ere sweet May-daye,
Wi' birrin' at her spinnin' wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin' wheel!
Spin on, spin on my birrin' wheel!
The roofs and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gowl at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care not for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We are happy to perceive, by the Third Report of the Dunbar Mechanics' Institution, which has just been published, that this useful and laudable Society is prospering. The Library is increasing,—Schools have been opened for Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, and Geometry,—a system of mutual Instruction has been commenced,—and an excellent course of Lectures on Chemistry has been delivered by Dr Robert Lowrie of Haddington. To the Report is affixed a very sensible and practical Address by Captain Basil Hall, who is the patron and president of the Institution. We recommend the Dunbar Mechanical Institution to the notice and imitation of all other small towns throughout Scotland, where Societies of a similar description have not been hitherto established.

The Royal Society of London held its anniversary meeting on the 1st of this month, and heard an interesting address from its President, Mr Davies Gilbert. Of the two royal medals in their gift, one has been this year awarded to M. Encke, for his researches and calculations concerning the heavenly body namely distinguished by his name; and the other to Dr Wollaston, for his recent highly important and useful chemical discoveries.

We are happy to understand, that his Majesty, ever alive to the claims of genius, has been graciously pleased to signify to the President and Council of the London Society of Antiquaries, his intention of conferring two gold medals annually, of the value of fifty guineas each, for the two best papers on antiquity which may be presented to the Society. We have reason to believe, that his Majesty has been thus induced to notice the Society, through the friendly interference of the Earl of Aberdeen.

A pamphlet has been published at Paris, in which it is strongly recommended to the various Powers of Europe to convert the existing governments of Greece into an independent monarchy, and to place young Napoleon on the throne. The project is said to have excited some conversation on the Continent.

Washington Irving is preparing a Life of General Washington. Lockhart a Life of Cervantes, Sir Humphry Davy a Work on Popular Chemistry, Dr Brewster Lives of the Astronomers, Tytler a History of the British Empire in India, and Sir Walter Scott various Biographies,—all for the "National Library," announced by Murray, the great Albemarle Street publisher.

Moore's Life of Byron will appear, we understand, in January; and will contain, besides other interesting matter, numerous unpublished letters of the noble poet, many of which, of a later date, will show very forcibly his great devotion to the cause of Greece.

Washington Irving has in the press a new work, entitled "Tales of the Moors;" which, it is said, will embody a history of the rise, glory, and downfall of the Moors in Spain; chiefly composed out of materials collected by Mr Irving during his recent residence at Seville.

Clapperton's Travels are nearly ready for publication, including a memoir of his life, and a full account of his death.

We are informed that Mr John Mackay Wilson is preparing for publication a poem to be entitled "The Sojourner," the first book of which will probably appear in January. From the specimens we have already seen of Mr Wilson's abilities, we are inclined to augur favourably of this work.

A good deal of talk has been occasioned by Thomas Campbell's re-election to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow. We are decidedly of opinion that he well deserved the honour; for we are not aware that any previous Lord Rector has paid so much attention to the interests, either of education in general, or of the progress of the students, his constituents, in particular.—His conduct, both as a public and a literary man, ought to endear him to them.

Theatrical Gossip.—There is not much—"Love in Wrinkles," a Farce by Mr Lacy, has been successful at Drury Lane. It is the third Farce of Mr Lacy's that has been successful within the last two months.—The Dublin Theatre is about to open under favourable auspices; Dowton and other London performers are of the company.

Musical Gossip.—The musical season promises well. Via Brighton, we learn that an Italian company, performing there at present, comprising Caradori, Castelli, Pellegrini, and Curioni, are to visit this city, after sojourning a short while at Birmingham, at which place they are to open on the 17th.—The Professional Concerts should turn out well, considering the accession of strength they have received from the return of Mr A. Murray, who, it is said, has more than fulfilled the anticipations that had been formed before his visit to the Continent. He takes the lead in the musical festivities of the winter, by giving a concert in the Hopetoun Rooms on the 19th. Madame Catalani is likewise to be here in January, bringing with her, as report saith, some other singers. These singers, however, will turn out, we suspect, to be nothing better than her old crony Mrs Bedford, or some duplicate of that very serviceable foil. The usual routine of what are called benefit concerts will of course follow; and some of the more celebrated of the London performers, it is rumoured, are to give us a flying call.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

To Professor Gillespie, of St Andrews, whom we are happy to have it in our power to rank among our contributors, we owe our best thanks.

To the author of the "Lines addressed to Sir Walter Scott," we purpose writing at our earliest leisure.—The Essay "On the Pleasures of Imagination" will not suit us.—The verses of "J. W." please us, and will probably appear, but we cannot say when.—The lines by "A Wanderer," by "W.," by "Nota Bene," and by "Peter Pindar," do not come up to our standard.

Several other Correspondents must excuse us for not being able to attend to their communications immediately; but they shall not be overlooked.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Disowned; By the Author of "Pelham." 4 vols. London; Henry Colburn. 1829.

We do not envy the man who is continually reading novels; but far less do we envy him who never reads a novel at all. True, they often dissipate without instructing the mind; but we are not sure that we ought always to be in that pounds, shillings, and pence mood which disposes us to lay our time out to usury, and calculate its value only by the quantity of information received during any of those periods into which it may be divided. We are not sure that this intellectual avarice would be rewarded with the results which might be anticipated. The heart must be cultivated as well as the intellect. Abstract knowledge has, in too many instances, been found to make a man sullen, morose, and callous. And there is surely not a more disgusting spectacle in nature than a person, known to be a very tower of learning, locking himself up in its unsocial and selfish pursuits, and either shunning entirely the gender humanities of life, &c. If accidental circumstances have brought him necessarily into contact with them,—if he be the father of a family perhaps,—shunning all the chaste delights of parental and conjugal endearment,—inspiring awe, but not affection,—looked up to as a prodigy of learning, but felt,—painfully, bitterly felt,—to be unloved and unlovable. Of what value to the miserable ascetic are all the stores he has so carefully hoarded? The ploughboy, whistling behind his team, is a brighter and a better link in the great chain of creation. Take even the most favourable view of the matter. Suppose that he communicates his knowledge to others, and gains for himself a name as one of the benefactors of the species. Is there any answering thrill of delight that awakens the dormant sensibility of his bosom? Does the sunshine of human happiness penetrate through the cold marble of his constitution? Does a single pulse beat quicker?—or does he hold on the same plodding tenor of his way, conscious of his own superiority, but unconscious of the exquisite pleasure to be derived from participating in the sympathy of his fellow-creatures? He is *not* a great man. There never *was* a great man who was not full of benevolence, charity, and brotherly love; who has not had his hours,—his days, his weeks of relaxation; who did not cultivate anxiously—passionately—all kindly feelings; who could not at times be pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw; who could not become, in all simplicity and sincerity, the friend and playmate of innocent children; who could not willingly and easily float down the stream of fiction offered to him by the poet or the novelist, share in the imaginary griefs and joys of the beings whom they call into existence, and bend over their pages, till all the external world was forgot, and the golden hours flew by uncounted. It is a noble and a godlike sight to see the monarch of a nation's opinions, the ebbs and flows of whose single intellect "are tides to the rest of mankind," who *knows* his strength, and in whose brilliant eye shines the majesty of the soul within, and on whose patrician brow thought sits crowned and queen-like,—it is a noble and a heavenly sight to see such a being established in the centre of his domestic affections, the more worthy of inspiring admiration, the more he surrenders himself to all the nameless trifles which the overflowing of the joyous spirit within him may prompt. Will the cold and the worldly-minded dare to sneer? There exist who will,—the dregs—the worms of the earth. Yet persons, withal, who carry their heads high, and, in the priggish conceit of their own contracted littleness, affect to lament what they are pleased to denominate the weaknesses and the aberrations of genius. These human machines swarm in society, and rank high in it too. They perk themselves up on their own perch, and flapping their vulgar wings, they crow with a shrill discordant voice, and then look round for applause. Too often do they obtain it; they become the cocks of their own circle, and they arrogantly lord it over the feeble and the ignorant, till some more powerful hand plucks off the feathers from their loathsome carcass, and consigns them, in shivering leanness, to the contempt they merit.

We are not quite sure whether the indulgent reader may have exactly followed our train of reasoning. We believe we meant to prove that there are times and seasons when all men, with properly regulated dispositions, ought to be able to relish a good novel. Let us beware, however, of the opposite extreme. We grieve to say it, but this is far too much of a novel-reading generation. Those who live in great towns, and have stated employments to which they must give their attention, are scarcely aware of the extent of the evil. But in villages—in country quarters—in the Baths and Cheltenhams of the day—in every corner where there are ladies who have nothing to do, and gentlemen who have spare hours to dispose of, (and where are those two classes not to be met with?) a novel is the grand panacea—the happy alternative—the *sine qua non*. The minds of these persons, if they *had* any minds, would be perfect circulating libraries; and if you take away *one shelf* from every circulating library in existence, what is it that you leave?—a dead sea of words—a heterogeneous mass of uninspired ideas—a desert of vulgarism and insipidity. No wonder that an utter destruction of the faculty of memory is the invariable lot of the novel-devourer. "One reads so many of these books, that really the last drives that which preceded it out of the head," is a remark which may be heard every day; but to us it suggests notions particularly repulsive. It seems to imply not only that the book has been read for the mere sake of the momentary excitation, as one might take a dram of opium or of ardent spirits, but that the vicious indulgence has become a habit, and that, in consequence, the mind has been rendered totally unfit for the exertion of the most common-place activity. We have far too many modifications of a Lydia Languish both in our fashion-

able and unfashionable society, both among our men and our women—for there is little distinction of sex among those who read only the trash of circulating libraries. But these novels, we are told, have so much improved of late, it is quite a duty to peruse them now, they are so full of instruction, and exhibit so extensive a knowledge of real life! This is another wretched fallacy. The stuff we used to have about the beginning of the present century was not one whit worse than much of the stuff that has been poured out upon us within the last five years. Its features may be somewhat changed;—passion is more the order of the day—strong unnatural contrasts—lights and shades splashed on in such a manner as to produce the portraits of monsters—preposterous views of individual character, and mawkish sketches of general society—these are the distinguishing ingredients of all second-rate and fiftieth-rate modern novels. Our predecessors were content to dribble out inanity more quietly; three volumes of babble picked up at a milliner's tea-table, and spiced with an occasional infusion of immorality, constituted their dish of fiction. We are by no means sure that the change has been for the better. Now, there are more pretensions and false bloom outside, but the core is as rotten as ever;—we would as soon put the Leadenhall-street novels of 1800 as of 1828 into the hands of our daughters.

It may be gathered from these observations, that while we are prepared to do justice to any novel which will bear the test of critical examination, we are at the same time determined to extend no mercy whatever to any inferior work of this kind to which our notice may be directed. The existing rage for novel-writing should be checked; and the best way to do this, is to make a few examples of the most notorious and hardened offenders. —We come now to speak of "The Disowned."

The author of this novel, a Mr Bulwer, is, we think, a clever man; but his book, on the whole, is a piece of great absurdity. Patiently have we waded through it--four long, thick volumes--and we must confess we should not like to have the task to perform over again. The plot (and though some authors affect to despise a plot, it is of the first importance in a novel) is the most disjointed and rambling thing imaginable; and even were we to consent to lay no great stress on this objection, and look upon the book as only a succession of individual scenes, we should still have to say, that these were, in many instances, forced and unnatural, and conveyed no distinct picture of actual and existing life. But still we are inclined to separate the work from its author, who, we suspect, has miscalculated his own powers, and, from a wish to do too much, has done next to nothing. Your modern novel-writer is by no means contented to be simple and impressive.—he must be overpowering and sublime. Nor is it sufficient for him to display a moderate share of acquaintance with different grades of society, and of knowledge generally,—he must affect complete familiarity with all things in heaven and earth; science, and philosophy, and history, must be his play-things; the very highest circles must be open to him, and he must have studied human nature in the very lowest dens of vice and misery. Heaven bless him! does he know what he is about? It is no light thing to set up for a Shakspeare,—at least, we are among those who entertain the old-fashioned prejudice, that a Shakspeare, or an Admirable Crichton, makes his appearance only once in the revolution of centuries. The author of "The Disowned" is a clever man—young, we presume, with a good deal of unpruned genius about him; but, if ever his mamma or his grandmamma, told him he was a Shakspeare, we beg, most positively, to contradict the excellent old ladies.

We have not read "Pelham," which, we are informed, has sold well, and contains some powerful passages; but we should have expected a more successful second effort than "The Disowned." One of the chief faults of the book is, that it is three-fourths too long; and it is spun out to this length by means of a hundred dull and hasty scenes, which have no connexion whatever with the story, and which seem to have been introduced for the sole purpose of contributing to the production of four volumes. Another fault is, that half-a-dozen plots, or narratives, are carried on at the same time, scarcely in the least interwoven with each other, and none of them, so far as we can see, possessing any very extraordinary interest. Another fault is, that the hero and heroine are profoundly common-place and insipid; and that the other characters are much over-coloured, and, in several instances, directly opposed to the truth of nature. Another fault is, that the sketches of high life are not the least like high life, or, at all events, want that vividness and minuteness of delineation which would have given them force and interest. Another fault is, that the principal incidents outrage all probability. It would not be difficult to state more faults, but these may suffice.

Now, it is quite possible that a book may be a stupid book as a book, and yet the author may make it evident, in the course of it, that he has talents worth cultivating. This is the case at present before us. There is a great deficiency of judgment, but a very considerable supply of cleverness, in "The Disowned." We suspect, however, the success which has attended "Pelham," and the praises of his friends, have induced our author to think himself a greater man than he really is. He writes rather too much as if he had been born to set the world on fire. He fancies he has a far more comprehensive mind, than, with all deference, we believe him to have. Had he been contented to concentrate his powers upon one theme and object, he would, in all probability, have distinguished himself; but, having scattered them over a thousand, it is only here and there that we discover the seeds of what is really valuable. High life, low life, middle life, all sorts of life; passion, principle, feeling, virtue, vice, sentiment, humour, pathos, metaphysics, poetry, are all jumbled together in the sublimity of complete confusion. In his next effort,—for it is evident that he will spin many a long yarn yet,—let him limit himself to one design; let him despise the stage-trick of sudden transitions and violent contrasts; let him look a little more at ordinary human nature, and eschew those anomalous productions he has set before us under the name of men and women; let him bridle in his struggling and over-mettlesome imagination, and be less grand and more common-place, and he will write a book which will be more liked, and better understood by sensible men. Meantime, we shall pay him a compliment, which we think his four volumes deserve, by selecting a favourable specimen of his style of sketching character; and shall entitle it

A BREAKFAST SCENE.

"In about an hour Mrs Copperas descended, and mutual compliments were exchanged; to her succeeded Mr Copperas, who was well scolded for his laziness; and to them Master Adolphus Copperas, who was also chidingly termed a naughty darling, for the same offence. Now, then, Mrs Copperas prepared the tea, which she did in the approved method, adopted by all ladies to whom economy is dearer than renown, viz. the least possible quantity of hot water; after this mixture had become as black and as bitter as it could possibly be, without any adjunct from the apothecary's skill, it was suddenly drenched with a copious diffusion, and as suddenly poured forth, weak, washy, and abominable, into four cups, severally appertaining unto the four partakers of the matutinal nectar.

"Then the conversation began to flow. Mrs Copperas was a fine lady, and a sentimentalist; very observant of the little niceties of phrase and manner. Mr Copperas was a stock-jobber, and a wit; loved a good

hit in each capacity; was very round, very short, and very much like a John Dory, and saw in the features and mind of the little Copperas the exact representative of himself.

"'Adolphus, my love,' said Mrs Copperas, 'mind what I told you, and sit upright. Mr Linden, will you allow me to cut you a *leetle* piece of this roll?'

"'Thank you,' said Clarence; 'I will trouble you rather for the whole of it.'

"Conceive Mrs Copperas's dismay! From that moment she saw herself eaten out of house and home; besides, as she afterwards observed to her friend Miss Barbara York, 'the vulgarity of such an amazing appetite!'

"'Any commands in the City, Mr Linden?' asked the husband. 'A coach will pass by our door in a few minutes—must be on 'Change in half an hour. Come, my love, another cup of tea—make haste—I have scarcely a moment to take *my fare* for the inside, before coachee takes *his* for the outside. Ha! ha! ha! Mr Linden.'

"'Lord, Mr Copperas!' said his helpmate, 'how can you be so silly? Setting such an example to your son too. Never mind him, Adolphus, my love. Fy, child, a'n't you ashamed of yourself? Never put the spoon in the cup till you have done tea: I must really send you to school to learn manners. We have a very pretty little collection of books here, Mr Linden, if you would like to read an hour or two after breakfast.—Child, take your hands out of your pockets. All the best classics, I believe—Telemachus, and Young's Night Thoughts, and Joseph Andrews, and the Spectator, and Pope's Iliad, and Creech's Lucretius; but you will look over them yourself. This is Liberty Hall, as well as Copperas Bower, Mr Linden!'

"'Well, my love,' said the stock-jobber, 'I believe I must be off. Here—Tom—Tom—(Mr de Warrens had just entered the room with some more hot water, to weaken still farther the poor remains of what was once the tea)—Tom—just run out and stop the coach; it will be by in five minutes.'

"'Have not I prayed and besought you many and many a time, Mr Copperas,' said the lady, rebukingly, 'not to call De Warrens by his Christian name? Don't you know, that all people in genteel life, who only keep one servant, invariably call him by his surname, as if he were the butler, you know?'

"'Now, that is too good, my love,' said Copperas. 'I will call poor Tom by any surname you please, but I really can't pass him off for a butler! Ha! ha! ha! you must excuse me there, my love.'

"'And pray, why not, Mr Copperas? I have known many a butler bungle more at a cork than he does; and pray, tell me, who did you ever see wait better at dinner?'

"'He wait at dinner, my love! It is not he who waits.'

"'Who then, Mr Copperas?'

"'Why, *we*, my love; it's we who wait at dinner; but that's the cook's fault, not his.'

"'Pshaw! Mr Copperas.—Adolphus, my love, sit upright, darling.'

"Here De Warrens cried from the bottom of the stairs—'Measter, the coach be coming up.'

"'There won't be room for it to turn, then,' said the facetious Mr Copperas, looking round the apartment, as if he took the words literally. 'What coach is it, boy?'

"Now that was not the age in which coaches scoured the City every half hour, and Mr Copperas knew the name of the coach as well as he knew his own.

"'It be the Swallow coach, sir.'

"'Oh, very well;—then, since I have swallowed in the roll, I will now roll in the Swallow.—ha! ha! ha! Good bye, Mr Linden.'

"No sooner had the witty stock-jobber left the room, than Mrs Copperas seemed to expand into a new existence. 'My husband, sir,' said she, apologetically, 'is *so* odd; but he's an excellent, sterling character; and that, you know, Mr Linden, tells more in domestic life than all the shining qualities which captivate the fancy. I am sure, Mr Linden, that the moralist is right in admonishing us to prefer the gold to the tinsel. I have now been married some years, and every year seems happier than the last; but then, Mr Linden, it is such pleasure to contemplate the growing graces of the sweet pledge of our mutual love.—Adolphus, my dear, keep your feet still, and take your hands out of your pockets.'

"A short pause ensued.

"'We see a great deal of company,' said Mrs Copperas, pompously, 'and of the very best description. Sometimes we are favoured by the society of the great Mr Talbot, a gentleman of immense fortune, and quite the courtier. He is, it is true, a little eccentric in his dress; but then he was a celebrated beau in his young days. He is our next neighbour—you can see his house out of the window, just across the garden there. We have also sometimes our humble board graced by a very elegant friend of mine, Miss Barbara York, a lady of very high connexions—her first cousin was a Lord Mayor—Adolphus, my dear, what are you about?—Well, Mr Linden, you will find your retreat quite undisturbed. I must go about the household affairs;—not that I do any thing more than superintend, you know, sir; but I think no lady should be above consulting her husband's interests. That's what I call true old English conjugal affection.—Come, Adolphus, my dear.'

"And Clarence was now alone. 'I fear,' thought he, 'that I shall get on very indifferently with these people. Taught by books, not experience, I fondly imagined that there were very few to whom I could not suit myself; but I have yet to learn, that there are certain vulgarities which ask long familiarity with their cause and effect, rightly to understand and patiently to endure. The outward coarseness of the lowest orders, the mental *grossièreté* of the highest, I can readily suppose it easy to forgive; for the former does not offend one's feelings, nor the latter one's habits; but this base, pretending, noisy, scarlet vulgarity of the middle ranks,—which has all the rudeness of its inferiors, with all the arrogance and heartlessness of its betters,—this pounds and pence patch-work of the worst and most tawdry shreds and rags of manners, is alike sickening to one's love of human nature, and one's refinement of taste. But it will not do for me to be misanthropical; and (as Dr Latin-as was wont to say) the great merit of philosophy, when it cannot *command* circumstances, is to *reconcile* us to them." P. 171—79.

There is one thing to be said in favour of "The Disowned." The reader is inclined to go on with it after he has once commenced, always expecting something better than he ever really meets with; and he closes the fourth volume with the conviction, that, had there been a fifth, the author's abilities would have been made more conspicuous in it. The fact is, that his abilities have been misdirected; and time and experience will probably show him his error.

Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots; and of Strathclyde, Cumberland, Galloway, and Murray. By Joseph Ritson, Esq. 2 vols. Edinburgh; W. and D. Laing. 1828.

This is another posthumous work of the late indefatigable antiquarian, Joseph Ritson. It possesses several features of much interest; and we are glad that it has been given to the public. Lord Hailes, in his valuable "Annals," has stated his conviction, that, previous to the accession of Malcolm III., (which was in the year

1057,) the history of Scotland is involved in obscurity and fable. Ritson appears to have been far from satisfied with this sweeping conclusion; and with his accustomed spirit of laborious research, he undertook to remove some of that obscurity, and to convert into historical truth much, which to others had appeared little better than romance. Accordingly, in the present work, he has extended the limits of authentic history for many centuries, and his labours only end where those of Lord Hailes begin.

It must not, however, be supposed, that either Ritson, or any one else, from the scanty materials remaining from which to glean information, could furnish a full and complete narrative of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. All that can reasonably be expected, is some glimpses of additional light,—a few distinct notions regarding those remote ancestors from whom we have sprung,—and some notices of the state of society existing among them. Of the Caledonians, who were of a race perfectly distinct from either the Scots or the Picts, and who were certainly the most ancient, if not the indigenous, inhabitants of this country, the only genuine account is to be found in the writings or remains of Tacitus, Dio Cassius, and one or two others of less note, who were also Roman citizens, and, of course, wrote in Latin; and to these may be added, the Chronicles of Richard of Cirencester, a monk of Westminster, in the fifteenth century, "into whose hands had fallen certain collections of a Roman general, and whose compilation, including a curious ancient map of Britain, was originally printed at Copenhagen, in 1757." The information to be obtained concerning the Picts and Scots is still more meagre and doubtful; and the two authors, in particular, who enter most into details,—John de Fordun, who wrote the *Scoti-chronicon*, and Andrew of Wyntown, who wrote the "Oryginale Chronykil of Scotland,"—are well known to be both gross forgers and falsificators, so that little or no reliance can be placed on their statements. The plan, however, which Mr Ritson has adopted in these "Annals," is simple and good. He treats successively of distinct tribes and districts, and, after a few introductory remarks on each, he proceeds to collect, from various sources, and arrange chronologically, such extracts and passages from ancient writers, as tend to elucidate the history of the times, always subjoining translations. It is impossible to attempt any thing like an analysis of all the materials he has thus collected, which, indeed, in many instances, abound much more in antiquarian lore, than in facts calculated to instruct and please the general reader; but a few of the leading results of his researches are important, and ought to be communicated to our readers, who may not choose to peruse the whole work with that care which we have bestowed upon it.

It appears, then, that the earliest mention to be found any where of the British Islands is in the ancient treatise "Of the World," usually ascribed to Aristotle. By him they are classed under the general name of *Albion;* but that this appellation was suggested by some early mariner, who happened to sail near some of the high chalky cliffs which here and there line the coast, is improbable, as λευκος, and not *albus*, is the Greek word signifying *white*. Tacitus introduces us to the name *Britain*, and he is the first writer who attempts any description of the northern part of the island, which he calls *Caledonia*. Whether this designation has any connexion with *Calydon*, an ancient and famous city of Ætolia, in Greece, is not known. A very fierce dispute rages among antiquarians as to the manner in which not only Caledonia, but all Britain, was originally peopled. It is, on all hands, allowed to be unphilosophical (though we confess we do not exactly see why) to talk of indigenous inhabitants even on a continent, and much more so on an island. One party is clear that the Caledonians came originally from Germany, and the other is no less certain that they came from Gaul, and are of Celtic origin. Ritson thinks that "if not absolutely manifest, it is, at least, highly probable, that the whole island of Britain was originally peopled by the Celts or Gauls," whom, Tacitus says, the Britons universally resembled in their religion, language, and manners; although, it must be confessed, the historian himself rather favours the opinion of our German descent. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Caledonians were a distinct people at the time of Agricola's invasion of this country, and from their inhabiting the extreme northern districts of the island, between the Murray Frith and Cape Wrath, it would seem not improbable that they were, as Pinkerton supposes, a horde of *Cimbri* or *Cimmerii* who had not come, like the other Celts, through Gaul, but had crossed from Jutland. Spreading southwards, the Caledonians rapidly gained ground; and the celebrated battle fought on the confines of their dominions between Galgacus and Agricola, "ad montem Grampium," seems to have taken place in Aberdeenshire, and, probably, in that part of it called Buchan. The great walls afterwards built by the Emperors Hadrian, Antoninus, and Severus, appear to have been intended to prevent the Caledonians from making incursions into that part of the island which the Romans had conquered; for the Caledonians themselves they were never able to subdue. In the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, the Romans, harassed and weakened with civil dissensions, could pay little attention to so distant a conquest as Britain, and the consequence was, that a general revolt took place throughout the whole island; and, as the old historian Procopius informs us, "the Romans were never able to recover Britain, but from that time it was in the rule of tyrants." In other words, the island was divided into a number of petty kingdoms and tribes, who waged perpetual war against each other, in the hope of increasing their respective power, and only occasionally, like the states of Greece, entered into a general confederacy when threatened by any foreign invasion from the Danes or others.

In Scotland there seem, about this time, to have been *three* nations, who divided the country among themselves, and were each independent. These were the *Caledonians*, the *Picts*, and the *Scots*. Of the Caledonians we have already spoken. The earliest mention made of the Picts is by a Latin author of inferior note, in the year 296. It seems quite certain that the Picts were not known in Britain till the third century. Whence they came is matter of complete dubiety, though it is probable that they were of a more southern origin than the Caledonians. Ritson does not think that they derived the name of Picts from the circumstance of their being *picti*, or painted. The practice of painting the body prevailed almost universally among the barbarous nations of antiquity, and no distinguishing appellation could be derived from a custom so very common. The Roman poets are continually speaking of tribes which they describe as *picti*, *virides*, *cærulei*, and all these epithets, in addition to those of *infecti* and *flavi*, may be found applied to the Britons generally. Pinkerton is of opinion that *Pict* is a corruption of *Peht* or *Pet*, and that *Pet* is equivalent to *Vet*, and that therefore this people must have come from *Vetland*, which he maintains is the same as *Jutland* in Norway. This is a tolerably ingenious specimen of the power of etymology; but if this species of reasoning were admitted, the Picts might be made to have come from any corner of the globe. Wherever they came from, they were a bold and hardy race, and had probably made more progress in the art of war than the Caledonians, whom they speedily supplanted in their ancient possessions, and reduced almost to the condition of a conquered nation. It was on the Orkney Islands that the Picts first landed, and from thence they speedily found their way over to the mainland. To add to the animosity with which their wars were carried on with the Caledonians and Scots, their religious feelings were as directly opposed as their inte-

rests. The Britons had very generally embraced Christianity, so early as the year 150; whereas the Picts were obstinate Pagans. To what precise mode of superstition they were attached, cannot now be ascertained; though it is pretty evident that it was not heathenism, but a much darker creed, and gloomier mythology. Their Scottish captives they treated as slaves; and in all things —language, religion, dress, and manners,—kept themselves totally distinct. What their language was cannot be proved, although some have asserted it to have been Gothic;—there is now no vestige of it remaining. They were always considered as interlopers, and hated as such by the other inhabitants of Scotland; and, at length, after their dynasty had existed for upwards of four hundred years, from the fifth to the ninth century, and the terror of their name had spread over more than one-half of the island, Kenneth MacAlpin, king of Scots, a man of great military prowess, waged war against them so successfully, that the whole nation was finally and for ever rooted out, either slaughtered in battle, or forced to fly the country.

The *Scots*, a Celtic tribe, in the opinion of Ritson, originally made their appearance in Ireland, some time during the third century. They were a very rude and savage people, and are accused by St Jerome of being cannibals. It was to a portion of Ireland that they first gave the name of *Scotia*, which they afterwards transferred to the southern districts of the more ancient Caledonia. Ritson is by no means inclined to go into the opinion, that the word *Scotia* has any connexion with *Scythia*, which he calls the "*officina gentium*, or manufactory of nations." Pinkerton and others, on the contrary, are clear that the Scots and Scythians are the same, the name being derived thus,—*Scythia*, *Scytia*, *Sciticus*, *Scoticus*, *Scotia*. There certainly have been etymologies much farther fetched; but Ritson will not allow it any weight, remarking that it only serves to remind him of the ludicrous etymology of *Golden Pippin*: —"*Hooper*, *cooper*, *diaper*, *napkin*, *pipkin*, *king Pepin*, *golden Pippin*." He appeals to their language as still to be found in fragments, or entire works, written from the fifth to the tenth centuries, to prove that the Scots are clearly a Celtic race; and it is very probable that he is right; nor would it be of very vast moment were he wrong. Argyleshire was the first territory which these Scots possessed in this country, and the district was then known by the name of *Dalriada*. They gradually extended themselves over the Hebrides, and along the northern shores of the Clyde. It was not, however, till the eleventh century, that the name of *Scotia*, or *Scotland*, was given to the country now so called. Their primitive dialect, which differed little from the Irish Gaelic, continued in use, with both prince and people, till the reign of Malcolm III., surnamed *Canmore*, in 1057. From that time, the Saxon or English, from a variety of causes, gradually usurped its place, till it became at length confined to the Hebrides, and those more remote districts of the west and north Highlands, which the Scots took possession of on their evacuation by the Picts. The Scots seem originally to have been held in great contempt by the English, who, there can be no doubt, advanced much more rapidly towards civilization than they did. It was in the year 496 that Fergus, the first king of the Scots, after their emigration from Ireland, ascended the petty throne of Argyleshire—the king of *Scots*, but certainly not of *Scotland*; and between that period, and the accession of Malcolm III., by which time the Picts had been expelled, the Scots and Caledonians been amalgamated, and the whole formed into *one*, comparatively powerful, nation, Ritson furnishes us with a list, and some historical Annals of forty-six intermediate Kings, whose characters and exploits are, of course, still involved in very great obscurity, though we believe he has thrown upon them all the light that can possibly be obtained.

The Annals of Strathclyde, of Cumberland, of Galloway, and of Murray, which occupy the latter half of the second volume, are of less general interest, though in many respects curious and well deserving of attention. On the whole, we cannot but consider this work an important addition to our national and antiquarian literature.

Letters addressed to a Young Person in India, calculated to afford instruction for his conduct in general, and more especially in his intercourse with the Natives. By Lieut.-Colonel John Briggs, late Resident at Satara. London. John Murray, 1828. Pp. 241.

With the exception of their own, there is perhaps no country in which the British take so strong an interest as India. By far the most extensive and lucrative of all our colonial possessions, it has been the means of raising thousands to wealth and rank, who, had they remained at home, would never have been able to step out of that limited sphere to which their birth had consigned them. Nor has a reciprocity of benefits been wanting; for if we have extracted wealth from India, India is indebted to us for rapid advances in civilization, and all the arts of good government and social life. In this arrangement, one may almost trace the hand of retributive justice. At a much earlier period of the world's history, it was *from* and not *to* the East that civilization flowed. As if the sun had possessed an influence over the mind of man similar to that it maintains over the vegetable kingdom, the arts and sciences first sprang to maturity in those climes where its warmth is most felt. With knowledge came power, and conquest strode on towards the west. As not unfrequently happens, however, the pupil soon became greater than the master; the infirmities of age fell upon the latter, whilst the former walked forth rejoicing in his new strength. The people of the East came to be neglected amongst the more engrossing concerns that agitated the occidental portions of the old world; and even so early as the times of Alexander the Great, the Indus was an almost unknown river, and the mighty monarchs who came forth to meet the ambitious Macedonian with their embattled host of elephants, and with a splendour that dazzled and astonished his poorer troops, were preposterously treated by them as barbarians. Centuries passed on, and the East was almost forgotten. The governments of Greece and Rome rose and fell; Constantinople lorded it over the land of the Cæsars; the north shook off its lethargy, and arose in rude strength, first to overwhelm, and finally to re-invigorate the effeminate south; the claims of any one country to universal dominion were overturned for ever; France had her Charlemagne—Germany her Otho—Spain her Caliphat—and England her Alfred. At first all was confusion, war, bloodshed, and darkness; but the elements of what is good are never thrown in a moment into exact harmony, either in the moral or physical world. Independence, however, rapidly suggested new and nobler motives for exertion; the fragments of that ancient beauty and refinement, which, in the stir of stronger passions, had been trampled under foot, were again carefully collected, and a new structure, less liable to decay, was erected on their ruins. Enterprise succeeded; commerce began to flourish; peace was understood to be the natural and the healthy condition of society, and the uttermost corners of the earth again communicated amicably with each other.

The circumstances which in a particular manner directed the attention of the British to India, the measures they took to acquire a footing there, and the gradual extension of their conquests, it is not necessary at pre-

sent to advert to. We found, however, that we had to do not with a raw and upstart nation, ignorant and presuming; but with one which, though it had, no doubt, retrograded considerably from its pristine splendour, was proud of its antiquity, jealous of its hard-won honours, constant to its institutions, and more than sacramented in its religious rites and superstitions. We had to do with a people, who, although their learning had little in common with that to which we laid claim, were, nevertheless, learned after a fashion of their own, and that fashion they believed the best. It was not a horde of slaves whom we had to rule over; it was a powerful and enlightened nation whose good-will we were called on to conciliate. Of the Hindoos, or original inhabitants of India, little, it is true, is known, previous to the invasion of the country in the eleventh century by the Mahommedans; but the Hindoo Empire had endured for ages before, and it was only then that it began to decline. Our own connexion with India cannot be said to have existed for longer at the most than a hundred years; and for an account of the progress we have made during that time, unparalleled as it is in the history of the world, we can now refer to Orme's Transactions of the English in India, together with the historical and valuable works of Colonel Wilks, Captain Grant Duff, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Stamford Raffles, Crawford, and Prinsep.

The work whose title we have given above, is of a different kind from those just named, is written in a more familiar style, and aims not so much at being historical, as at supplying useful information to those who are about to commence a career in India, regarding the manners and customs, the prejudices and opinions, of the people with whom they are to associate. We are disposed to speak both of the author and his production in very favourable terms. Colonel Briggs is evidently not only a soldier, but a scholar and a gentleman. He takes enlarged and philosophical views of the state of society in India; and we heartily recommend a perusal of these "Letters" to all young men who are desirous of divesting themselves of the false and distorted notions (unfortunately so prevalent) of the state of native society and manners, before attempting to achieve their fortune in that country. Our author seems to be well acquainted both with the civil and military departments of service in India; and we are satisfied, from the calm and judicious manner in which he states them, and the great stock of sound reasoning and accurate information which he brings to their support, that his opinions are, in both cases, equally deserving of attention. A few interesting and instructive extracts, which we purpose making, will enable our readers to judge upon this point for themselves. Colonel Briggs thus enforces the necessity of all young men intended for India, studying with diligence the Oriental languages:—

"I shall be glad to hear what progress you made in your Oriental studies (of the languages, I mean,) at Hertford; and also, whether you followed my advice, by adopting the course of reading I recommended on board ship. With respect to the languages, you will soon find that nothing can be done without them; indeed, this point is now so well established, that one of the regulations of government expressly states, that no civilian shall be deemed eligible to fill any appointment, till he has passed an examination in at least one Indian language. The veil that exists between us and the natives can only be removed by mutual and kind intercourse. It has long been found inconvenient to trust to native interpreters for the transaction of business; and, indeed, it was impossible, as long as that system prevailed, that we could obtain any real acquaintance with the people and their character. The period to which I allude has, fortunately, long passed away; and I believe hardly an instance now exists, of any European holding a civil situation of responsibility, removed from the presidencies, who is ignorant of the language of the district in which he resides. This acquisition, therefore, is by no means a matter of choice; it is essential to your progress in the service; and it is probable, if after two or three years a young man should be found obstinate in refusing to apply himself to that point, the government would recommend his being altogether removed from a profession, the duty of which he persisted in remaining incompetent to fulfil. I am sure you have too much pride and good sense to require to be urged on this subject; and, indeed, I know of very, very few instances of young men, so absurd as to neglect it, though, of course, all are not equally diligent, or equally capable of learning. I conceive six months of close application, in a country where the language is spoken, sufficient to acquire a tolerably competent acquaintance with the colloquial part; and any young man, of ordinary capacity, ought to pass a creditable examination, in a year from the time he begins; after which, the current business of his office, and the intercourse he maintains with the people, will render him, in another year, qualified to translate any document with ease to himself, and to transact business with facility." P. 9, 10.

In "Letter VI." we find the following excellent advice to the young British Officer about to enter the Indian army, and, in all probability, as profoundly ignorant of the men with whom he is to associate, as he is of those whom he is to command:—

"Young men who enter the Indian army as cadets are peculiarly situated. They at once join regiments composed of foreigners, to whose language and habits they are entire strangers; who form a class of men remarkable for superstitious attention to habits, and bigoted attachment to the manners and religious ceremonies of their ancestors. Among these people the European officer is probably destined to pass the greater part of his life; and one of the first objects of his duty, as regards himself individually, as well as the men to be placed under his command, must be to acquire their language, and to become familiar with their customs.

"Indian cadets are usually like yourself, youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who have seen very little of the world, and know nothing beyond what they have acquired at the schools in which they have been educated. It is not surprising, therefore, to find, that on their first arrival they are struck with astonishment at all they see, nor that they should at first dislike, and become even disgusted, with the habits of nations so essentially different from their own. In addition to these circumstances, there is another feeling, which, in India, tends to create a contempt towards the natives, and, however absurd the notion, it is, nevertheless, true, that their dark complexions convey to the mind of a European a sensation of inferiority. It is a well-known fact, that most of the barbarous nations in the universe, and the savages found on the several islands discovered by modern navigators, are dark, and that the unhappy and debased slaves conveyed from the western coast of Africa are also black. From this circumstance, which renders them the objects of commiseration, probably arises the contempt we feel for men of that colour, and which leads us to consider them as a degraded race, whose minds are incapable of energy, or of the nobler passions of mankind. This prejudice, so commonly prevalent among Europeans towards all dark men, makes us too apt to identify fairness of complexion with intellectual powers and civilization, and to associate with the term 'black man,' the idea of barbarism and brutality.

"These notions are usually brought to India by every cadet, and they frequently receive confirmation by an association with the officers of the ship, who see and know little of the natives of India in general. Their intercourse is confined to those interested and mercenary

individuals abounding at sea-ports in every part of the world, and who, feeding on the necessities and ignorance of seafaring men, make unfavourable impressions on their minds of the whole nation. Yet it would not be more unfair in a foreigner to judge of the whole English people by the casual communication he maintains with the boatmen and others concerned in clearing ships at Liverpool, Blackwall, or Portsmouth, than to draw unfavourable conclusions of the Hindoo race from the specimens which an Englishman sees of the natives of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. There is, however, an additional reason why a person arriving from on shipboard should, on his first landing in this country, be more shocked with every strange object he sees, than a traveller would be in Europe. In the latter case, although he meets with great varieties of dress, of modes of worship, and of manners, yet there is a general similarity to what he has always been accustomed. For instance, though the costumes in Europe vary, still there is no absolute nakedness, such as strikes every person on arriving in India. This is observable at Madras in particular, where, with the exception of a small stripe of linen round his girdle, and a sharp-pointed skull-cap, made of leaves, fitting the head, the men in the canoes are absolutely naked. To a European the sight is hardly human, to see a black animal kneeling on three bits of wood, connected only with the fibres of the cocoa-nut, paddling away, alone, several miles from land. Yet, strange to say, these men, on their rude skiffs, pass through a tremendous surf on the coast, into which no English seaman or English boat dare venture. The natives, however, fearlessly attend the country boats, filled frequently with European passengers, in order to save their lives; and they encounter, night and day, not only the risk of drowning, but the more serious chance of being carried away by sharks, to which animals many of them frequently fall victims. As rewards for their services, however, we see these naked Indians adorned with medals, presented by Government for their brave exertions in saving the lives of shipwrecked persons, of which they are justly as proud as any military and naval heroes who may have fought for their king and country.

"In Europe, the climate every where requires that the human body should be clothed, which is by no means necessary in India. Religion, too, though it assumes various forms among the numerous sects of Protestants, Roman Catholics, &c. and the disciples of the Greek Church; still none of these differences shock us by their extravagances. We have, in some degree, become familiar with them by our education; and in the course of passing from one country to another, a traveller in Europe becomes gradually introduced to the novelties which occur on his journey. With regard to customs, too, though in some respects different, yet there is a general similarity preserved throughout the European and Christian nations. The same habit every where prevails of saluting by uncovering the head; of sitting on chairs and couches; of entering houses, and even palaces, with shoes; of eating all sorts of flesh, fish, and fowl, and of using knives, forks, and spoons at our meals. All these customs are so common, and so universal with us, that when we find the whole of them neglected, we are naturally disposed to think such a people sunk into the lowest state of barbarism. Our surprise is not less than that of an Indian chief, who one day asked me if we had abundant rice crops in England; but was surprised to hear that neither rice, nor any other of the Indian grains, wheat excepted, grew in England. You will be equally astonished, no doubt, to learn, that a great part of a population of a hundred millions of inhabitants, exists, for the most part, without eating wheaten bread, flesh, fish, or fowl, or drinking fermented liquors of any sort. Both the Indian and the European would very naturally ask of each other, 'Then what is it you do subsist on?'

"What, then, must be the feelings of a person, landing fresh from London, without having witnessed any intermediate state of society between the height of European civilization in the finest city in the universe, and that to which he is so suddenly brought!

"All the several shades of similarity which exist in European society, are lost in this hemisphere.

"The climate, as I have already observed, requires the natives to use very little clothing; and the labouring classes, consequently, hardly use any. The middling and upper classes, instead of being clad in close broad-cloth garments, are habited in long flowing linen robes, giving them, in our eyes, an air of effeminacy. The men shave their heads, both for cleanliness and comfort, and use cotton turbans of various colours, instead of hats. These it is rude to take off on any pretence; so that what we do out of courtesy, must to them appear ill-bred. The women have their heads uncovered, and wear their hair after the fashion of the Greeks. The eyelids of the Mahommedans are tinged with antimony, to give the eyes brilliancy, the complexions of the Hindoos are not unfrequently dyed yellow with saffron, and the teeth of the Mahommedan females are stained black as ebony after they marry.

"The dryness and the heat of the climate render it unnecessary to use chairs or couches, as in Europe. The floors of the rooms of the upper classes are covered with carpets, brocades, or fine linens. Upon these they sit, eat, and lie down; hence the custom throughout the East of taking off the shoes before entering on them, which, soiled by the dirt of the streets, would not only injure the furniture, but also pollute the linen garments in which they are clad. The custom of removing the shoes from off the feet, on coming into houses and temples, and on approaching superiors, is very ancient; and a stronger proof of the fact need not be adduced, than by consulting the third chapter of Exodus, when God commands Moses 'to put off his shoes, for he stands on holy ground;' and yet, till we become accustomed to this habit, it is extremely repugnant to our feelings to see men walking about our houses with naked feet; and it is the more extraordinary, that we know it is done purely out of respect." P. 23—9.

In corroboration of the high feeling which so often characterises the Hindoo, as described in the above extract, we cannot do better than subjoin the following anecdote:—

"While on this subject, I will just relate a circumstance which happened some years ago, connected with the epithet 'black fellow,' which ought to make you blush. You are aware that the art of ship-building has attained, under the conduct of natives alone, a degree of perfection which enables it to bear a fair comparison with the same art in England. The entire construction of vessels had been for many years conducted in Bombay under one Jemsejee, a native Parsee, who, from being a common ship-carpenter, rose to become master builder in the Company's dock-yard; and in the year 1800, the first frigate built of teak for his Majesty's service was launched into her proper element. The vessel had been built solely by natives, and was a proud specimen of the perfection they had attained in their art. During the preparations for the launch, to which the governor and all the naval officers of his Majesty's Service were invited, it is said, Jemsejee having walked once or twice around the vessel, and, elated at her completion in so good style, determined to commemorate the event, which he did in the following manner. Having gone quietly below into the ship's hold, he caused these remarkable words to be carved on the inside of her kelson:—'This ship was built by a d—d black fellow, A. D. 1800.' The circumstance was unknown for some years afterwards, until the vessel was brought into dock, and

Jemsejee mentioned the fact, and pointed out the inscription." P. 16, 17.

As to the religion and superstitious rites of the Hindoos, Colonel Briggs seems justly to be of opinion, that any attempt on the part of the British government to put a stop, by means of legislative enactments, to what appears to be most obnoxious, would be attended with the very worst consequences. It has been invariably found, that violent measures in religious matters are much more apt to make martyrs than converts; and however shocking even the destruction of female infants, and the self-immolation of widows may appear to us, these are old and deeply-founded sacred and civil privileges, which the people would only cling to the more fondly as soon as they perceived the slightest symptoms of their being wrested from them. The gradual progress of civilization, of more enlightened views, and of a better faith, must be left to effect that which force need never hope to accomplish. Our last extract describes an Indian fair; and, in connexion with that subject, contains some remarks on Indian superstition, in which we heartily concur:—

"Besides the markets, there are annual or half-yearly fairs, held in commemoration of some particular event connected with the town or city, or in honour of some local deity or shrine. These fairs present a very good sample of the manners of the lower orders, and will, I have no doubt, excite a good deal of interest. You will be equally surprised and entertained, I think, at witnessing, on these occasions, a spectacle so nearly resembling similar sights in England.

"The festival seems to level much of the distinction of caste, and the separation of the sexes. Booths are erected on each side of a wide street, formed for the occasion on some common, or perhaps the dry part of the bed of a broad river, for the better display of the articles of sale. Here may be seen, exhibited at the same time, the silks of China and the broad cloth of Europe; the dried fruits and other productions of Cashmere and Persia, and the several manufactures of India. Here, as in England, may be seen, also, all sorts of amusements calculated to please youth, as well as toys of every description, from the squeaking penny trumpet, the tinsel sword and gun, down to dolls, and kings and queens, displayed in gorgeous array, in cakes composed of sugar instead of gingerbread. At one place may be seen tigers and other wild beasts become domesticated, while the facetious and mischievous monkey, riding on a goat by way of a charger, is always present where fun is to be looked for. At another are jugglers, mountebanks, and stage-players in all directions, with puppet-shows, and the attractive ups and downs and roundabouts, at a halfpenny for twenty turns, filled with giggling girls and awkward clowns; at one moment laughing wildly,—at another, screaming with affected apprehension, as they ascend the air in their little swinging boxes. On the outskirts of the crowd are the markets for corn, cattle, sheep, and horses; and last, though not the least important branch of the ceremony, is the approach of the gigantic Hindoo car, thirty feet in height, with wheels of proportionate dimensions. Within this vehicle is seated the idol, the object of the anniversary, which is seen advancing slowly through the main street, covered with gold cloths and flowers, and drawn by several hundred persons, who think it an act of devotion to put a hand to the labour of dragging this huge moving temple. On these occasions, decrepid old men and women, tired of life, voluntarily sacrifice themselves, by allowing the wheels to pass over them. The occurrence, however, is becoming more rare daily, and the march of intellect will, I have no doubt, in the course of time, tend altogether to do away the practice.

"It is sometimes asserted that our government should interpose to put a stop to this last proceeding. Bigotry is easily alarmed at the idea of persecution; and if such a notion were once to gain ground in India, it is difficult to say where the consequences might end. The very idea of prohibition would, probably, excite a vast number more to sacrifice themselves than before, not only as devotees to the deity, but as martyrs to uphold their religious prejudices; and where one victim is now occasionally heard of, fifty would then take place. In case of any attempt to put it down by force, (and the only practicable way of doing so would be by prohibiting the procession altogether, or by accompanying the car with armed men,) the cry of 'Religion is in danger!' would everywhere be heard; advantage would be taken of the circumstance by designing people; disaffection to our government would, perhaps, after spreading from one class to another, communicate to our troops, and bring the ill-effects of our interference before us in a shape and at a time when it might be as dangerous to prosecute the measure of prevention, as it would then be difficult or impolitic to recede from it."

We should have been glad to have quoted still more copiously from this volume, but we think we have said enough to induce such of our readers as are personally interested in the subject, to peruse the book itself, which they will do both with profit and pleasure. There is added to the "Letters" a copy of the "Instructions" which Sir John Malcolm, when he left Central India, bestowed as a legacy upon all the officers who had acted under his orders. So highly did the different Indian governments think of these Instructions, that they ordered them to be printed and widely circulated among all their civil servants. It will be found, that the opinions of Sir John Malcolm, than whom no one had ever better opportunities of knowing the Asiatics, entirely coincide in all essential particulars with those of Colonel Briggs.

Virtue's Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain; in a Series of Views by the most celebrated Artists. Accompanied by Historical, Topographical, Critical, and Biographical Notices. Publishing in Numbers. London; G. Virtue.

This is a cheap and very prettily-executed work. Each Number contains four views, well drawn and engraved, with appropriate letter-press descriptions; and the price is only one shilling. There are to be five Numbers in each Part, and each Part is to illustrate a county. Kent has been selected to begin with; and in the Numbers before us are views, among others, of Canterbury, Rochester, and Tunbridge Wells. The Beauties of Somersetshire are to appear early in January.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

THE SETTLEMENT.

"The settlement!" said an honest woman, as she stood in the door-way of her own cottage, inquiring of the passing crowd why they were all hurrying towards the parish-kirk;—"The settlement, indeed! Gude troth, —ye may place him,—but it's out o' the power o' a' the presbyteries in the kirk o' Scotland to settle him, I trow." Whether or not the sage, though somewhat illiberal, observation of the said aged woman had any reference to my own particular case, I do not arrest my narrative to determine; but of this I am certain, that upon the 25th day of September 1813, and just in time for the half-year's stipend, I was regularly ordained minister of a country parish. Previous, however, to this conclusive mea-

sure, note of preparation had been given by what is termed the moderation of a call, held in my absence, and in the parish church; at which the moderator of the presbytery of the bounds presided, with a large folio sheet, inviting heritors, heads of families,—all and sundry, to subscribe a call, or parochial invitation, to their new pastor. This, as is well known, has long become a dead letter, and is understood, even by the people themselves, to imply no power whatever,—possessed or exercised by them,—towards the procuring of a settlement for any particular presentee; it is, however, not entirely useless, or even meaningless, as it affords an opportunity to the more respectable and better disposed part of the congregation of strengthening their future pastor's hands, and of convincing him, that if he is willing and prepared to impart, they are every way favourably disposed to receive instruction. Happily for the peace and comfort of the church, this is the moderate and peaceable view which is now taken of such proceedings; though the days have been, and that within the lapse of fifty years, when the moderation of a call would have occasioned the calling for, and the vigorous interposition of, the civil power, in the somewhat unhallowed muster of muskets and bayonets. My call was, however, "moderated *in*" with all possible decency, and every exhibition of kindly feeling on the part of the parish; and I glory to this time in the fact, that some individuals who were incapable of subscribing, actually affixed to it their sign, or mark.

After the morning star, arises the sun, and after the moderation of a call comes the still more luminous and impressive ceremony of ordination; and as some of my readers may be ignorant, or entertain but a very imperfect notion of this ceremony, I shall give them the circumstances somewhat in detail.

A lawful, or week-day, is always appointed by the presbytery for the ordination of a minister, and what is somewhat surprising, the last ordained minister of the bounds is appointed to the discharge of this solemn and important duty. The bell rings at the usual hour, and a sermon, with the customary accompaniments of psalms and prayers, is delivered before the members of presbytery, and usually in presence of a crowded congregation. This part of the service being concluded, the officiating clergyman proceeds to the ordination, which is preceded by a number of questions that are directly put from the pulpit, and to all of which the presentee, who is placed in the midst of the presbytery, and directly in front of the pulpit, assents, by an inclination of his head, with the exception of the question respecting simony, to which an audible and distinctly articulated negative is required. The officiating clergyman, who is at the same time moderator, then descends from the pulpit, and placing himself in a convenient situation with reference to the presentee, proceeds to set him apart, in a solemn and devotional prayer, to the sacred duties of the altar. All this while the presentee kneels, whilst the rest of the congregation stand; and towards the conclusion of the prayer, and in accordance with expressions then made use of, the officiating minister, in the first place, and then every member of presbytery present, place their hands slowly and reverentially upon the presentee's head. At this part of the ceremony the effect is at the deepest; the congregation is still and breathless, whilst the solemn words of ordination fall distinctly, deliberately, and devoutly, from the lips of the speaker. The ordination-prayer being finished, the brethren shake hands with their newly-admitted brother, and the congregation having resumed their seats, an address is made from the pulpit, in the first place to the ordained party, and next to the congregation over which he has been appointed to preside. The speaker usually insists, on this occasion, at some length, on the nature and importance of the clerical duties, as well as on that reciprocal forbearance, attention, and affection which a faithful pastor has a right to expect from his flock. Before the blessing is pronounced, the congregation are informed that such amongst them as wish to welcome their pastor, will have an opportunity of shaking hands with him at the east or west door of the church, as circumstances may be. Nor can any one, who has not experienced the attention, conceive any thing more impressive and delightful than this simple, but voluntary, act or movement on the part of a kindly and well-disposed people. The new minister takes his stand a few paces from the church door, and the elders of the congregation, together with the more aged and influential, generally advance the foremost to recognise and welcome their future pastor. Nor is this part of the ceremony usually unmixed with more serious recollections, and even tears of endeared remembrance,—"The worthy man who has left us"—"The gude auld man"—"The faithful servant of a noble master"—"The poor man's friend, and the rich man's counsellor"—these are expressions which, coming from the heart, reach it, and which, breathing of the fragrance of the past, delightfully perfume, as it were, and hallow the future. He must be unfit not only for the most delightful, as well as the most hallowed of all offices, who can stand all this unmoved, and who can calmly look upon the wrinkled brow, and the hoary head thus stooping in all the generous outgoings of endeared recollection, without recalling those sabbaths, sermons, visits, and prayers, which, in all probability, lay at the foundation of the whole, and which will yet, at some future ordination, form a theme of similar recollections in regard to the present incumbent.

I have enjoyed many days of what, in the ordinary language of life, is termed happiness. I have rolled, whilst a child, in the lee and sunny slope of a brae, from noon to eventide, in all the delirium of perfect idleness, eyeing for hours the thin cloud coursing over, and dimming the blue sky above, or watching the egress-ingress, and varied evolutions of all manner of green, crested, leather-backed, and long-legged insects. I have killed my first trout, and after pulling him out with the strength of a Sampson, have seen him sporting with the hook in his stomach, for minutes of ecstasy, on the green bank of a bonny muirland burn. I have spent my first sixpence in a village fair, and have even ventured, whilst yet a stripling, to request the acceptance of a fairing, of some country toast, who had bewitched half the young men of the neighbourhood. I have seen, felt, and fully appreciated those "golden hours" which fly away "on angel wings," and which bear along with them remembrances which neither time nor eternity, neither life nor death, will, I believe, ever be able to efface from the soul within me; but of all the happy days of my life, the day of my settlement was, perhaps, the most truly and overpoweringly delightful. It was as if all my feelings, under the pressure of a thousand atmospheres, had become inconceivably condensed and elastic. There was a glow, and a light, and an expansiveness within, like that which, in Professor Leslie's account of the earth's centre, fairly outshoulders and counteracts all incumbent gravitation. It was not a darkness visible, but a light invisible, which I carefully, but unsuccessfully, strove to cover and disguise, but which ever and anon emanated in countenance, manner, and movement. Nor am I ashamed to own it. The past was a past of varied and sometimes harassing incident; a morning and noon-day of cloud—blast—sunshine—and fragrance;—exquisite happiness, relieved and shaded by consummate misery—all the extremes which can and do meet within the measurement of man's capability of suffering or enjoying. I now longed for a reduced scale of feeling—a more equalized tenor of movement—an even, or merely undulating pathway of life, over which I might walk peaceably and peacefully in the faithful discharge of duty, and in the cherished but softened recollections of past

being. All this I had found, and accordingly inscribed,

"Invenî portum! spes et fortuna, valete!
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios,"

over the gateway of my future dwelling.

The livings of the Scotch country clergy are poor; granted,—and those which are emphatically denominated poor livings, are quite inadequate to the exigences of a minister's family. But still—bear witness, every power that is interested in the happiness of man—the life of a country minister is naturally a happy one; surrounded by a population which is at once comparatively moral and intelligent, consequently peaceable, and grateful for all little services—moving in the discharge of official duties, at once intellectual and practical, giving almost equal and balanced exercise to the head and to the heart. Surrounded, it may be, and in the case of a country clergyman, it ought always to be, by all the endearments of family affection and love—the old stem, sheltered and sheltering, rising and overtopping, yet leaning and reposing on the young life, and branching beneath misfortune; and reverenced by all that clustering phalanx of aged maidenhood, reduced to poverty, which occupies the steps to a Scotch pu pit, and is at once its ornament and its praise; useful and indispensable in all that youth, love, and beauty, are so closely interested in; the spiritual father, as time rolls on, of a young and a merry generation, all instructed to respect the hand which sprinkled their faces in infancy at the baptismal fount, and the lips which first pronounced their name in public; the glorious evenings and mornings over which duty refuses to establish a claim, and which are, therefore, the lawful possession of whim and inclination; the streams, trod and retrod, in bank a d sand-bed, till every inhabitant of every pool and gullet is as well known to "the minister" as if he had placed them all in his visiting muster-roll; the garden, ever new, a d varying in walk, arbour, and fruitage,—the minister's drawing-room, in fact, where he dri ks tea with the younger sisterhood of the parish, of a summer evening, and reads Blackwood's Magazine on ordinary occasions;—all these, and an i finity of considerations besides, converge into one focus, and stand, with sunny radiance, one green and retired spot, in a Scotch valley, where the spire peeps over the trees, and the smoke of the minister's manse is observed trailing, with particular effect, about four o'clock of a Sabbath evening.

When thee, Jerusalem, I forget,—

but the very supposition is intolerable.

J. G.

PROPOSALS FOR AN ENTIRE CHANGE IN THE NATURE OF THINGS.

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!"

"And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
What'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."
COWPER.

THE Assyrians say they are the most ancient people on the face of the earth. But the Moguls laugh at the Assyrians, whom they consider extremely modern upstarts. The Chinese, on their part, turn up their noses at both the Assyrians and the Moguls, believing their own celestial ancestors to have had possession of the world several millions of years before any other nation had been heard of. It is a difficult point. I shall not attempt to settle it. But whichever be the most ancient people in existence, no one will deny that the world itself is far past the meridian of life; or rather, to speak more plainly, that it has fallen long since into its dotage. The natural consequence is, that it has become most insufferably tiresome, and that, of all creations under the sun, it is the most monotonous and disagreeable. It is continually assuming, nevertheless, the airs of a coquette of threescore and ten, and seems anxious to impress us with the idea, that, phœnix-like, it can renew its youth when it pleases; but its efforts are to the last degree feeble and futile. It is exposed to the influence, it is true, of certain laws, which it is pleased to term laws of change, but which, from the undeviating regularity of their operation, might quite as well be called laws of uniformity. Is not the rotation of the seasons just as certain as the succession through different generations of the same vegetable and animal productions? Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Semiramis, and Cambyses, have they not all perspired under a July sun, and been wet to the skin by a November shower? Danaus, and Priam, and Codrus, and Solon, have they not all inhaled the perfume of a rose or a lily, and enjoyed the flavour of an apple or an apricot? Every natural phenomenon we now see, was seen by men and women who lived before Agamemnon; and all that we now feel, hope, fear, suffer, or delight in, was by them acknowledged to possess a similar power. Things have stood in the same relation to each other, and produced upon each other exactly the same effects, from the day on which Jeroboam was defeated at Jezreal, down to the very hour of my present writing, which is between twelve and one of Friday, the 12th of December, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Hence the dull monotony of which we complain; and the only relief we ever experience, is by meeting now and then, not with a new existence, but only a new combination. If we go into a far country, we may see mountains grouped as we never saw them before; but they are still mountains. If we possess what has been denominated genius, we may arrange thoughts and feelings somewhat differently from those who have preceded us, but the individual thoughts and feelings are as old as the moon and stars. Compare, for example, Homer's battles with those of Virgil, or Ariosto, or Camoens, or Milton, or Voltaire,—and how is it that you are able to distinguish them?—only by the words in which they are described,—not by the deeds that are done, or the emotions which those deeds inspire. The soldier who fell at Waterloo died exactly like the soldier who fell at Troy. He may not have been apparelled after the same fashion; his language may have been less ancient, and a bullet may have gone through his heart instead of a javelin,—but he had the same appetites, passions, propensities, and the same connexions with life. Drawing from the same originals, how can the artist avoid painting the same portraits?

Nor is it that mankind has been condemned to fare upon the *crambe repetita* only once, or twice, or a thousand times. The same perpetually recurring banquet has been *invariably* re-cooked for the children, which their fathers had feasted on the day before. Other covers may have been put upon the dishes,—a philanthropic Oude may have discovered a new sauce,—an ingenious Mrs Glass may have suggested a fresh garnishing,—but as soon as the food itself reaches the palate, the awful certainty of its personal identity was ascertained, and hope sank into despair. Originality is like the *elixir vitæ;* he who seeks it will only be goaded into madness by his unprofitable labours. Not a sin le remnant has been left throughout all the moral and intellectual world. It would have been almost better had there been no such thing as passions at all, for they have been each harped upon with as much unwearying pertinacity, as was ever exhausted on the most genuine bottle of Warren's incomparable blacking. Look at *love*, for instance; through the indefatigable silliness of poets, and novelists, and people of that sort, has it not already become alm st disgusting? Not that the subject is in itself disagreeable, (Heaven forbid!) but that women being all

women, and men being all men, *one* good account of the tender interest they may excite in each other, is equal to a thousand. Who does not shudder to think of the unwearying cruelty with which the firmament of heaven has been persecuted, to represent blue eyes! What an interminable consumption has there not been of the raw material—the west wind—to be manufactured into sighs! What a tremendous run upon every green bank for roses, to be changed into the favourite currency of blushes! How many myriads of heads of hair, or rather of wigs, have been made out of sunbeams! What a waste of pearl, to secure a sufficient supply of that staple commodity, called teeth! Even beauty must cease to please, —must cease to be considered beautiful—if for so many ages its constituent features have been so indubitably ascertained. How can I be expected to fall over head and ears in love with Matilda Amelia Elizabeth Fitz Ordel—decidedly the prettiest girl in the town of ——, if I find, by referring to my circulating library, that her eye is not one tint bluer, her blush not one shade deeper, her hair not one gleam brighter, than the eyes, blushes, and hair of all females, in all corners of the globe, and in all periods, have always been?

The evil of which we complain pervades all space, and extends itself to every object with which we are acquainted. We are shut in by an atmosphere, to which belongs an equally fatal influence over animate and inanimate creation. The children of Galgacus made snowballs, and so do ours; the first Druids sang sonnets to the moon, and so do we. Helen eloped with Paris, and we have still our Doctors' Commons. People died under King Pelops, and their friends lamented their loss; tears are shed, and cambric handkerchiefs are used, at funerals even now. The respectable burgesses of Memphis gave exceedingly pleasant evening parties a few years after the flood; and among their descendants, eating and drinking, dancing and fiddling, are still considered fashionable amusements. There were races at the Olympic Games equal to those for the Great St Leger; there were lectures delivered in Plato's Academy, not much inferior to any which may be heard at Oxford or Aberdeen; Bonaparte was only a second edition of Cæsar; and Cæsar was only a copy of Alexander; and Alexander was a mere imitator of Cyrus; and Cyrus borrowed all his best notions from Nimrod. Do we weep? Who has not wept before us, inspired by the very same grief? Do we laugh? The joke is as old as the hills; it set the table in a roar in the time of Osiris. Are we ambitious? So were all the great men, whose names nobody ever heard, who lived in Palmyra. Do we fall in love? The object of our admiration is the very fac-simile of ten thousand young ladies, who married ten thousand young men, and became the mothers of ten thousand families, before the downfall of Babylon. Are we anxious to make ourselves wise, and to be the instructors of mankind? The acquisitions of ninety years will be but a trifling portion of that knowledge with which our ancestors were familiar ninety centuries ago. Do we wish to cultivate the imagination? Tribes of husbandmen have been upon the field before us, and the soil is exhausted. There are just two ways by which we can be saved from the morbid listlessness—the dead swampy apathy—which a conviction of the monotony of all things must necessarily produce. The *first* is, by an entire change in the external universe; and the *second* is, by leaving external nature as it is, but effecting a complete revolution in the sentiments and ideas of all mankind concerning it. It is worth while considering, for a moment, both plans.

If the external universe were to undergo a revision and alteration, sufficient to remove the ground of our present complaint, it would need to be borne in mind that no partial change would do,—nothing could be listened to but a sweeping and radical reform,—a total destruction of the old constitution, and the establishment of an order of things so new, that, to our ancient prejudices, it might at first sight appear strange and ludicrous. That my meaning may be more clearly understood, I would make these suggestions among others. Let all the stars be knocked out, and most especially the evening and morning stars, which have become so disgustingly common-place. Perhaps some of them might be strung into necklaces, and ladies seventeen miles high might wear them about their necks. The moon should be stowed away with all expedition, and not another line allowed to be written even to her memory. The sun, after being carefully extinguished, might be made into a great steam-coach, that would carry a million of passengers round the world before breakfast. If so vulgar a thing as light was required at all, the Gas Company could easily manufacture rainbows of variegated lamps, and hang them in festoons through the firmament. There should be men and women of all shapes and sizes,—some, round as oranges, with the power of rolling themselves along like great bowls with or without a bias;—some, like squares or parallelograms, as full of sharp corners as an old-fashioned house, and supporting life, not by breathing, but by apertures, resembling chimneys, from which smoke should issue; —some no larger than drumsticks, and others so high, that their heads would be far beyond the ordinary range of vision, unless when they went into the depths of the ocean to bathe, when the waves would rise almost to their shoulders, and the whales would pass in shoals between their legs. The sea should be of boiling water, and all the fish should be ready for eating; and raw oysters be a thing to dream of, not to sell. There should be several cast-iron, stone, and wooden bridges across the Atlantic; Mr Owen's establishment at New Harmony should be the capital of the world; and there should be a chain of mountains, called the Mountains of Phrenology, higher than the Andes, consisting wholly of human skulls. Thunder, and lightning, and wind, should be laid on the shelf; storms should have new features, and might be manufactured out of the bursting of mountains, the crashing of red-hot ice-bergs, the bellowing of monsters that passed through the air, like great balloons, and the pelting of church-steeples, old castles, tombstones, coffins, dead birds, monks of the Inquisition, washing-tubs, and skeletons. Forests should be all cut down, and green meadows all ploughed up; if people wanted to hunt, they should hunt through the air, or under the sea. As for evening or morning walks, or tours to the Continent, or poetical musings on the beauties of nature, such things might exist, but "with a difference," as Ophelia says; for the walks, and the tours, and the musings, would not present the same eternal round of objects and ideas. There would be no such thing as an odious, glaring sunrise, or a great unmeaning cream-faced moon; there would be no distressing classical associations about Italy or Greece; and dabblers in rhyme would not be constantly borrowing from each other, at least until the new state of things became again old. It is not impossible, however, that these changes may be considered impracticable; and if so, the other plan I have hinted at is still at hand.

My second mode for securing the attainment of that greatest of all blessings, ORIGINALITY—is simply, to change the nature of the human mind, to alter the standard of taste, to abrogate the old, and to introduce a set of fresh canons by which to regulate our notions, both of material combinations, and of moral and intellectual beauty, worth, and fitness. This might be done with less trouble, and would be quite as efficient as the scheme already proposed. Would there not, for example, be a delightful novelty in having all our old notions of virtue and vice swept away at once? People have been praising courage, and justice, and honour, and benevolence, and all that sort of thing, so incessantly, that every one knows the furniture of a good character as exactly as an

upholsterer knows the furniture of a gentleman's drawing-room. This is melancholy; and it is not less melancholy that no great villain possesses an idiosyncrasy of his own, but that they are all, without a single exception, cunning, ungrateful, ferocious, selfish, and impious. This should be altered. Epic poets should choose for their heroes the younger sons of Irish emigrants, born in some of the least fashionable houses of the parish of St Giles; they should dwell with delight on their neglected education, luxuriate in pleasing descriptions of their tattered poverty, and celebrate their glorious contempt of all shockingly honest industry; they should paint in the most bewitching colours the lady of their love, whose young heart beat with a passionate fondness for gin-twist, and whose delicate fingers rejoiced to play about a gentleman's fob, or in his side-pockets; they should follow with a noble ardour the lofty subject of their verse from one degree of manly wickedness to another, till he at length reigned over an affectionate and admiring world, and, for the greater glory, made a gallows his throne, and the hangman his prime minister. How infinitely superior would such a production be to those maudlin and hackneyed compositions in which the bravery of an Achilles, the piety of an Æneas, or the constancy of a Rinaldo, are so stupidly lauded! So long as we retained our present antiquated mental constitution, it might perhaps be difficult for us fully to enter into the spirit of such a poem; but, as soon as that was changed, its beauties would shine conspicuous.

Every moment of existence—every thought—every feeling would now be new, and, consequently, worth living for. We should no longer hear of murmuring streams, or shady groves, or warbling birds, or blue skies, or gentle zephyrs, or any other set of epithets equally loathsome, because all equally trite. In describing a fine landscape, the traveller or novelist might write thus, and, in thus writing, would address himself to the sympathies of every reader:—"It was a day of dark and cloudy beauty, in that most enchanting month December; an agreeable and heavy shower was falling; the air was in that most delicious of all states, when it is not cold enough to condense rain into hail, but is too cold to admit of its remaining purely liquid, and converts it, therefore, into sleet. There was not an ugly green leaf on any of the trees; the birds were, fortunately, all silent, with the exception of a jackdaw and a peacock, whose mingled melody came full upon the ear. The insignificant sea was visible in the distance, but its sickening water was forgotten, for the eye rested upon a majestic steam-boat with seven funnels, out of which came a glorious canopy of smoke, suggesting, even on the barren ocean, some of those snug and cheerful feelings the stranger experiences on coming, for the first time, within sight of beautiful Leeds, or romantic Manchester. In the foreground there was an Irish village, with a row of pig-styes at one end, and a churchyard at the other, all in a state of fine decay, and exciting emotions so sublime, that the enraptured and awestruck spectator, after laughing for half an hour, could not help dancing an Indian war-dance, and at last, overpowered by his feelings, walking a dozen paces backward on his hands and feet, and then bursting into a tear!"

Upon the same principles might be written a description of a lady, "made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes."—"The heroine of my tale—the lovely Snifterina Gogglegrumph—had all the constituents of perfect beauty. Her eyes, which in their expression differed considerably from each other, were both of a delicate green; and Nature, as if unwilling that any one object should ever be honoured with the united gaze of two such orbs, gave to Snifterina the power of looking east and west, or north and south, at the same moment, and thus of killing, as sportsmen technically term it, both right and left. She had a nose angelically flattened upon her face towards the centre, but rising at the lower end into a knob of exquisite rotundity. Her mouth had that slight twist which all sculptors and painters love to imitate; and the bluish whiteness of her lips contrasted finely with the blackening grandeur of her teeth. Her classical chin was sharp and long, throwing into the shade her thin neck, which rose gracefully, almost like a continuation of her slender body. Miss Gogglegrumph's head having been skilfully shaved, only one little tuft remained as a love-lock upon the very top; and many a noble youth looked at that love-lock and sighed. But it was not Snifterina's ineffable smile, nor the squeaking clearness of her irresistible voice, nor all the charms of her matchless person, that delighted most;—it was her mind, entirely unhurt as that mind had been, by any attempt at education. Yet was she not destitute of accomplishments. She could sing the comic songs of all languages; she was alike at home in the sciences of farriery and rat-catching; and few could surpass her in the healthful and elegant exercise of eating and drinking; she was so prudent, that the only thing she did not keep was her temper; and she was never known to lose any thing except her judgment. A report was at one time industriously circulated, that she had been observed to blush; but we can positively contradict the uncharitable calumny. Such was the fascinating Snifterina,—amiably pert, fashionably insolent, naturally affected, rationally conceited, independently masculine, and, in short, lost in a blaze of all those virtues which adorn a woman."

For authors and publishers, in particular, these will indeed be happy times, when originality will thus be born anew. The reviews may probably speak somewhat in the following style of a work which may have recently issued from the press:—"This is an able production. There is not a single sentiment in the whole we ever met with in any known author. Most of the words, indeed, are new; and the style is as diametrically opposed to all the rules of Aristotle, Longinus, Quinctilian, Blair, and Campbell, as the most fastidious critic could desire. We observe several parentheses of twenty pages; and we think there are only three separate sentences in all the four volumes. This is as it should be. The reader's attention is thus riveted, and the majestic flow of the English language is preserved. No one should venture to begin this book with an empty stomach; for, as the end of the first sentence is somewhere about the middle of the second volume, and as it is impossible to leave off till this point be gained, the consequences upon a weak constitution might be dangerous. The subject which the author principally insists upon is, the interesting one of damp sheets—a theme more intimately connected with all the sublimest doctrines of philosophy than, perhaps, any other. The chapter upon warming-pans is, in our estimation, the finest; but there are besides several admirable digressions (if they can be called so) upon the high intellectual character of idiots, upon the notorious honesty of that most useful class of the community, somewhat oddly termed pickpockets, and upon mouse-traps, silk stockings, the female sex, hatters, patriots, landed property, and bellows-menders. On the whole, we can safely recommend this book, as admirably adapted for the use of schools, members of parliament, and medical gentlemen."

I have thus only thrown out a few crude hints, which will, nevertheless, serve to evince my earnest desire that an entire change should immediately take place in the nature of things, both for the sake of that most exhausted portion of human beings called authors, and those other respectable persons, no less to be pitied, called readers. The prosecution of the design I must leave in the hands of the legislature, and the country at large. That a connexion with all that is stale, flat, and common-place has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, no sensible man can doubt. But that a

crusade is even now commencing, which will put an end to this stagnant condition of the world and its inhabitants, there is every reason to believe. All existing popular authors will pass away with a great noise; and all the libraries of the earth, stuffed with the monotonous lore of worn-out brains, will be burned to the dust. A new epoch will commence. The Nile, having been traced from its mountain spring to its ocean mouths, will be deserted; and fame will float down the more devious wanderings of the unknown and incomprehensible Niger.

THE DRAMA.

The last week has produced no dramatic novelty of importance; and the pieces which have been played have for the most part been of very ephemeral interest. We regret therefore the less that it is not in our power to devote any space to their consideration. A new Christmas pantomime is in preparation, which we are glad of, were it only for the sake of the good old times, when Christmas was, in real earnest, a season of merry-making. Even yet it is the season when elderly people indulge in a glass of wine additional, and talk over the days that are gone; and children eat plum-cake, and are happy.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 14—20.

Sat. *Mason of Buda, Aloyse, & He Lies like Truth.*
Mon. *Jealous Wife, No! & Aloyse.*
Tues. *Mason of Buda, Aloyse, & For England Ho!*
Wed. Do., *Two Friends, & Aloyse.*
Thurs. *Green-eyed Monster, Aloyse, & Legend of Montrose.*
Fri. *Mason of Buda, Aloyse, & The Bottle Imp.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY FAIRY ELLEN.

By Henry G. Bell.

Beautiful moon! wilt thou tell me where
Thou lovest most to be softly gleaming?—
Is it on some rich bank of flowers,
Where 'neath each blossom a fay lies dreaming?
Or is it on yonder silver lake,
Where the fish in green and gold are sparkling?
Or is it among those ancient trees
Where the tremulous shadows move soft and darkling?—
"O no!" said the moon, with a playful smile,
"The best of my beams are for ever dwelling
In the exquisite eyes so deeply blue,
And the eloquent glance of the fairy Ellen."

Gentlest of zephyrs! pray tell me how
Thou lovest to spend a serene May morning,
When dew-drops are twinkling on every bough,
And violets wild each glade adorning?—
Is it in kissing the glittering stream,
O'er its pebbly channel so gaily rippling?
Is it in sipping the nectar that lies
In the bells of the flowers,—an innocent tippling?—
"O no!" said the zephyr, and softly sigh'd,
His voice with a musical melody swelling,
"All the morning of May 'mong the ringlets I play,
That dance on the brow of the fairy Ellen."

White little lily! pray tell me when
Thy happiest moments the Fates allow thee?
Thou seem'st a favourite with bees and men,
And all the boys and butterflies know thee;—
Is it at dawn or at sunset hour,
That pleasantest fancies are o'er thee stealing?
One would think thee a poet, to judge by thy looks,
Or at least a pale-faced Man of Feeling;—
"O no!" said the lily, and slightly blush'd,
"My highest ambition's to be sweet smelling,
To live in the sight, and to die on the breast,
Of the fairest of beings, the fairy Ellen."

O! would that I were the moon myself,
Or a balmy zephyr fresh fragrance breathing;
Or a white-crown'd lily, my slight green stem
Slyly around that dear neck wreathing;—
Worlds would I give to bask in those eyes,—
Stars, if I had them, for one of those tresses,—
My heart, and my soul, and my body to boot,
For merely the smallest of all her kisses;
And if she would love me, O heaven and earth!
I would not be Jove, the cloud-compelling,
Though he offer'd me Juno and Venus both,
In exchange for one smile of my fairy Ellen.

STANZAS

On reading "The Last Man," a Poem, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. in which are described the condition and feelings of one who is supposed to survive the dissolution of the globe.

By Dr Memes, Author of the "Life of Canova," &c.

The last man!—the being who outlives
Each charm to life that value gives;
Views creation's animating fire,
In darkness and in death expire;
Standing the lone monument of time
In nature's solitude—sublime!
How fearful!—Yet few, alas, shall be
Exempt such pangs of misery;
Nor must e'en one world subside in night—
Nor all existence wing its flight.
Ah! too soon we feel our sad estate—
Few years absolve our rounds of fate;
Long ere this our little span be done,
Our hearts declare we are alone;
While each scar'd, sad feeling tells but this,
How lasting woe—how fleeting bliss!
And the grief-worn eye around surveys
But wrecks and ruins of happier days;
Darkling we stand upon life's naked shore,
The last of a world—to us, no more.

Each kind bosom has its little sphere—
Its hopes—its joys all centre here;
In this mystic bound alone we view
All that is dear—or fair—or true!
Friends, parents, brothers—perhaps than those
One name more dear—this world compose.
Can it, then, soothe the sad, troubled soul
When o'er its world the tempests roll,
When, struck by the blast, all beauty dies,—
That elsewhere are serener skies?
Alien gladness lightens not the breast
Which is with home-felt grief opprest;

Nor can aught consolatory prove,
Unshared by objects of our love.
Ah no!—vain is every other joy,
If time our bosom's sphere destroy.
To our own sole world still feeling clings;
All—all beyond are nameless things;—
And when sorrow shrouds *this* in her pall,
'Tis as if fate had crush'd the ball.

SONNET

To Thomas Campbell, Esq. on his first election to the office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

How strange, my friend, when life we backward trace!—
Perch'd o'er thy boy-compeers I saw thee sit
In thy first honours,* even then, our Wit
And Poet styled, with tiny cherub-face
And eye, whence genius laugh'd in pensive grace;
Thence didst thou early soar the height which it
Prompted, while round thee HOPE's young visions flit.
Now, after many years, thy brilliant race
Of glory gains the seat of proudest name
In thine own Glasgow,—lower yet than Fame
Has long assign'd thee in the foremost ranks
Of Britain's bards!—Ask not *my* tale: I sate
Beside thee, Censor—no mean vaunt; and Fate,
That lets me see thy triumphs, has my thanks.

May 15, 1827. R. M.

* As Censor of the Greek class.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE second volume of Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, edited by Dr Burns, will speedily be published.

Brown's Self-interpreting Bible is in the press, with the marginal references revised, and numerous additional ones introduced, with occasional notes, illustrative of Geography, Manners, Customs, &c. A concise Dictionary, and complete Index to the Bible, are subjoined. We are informed that this edition will be at once the most correct and beautiful which has yet issued from the press.

Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, in three vols. will appear soon.

There is preparing for publication, Aquatic Excursions throughout the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and various parts of the Continent, with maps and plans, in one volume duodecimo.

A Highland gentleman is at present engaged in translating Mr R. Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745 into Gaelic, which will shortly appear.—We understand that a French translation of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, recently published in Constable's Miscellany, is also in preparation.

It is announced in the *Literary Gazette*, that Mrs Norton's Sorrows of Rosalie have rapidly run through a first edition; and the editor adds,—"Thus, in spite of the outcry that poetry is a drug, we now find that it is a drug which sells as well as any other kind of literature."

Mr Crofton Croker's Sayings and Doings at Killarney are on the eve of appearance. They are the record, we understand, of the author's personal adventures at the lakes, and contain all the jokes, stories, songs, and sketches, which he uttered, collected, sung, or designed, during his sojourn there. The work is to contain, besides, a narrative of Sir Walter Scott's, Lockhart's, and Miss Edgeworth's visit to the lakes, to the latter of whom Mr Croker has dedicated the book.

Moral and Sacred Poetry, selected from the works of the most admired authors, ancient and modern, is in the press.

The works of Dr Samuel Parr, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a selection from his Correspondence, have just appeared, edited by Dr John Johnstone. The work has reached the formidable size of eight volumes, octavo.

A second edition of the Planter's Guide, by Sir Henry Steuart, has just been published. A contemporary critic justly remarks, that "no country gentleman, no landed proprietor, no ornamentator of grounds, no man of taste in landscape, no one above the ordinary rank of life which confines to towns and handicrafts, can add a more useful or agreeable companion to his book-shelf than this able treatise by the worthy Laird and improver of Allanton, where his labours are conspicuous, in having, within a very few years, converted a park of no attractions, into one of the loveliest spots in Scotland."

Comments on Corpulence, Lineaments of Leanness, Mems. and Maxims on Diet, and Dietetics, by William Wadd, Esq. have just appeared.

Battle of Navarin.—We have seen the Panorama of the Battle of Navarin with much pleasure. It is not very finely painted, but the effect produced is distinct and impressive. A military band serves to strengthen the illusion of the scene; and the person who describes the different pictures, takes care to inspire a proper degree of patriotism, by pronouncing the usual encomiums on British valour, and philippics against Turkish cruelty.

Theatrical Gossip.—A new Drama in two acts, by Mr Planché, entitled "Charles the Twelfth," has been produced, with much success, at Drury Lane.—A Miss Nelson has appeared at Covent Garden as *Peggy*, in the "Country Girl;" some of the London critics say she will supply Mrs Jordan's place, and others say she will do no such thing.—Kean has played *Virginius* with great success;—Miss Jarman was the *Virginia*, and Ward the *Appius*.—Weekes has got a three years' engagement at Drury Lane.—A very splendid Melo-Drama has been got up at the Adelphi, called "The Earthquake, or the Phantom of the Nile." The music is by Rodwell, who is also the composer of the music in "The Mason of Buda," which has lately been performed here.—The following are the words of the song "Away, love, away," which has been so popular in the new drama of "Aloyse;" they are simple, and in excellent keeping with the music, which, we understand, is about to be published in London:—

Away, Love, away!
My heart, my heart's too gay
To yield, to yield to thee!
I change as the wind,
Which thou canst not bind—
My heart—my will as free!
Away, Love, away, &c.

Thro' the fields I rove,
And the flowery grove,
No bird so gay as I;
Where violets spring
These words I sing,
Love, little rogue, you may fly!
Away, Love, away, &c.

TO OUR READERS.

IT gives us no small pleasure to have it in our power to add the name of *Allan Cunningham* to the list of those eminent authors whom we have already marshalled as contributors to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," and from all of whom communications will be found in our next, or *Christmas Number*.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Letter by a "North-country Schoolmaster" we shall willingly publish; but not until we have the author's permission to expunge one or two personalities into which he has allowed himself to be betrayed, and which do not bear upon the matter in question. We should also like to be favoured with his name.—To our fair English correspondent, "Caroline," we have to return our thanks for the interest she expresses in the success of our work. The alteration she proposes could not be made, without losing the benefit of being able to send the "Journal" free by post.—We are obliged to "W. R." for his politeness in sending us "Rienzi;" but we had a copy previously in our possession. The tragedy is too old now to be reviewed, and we suspect we differ a little from our correspondent regarding its merits. His copy lies for him at our Publisher's.—"D. C.'s" Highland Legend is scarcely original or striking enough.—The same remark applies to the story of the Smuggler, by "W. S."—"J. W." hardly comes up to our standard.

"The Italian Peasant's Farewell to his Native Valley" is not new to us; but the author is older now, and can write better things.—"L. L.'s" German translation is well executed; but the original is on too common place a subject, which is treated in too common-place a style.—The Verses of our Hamilton Correspondent possess merit; but not enough to entitle them to a place.—"The Bandit's Soliloquy" is in a similar predicament.—We regret we can give "Tom Bowline," who seems an honest fellow, no better answer.—"Amelia" and "C. N." will not suit us.

We have to repeat our wish, that our Correspondents will, as often as possible, furnish us with their names, and give us permission to make use of them, if we insert their communications.

We believe some little inaccuracies have occurred in the delivery of the "Edinburgh Literary Journal;" but these are to be attributed entirely to the confusion necessarily connected, to a certain degree, with the arrangements of a new work. We trust our readers will have no cause of complaint in future; and, on any occasion, a note addressed to the Publishers will meet with the most prompt attention.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 7. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1828. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Letters from the West, containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States. By the Hon. Judge Hall. London: Henry Colburn. 1828. 8vo, pp. 385.

We do not like the spirit in which this book is written. An American has a right to be as patriotic as he pleases; but he has no right to be arrogant or impertinent towards that country from which he and his nation have originally sprung. It is true, that North America is now a great and an independent state: and it is also true, that it has not unfrequently been made to suffer under the taunts of narrow-minded and illiberal Englishmen, who visited it with feelings of chagrin and disappointment, simply because they were no longer able to call it their own. But this spirit is rapidly dying out, and ought never to have been encouraged. At the very worst, however, it was more justifiable on the part of any of the inhabitants of the mother country, than of those of its quondam colony. They long stood in a relation to each other somewhat similar to that of parent and child; and even yet, Great Britain is entitled to all the respect which maturity naturally obtains from youth, and to the superior weight which a long-established and admirably balanced constitution must give to her political principles and opinions, over those of a people still raw and inexperienced in the art of government. It is to Great Britain, indeed, that the United States owe every thing. They may, no doubt, by their own exertions, ultimately crown themselves with glory; but, though they are now no longer in leading-strings, it would be worse than ingratitude, were they to turn with the serpent's tooth upon the nurse of their infancy.

Now, Judge Hall's book is full of petty insinuations and sarcasms against the British, which induce us to think very favourably neither of Judge Hall's heart nor head. His insinuations are, in most cases, untrue, and in all—unnecessary. We shall particularize one or two, by way of specimen. In Letter I. we are informed, that "The tumults of Europe have driven hither (to America) crowds of unhappy beings, whose homes have been rendered odious or unsafe by the mad ambition of a few aspiring sovereigns. Here is no Holy Alliance trafficking in human blood, no sceptre to be obeyed, no mitre to be worshipped." This is vulgar cant; as if the poor emigrants whom poverty drives across the Atlantic had been frightened out of Europe by the Emperor of Russia or the Pope; or as if the greater proportion of the "unhappy beings" did not know just as little about the "aspiring sovereigns," and the "mad ambition," of which Judge Hall complains, as the Red Indians do. But our author proceeds,—"Here they learn the practical value of that liberty which they only knew before in theory. They learn here, that the Englishman may be *born a freeman*; the American only is *bred a free man*. The latter has this blessing in possession; while the former cherishes a vague tradition of its achievement, which is contradicted by the records of his country, and the practice of his rulers." This is trash which, if it does not make a man laugh, is very apt to make him angry. We have no objections whatever to hear America lauded as the very pet land of freedom; but when a Yankee, not contented with this assertion, starts up to tell us that we ourselves are all bondmen, and that our constitution is a system of despotism from beginning to end, we confess we should feel a "pretty particular" pleasure in knocking him down with a roll of Magna Charta. But it is not on the score of liberty alone, albeit it is a theme on which, we doubt not, Judge Hall could talk till "crack of doom," that he thinks it proper to attack us. Our national character he conceives peculiarly obnoxious to the shafts of his wit; and in Letter VI., as well as frequently throughout the book, he thus writes concerning it:—"The fact is, that English travellers, and English people in general, who come among us, forget that the rest of the world are not as credulous and *gullible* as themselves, and are continually attempting to impose fictions upon us, which we refuse to credit. They seem not to be aware that we are a reading people, and would convince us that they are a wise, valiant, and virtuous people, beloved and respected by all the world; while we are an ignorant, idle set of boobies, for whom nobody cares a farthing. John Bull forgets that his own vanity is a source of merriment with the rest of the world." How very cutting this is! and how admirably descriptive of the general dispositions of Englishmen! How continually are they trying to impose upon the Americans! and how supreme is the contempt with which that "reading people" listens to their fabrications! But Judge Hall having thus ably expounded the British national character, the reader may, perhaps, wish to receive, from the same high authority, a trait or two of American character. In Letter XV. we meet with these memorable words:—"There is no people in the world whose national character is better defined, or more strongly marked, than our own. If the European theory on this subject be correct," (a theory of straw, which Judge Hall very valiantly combats,) "is it not a little strange, that our Yankee tars, whether on board a frigate or a privateer, should always *happen* to play the same game when they come athwart an Englishman? Is it not a little singular, that Brown in the north, and Jackson in the south, who, I suspect, never saw each other in their lives, should always *happen* to handle Lord Wellington's veterans exactly after the same fashion? Accidents *will* happen in the best of families; but when an accident occurs in the same family repeatedly, we are apt to suspect that it runs in the blood." This was, no doubt, considered a very pointed peroration; but we should just like to whisper "friendly in the ear" of Judge Hall, that a peroration is always most effective when it is based on *truth*; and that if he means to insinuate that an American frigate or privateer always

got the better of an Englishman, or that the soldiers even of the redoubted Jackson proved themselves in fair fighting at all matches for Wellington's veterans, he unfortunately lies—under a mistake. But even though he had spoken the truth, what good end would so invidious a comparison have served? Ought it not to be the great aim of all writers upon this subject, to conciliate, as much as possible, two nations which are in many respects so much alike, which possess the same language, the same religion, the same love of freedom, and which are sprung from the same common stock?

The chief fault, therefore, of the "Letters from the West," is the exclusive and irritating spirit in which they are composed. But another objection is to be found in the trifling and almost juvenile vein of writing, in which the author frequently indulges. The following sentences will explain more exactly what we mean:—"We arrived at Cincinnatti in the morning; but when I inform you that I remained only a few hours, and that the greater part of this time was spent with a friend, and that friend a lovely female, a companion of my *dancing days*, (the Italics are Judge Hall's,) you will not be surprised if I add, that I have nothing to relate concerning this town. Those days may be over with me in which the violin could have lured me from the labour of study, and the song from the path of duty; but never, if I know myself, will that hour come when woman shall cease to be the tutelary deity of my affections—the household goddess of my bosom! Think me an enthusiast, or a great dunce, if you please; but never, I pray, if you love me, believe that I could think of statistics with a fair lady at my side, or that I could hoard up materials for a *Letter from the West*, while a chance presented itself to talk over my old courtships, and dance once more my old cotillons." Now, we do not object to Judge Hall, or any one else, "talking over old courtships," and "dancing old cotillons," in time and place convenient; but we *do* object to Judge Hall "dancing old cotillons," when he ought to be giving us "Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs." However, the Judge is a gallant man, and his gallantry is apparent frequently throughout the volume, "where no gallantry should be." "I have always had a wonderful predilection," he gravely remarks in Letter X., "for handsome faces; and I do verily believe, that if my breast were darkened by the heaviest sorrows, the rays of beauty would still strike to its inmost recesses, and there would still be a something there to refract the beams." This is very poetical in Judge Hall, and is perhaps given to us as one of the "Anecdotes," mentioned in the title-page, as "connected with the first settlements of the western sections of the United States."

We must not, however, close our remarks, without admitting that, in several respects, this work possesses considerable merit. The first half of the volume is, on the whole, too exclusively topographical, geographical, and Kentuckyish, to afford much interest to a foreigner. But the later Letters, in which more general subjects are discussed, though often sprinkled with puerilities and absurdities, contain many good things. We like best the Letters on the Names of Places in America, in which the subject is treated philosophically and historically,—on the Back-woodsmen, and the story of the Harpes, the murderers,—on the Missouri Trapper,—on Popular Superstitions,—and *parts* of the epistles on Emigration, and National Character. As a favourable specimen of the author's style, we select the following short description of

THE SCENERY OF THE OHIO.

"The heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière*, (the beautiful river). The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores everywhere romantic. Every thing here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains; no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a beautiful woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and, avoiding those acute angles which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which Nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which, at a distance, seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation. The poet, in sketching these solitudes, might, by throwing his scene a few years back, add the light canoe and war-song of the Indian; but the peaceful traveller rejoices in the absence of that which would bring danger, as well as variety, within his reach." P. 81—3.

Judge Hall has a great horror of the Quarterly Reviewers; should they notice him at all, we suspect that horror will not be diminished.

Christmas; a Poem. By Edward Moxon. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

WITHOUT any reference to the book before us, it may justly be said, that Christmas *is* a poem. All its old associations,—all its harmless revelries,—all its merry meetings,—all its blazing hearths, and looks and words of domestic love,—are full of the very essence of poetry. The season of the year, too, is full of poetry. The drizzling, dull uncertainty of November, that glimmers between Autumn and Winter, has passed away, and hoary Winter sits alone upon his throne, in uncompromising sternness. True it is that, of late years, a most astonishing mildness seems to have crept into the winter months, and that they who, in accordance with long usage, have continued to assume the cloak and great-coat, have been heard to complain of the heat of the temperature, even

in the once nose-biting months of December and January. Such a thing was unknown to our ancestors. Long periods of hard, black frost, succeeded by still longer periods of snow, three feet deep, to them constituted winter. The north-wind came cuttingly in at every crevice, —the skies were blue and cold; from the tops of the distant hills, down to the very shores of the ocean, all was white; and the sea itself was the only unfrozen, and, consequently, almost unnatural object in the view. It is strangely different now. The very climate seems to be humouring the oblivion that has fallen upon old customs. A snow-storm is a rare occurrence; a regular steady frost, changing the smooth surface of lake and pond into compact solidity, is a thing for schoolboys to dream of,—not to know. All the leading members of the Skating Club will be dead and buried before an opportunity be again afforded them of exhibiting their accomplishments. Though the sun still "peeps over the western hills,"

"Like ony timorous carlie,"

he seems determined to spoil sport, and, as a kind of dry practical joke, sends a beam or two additional towards the earth, just to make people wonder what can have become of winter. The mail is never stopped now; villages are never in a state of snowy blockade; Cowper would die of perspiration, were he to wheel his "sofa" so near the fire as he once did; and Thomson would look in vain for the advent of his old friend "to rule the varied year." It is not to be denied that the world is getting warmer; and we should not be surprised were it to become too warm for any of us ere long.

Yet Christmas is Christmas, in spite of the atmosphere. Patriotism, religion, and brotherly love, alike hallow its reminiscences. Modern fashion is striving hard to bury them under her tinsel garments; but let the good and the talented of the land resist her encroachments.—Well has it been said by Charles Lloyd,

"My vexed spirit blamed
That austere race, who, mindless of the glee
Of good old festival, coldly forbade
Th' observance which of mortal life relieves
The languid sameness, seeming, too, to bring
Sanction with hoar antiquity, and years
Long past."

Were it for nothing else but the sake of childhood, Christmas should be a season dedicated to mirth. Time, with its ploughshare, may have gone over the heart of old, and cut down its enjoyments like the flowers of the field, never to spring again; but in the glad faces of youth there is reflected, as in a mirror, the far-back scenes of your own early life; and if such recollections possess a tender and refining influence, streaming in like moonlight among the ruins of the present, why not secure them for the children of your affections? The joyous and innocent time must soon be past,

"When one day makes them blest for all the year;"

but seize it ere it pass, and give them one glorious day to travel with them through all the sorrows of after life, —it may save them from crime,—it may redeem them from despair,—it may colour their destiny.

Nor would we be mistaken. We advocate no lawless and enervating dissipation, which, under the pretence of social conviviality, impairs the health and weakens the intellect. Such excesses are odious at all times, but more especially so during the solemnity that must always, more or less, accompany a departing year. It has been finely remarked, that in the Scotch national music, an undertone of sadness will be found to pervade all the gayest airs; and, in like manner, amidst all the festivities of Christmas and the New Year, there ought to be "an undertone of sadness." It is no light consideration that friends meet now who meet in such circles perhaps only once a-year. *They will never all meet again under similar circumstances.* Death will destroy, or space will separate, or the world will alienate. Let any one say to himself,—"How did I spend my Christmas last year, or the year before,—where, and with whom?" The answer will show him the change that has taken place. Let him look back through the vista of his life, and he will find that his Christmas has materially varied every revolving December. Groups will start up before him—scenes and faces that know him no more. Yet, in those days that are gone, the very possibility of future change came over his soul like a dark cloud that seemed to shut out the sun for ever.

"'Tis strange—'tis passing strange—how soon their places are fill'd up,
Tho' sparkle after sparkle dies on life's o'er-mantling cup!"

Time and change—how inseparably are they connected! How do all the attachments of our early life—our first loves—our enthusiastic passions, die out! Calmer and more subdued feelings succeed, and continued disappointment, going hand in hand with laborious experience, robs even these of their paler lustre, till life at length sinks into its long and dull December. While, then, the capability of enjoyment still exists, while some honest and ennobling emotions linger in the bosom, let them not sleep in apathy, but with a mirthful seriousness talk over the past, lighten up the present, and prepare for the future.

We have not yet said a word of Mr Moxon's poem, and we do not intend saying many. It is scarcely worthy of his subject. Mr Moxon is a tolerably pretty rhymester, but no poet. He wants the *vivida vis*—the fire—the feeling—the inspiration. His muse is a little ambling pony, and carries him safely enough through his descriptions of Christmas and Christmas sports. But were Mr Moxon to mount Pegasus, his feet would be out of the stirrups in one minute, he would hold by the mane for the next, and before the third had expired, he would be sprawling on the high-road, and Pegasus would be seen galloping up the mountains in his native freedom, snorting and neighing his contempt.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

NOCTES BENGERIANÆ.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

(*For the Edinburgh Literary Journal.*)

My dear Mr Journalist,

A merry Christmas to you, and many happy returns of the season, not only to you, but to your new mistress, The Literary Journal, who really looks better in her monthly lead-coloured gown and slippers, than I ever conceived she could have done when flying about the house like the sibyl's leaves. You request me the news from Yarrow; but deil a news there are that I can think of. The salmon are swarming, and closetime very ill kept by our feuars, &c. The hares have either vanished from the face of the earth, or have got the way of ensconcing themselves under the heath and long grass so completely that it is the same thing to us whether they are in the country or not. The geese are suffering,—the sheep thriving,—the ground particularly green,—and there is a close ryegrass braird an inch and a half long on the crown of Henry Young's Siberian bonnet.

But when I am writing to a friend, whatever is uppermost with me must out, let it be as great nonsense as it will. So yesterday, as I was coming home with a good long hare over my shoulder, I espied a wight going up our haugh in the strangest fashion I ever saw. He had

on a grey hat and a long coat, looking like faded remnants of gentility; and he was always running one while, and standing still another, and sometimes travelling with a motion like a pacing horse. It was impossible to look at his gait without being moved to laughter, and I thought him drunk. At length he run himself off the road, and got entangled among the scaurs of the river; and though the way out was quite obvious, he could by no means discover it, until Gordon the innkeeper came to him, and set him once more on the high-road. I came over to Gordon, and asked whether the man was daft or drunk? Gordon said he supposed he was both, for he was the queerest fish ever he had seen.

He having gone by my cottage, I did not expect ever to see more of him; but behold, as it grew dark, the same wight came and placed himself down before our kitchen fire without any preamble. I went straight to see this *outré* person, and certainly his first address to me gave promise of some sport. He looked gravely over his shoulder at me—"James, bring me my slippers, if you please?"

"Faith lad, I hae nae slippers to mysell, as ye may see," says I; "an' I dinna ken where yours are stannin'."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you the master here?"

"Ay, a' that's for him."

"Humph! who would have thought it? You are a very extraordinary gentleman, it seems;—a *very* extraordinary person, indeed: at least so the world takes on it to say of you."

"Only a very plain, stupid, simple man, sir," returned I.

"Faith, I think so; but I must be wrong. Come, sit down here, and sing me a song, and then I'll know what is in you. Don't think I'll bid you do it for nothing. I'll pay you for it, and that I will. Here's plenty of money. Why, now, that's too bad,—you despise me; but you do not know who I am, sir? I am ten times a greater man than you, for I too am an author, and besides am grandson to a lord;—and I'll sing you one in return."

I inquired his name, but he shook his head, and replied—"That will I never tell in this country. I have been imprisoned, maltreated, and sent to the house of correction; and though the mention of my name would have made my judges bow down before me, and lick the dust, yet that name have I never mentioned in Scotland, nor would I, were it to profit me a thousand pounds. In the country here I go by the name of THE MAN; but if you have any particular occasion to address me by name, you may call me Lord Archbald."

"What countryman are you?"

"What is that to you? Who has any thing ado with my name or my country? I am no thief, no murderer, no notorious breaker of the laws, either human or divine; but I have been very foolish! very improvident! Mine is a strange story!—But you will not sing me a song, won't you? That is rather ungentlemanly. I regret asking you. But my story is soon told; and I am well used to think of it, if not to tell it. I was born to a considerable fortune; although a younger brother, I was independent with economy, and I meant to have been provident and economical outgoing all precedent, had not every one of my whims misgiven. There was no imprudence on my part, for I always meant well in my speculations. I always meant to increase my fortune; and who can say there was imprudence in that? If matters went the contrary of what I had calculated on, that might be an error in judgment, but not in intention. Even at the gaming-table, or on the race-course, or in the lottery, I calculated with certainty on gaining. But who can stand out against evil destiny!"

"Oho! is that the gate how ye hae lost your siller?" said I. "Ane needna be astonished at the result. But I expected to hear that you had lost it in some other way, for I never saw ane sae sair reduced, an' as completely daft, unless his ruin had been effected by woman."

"Hilloa! A hit! a palpable hit!" cried he, springing to his feet, and holding his side. "That was an unfair lunge! I was taken at disadvantage there! Was it fair, after challenging me to fight with a cut-and-thrust, to pull out a pistol clandestinely, and shoot me to the heart? Yet that is what you have done. It is a wound that brings a thousand reminiscences to mind, too scorching to be borne by mortal man. O woman, woman! let no man break his jests or scatter his general and unqualified reflections over thee; for if thou art confided in, and trusted with that deference which is due to thy sex and relative situation in life, thou art all truth, honour, and fidelity; and sooner will the day change into night than thy love into laxity and indifference. And why is it that we rail so much against thee for fickleness and change? Because, whenever we suffer from these, we feel that we have deserved it, which makes the wound fester the more deeply. But if the depravity of man will still sit like a canker in the flower of thy delicacy, let him feel the ground on which he stands with thee,—let him be cast off and abandoned to shame and contempt. The world often hears of thy dereliction of thine own duty, but seldom of its bitter and discordant preludes. I have been a lover—yea, I have loved as never man loved before or after me. I have been a husband—a parent. And what am I now? An outcast on the earth—a vagabond—a madman!"

"Whisht, whisht! Moderate your vehemence a wee bit, man," said I. "Ye're no just a madman, Gude be thankit, but only a wee thing crazed i' the head; an' I'm really sorry for't, for ye hae that in you that might hae been metal for the best moulded mind. Come, tell us some o' your love adventures; I'm mad fond o' love stories."

"Go to your prayers, James—you have much need; and pray for an absolute and general indemnity to be extended to all your household as well as yourself, for you are all guilty alike. You think you sit like a little prince here. These are all your servants; and you believe that you are beloved and respected by them to a most superb degree. You kiss the maids and commend them, and they laugh at you behind your back. You scold the men servants and the boys, and think you have cowed them into attention and regular subordination; but no sooner is your back turned than they cheat you. Every one of the family cheats you. Your hinds cheat you—your maids cheat you. Even your children and your wife cheat you; and all your neighbours and dependents cheat you to a man. Yet there you sit in stupendous apathy, and will not so much as go to your prayers. Or could you not divest yourself of all these incumbrances, as I have done, and soar away into the unutterable regions of delirium, where one day is as a thousand years, and one day's journey as a survey of immensity, where the spheres are all dancing round you, and the elements subject to your control?"

"Faith, lad, I wish ye maunna hae been snapping up a doze o' opium, like Maister De-Quincy. But if you'll remember, it was a love story that I wantit, an' no a definition o' the fields o' delirium. An' yet it maun be confessed that there is a dash o' poetry in siccan extreme vagaries. I have had dreams like these mysell sometimes. Have you ever tried your hand at poetry?"

"Often. I have written more poetry than you have done; but my verses were never of that imaginative kind: they consisted of invectives against my race and against human nature. The King and his ministers have always moved my greatest indignation; and my best verses have had their source in contempt of them and their measures."

"Od, man, that beats a' the absurdities that ever I heard uttered by a human creature. Ye maun be a great deal dafter than I apprehendit. For, in the first

place, if ye set yoursell up to ridicule an' pour out your invectives against human nature, what else have you that is imposing, grand, or beautiful in the creation of God? Wad ye set the horses aboon us, as Dean Swift does in his abominable Yahoo story? or the kye an' the cuddy-asses? What kind o' society wad these form for a rational an' immortal being? Or, taking the haill animal creation together, what kind o' warld wad they make? Wad they sail the seas? wad they navigate the rivers? or wad they Macadameeze their turnpike roads? Deil's i' the man! Without human nature in its fourfold state it would be nae world at a'. Is it not weel kend to the geologists that the Great Maker o' the universe tried this planet twice without the sovereignty of human nature, an' he had sae little mense o' his handiwark, that he had as aften to overturn the haill fabric, leaving nought but the bones of its brutal inhabitants to testify the existence of both? As for the King an' his ministers, let folk rooze the ford as they find it. I'm sure they canna hae done less for you than they hae done for me; but it shall be lang afore I either stain paper or taint the air o' heaven with any obloquy against my Sovereign, whom I know to be the Lord's anointed, and without whose appointment he could not have been placed there. Indeed, I have always thought it argued much in behalf of the virtue of the present generation, that the Supreme Governor of the universe saw us deserving of such a kind and benevolent Prince to reign over us. And I would have thought that your own state would have led you rather to strains of pathos than invective. Have you never vented your feelings in any of the former?"

"I have never succeeded much in that way, nor do I remember these sort of verses so well as the others. The following are some, among many others, which I composed while lying in prison at Fort George; but they are not equal to the worst of my satirical ones."

Here he repeated several verses, in the Don Juan style, relating to our late and present monarchs, that were truly horrible; then on Mr Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, and several others, till at last he came upon the Rev. E. Irving, the stanzas upon whom were far too blasphemous to be set down here. The following are some of the verses he had alluded to previously:

What tongue can speak the glowing heart,
What pencil paint the glistening eye,
When your command came to depart
From scenes of triumph, hope, and joy?

Cross'd in life—by villains plunder'd,
More than yet you've given belief;
Fortune's bolts have o'er me thunder'd,
Till my very heart is deaf.

Hard lives the willow by the strand,
To every pelting surge a prey;
Nor will it leave its native land,
Till every root is torn away.

So I, like the poor passive willow,
Cling unto my native shore,
Till the next returning billow
Cast me down for evermore.

Ah! who hath seen the desolation
Of the earthquake's dismal reign,
E'er can hope the renovation
Of his peaceful home again?

So I, distracted and forlorn,
Look back upon my youthful prime;
And forward to the happy morn
That frees me from the hand of time.

"Wae's my heart, for thy wounded spirit, poor fellow!" said I. "May he that provides a home for the wild beast of the desert, feeds the young ravens, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, be with you in all your wanderings, and restore that reason, which is only deranged, not blotted out."

By this time the servants had all come in, and were crowding round him, intent on the stranger. "What ill-looking fellows are these?" said he; "there's one looks as if he would storm hell, (turning to Wat Nicol); and here's another looks as if he had been there already, and made his escape, (meaning old Donald.) But I daresay you are all very good fellows. There are none of you major-generals, I suppose. (No, no.) Very well, come round, and sit down here. Come, old fellow, give us a song. What the devil is all this whining about."

Wat Nicol. I canna get a moment's time for thae beasts if I wad ever sae fain sing. I never saw aught like them. They wad just tak a body to work on them night an' day.

Ld. Archbald. You are working on no beasts just now, friend,—only standing chewing tobacco; I suppose that is the hardest part of your employment. Come, give us a song!

Wat sings.

I'll sing of an auld forbeire of my ain,
Tweedlem, twaddlem, twenty-one,
A man that for fun was never out-done,
And his name was brave John Nicol o' Whun.
Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
Tweedlem, twaddlem, twenty-one,
And weel he likit the toast to pass,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Wat. I hae forgot the rest o't. It would tak me a June day to sing ower a' his tricks.

Ld. Arch. Blow up! Prithee go on, old Cappernoity.

Wat. Nah! I canna get a moment's time for thae confoundit beasts.

(*Exit Wat, singing* "Hey for auld John Nicol o' Whun!"

Ld. Arch. Come, young man, give us a song.

Aye, that I will, man.

Sings.

Here I sit, the king o' the Yarrow,
An' lang I hope king to be;
My name it is Will Goodfellow,
An' wha dare wrastle wi' me?
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Hammers an' mells an a',
At races an' wrastles I beat them,
At hap-step-an'-jump an' a'.

Ld. Arch. It is vexatious that your songs should be so short here, when they are so full of glee. Come, you tall girl, that suppose yourself so very handsome, will you give us a song?

Nancy. With all my heart, my Lord.

Sings.

Mary is my only joy,
Mary is blithe and Mary is coy,
Mary's the gowd where there's nae alloy—
Though black—yet O she's bonny!
Her breath is the birchen bower of spring,
Her lips the young rose opening,
And her hair is the flue o' the raven's wing—
She's black—but O she's bonny!

The star that gilds the evening sky,
Though bright its ray, may never vie
Wi' Mary's dark an' liquid eye,
The gem that cheers our valley.
In yon green wood there is a bower,
Where lies a bed of witching power;
Under that bed there blooms a flower,
That steals the heart unwary.

O there is a charm and there is a spell,
hat, O and alack, I know too well!
A pang that the tongue may hardly tell,
Though felt both late an' early.

The beauteous flower beneath the tree,
The spell of the wildest witchery,
The gowd an' the gear, an' a' to me,
Is my black but bonny Mary!

The poor wanderer then sung the following verses in a strain truly moving and melancholy. I think I have seen them, but cannot recollect where. He said they were Campbell's, but that I judge to be a mistake. I could only get off from singing, by a promise to give him a song in writing. He is still here.

I'll bid my heart be still,
And check each struggling sigh,
And there's none e'er shall know
My soul's cherish'd wo,
When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
But the deeper I mourn,
Since he cannot return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay,
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

Mount Benger, Dec. 22d, 1828.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!"

By Thomas Gillespie, LL.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews.

"Oh, to feel what I have felt,
And be what I have been!"

BYRON.

THE Roman saturnalia was a grand affair. It was one of those alleviations—and they were more numerous than is generally supposed or admitted—by which the most abject and dependent condition of humanity is redeemed from absolute and unsunned darkness and misery. The poor slave of eleven months, who had been constrained to submit in silence to whim, caprice, and even cruelty, stood now excusable in the vindication of his right, to think, and to reason, and to remonstrate. By the courtesy of the most imperative of all laws,—"inveterate usage,"—he was entitled to re-enact the age of Gold, in all its endearing recollections of freedom and hilarity. From the 17th to the 20th or 22d of December, the whole "familia" wore an aspect of hilarity and good will,—presents were interchanged,—courteous missives dispatched,—boys went about in masquerade,—and the servant, in the nobler breathings of a more sacred emancipation, "was free from his master."

To all these saturnalian orgies have succeeded the festivities and observances of the Christmas holidays, which have on this occasion, as well as on various others, contrived to ingraft Christian upon Pagan observances,—to fill those channels, which time and usage had wrought, with other and purer streams of recollection. The heathen temple and ceremony gave way, upon the introduction of a purer faith, to the Christian, but by a transition at once so gradual and imperceptible, that for centuries the walls, as well as the observances, of the Christian church, betrayed manifest evidence of their heathen origin. When the south came into contact with the north, and the votaries of Odin were gradually absorbed into that advancing faith, whose destiny remains yet for fuller accomplishment, the rejoicings of Yule-e'en most readily coalesced with the festivities of Christmas, and the advent of a brighter sun than ever gladdened the Scandinavian mountains, was hailed in festivities originally consecrated to the God of Day. Thus is our merry Christmas made up of the patch-work of Roman, Scandinavian, and Christian observances; and, like a river which in its progress from the dark immensity of its mountain distance, has gathered in and commingled stream after stream, it rushes upon our hearts and souls with a full and an overpowering tide of joyous association. He who enjoys health, and even the most pitiful competence, but who will not relax a little of his usual bearing and austerity at Christmas, is a forbidding, if not a dangerous, character. He may be many things,—and to some people, and in some relations of life, "every thing;" but one thing he is not, and cannot be,—"a good fellow."

But, after all, we are not beholden to such considerations as the above for our Christmas feelings and recollections. It is to the page of our own individual experience, during the light and cheery period of boyhood, that we are to refer, when we trace the cause of our present happiness. We knew not *then*—would to God that we could still, in many cases, continue in ignorance of the "whys and the wherefores" which lay at the foundation of a thousand delightful experiences;—we knew not the great moral principle which set all the ends of the earth a-rejoicing and maddening at Christmas and the New Year; but we willingly gave way to the common movement, and floated on the stream-way of use and wont, as straws and feathers frisk and whirl under the impulse of a kindly breeze, on the lake or the pool's surface. Oh! we were so happy, that whilst the blood moves, and the brain images, we shall never lose signs and feeling of our happiness. How sacred, how solemn, is true and genuine happiness! It is not only twice blessed, but blessed and blessing for ever. It sits as the pebbled diamond of the mountain, radiating downward on the valley of life, through all its breadth and distance. To these higher points in our early experience of being, the heart ever returns,—around them it revolves in all its future aberrations and excitements,—till the boy of eighty, and the child of ninety, has learned, and is heard to confess, that age has nothing better to record or enjoy, than the sayings and feelings of early life.

I am half persuaded, that moonlight, and snow, and frost, and a powerfully-bracing atmosphere, with a sky blue as indigo, were regularly bespoke, (about forty years ago,) against the Christmas holidays. Oh, what evenings these were then, amidst the mountain land of my nativity! How the yellow moonlight slept on the hills' summit, whilst cleugh, and linn, and gullet, were shaded away into obscurity,—whilst the hare hirpled across the sparkling brilliancy of a snow-covered lea, and the dog's bay, heard from the distance, was sufficiently alarming ever and anon to arrest her progress;—whilst the boy "was abroad" on his own Christmas eve, in all his glory, roaming in congregated glee, and with tongue and whistle of irrepressible delight, from house to house, and from fun to frolic, now moving, like Milton's Satan, "smooth-sliding without step," over the moony brightness of the icy pool, and anon calling into existence and activity the distant echoes, to witness his feats on the bright and slippery steeps, or on the yet-bending and cracking ice-way of the half-frozen current.

But the eventful evening previous to the New Year's dawn has passed, with all its kind and affectionate ceremonial, as the clock measures out, in deliberate beat, the requiem of the departed twelvemonth, and lips have met and separated, which, ere another similar occasion, shall be separated by many a mountain and many a sea—by the deep earth, it may be, and the wildly-waving grass which covers it—and the delighted family

circle, "man, wife, and wean," has scattered away into a temporary repose,—and the "falling stars have not only advised," but secured, the stilly silence of unbreathing sleep,—and the visions of to-morrow have come in scarcely perceptible tinge and movement over the changing features of reposing youth,—and the morning star has arisen and taken his station on the eastern summit,—and day has dawned in streaks and glow, and wavy-flush, where the eye of the aroused boy can scarcely be assured of the joyous truth,—and "a happy new year" has resounded from Dan to Beersheba,—and the shepherd has travelled the muir and the moss, that his sweetheart may perceive his approach, ere her ears have been aroused by any other less welcome sound,—and the arborescent window has been melted into clearness by the warm breath of the awakened inmate, and a winter blossoming more splendid by far than the hawthorn of spring is seen over hedgeway, furze, and forest—no breath of heaven will stir, no melting ray will penetrate, till man has witnessed, felt, and adored, the scene of enchantment which the landscape presents—All this has taken place, and yet the festivities and delights of the New Year are only begun.

I care not for the riot and the ramble of a city New Year,—nor the exulting swell which breaks upon the ear of night as the Tron clock numbers twelve,—nor for that revolting presence of tipsified hilarity which drags under lamp-light so many maudlin eyes and care-worn countenances, where, under the sound and the expression of joy, there lies, not so deep, nor so imperceptible as to escape the notice of the most casual glance, the worm and the serpent—the coiled-up and lurking loathsomeness of a conscience, which the lapse of a few hours will awaken into fearful activity. My recollections are of the country, and of the people who inhabit it;—of the laborious classes, in particular, in whom the respite and the variety of a season of rejoicing awaken an exquisite perception of enjoyment, and who, being happy themselves, are anxious to make common cause with every friend, relation, and neighbour, in the participation of happiness.

These pleasing, and, in my apprehension, venerable, as well as salutary usages, are now fast dying out; like the men of other years, they are dropping off, one by one, whilst the rising generation is scarcely aware, in many instances, of their existence. This, I confess, is to me subject of regret. These observances, coming down to us as they do, from a remote antiquity, and from a state of society in many respects greatly differing from the present, serve the purpose, and exhibit the features, of the "wandering Jew." They are the embalmed records of national manners, which, with greater fidelity than ever was exhibited in Catacombs of Egypt, shew the frame and expression of bygone ages. I would go many a mile to see a Scotch "kirn" in the style I have witnessed it in early life. That joyous night of relaxation, which, after the fatigues of harvest, came, with a redeeming gladness, over heart, and pulse, and framework, which united into one, master and servant,—mistress and damsel—age and youth—austerity and light heartedness, and at which "the laird himsell" has been frequently known to shew that he was neither lame nor sulky.—Into what now has our immortal "Hallowe'en" shrunk and shrivelled? Into the memory of a thing gone by, or a few vague and spiritless efforts to burn a brace of nuts, or relate an anecdote or two of fairies and goblins. Periodical returns of seasons of innocent hilarity serve many good purposes. They are not only the "oases" of the desert, cheering the traveller with freshness and verdure—but they are the natural and effective provocatives to mutual love and kindly feeling.

When your family circle has been scattered, like the covey of plovers before the sportsman, and the breath of time, having withered, some has conveyed others into distant lands; when the letter returns with its annual outpouring of recollected endearments and affectionate remembrances, do not "Christmas and New-year's Day" figure in the page of endeared recollections; and are there not many pens, at this very instant, employed on the banks of the Ganges, or in the isles of the Atlantic, in inditing references to fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and companions, with whom the innocent festivities of the season are inseparably and endearingly associated? It is, therefore, under the fullest conviction that I am actuated by the simple motive of promoting my own and my readers' happiness, when I conclude these hasty observations, by wishing them, in the language of the season—"A happy New Year."

St Andrews, 20th Dec. 1820.

BURGER AND HIS WRITINGS.

By William Tennant, Esq., Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

Burger, son of the curate of Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, in Lower Saxony, was born on the first hour of the first day of January 1748. For a long time he was, both in mind and body, a weakly child; and at school was, like our Thomson, more frequently chidden for the dulness, than commended for the sharpness, of his apprehension. His studies were commenced at the gymnasium of Aschersleben, and were afterwards prosecuted at the Pædagogium and University of Halle. His grandfather, whose affection for him he has celebrated in song, had at first destined him for the church; afterwards for the bar; but both purposes were frustrated by the gaiety and restlessness of his disposition. Amid the debts and difficulties induced by his improvident behaviour at college, he was deserted by his grandfather, who had hitherto affectionately supported him. A few noble young friends received him into their protection. He now entered vigorously upon his Greek and Latin studies, and at times displayed the dawning of his poetical talent in some humorous productions, which were read with applause to his club of congenial young spirits. Among his friends were Boie, Martin Muller, Voss, Cramer, and Count Stollberg.

In the year 1772, he obtained a situation of inferior rank in the justice-court of Altengleichen, in the principality of Calenberg. As this office neither well accorded with his disposition, nor had emoluments quite sufficient to maintain him, he soon threw it up; and, after having engaged in an expensive farming speculation at Appenrode, retired, in 1784, to Gottingen, where he gave prelections on composition and rhetoric. His appointment as professor was sanctioned by the government; but he was not fortunate enough to receive any salary.

During his residence at the farm of Appenrode, he had lost his first wife; and soon afterwards married her sister, whom he celebrates in some of his most beautiful poems under the name of Molly. Death soon separated him from this adored person,—a terrible blow,—the heaviest that could befall him,—that brought him to the grave's brink. From this time he never recovered fully his former vigour of health and vivacity of fancy; and though he struggled on in the performance of his various academical and other duties, neither his mind nor his poetry seems to have regained its former sprightly gaiety. Time, however, which consumes brass and marble, gradually diminished the bitterness of his grief for his adored Molly. He wished to give a mother to his three children, and once more, in connubial happiness, to relieve himself from the fatigues of his profession. Just at this time he happened to receive from Stuttgart, in Suabia, a poem from a muse-smitten maiden, proffering him, in pretty-enough verses, heart, hand, and estate. Burger at first laughed at this whimsical proposal; but the satisfactory information given in answer to his queries regarding the lady, the advice of his friends, and the very romance of this unexampled proffer, to

prevailed upon him, that he returned a response in gentle rhymes, which led, notwithstanding a warning voice from Italy against it, to his union with this romantic Sappho of Suabia. The marriage took place in October 1790. A fabric of connubial bliss, built on such an unsure and fanciful foundation, soon gave way, and was supplanted, in its ideal *zauberwerk*, by the sad, killing realities of domestic discomfort and disagreement. The rest of Burger's life was embittered by this poetical spouse; and after a fretful cohabitation of two years and a half, he was compelled to divorce her by due form of law. Burger's health and good humour were now completely shattered by the unsuccessful issue of this connexion; he shut himself up henceforth in his chamber; fell dangerously sick in October 1793; and died in 1794 of pulmonary consumption. He seems to have been a man of good heart, full of kindness, affection, and philanthropy. Although seldom even in moderate circumstances, he was generous, so far as his means went, not only to his friends, but even to those that had injured or offended him. Though deceived often by others, he ever retained his ennobling opinion, generally, of the human heart; and his demeanour, albeit in particular instances extravagant or erring, was, on the whole, discreet and prudent. He was not covetous of external rank or wealth; he was ambitious only of fame, and the confession of his poetical supremacy. In company he obtruded no claims of notice; he was still and reserved, rather than noisy or usurping. He aped not the artificial manners of the courtier or man of fashion; yet, notwithstanding his deficiency in courtly polish, he insinuated himself easily into the favours of the fair sex, by the genuine captivation of candid, open, and amiable manners.

The poems of Burger deserve to be better known in Scotland. In some points of his moral and mental character he has been likened to our Robert Burns; but he is entitled, as a poet, to a higher rank than the Ayrshire peasant. For Burger, to the strength of original genius, superadded the cultivation of accomplished scholarship. His mind, equally alive as Burns's to the charms of Nature, and equally susceptible of the keenest and tenderest impressions, was subdued and refined by good taste and discipline, and had at command every classical grace and attraction. His tenderer productions remind one more of Waller than of Burns. His language, so far as a foreign ear may dare to be a judge of it, appears to be, of all the German poets, the most sweet and mellifluous. The cadence of his High Dutch periods has, indeed, in our ears, a charm of euphony as pleasing in its effect as the well-vowell'd trillings of Petrarch; whose sentiments and poetical workings have assuredly less nerve and originality than the Bard of Germany. In the Ballads, which are among his best productions, he has shown a wildness, a sepulchral pomp, and ghostly horror entirely his own; and he has, in these as well as his other poems, invigorated his verse by the copious use of the figure *Onomatopoiia*, an ornament which Quinctilian regrets that the Latin language, in comparison of Greek, so little allowed, and which, of all modern languages, the German, from its bold sounds and clashing combinations of consonants, so readily and eloquently admits. He has also, like the other poets of his country, though perhaps more sparingly than Schiller, made abundant use of compound substantives and compound adjectives, an adaptation which the German language possesses in common with Greek, Persic, and English, thereby giving to its poets the capability of greater force, richness, and compression. His best productions are, besides his addresses to his Molly, which are *all* beautiful, *Leonora*, *Der Wilde Yager*, *Lenardo und Blondine*, *Die Elemente*, *Die Entfuhrung*, *Bruder Grauroch*, *Frau Schnips*, &c. Of these, Leonora is known in several translations. But of all his effusions, we were most captivated by the short poem entitled, *Die holde die ich meine*—a beautiful ditty—the most elegant compliment that ever was paid, in the north or in the south, to female beauty. A translation of it has been attempted by the writer of these remarks, and is here subjoined:—

THE FAIR ONE WHOM I MEAN.

Die holde die ich meine.

O, in what pomp of love serene,
Smiles she, the fair one whom I mean!
Tell it, my pious mouth, to earth;
Whose wonder-working hand shines forth?
Whereby in pomp of love serene,
She smiles, the fair one whom I mean!

Who has illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light?
Ev'n he whose power o'er sea and land
Heaven's blue bright bending arch hath spann'd;
He hath illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light!

Who with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek Life's white and red?
He, who to th' almond's blossom lent
Its beauteous tincture dew-besprent;
He with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek Life's white and red!

Who form'd her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there?
He, who with lusciousness so mild,
Fills the red cherry, July's child;
He made her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there!

Who made her silken tresses flow,
All waving, round her neck of snow?
He, whose sweet west-wind o'er the plain
Rocks the glad stalks of golden grain;
He bade her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow!

Who touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long?
He, who did lend the lark his note,
And Philomel her tuneful throat;
He touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long!

Who hath so arch'd her beauteous breast,
Where Pleasure has his golden rest?
He, that the swan's white bosom fair
Curves out with plumage rich and rare;
He hath so arch'd that beauteous breast,
Where Pleasure has his golden rest!

What artist framed, in high design,
Her waist so delicate, so fine?
He, from whose perfect mind beam'd forth,
Beauty's each form in heaven and earth;
That mighty artist did design
Her waist so delicate and fine!

Who breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind?
He, that the angels made on high,
These holy children of the sky;
He breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind!

O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!
That Beauty's type enchants me so,
Crown'd with each grace thy world can show;
O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!

But ah! for whom on earth below
Smiles she, attired in beauty, so?
O God! might I have ne'er been born,
Ne'er seen thy blissful light of morn,
If not *for me*, in beauty, so,
Smiles she, that fair one whom I know!

SPECIMEN OF COMPOSITION BY STEAM.

To the Editor of "The Edinburgh Literary Journal."

Sir,

Your "Proposals for an Entire Change in the Nature of Things," suggested to me a variety in the adaptation of steam, which I consider of the very greatest importance, and by which the labour of mental exertion will be superseded for ever. I have invented, sir, a self-composing steam-engine, which is capable of producing seven hundred sentences per hour, on any given subject; and, as a specimen of its efficiency, I have now the pleasure of transmitting you a short essay, on a highly interesting and difficult subject, composed by my steam-engine, in the unusually short space of two minutes and a half.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
James Watt, *Secundus.*

ON THE POWERS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Surrounded by the fawning puerilities of celestial conglomerations, the human intellect betrays its detonating quality by the genial origin of obstetric hyænas. Do we dread the corroding tooth of immoral jointure-houses, or the fanatical vehemence of Indian jugglers,—how easy it is to repose ourselves on the crater of Mount Hecla, or amalgamate with the cupidities of thunder-struck archbishops. Away, then, with the iniquities of despotic washerwomen! Away with the devouring tenderness of Blackwood's menstrual Magazine! For this did George the Fourth lead on the Renfrewshire militia into so many monastic nuisances? For this did Sir Walter Scott rebel against the concatenated vicissitudes of paper currency, and oppress, with nosological exactions, the inhabitants of Annandale? Let the timid Wellington but plant his foot upon the summit of Port Hopetown, and the cemeteries of Parisian volcanoes will prove the ablest guarantees of our national expenditure. In sober truth, none but irrational antipodes, or Rosicrucian fishmongers, would ever prognosticate the ruin of Semiramis, or forebode the downfall of anatomy.

But to return to the subject. Granting that the Mosaical stenography exhibits all the turbulence of fashionable entities; granting that an ephemeral eternity can isolate the fragrance of obstreperous parallelograms,—does it follow, from such parenthetical premises, that the crural coincidences must refrigerate the longitudinal vistas of Turkish Ambassadors? On the contrary, I apprehend it to be demonstratively interpenetrated, that every peripatetic symposium must coagulate the far-fetched hyperboles that spring from vernal desolation, or irradiate the centrifugal beauty of Circassian oligarchies. Who can deny the justness of this conclusion, if the symmetrical ordinances of clerical contiguity are once brought into contrast with the Presbyterian stocking-holders, rioting in luxurious contumacy, or irritated by antenuptial fumigations? It has been said by a learned author, that the repertories of Iconoclastical enthusiasm had been syncopated by exasperating effluvia, and triturated by epicurean paradoxes; but I contemn this commentary upon syntactical phenomena, and abominate the granulating excoriations that converge from terselated renegadoes. As the magniloquent poet has carnivorously observed,

> "Wherever life its varied essence throws,
> There is satiety when lobsters come;
> Hydras are swallowed faster than the rose,
> Beauty expires, and artichokes are dumb!"

To conclude, then, I shall simply remark, that never did the parietal gastronomy more illustriously salivate the apathies of ghastly aldermen than upon that brilliant occasion, when all eyes were mystified by convolving manufacturers, and stupified by the united energies of Persian satrapies, and universal annihilation.

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LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

No. I.

Mr Editor,—The last term at this great seat of learning has not been productive of much which is likely to attract your Scottish readers. An English University is so different in its whole form and system from any thing to which they have been accustomed, that they would neither understand nor relish the academic details which excite interest here. Even of the place and its external aspect they can form but a slight conception, till they have seen it. There is something overpoweringly imposing and venerable about it, of which no other place can give an idea; and, least of all, any of our Scotch Universities, with their one or two Colleges, and the character which they bear upon their fronts, of being intended entirely for use. At Oxford, twenty-four Colleges and Halls, besides the numerous and splendid University buildings, with their groves and gardens, and avenues of majestic trees, and branches and windings numberless of classic streams, give the place an indescribable aspect of lordliness and repose, and make the town appear as if less intended for the ordinary uses of humanity, than any other you can meet with. The same idea which the aspect of the city excites is reflected from the appearance of the population, of which, the most striking feature to a stranger is the multitude of strange and obsolete dresses which meet the eye in all their mystical variety of forms and ornaments, more unintelligible than those contained in "Aaron's wardrobe, or the old Haman's vestry."

But I must not entertain you with the picturesque when you ask for the literary. I fear that you in Scotland have rather an exaggerated idea of the general literature and erudition of Oxford. To say the truth, the Oxonian system of education, viewed merely as a process of general instruction, abstractedly from its endowments and means of learned leisure, is, as the world is beginning to find out, exceedingly deficient—and that both in respect of the matter and the manner of education. In regard to the former point, there are absolutely not the means in Oxford of a complete and liberal education, even for those who are inclined to make use of them—the only branch of study for which there are at all adequate appliances provided, being the classical department. And even in this department the celebrity of Oxford does not seem to depend on any peculiar efficiency in the mechanism of instruction viewed in itself; but on the inducements held out in the way of distinctions and rewards to pro-

ficiency in the first instance, and then to the establishments which it possesses for the support of a number of individuals, whose sole profession is literature, among whom it were strange if one or two should not be found who turned out enthusiasts in their profession; and having nothing else to attend to, at length became really profound and erudite scholars. This seems the true secret of Oxonian erudition—not that, as a body, the men brought up at Oxford are more learned, far less better informed, than the men educated at Edinburgh—but that Oxford does not, like Edinburgh, let her choice scholars go just at the moment when they have got over the preliminaries—when they have acquired the command of their tools—and might, if they were not called away to active service in life, begin to explore the arcana, and become initiated into the greater mysteries. Set up a hundred or two fat sinecures in Edinburgh for learned men as such, and out of the hundred you will certainly find one or two in a generation, who will turn these sinecures to their intended use—the undisturbed cultivation of erudite research, and acquisition of deep scholarship. Whether the gain be worthy of the price is another question; but that is the way, if the Royal Commission will have it so, to turn Edinburgh into an Oxford—let them endow a score or two of rich fellowships—and make the passport to them a distinguished degree. The examinations for degrees this term at Oxford have either been very scarce, or the examinees very ill-prepared. Out of more than a hundred who went up to the schools, only four have taken a first class, —a smaller proportion than is recollected for many years back. The vacant chair of Oriental languages has been filled up with a Mr Pusey, fellow of Oriel,—a young man of wonderful acquirements as a linguist. He wrote an account lately of the German theology, in which he is profoundly versed, in answer to the work of Mr Rose of Cambridge, on the same subject. This book contains a vast quantity of valuable information; but its author is rather too much Teutonicised to suit an English taste.

The only publications of any note which have issued from the Oxford press during the last term are Cramer's Geography of Greece,—a work, like his Italy, of great research and minuteness;—and Mills' University Sermons,—a set of rather learned and ingenious disquisitions on the belief of a future state. The Oriel men, as you have no doubt heard, are getting up a review, which they intend to pitch against the Quarterly. What their ground of dissatisfaction with the latter is, I do not know, unless it be, that it is edited by a Scotchman, and that it has of late been rather less opposed to innovations than of old. Blanco White is to be the nominal editor of the new Review, though the principal management, it is supposed, will belong to Dr Whately, Principal of Alban Hall,—one of the ablest men in Oxford,—whose defence of Aristotle against the Scotch metaphysicians, by the by, ought to be known in Scotland, and either answered, or acknowledged to be triumphant.

Oxford, Dec. 17, 1828.

FINE ARTS.

ON PORTRAIT PAINTING.

By Dr Memes, Author of the "Life of Canova," &c.

"Blessed be the Art that can immortalize,—
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim."

Among the causes, real or imaginary, assumed as adverse to the progress of British art, that most frequently brought forward is the prevalence of portait painting. It may prove, then, not altogether uninteresting candidly to inquire how far this opinion is well founded. This examination must necessarily embrace the two following topics:—in what respect this branch can be ranged in a subordinate class of art;—and to what extent the assertion so often repeated is just, that portrait disqualifies for the attainment of eminence in the historical or grand style of painting.

With regard to the first subject of investigation; if the merit, and consequent rank, of any work of art, is to be estimated by the effect produced upon the mind, it will admit of question whether portraiture be not superior to history. Nor is this mode of decision an appeal from principle, as might be said, to the voice of the many. It is an appeal from the trammels of conventional criticism,—from the mazes of metaphysical taste, —to natural feeling and unsophisticated judgment,—to common sense,

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma.

But to obviate entirely, this supposed and only objection; the feelings addressed in a well-painted portrait are the best and the most refined of the human heart. The canvass, breathing with those lineaments on which we have hung with respect and affection—with veneration and love, presents an object grateful and affecting beyond every other that art can exhibit.

"And while the wings of fancy still are free,
While I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft:
Thyself removed—thy power to solace left."

Nor are these partial feelings awakened merely by individual circumstances. When a portrait belongs to posterity, the feelings too belong to immortality; the pencil then employs an universal language, addressing the taste, the energy, the virtue of each succeeding age.

Supposing it now possible to recover some masterpiece of Grecian art, which single picture would enjoy the general preference? We apprehend not a tablet, enriched even by the exquisite finish of Zeuxis, or the glowing colours of Parrhasius, or the deep pathos of Timanthes, or the beauty and grandeur of Apelles himself. The earlier labours in the *pœcile* would raise the general wish; for here Polygnotus had depicted, from the living originals, the heroes who defended—the legislators who enlightened united Greece, during the most glorious period in her moral history. Or to put a case yet more home-felt: When centuries shall have harmonised the jarring elements of history into the brief narrative which will embalm whatever is truly great and precious in the events or characters of these our times—when, it may be, the splendour of art and the light of liberty have arisen on a new hemisphere, leaving in ignorance and despotism those regions of Europe once instructed and free,—what collection of English art will then be most regretted? Would it not be such an one as is now forming by his Majesty—a design worthy of royal munificence and taste—where, as within some consecrated shrine—a school of future virtue and enterprise —are to be assembled the silent, yet eloquent forms, representatives of the valour, the learning and patriotism, the wisdom and genius, of our native land?

We need advocate no farther the moral dignity of an art, which multiplies the eternity of that which cannot die—which addresses the tenderest and the noblest principles of our nature. Nor are these emotions, as has been said, separate and apart from the object that calls them forth. An historical painting,—a group of sculpture,—every effort of art capable of touching the feelings, derives this power from association; and that work is the most perfect which most cordially sympathises with the associated sentiment—which flings its instant brightness or gloom over the imagery of memory.

Now, in the dignity and legitimacy of the means, the second subject of inquiry, by which its effects are wrought, portrait painting is neither inferior nor opposed to history. *Anch io son pittore*, may with justice be the boast

of the artist in either department. The means which imitative art employs are twofold; peculiar to individual modes of imitation, and dependent on the precepts of universal taste. In the first, the colouring, the drawing, the management of light and shade, the grandeur of the masses, the breadth of parts—all the essentials, in short, of the grand in practical art, a portrait, admirable as a work of genius, exhibits the same excellences, and these produced by observance of the same principles, as a piece of history. An opinion opposite to this fact, and which confounds greatness of extent with grandeur of effect, appears to be at the bottom of much of the irrelevant remark on the subject now considered. True grandeur in a work of art, however, is a principle pure and independent, which must exist, and will be found, in every work of excellence, of whatever magnitude.

In those beauties, again, common to all the modes of imitation, which in all constitute the "το καλον και αγαθον" of universal art, portrait, in its true excellence, must partake equally with historical works. If intellectuality and expression—the animating, the informing principles of painting—be regarded, where are these more finely developed, than in the countenance of genius or feeling, when touched by the hand of a master? Such a picture is the portraiture of the soul—the nearest approach which the material can make to the intellectual world. Here the pencil must be guided by the most exquisite science, and the loftiest enthusiasm. Perhaps even more acute discernment, more refined knowledge, of the human heart, is required, thus to embody the calm habitudes of the mind in serenity and repose, than to express the more turbulent effects of passion, the frequent theme of history.

But, after all, what is historical painting? Is it not portraiture? and are not its merits in proportion to the fidelity of the delineation in the manners, the characters, the general spirit of the times to which it belongs? Does fancy claim the subject? still the constituents are portraits of nature, and the whole is combined by the laws of this very imitation. Here, indeed, in the composition and arrangement of his materials, the historical painter exerts a greater latitude of creative power. This, however, arises from the greater variety, not the superior excellence, of materials or of his principles. Grace more frequently bounds the simple composition of the portrait. Both, however, are essentially the same art—the art of representing nature; and each attains this, its scope and aim, as this imitation is accomplished. And it is more immediate intercourse with this, the sole and primitive source of all beauty and truth, which renders the science of portrait painting the most valuable corrective of all conventional art—the best preparative for the loftiest exercises of imagination. This the whole history of art evinces. The only approaches to nature, in the arts of Egypt, are to be found in the colossal heads—as that of Memnon—which there is every reason to believe were portraits. In Greece, their theory of the ideal, and their canons of proportion, were deduced from the study of individual nature, as in portraits. Sculpture, in fact, began to advance with ease and certainty only after the introduction of Iconic statues, or portraits. The Roman school attained originality, and came in contact with truth and beauty, only in portraits. In modern times, with the exception of Michael Angelo, the best portrait have been the best historical painters. Raphael's Transfiguration belongs not more to the grand style of art, than his portrait of Julius. In the schools, now, of France and Italy, we find every thing which theory and the antique can give—fine drawing, correct proportion—but that which portrait could give, feeling and the graces of natural expression are wanting. In the English school there is feeling—there is truth—character—all the inexpressible charms of nature. Let patrons do the rest, and we shall have historical paintings, like our portraits, superior to every thing in living art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NATURE.

By Allan Cunningham.

O, Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twiner of bowers for lovers meet;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
O! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying:
With Thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe;
Thy looks inspired, thy chasten'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain,
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

THE HOUR OF SLEEP.

By John Malcolm, Esq.

When Reason sleeps, and Fancy wakes,
Far over mount and sea,
My soul—a nightly wanderer—takes
Her lonely walks with thee;—
And meets thee, as we met of yore,
By whispering woods and silvery streams,
Upon the calm and shadowy shore
That rises on my dreams.

There—while in visions of the night
With thee my spirit strays,
Amid the land, and in the light
Of long-lost yesterdays—
Fair things that fled life's early path,
And left a desert gap around—
The flowers and feelings sunk in death,
And mourn'd as lost—are found.

And there, thy sad sweet smile still glows,
And doth thy cheek illume,
That wears the image of the rose,
Now blench'd within the tomb;
And thy soft voice, to silence long
Gone down from earth, my spirit hears—
Like the sweet memory of a song,
Echoed from other years.

Oh, why are dreams so blissful given
To charm the hours of sleep—
To soothe us with a gleam of Heaven,
Then leave to wake and weep?
Why is the lost one's memory dear,
If it but haunts the heart in vain—
If friends by death are sever'd here,
Never to meet again?

THE VALE OF PEACE.

A SABBATH SCENE.

By Professor Wilson.

Divinely silent as a picture steep'd
In dewy morning-prime, by heavenly art
Of some great poet-painter, while he wooed,
As if she were a spirit who felt his love,
Hush'd Nature, as she slumber'd beautiful
Dreaming, or waking beautiful from dreams!
Even so divinely silent in the sun,
Who had dropt his cloud-retinue in the sea,
And up the blue vault journey'd lingeringly,
Mild as the moon to homeward reapers dear,
And all undazzling, though the dawn grew day,
As unto lover's eyes the evening-star!
Even so divinely silent, while my soul
Lived in mine eyes, all other senses shut
In short oblivion, with its Sabbath-calm
Of lights and shadows lay the Vale of Peace!

The Vale of Peace! A tranquillizing sound!
Haply so named in the old forgotten time,
By pensive minstrel, harping his glad way
Through the thin solitudes—now at the door
Of hut or shieling on the mountain-side,
With verse to some romantic roundelay
Accordant, voice and hand in unison,
Charming the solitary mother, left
With her mute infant, while her husband plied
His work in far-off woods;—now in the midst
Of numerous merriment on the village green,
Throned, a magician, on the topmost step
Of all the flight, beneath the old Stone-Cross
That grandly cleaved in twain the golden mass
Of sunset, with a deeper mystery
Than hangs round all the luminous orbs of Heaven!

The Vale of Peace! and it was Sabbath-morn!
And at my side, pausing whene'er I paused,
And moving on whene'er I moved, a Spirit
Lovelier than Nymph or Goddess of the Dawn,
Created in his sleep by some young Greek,
Beside that famous fount of Castaly
Stretched in day-dreams beneath the olive shade—
O! lovelier far that Spirit! For her face,
Composed of mortal beauty, seemed immortal!
So felt her father, as the holy light
Of that still Sabbath-morn, so sad and sweet,
Visited her eyes, her cheeks, her brow, her hair,
And, to my heart, seemed all reflected back
On the green earth, and on the blue profound
Of God's own gracious skies!

"The Vale of Peace!"
Breathed she, with that low voice so musical,—
That voice of hers, so like an echo brought
From far,—yet as familiarly distinct
As words of fancy-fraught soliloquy
By wandering poet murmured in the woods
To his own ear,—none other by to hear
The fragments of his song, but forest-birds,—
The rustling robin redbreast near his nest,
In spring and summer shy of human life
By the sweet ingrate through the snows beloved!
Or cushat moaning,—(is it joy or grief?)
Hid in some yew-tree many centuries old!

"The Vale of Peace!" my rose-lipped Margaret breathed
Once more, so close unto my heart I felt
The fine faint fragrant sigh from Paradise;
Nor ever floated up and down the air,
In sunshine shivering to the zephyr's wing,
Rose-leaves more lightly, in their balminess,
Than did the tones of her repeated voice,
Rising and falling,—wavering and away,—
Each time more eloquent of innocent bliss!
On a soft sofa of the unhewn rock
We sat us down, within a natural niche,
O'ergrown with emerald velvet,—such a depth
Of moss had gathered there from year to year,—
While overhead, and but few yards aside,
Kept dinning ceaseless in the solitude,
The tiny cataract of a lucid rill
Breathed from a clear loch, up among the braes,—
Whose spray, like pearls in mist, empurpled bright
The flowers, on which the mountain-bees hung mute
Amid that watery murmur,—or at once
Capriciously forsaking their sweet prisons
In the many-celled foxglove, boomed away,
Through sunshine, like to fairy humming-birds,
To their ground hives, or other balmier wilds.

With her, the loved, the good, the beautiful,
Sitting by my side,—almost within my arms,—
A desert had been Eden, and the spring
Buried the winter in a flush of flowers;
But Sabbath-morn shone on The Vale of Peace;
Nor in broad Scotland a more pleasant place
Wakes to the rising sun; nor, as he sets,
Fades lovelier in the fading light—though wind
Away away ten thousand glorious glens
With their long sounding hollows up among
The regions of the everlasting snow,
Enclosing many a nameless nook, unknown
But to the hunter, as he stalks the deer,
Or poet seeking in the farthest depth
Of solitude remoteness farther still—
Nooks of such perfect beauty, that one tree,
One rock where broom and heather glow together,
One grove of the wide-waving lady-fern,
Would there be missed, if by some magic wand
Wafted off dreamily from his musing eyes,
And the whole spirit of the wilderness
Changed, because *that* was gone!

She gazed and gazed,
My happy child, and, in her happiness
Deepen'd the beauty of The Vale of Peace!

Not many tears,—and they were tears of joy,
Or pity,—for her fellow-Christians seen
Smiling or weeping, or for creatures dumb
In their mysterious passion, had her eyes
Ever bedimm'd; and then the dewy rays,
In their large orbs, a more delightful kiss
Diffused upon her father's lips, that touch'd
Those holy shrines of feeling and of thought.
But now fast fell her tears,—she knew not why,
And a long sigh betray'd th' excess of bliss
Disturbing her young heart! Up rose the lark,
And with it carried Margaret's hymns to heaven,
While she herself was mute! Watching the bird,
She held her pale face up to the blue skies,
Bright in its paleness, as the sunshine fell
Lovingly on those delicate lineaments;
And I might be forgiven, if then I saw
In that her trance of rapt beatitude,
A radiant angel in a child of clay.

With the descending lark her soul return'd
To earth; and, as beneath a tufted clod
Of the young braird, alighting by its nest,
The song of that aërial chorister
Ceased on a sudden, to the homes of earth
My Margaret's heart, with all its sympathies,
Went yearning, while her glistening eyes did range
The Vale of Peace, from the first house that smiled
On the green mount beneath it's sheltering tree,
A few gay fields beyond the light-railed bridge,
To the dim hut, that, almost like a haze
Of steady vapour, 'mid the heathery copse,
Speck'd the far mountain side.

"Yes, my dear child!
To your young eyes that farm is beautiful,
That Farm-house cresting there the sunny knoll
With its old ivied chimneys, its green roof
Shelter'd beneath a roof far greener still,
The Plane-tree's roof, whose honied umbrage hums
(We hear it now) with many a hive of bees,
Come from afar; yet loud as is the hum,
Like soften'd thunder, hark! you hear the cooing
Of the glad doves, and lo! you see them move
With purpling necks, and bosoms swelling proud
Upon the shaded thatch! The streamlet flows
Round and all round that sweet Peninsula,
Bathing the low holms in undying green,
Where the slow cattle feed; or needful grain,
Greener than greenest herbage, soothes the eye
And heart together, promising to man,
Who prays for it to God, his daily bread!
Yet sorrow visiteth this world of Sin
In the most peaceful places; and the dews,
At morn and evening dropping from that tree
On the rich mosses of that burnish'd roof,
Have fallen not so frequent or so fast
As human tears, around the dying beds
Spread on those lowly floors! The mother brought
Consumption in her blood, while yet a Bride,
To that delightful dwelling; and the veins
Of all her family kept the mortal taint,
Both sons and daughters, hid beneath a skin
As pure as snow, while auburn ringlets waved
O'er every manly, every feminine brow,
A household, by the hearth or in the air,
The Glory and the Beauty of the Vale!
For many years she linger'd—still reviving
As the wild flowers revived, but every spring
Beheld her weak and weaker, as she walked
Down to the kirk with her bright family,
On the mild Sabbaths, or on working days
Tending the house-affairs, or sitting calm
Among her offspring round the blinking hearth,
At evening, with the Bible on her knees!
She died! and of her duteous children grown
To prime of life's estate, one every year,
For five years following, to the same lown spot,
In the eastern nook of the small burial-place,
Where all their kindred slept, were duly borne!
Three stately sons, two daughters fair as morn,
As glad May-day came round! A Festival,
Long, long ago, still held with dance and song,
When they were girls and boys! The father lives,
A grey-hair'd man, but yet not miserable,
Say rather happy, for two sons survive,
And one meek daughter, meek as summer eve
When dews are falling, and the linnet sings,
Beyond his hour, to hail the Evening Star!
The old man looks unto a lonely life
In th' unbefriended future! Say it not!
Not unbefriended—since, for such as he,
And others who in guilt have found their grief,
(His life has still been blameless before men,
Though frail in purer eyes,) that Infant lay
Within the lowly manger, while from the East
The wise men came with offerings, and the voice
Of angels sang o'er holy Bethlehem!
And often as they walk across the graves,
Unto the house of God, the sickly Three,—
To stranger's eye they all look beautiful
In health, for nought deceitful as decay,—
Will steal a look, all unobserved by him
Whose heart quakes ever for his children dear,
At the low mounds, where many a daisy grows,
Ere long to smile in dew above their heads,
Laid by their brothers' and their sisters' sides,
Their mother in the midst! And if a tear
Will sometimes fall, it is not for themselves,
But the grey head then stooping 'neath the porch
Of the small kirk soon fill'd with sound of psalms!
Transient that trance! for holier hopes arise—
The kirk is fill'd with worship—Jesus speaks—
And all vain sorrow dies beneath the Cross!"

I ceased,—and a low sobbing by my side
Was all I heard,—when, turning round her head,
My Margaret strove to hide her face; then rising,
She walk'd towards the waterfall, and dipp'd
Her small hands in the murmur, o'er her brow
Pouring the liquid coolness; then came back,
With a faint smile, and sat down on the rock
Beside me happy in her sweet return;
A smile that in its faintness seem'd to say,
"O Father! and is this The Vale of Peace?"

I laid my arm around my daughter's neck,
And then the natural tears began to flow
Faster than ever,—but her grief was gone,
And she was weeping in strong filial love;
Happy as the young linnet in the broom,
On leaving first its nest, and on the spray
Swinging in sunshine near its parent-bird.

"Look, Margaret, towards the sun—the joyous east!
Lo! on the birken brink of yonder rill
So rocky, that no larger tree may grow
On the thin soil, though sweetest pasturage
Creeps round each crevice of the cliffs, and sheep,
Goatlike, are passing to and fro the heights,
Even as wild creatures. Lo! an airy hut,
Perched on the very summit, one huge stone
Alone behind it, and some stunted shrubs,
Poor shelter—so it seems—to the green plat
Before the door; and yet, when storms are up,
And winds are piping loud, the soften'd blast
Strikes through these shrubs upon the little pane
In the clay wall,—and that gigantic pillar
Becalms the roof, even as a little skiff
From tempests sacred in some waveless bay.
There dwells a crone—the oldest of the old!
Her life has past its hundredth year—how long
No one can tell—not she herself—the grave-stones
Of all her children, and her children's children,
In green obliteration long have lain
Sunk in the kirk-yard, and no chronicler
Can point the place—no chronicler but one,
Even she herself, who, bed-rid long ago,
With dim eyes sometimes visits in her dreams
The headstone of the husband of her youth,
And reads the text thereon, for long long years
Still legible, till over all that nook
The matted brambles and rank hemlock rose;
And in the midst a bird-sown seedling thorn,

Growing for generations, now a tree
With gnarled bole, towers higher than the kirk,
In flowering July like a hill of snow!
For fifty years have her thin locks been grey,
And deaf her ears as the deaf stones that lie
Scatter'd around, on which the small birds sing
When spring awakes the woods; she hears them not,
Nor yet the winter-night, when all the cliffs
Are torn by cataracts tumbling down the hills,
And heaven is in an uproar! Silence shrouds
Her spirit, and her palsied body lies
Stirless upon the pallet, although sleep
Seems ne'er to seal her eyes, still dimly open
In their deep hollow sockets, like a flame
Aye dying, never dead!

"Beside her sits
A little guardian angel at her wheel,
Singing as cheerful in that hovel dim,—
The smoky roof of rafters almost touching
Her golden head, when rising suddenly
To tend that ancient phantom on her bed,
To turn her palsied side, or from the well,
That fears no summer drought, no winter frost,
To bring that purest medicine to bedew
Her shrivell'd lips, or wet the crumbled bread,
Received religiously in those bony hands
Held up in mute thanksgiving!—Aye she sings,
In that dim hovel the glad orphan sings
As cheerfully as soaring lark that flutters
At heaven's own gates, yea, with a voice as sweet
As thou dost sing, my Margaret, when our house
Is hush'd at night, and none but thou awake,
Thou, and thy parents praying they may waft
Thy hymnings with them to the world of dreams!"

Gently she laid the lustre of her head
On my paternal bosom, and I kiss'd
My daughter's eyes, and pray'd no bitterer tears
Might ever overflow those lids beloved,
Than the pure drops that fell like dew from heaven
Upon her lilied heart; and as they fell
Seem'd to assuage the sympathies that bind
All nature to the heart of innocence!

But soon the happy creature found her voice,
And, smiling, thank'd me for my narrative.
Then, starting from her seat close to my side,
As quickly escaping from my folding arms,
And flying back as quickly as a dove,
As a tame dove, that, slipping out of hand,
Wheels 'mid the sunshine in a narrow flight,
But soon returns to hover o'er the head
Of one who feeds it, and preserves its plumes
Safe from all beaked birds that hunt the air,—
Again my Margaret underneath the cliff
Sat down beside me, and without a word,
Seem'd listening to the cheerful waterfall,
Then bless'd in murmur sweet the Vale of Peace!

"Lo, up the Vale the light-blue heron floats!
And though almost as slowly as a cloud
He seems to float, and o'er yon grove of elms
To pause as if his nest were there—on—on
He wings his way unwearied, till he reach
The moorland loch, upon whose reedy marge
The patient fisher-bird will stand for hours,
With his long bill depending on his breast,
Till the fry-shoal swim by, then arrow-swift
Shot through the clearness on his finny prey.
Follow his labouring flight—you see him now,
Uncertain speck! ascending the blue hills
In the far distance, just above a Hut,
Remotest Dwelling in the Vale of Peace!
For not a sheep-fold or a cattle-shed
Beyond—and up among yon shivered cliffs
Kennels the fox, the raven higher still
Croaks sullenly, and many a year ago
'Tis said the eagle had an eyry there,
But the king of birds is dead, or to some isle
Hath flown of the wide sea.

"You see the hut!
At least you see its smoke! How narrow there
The vale, and how profound! Yon streak like snow
Is a precipitous waterfall! Yon gloom
A wood! Yon seeming sunlight is a lake!
A lake too little even for one small boat.
So thinks the skilful angler, who, with line
Like gossamer, can, with the breeze, command
The curling waters, even from shore to shore.
From that lake issuing, joined as it flows on
By many a feeder-rill, the Avon grows,
Soon to a stately stream, till lo! the kirk
That standeth midway up the Vale of Peace,
Is seen reflected with its downward tower
In the clear pool, a stationary sight
Among the veering clouds!

"But to yon hut
Let all our thoughts return. Though far remote
In its seclusion from the noisy world,
The spirit of the noisy world found out
Its simple inmates, and the shepherd-life
Seem'd dull to one who, in strange books, had read
Of great ships voyaging through unknown seas
All round the globe, and touching at fair isles
By fairest forms inhabited, and blest
With umbrage beauteous in perpetual spring.
So he became a sailor, never more,
Except in dreams, to see his father's roof;
And many a thousand homebound ships returned,
Year after year, and many a rumour wild
Oft reach'd this inland solitary vale,
Of whole crews saved from wrecks, and in fierce lands
At last escaping from captivity;
Sometimes of one poor sailor from a rock
Taken by wandering bark—perhaps their son!
But finally the heart of hope lay cold;
And his old parents, when the tempests roared,
No longer wept upon their midnight beds,
Nor wearied heaven with unavailing prayers.
Smit with the same wild passion, in the prime
Of life, another son went to the wars,
A doomed man, so every tongue declared,
And fell when leading on a "Hope forlorn,"
Flung headlong from the battlement! Stranger still!
The meek-eyed maiden, who, with quiet steps,
Had walked in this retirement all her days,
Nor pass'd beyond the circle of these hills,
The stay and solace of her parents' age,
Was woo'd and won by one who came from far
With plumes that waved in military glee,
And with her husband in a foreign land
Perish'd, 'twas said, in earthquake that heaved up
A city shrieking with its thousand towers.
Wild fate! for one who had been born and bred
In a shepherd's hut on Scotia's flowery braes!
One child remain'd—of rarest beauty she,—
And all the love belonging to the dead
Came back from their far graves, and in her breast
Was pour'd, and lodged like sunshine in a cloud,
On some calm spot of heaven. One night at prayers
Her eyes look'd troubled, and she read the Book
As if its holy meanings threaten'd her,
Her who was guiltless in thought, word, and deed,
Even as the little children whom our Lord
Took in his arms and bless'd. The morning rose,
Silent, serene, and sweet,—but never cell
Where on the cold stones the chained maniac raves,
Heard shriekings sadder or more terrible
Than those that from yon solitary hut
Disturb'd the Sabbath dawn. Dim years went by,
And her old parents watched their only child,
Oftenest together, but sometimes by turns,—
For they were poor, and had to toil for bread,—
Hour after hour, nor was she left alone
One single moment either day or night,
For all those years; till God, at last was pleased,
In his exceeding mercy, to dispel
The horrid mystery that besieged her brain,
And earth, and heaven, and human faces were
The same sweet aspect to her quiet eyes,
That they had worn in youth—ere she had wept
O'er uncommitted sins. It was in spring

Her senses were restored; and o'er the braes,
One Sabbath-day she walked into the kirk,
Between her parents, to their little pew,
And with them prayed to God in perfect peace,
As happy as a child. Returning home,
She laid her down, and never rose again!
But, on her death-bed, to her face returned
Her former beauty, so her parents thought,
And something more than beauty, so profound
The bliss that shone within her closing eyes,
While like a very angel's was her voice
That breathed the last farewell!",

A clear-toned bell
Was now heard tinkling through the silent sky,
And groups of people in their best attire
Came trooping out into the open light,
From hidden pathways in the coppice-woods,
Or wending soberly adown the braes,
Startling the linnet from the broom—or hare
That glinted through the whins, in vain pursued
By barking colley;—now one figure cross'd
The light-rail'd bridge—and now another;—Lo!
The dingy coach of some old family,
Haply the patron's of the parish, dared
The gravelly ford, and, having pass'd the flood
In safety lumber'd 'long the rutted road,
Jolting most waggon-like; while stately stood
A liveried lacquey, six feet tall, behind,
With long staff in his hand—a sight of pomp
Still view'd with admiration by the child,
Peeping from road-side cottage-door, too young
To sit grave in the kirk, so left at home
To rock the cradle, or the crowing babe
To toss up in the sunshine. All her tears,
Like dew-drops shook from dancing flowers, were shook
From my dear Margaret's eyes; from our rock-seat
Of mossy velvet, in the natural niche
Within the precipice we rose, and bidding
A farewell to the fairy waterfall,
Down the green slope we glided, and ere long
With the church-goers mingling, kindly talked
With many a new acquaintance and some old;
Before the second bell ceased chiming, saw
The minister approaching from the manse;
And ere we entered that low house of God,
Unto my sweet companion bending down,
I breathed into her ear—"My Margaret,
With all its woes—this is THE VALE OF PEACE!"

POETRY AND POETS.

POETS are a raw material,—not a manufacture. The art of rhyming, smoothness of versification, and harmony of numbers, may be acquired: but the strength and the energy, the soul and the fire,—the boundless grandeur, and the faculty of discerning the simple fact which is obvious to all, but unperceived till we wonder at our ignorance, when, for the first time, it flashes upon our senses, through the page of the poet, are natural,—inherent. Rhyme, it is true, has rushed in like a flood, and smooth, beardless ver-ification has choked up the entrance to, and inundated the very market-place of literature. Yet, notwithstanding this influx of petty sonnets, and the countless volumes of insipid doggrel which annually stream from the press, true, genuine, nervous, and thrilling poetry is equally rare in the nineteenth century as in the days of Mæonides or Shakspeare. In these days, the name of a *poet* sounds contemptible in the ears of the merest blockhead, and is offensive to the nostrils of genius. We have so long been familiar and tormented with the trashy lucubrations of pretenders, that it requires a stretch of fortitude to venture upon the productions of a new author; and from this cause, many a gem lies buried amidst this mountain-heap of rubbish.

Poetry is the dissection of the human heart. It is the impress, the power, and extension of nature and the universe compressed within the compass of a human bosom. It is the very soul of man rendered susceptible to feeling,—made all but visible. To write poetry, the eye must dart through infinity,—grasp at a mountain,—and gaze upon a molehill. It may be spoken,—it may be read in the eye,—it may be acted,—it may be felt. In a word, Poetry is a glowing, an unrestrainable, and restless emanation from the very essence of man's divinity. Numbers, elegance, and harmony no more constitute it, than a man's garments constitute the man himself. The one is of the earth, the other is from heaven; they are necessary habiliments,—graceful adornments; they have this extent,—no more.

Servility and sycophantic adulation are degradations to which the poet cannot bend. He may be bowed down, he may be broken; blasted in prospects, ruined, and without hope; he may be made the foot-ball of misfortune and disappointment,—hurled into a vortex of misery, into which, by every effort to extricate himself, he is engulfed deeper, till he is barked at by the veriest dogs which fawn upon others. Yet he is not defeated. He may be poor, but he cannot be mean. Despised, but he will despise in return. Proud he will be, but not presumptuous. Encircled with the consciousness of his own superiority, he stands invulnerable to the contempt of wealth, and the insinuations of envy; extracting a melancholy pleasure from the cup of his sufferings, and culling flowers of varied fragrance and colouring from the wilderness of his own miseries. Superior, however, as he is, to complaint, and the noisy grief of little minds and of weak hearts, he is not the less susceptible of feeling the evils of the world in their gall and in their virulence. His very soul is surrounded with a susceptibility delicate and sensitive as the organs of vision; and while prudence and experience temper him to conceal it, there are a thousand every-day occurrences, which, on the majority of mankind, pass unheeded and unfelt, but which rend the inmost strings of his heart, and rage in his bosom like a smothered volcano. And to this men owe the knowledge of the minutest operations of their nature, which are common to all, but felt by few.

Genius is a wild, an unsettled, and a wayward thing; and perhaps there never was an instance where it has not cost the father of its possessor a groan, or his mother a tear. And, while they on whom it is bestowed, experience the bitterness of life more keenly than others, on the one hand; they plunge into every pleasure attainable, on the other, with a strong, an almost destructive zest. Until the knowledge acquired has tempered excitement, chilled desire, and placed the reins of a heated imagination into the hands of a matured judgment. Though it were presumptuous to affirm that genius is chartered in its levities and irregularities, it is not the less certain that there are associated with, and diffused throughout its follies and its imperfections, a nobleness and strength of mind, and, with its veriest vices, a misdirected virtue.—But while its wit may illumine, and its information lighten, the flattering circle of its would-be associates, let them not approach too near, lest their garments be consumed; for while the eagle glances proudly on the mid-day sun, the setting rays of evening may blind the darkling owl.

Poets, like paintings, to be seen to advantage, must be viewed from a distance. Not that they are more wicked or vicious than the grosser part of mankind; but the frequent variance between habit and principle, brings them down to the level of the merest mechanical sinner. The charm of genius is lost, when we find it incorporated with mere flesh and blood. Enveloped in a shroud of humanity,—subject to all the ills and the follies which afflict and degrade our nature, we do not find them *worse* than others; but we expect to find them *better*. Victims to the snares of soliciting society, and thereby dev'ating from the dray-horse track of sober rectitude, we find them living in the love and admiration of the immediate circle

of their friends,—in the esteem of the many,—while they remain the but of the slander, the malice, and the envy of those who, without the pale of their friendship, have only an external knowledge of their privacy. There is also an eccentricity in their natures, apart from the rest of the world, for which mankind cannot entertain an accordant sympathy. This is at once the spring of their greatness and their degradation; and there is connected with it an ungovernable something, so unlike the everyday rules of business, that, not unfrequently, the actions of him whose writings are distinguished for wisdom and morality, in the eyes of the world verge upon folly, and he stands amidst the plodding multitude

"Among them but not of them,
Rapt in a train of thoughts which are not their thoughts."

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

The author of the Traditions of Edinburgh is at present preparing a complete collection of the Legendary Poetry of Scotland, to occupy three handsome volumes in post 8vo. The first volume is to contain *Ballads*; the second and third, *Songs*; and the whole are to be illustrated by introductory Treatises, and by historical and topographical Notes. The greatest pains, we are informed, have been exerted in the preparation of this work. In the first volume, not only is each individual ballad selected with a close and express view to its merit in a literary sense, but the best stanzas, and even the best lines, and, in many cases, the best *words*, are gathered from the numerous various readings which have already been published, and the whole associated in one harmonious whole. The songs, on the other hand, are the best *entire* versions which it has been in the editor's power to procure from such genuine collections as already exist; the greatest care being taken to avoid the modern corruptions which have crept into so many of these esteemed productions. One of the editor's chief principles of selection has been to adopt only such compositions as are consistent, in *one important respect*, with the improved taste of the present age. His notes, we are told, contain much curious and recondite information regarding the subjects of the various songs and ballads, the persons who figure in them, and the scenery which they refer to. It is, altogether, to be hoped, from the known industry of the editor, as well as from the respectability of the source from which the publication proceeds, that this will be, what has so long been wished for by the people of Scotland, a classical collection of their justly-admired traditionary poetry, and one of which it may be said, that the vessel is worthy of the precious things which it contains.

We are informed that, on the 1st of January, there will be published, Part I. of a work to be entitled, Edinburgh Illustrated, in a series of views, of the newest and most interesting objects in the Scottish metropolis and its vicinity, drawn and engraved by Mr H. Winkles; with Historical and Descriptive Notices by Alexander Bower, Esq. author of the "History of the University of Edinburgh." Each Part is to contain six engravings, and twelve quarto pages of historical and descriptive letter-press. We are inclined to augur favourably of this work.

There is announced for publication, in a few days, No. I. of "The Edinburgh Musical Album," edited by G. Linley, Esq. Author of "They say my Love is dead," and other popular Songs. It will also be embellished with a finely-engraved portrait of Miss E. Paton.

Theatrical Gossip.—A comedy, in five acts, called "Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience," has failed to secure either woman's love, or any patience, at Covent Garden.—The English Opera House is to open early in January, with a popular French company.—We observe that the Glasgow theatre has been reported to the Dean of Guild as in a state of some insecurity, and that he has named a commission to investigate into the matter. We hope that the report is unfounded.—We have no room for any dramatic article this week. The only novelty was a farce called "Free and Easy," which was favourably received.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.—*Dec.* 20—26.

SAT. *Twelfth Night, He Lies like Truth, & Aloyse.*
MON. *Two Friends, Animated Statue, He Lies like Truth, & Mason of Buda.*
TUES. *Mary Stuart, Animated Statue, Cramond Brig, & The Scapegoat.*
WED. *Rob Roy, & Free and Easy.*
THUR. Theatre closed.
FRID. *Heart of Mid-Lothian, Gilderoy, & Forty Thieves.*

TO OUR READERS.

We are unwilling to obtrude our own concerns on the attention of our readers; but in our last Number for the year 1828, (though it is only our Seventh,) we may be allowed to express our sense of the flattering encouragement our labours have already received which has authorised us in throwing off a very large impression of each Number, and has, notwithstanding, made it necessary for us to print a second edition of our first Monthly Part, which is now in preparation. We, of course, greatly attribute this success to the communications we have had the good fortune to be honoured with, from a large proportion of the literary talent of Scotland. It would be preposterous to suppose that any periodical work could fail, which was able to concentrate in its pages the abilities of such men as grace with their writings and their names the present Number alone. We may also state, that several articles have appeared anonymously in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, from pens no less highly distinguished. We can only farther promise, to be unremitting in our exertions to present our readers weekly with as varied and intellectual a banquet as possible.

To our advertising friends we also owe our best thanks. We stated in our Prospectus, that we could not expect their support, unless experience proved that their interest and ours might be made to go hand in hand. From what has just been mentioned, simply, and without adornment, it must be apparent that few better mediums for literary advertisements can be found than that which our *Journal* presents. We doubt not, therefore, for a continuance of that encouragement we have already so amply experienced from publishers, both in Scotland and England.—A press of matter forces us to exclude all advertisements this week.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Wanderer's Tale," and a "Scots Sang," by the Ettrick Shepherd, will appear in our next Number.

"The Ill-starred Bride," a poem, by William Kennedy, Esq. author of "Fitful Fancies," &c. which we regret much reached us too late for this week, will also appear in our next Number.

"The Fratricide's Confession," by John Malcolm, Esq. will appear very soon.

The article on the "Spirit of the Provisions of the Law of Scotland respecting Injury and Wrong" is under consideration.—We shall be happy to receive the communication offered to us on the subject of the Royal Commission.—"T. B. J." is not overlooked; he will find himself noticed speedily.—"Inquisitor" has our thanks for his good wishes; but we have not time to answer his questions.

The "Lines from the West," the "Answer by Highland Mary in Heaven to Burns' Lament," and the verses on "Woman," and by "Theon," will not suit us.

We have received several books for review, which have been published months, and even years ago. It is scarcely to be expected that we can notice them. As, however, we intend giving occasionally a Retrospective Review of works of merit which may have unjustly fallen into oblivion, we shall not positively forbid, though we cannot greatly encourage, the transmission of such works to us in our editorial capacity.

POLITICS.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Dr Curtis, the Catholic Primate of Ireland.

London, Dec. 11, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 4th instant, and I assure you that you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic Question, which, by benefiting the State, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess that I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately.

"If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides, (for they are very great,) I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy.

"WELLINGTON."

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Select and Rare Scottish Melodies. The Poetry by the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd; the Symphonies and Accompaniments composed, and the whole adapted and arranged, by Henry R. Bishop. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

We love all music that has heart and soul in it, from the most ear-stunning catch ever trolled in village alehouse, to the gentlest notes of dulcet melody that ever melted on the lip of beauty;—from the solitary violin, that, on a winter evening, "startles the dull ear of night," to that glorious combination of choral sounds, which, on Christmas-day, fills, even in this city, the chapel of the good Catholic, floats over the illuminated altar, and carries away the mind of the worshipper to the very gates of Heaven. We have travelled miles to hear a single song, and to hear it once again, we would cross seas and overcome mountains; and yet, perchance, there are many who could listen to it without emotion. It is not to be denied, that more than one half of the pleasure derived from music depends upon association. An ear, with a more than usually delicate organization, discovers a peculiar fitness in a certain succession and modulation of notes; and if scientific knowledge be added to this natural advantage, the pleasure is increased by a perception of the difficulties which have been overcome, and as the composition proceeds, the amateur experiences an intellectual enjoyment somewhat akin to that of the mathematician who solves a succession of problems. But this enjoyment has as little to do with association as pure mathematics itself, and cannot be said to be the legitimate or true source from which delight in music springs. Music appeals to the heart, more than to the head;—touches, as with a fairy wand, the stores which memory has hoarded in her cells, and, like the dew and the sunlight of morning, recalls to beauty and to freshness flowers that drooped as though they had exhaled all their odours, or had perhaps been trodden under foot,—crushed and withering. Associations may either be general or particular; but, in proportion as the latter preponderate, and personal considerations are brought into action, in proportion will be the intensity of the feelings they excite.

Of all sorts of music, that of Songs is most effective; it is most adapted to ordinary capacities, and, by wedding verse to melody, obtains an ascendency, not only over individuals, but over whole nations,—an ascendency that has excited the attention of legislators and philosophers. Till very lately, Scotland used always to be considered as conspicuously eminent for her stock of national melodies; and even those who were disposed to dispute the refinement of Scottish taste, were always willing to allow the excellence of Scottish song. We have observed, with regret, that some slight alteration in these sentiments has, within the last few years, been gradually working its way in the public mind. *Fashion*, that capricious butterfly, has been taking under the patronage of her golden wings a newer style; and the unadorned simplicity, the wild pathos, and the mountain vigour of those airs, which delighted our fathers and solaced our own childhood, have been pronounced unscientific,—rude,—coarse,—vulgar. Strong words; but, as epithets of blame, unjust and powerless. "Unscientific" our songs may be, but so, we presume, are the songs of the blackbird and skylark,—at least we never heard that they took lessons either from Catalani or Finlay Dun. Unscientific! so are all the glorious harmonies of nature,—all the music of animate and inanimate creation,—every note of woe,—every sound of bliss! Unscientific indeed! We are talking of music's influence over the heart; nor are we talking with disrespect of science,—for we are among the most scientific musicians in Edinburgh; but what has science to do with the songs of a people—of a whole country? Science may have a great deal to do with the carefully-scribbled sheets that lie before a German or an Italian composer, intent only upon his breves and his semibreves, his sharps and his flats, his crotchets and his quavers, his octaves and his bars, his majors and his minors; or it may have a great deal to do with the gentleman in white kid gloves, silk stockings and shoes, who trips into the concert-room, and looks round with a glance that makes the fiddlers tremble. But what has it to do with the glen and the hillside, the cot, the village, and the town, where live the descendants of the men who fought at Bannockburn, and pulled down the Roman idol? "Let that pass!" "Their music is, moreover, rude, and coarse, and vulgar." Have the kindness to desire the lady and gentleman who thus describe it to walk in. Did you ever see, in all your life, two such miserable-looking Cockneys? Only listen to that yelp and jabber which they call speaking. The female wears a pink scarf, a faded white satin bonnet, and a tawdry plume of feathers, that have been evidently much bedaggled. In a shrill treble, she can sing you two or three things by Moore, and can lash a piano-forte into foam, without ever stopping to take breath. The male carries a flute in his coat-pocket, and can, besides, sing seconds to all known tunes, although, it must be confessed, that his bass would have a chance of being a little more sonorous were his habits a little less dissipated. Well, these creatures pronounce the Scottish music "vulgar." We should like much to hear a good definition of *vulgarity*.

If every man who wears a white neckcloth be a gentleman, we give up the point; for all your modern London composers, whether of the words or the airs, know how to tie a white neckcloth round the necks of their songs. But unless it be used to conceal the scar of some family taint in the blood, we pay no more respect to a white neckcloth than we do to a worsted "comforter." Perhaps Scotland is vulgar altogether;—perhaps its ancient Doric, which all its Stuart kings spoke for centuries, is vulgar;—perhaps its struggles for liberty and

religion were vulgar;—perhaps its very scenery is vulgar,—its lochs and mountains,—its Glencoes and its Grampians. And certainly, if fashion limit herself to her wax candles and silk dresses, her *esprit de milles fleurs* and her French quadrilles, all these things of which we have just spoken *are* vulgar. Burns is vulgar,—Allan Ramsay is vulgar,—Nature is vulgar,—everything is vulgar, with the exception of a few artificial, diseased, rotten, and sorely-dressed puppets, who congregate in drawing-rooms, for the express purpose, one would think, of countenancing the deterioration of the human species.

Doubly dear art thou to us, James Hogg,—"Ettrick Shepherd." "Forest Minstrel," and "Mountain Bard,"—doubly dear art thou to us, when the Southron affects to sneer at the music of our own romantic land, and when even the child of Coila seems to rule with a feebler sway the bosoms of his countrymen. We *need* a harp and a heart like thine, with the virtue, and the courage, and the strength, to resist the weak insipidity of an emasculated age. We admire Moore,—we love the melodies of green Erin; Bishop composes beautifully, and so does Rossini; many of Thomas Bayly's songs are pretty, and prettily have they been set to music by Barnett and others, and very prettily have they been sung by ten hundred interesting young ladies, and no less interesting young gentlemen; but there was a time when songs were not mere pieces of prettiness,—when they had that within "which passeth show,"—when they stirred the deep fountains of the human heart,—when they mingled with the character and the dispositions, even as the light of morning mingles with the purple cloud. There was a time, too, when "cauld Caledonia" had her *own* songs, which she loved above all the songs of the earth, and when her youths and maidens but rarely lilted the strains that issue from the shops of London music-sellers. We had rather see that time again; even although the march of musical *improvement* were to stop, and those simpler days be restored when the eye of patriotism and affection kindled at every wild melody that breathed of home.

The Ettrick Shepherd has already done much to protect the rights of that Muse whom he worships; he has stood by her tottering throne, and driven back rebellion from its very foot. Moore himself, with his bland whisper, and soft, insinuating smile, wishing to effect by stratagem what others were not able to do by force, our Shepherd has detected, and with one blast of the good bagpipe—a noble and a potent weapon, at which the weak nerves of Cockneys shudder—has blown the wily knave from the presence. We reverence the bagpipe. Cockneys have heard it within four walls, or in narrow lanes, and the sounds ran through them like long needles. But we are a mountain race, and we must have mountain music,—music that can buffet the blast, and can be heard mellowed on the far peak, or down in the deep ravine. Byron reverenced the bagpipe,—Bonaparte reverenced it, and trembled. Well did he know "the war-notes of Lochiel,"—fearfully did he augur the fortune of the coming fight,

"When wild and shrill the Camerons' gathering rose."

The comparison may sound somewhat ludicrous; but a poet like Burns or Hogg is the intellectual bagpipe of the land. Many of his notes are harsh,—some of them, perhaps, dull as the drone itself; but let the day and the hour come, and they will rush upon the heart with a power no tongue may tell. Youth—father-land—friends—early love—sufferings that have strengthened—hopes that have cheered—kindnesses that could be repaid only with the silent and gushing tears of gratitude—unite in the momentary vision, and there is not an aspiration that seems too lofty for the mind to soar to,—not a deed that seems too daring for the hand to do. Long may the Ettrick Shepherd worship the Muse as he has already worshipped her! She is one whom every Scotsman, worthy of the name, *must* love. She is not *fashionable*, perhaps,—that is to say, she does not wear a pink scarf, a faded white satin bonnet, and a tawdry plume of feathers; but she is one of whom he who walked behind his plough "in glory and in joy" has said,

"A hair-brain'd sentimental trace
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, even turned on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour."

True; Hogg has written a good deal of mediocre stuff,—and it is the prerogative of genius to do so with impunity. Shakspeare has written a great deal of stuff; and Milton's "Paradise Regained" is, for the most part, watery enough. Does this make the Shepherd's "Kilmeny" less exquisite, or dozens of his finer songs less beautiful? We commune, therefore, no longer with the mongrels we have been exposing, but proceed at once to say a few words of the work before us.

"Select and Rare Scottish Melodies," with the words by the Ettrick Shepherd, and accompaniments by Bishop, could hardly fail to possess many features of interest, both musical and literary. Accordingly, we find, in the first place, that great judgment has been shown in the choice of the airs, of which there are thirteen. With only one or two exceptions they are all strongly marked, and highly characteristic of the country to which they belong; whilst, at the same time, they are not too common-place or familiar, nor, so far as we know, have they before been made popular as songs, by having words set to them of that nature which rendered competition hopeless. In the next place, the Ettrick Shepherd has seldom been happier than he has been in his compositions for this work. The opening song, it is true,—"Mary, canst thou leave me?" does not please us so much, for, though simple and appropriate, it is, on the whole, too common-place, and very slightly indicative of that originality which so peculiarly belongs to its author. In the second, however, the Shepherd is himself. The best proof of this will be to give the words *verbatim*, merely premising that they are set to that fine old air, "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun"—

O WHAT WILL A' THE LADS DO?

O what will a' the lads do,
When Maggy gangs away?
O what will a' the lads do,
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day;
O what will a' the lads do,
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for 't,
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for 't,
An' laid him down to die;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learning fast to pray;
An' O what will the lads do,
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Langshaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest in confidence has said
The lassy was divine;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say.
But O what will the lads do,
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay.
Oh hey! what a day will be,
When Maggy gangs away!

The next is in a different strain, but we think scarcely inferior. Here it is—

THERE'S NAE LADDIE COMING.

There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean;
I have watch'd you at mid-day, at morn, and at e'en,
An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean.
But be nae down-hearted tho' wooers gang by,
Thou'rt my only sister—thy brother am I;
An' ay in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,
An' while I hae saxpence I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,
I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung—
You kiss'd me and clasp'd me, and croon'd your bit sang,
An' bore me about when you hardly dought gang;
An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery ee
You watch'd o'er your billy, and fear'd he wad dee;
I fand your cauld hand often laid on my brow,
An' the sweet kiss o' kindness impress'd on my mow.

Sae wae was my young heart to see my Jean weep,
I closed my sick ee tho' I was nae asleep;
It was then that I mark'd a' thy kindness for me,
Oh, what do I owe, my dear sister, to thee!
Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel
Sic true love as I do, or ken ye sae weel;
My heart it yearns o'er thee, an' grieved wad I be
If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

The fourth song, "I downa laugh, I downa sing," we abstain from quoting, only because we intend quoting one or two others. The fifth and sixth, "Ye breezes that spring in some land unknown," and "The Souters o' Selkirk," are good; but we like the seventh still better, which is an excellent specimen both of the Shepherd's quiet humour and sound morality. It is called—

THE LADIES'-EVENING SONG.

O the glass is no for you,
Bonnie laddie, O,
The glass is no for you,
Bonnie laddie, O;
The glass is no for you,
For it paints your manly brow,
An' it fills you roaring fou,
Bonnie laddie, O.
Then drive us not away wi' your drinking, O,
We like your presence mair than you're thinking, O,
How happy would you be
In our blithsome company,
Taking innocence and glee
For your drinking, O.

Now your een are glancing bright,
Bonnie laddie, O,
Wi' a pure and joyfu' light,
Bonnie laddie, O,
But at ten o'clock at night,
Tak a lady's word in plight,
We will see another sight,
Bonnie laddie, O.
There's a right path and a wrang, bonnie laddie, O,
An' ye needna argue lang, bonnie laddie, O;
For the mair you taste an' see
Of our guileless company,
Ay the happier you will be,
Bonnie laddie, O.

The eighth is entitled "An Arabian Song;" but we like our author best when he keeps on the north side of the Tweed; the air, composed by Bishop, is simple and beautiful, but strikes us as being a little out of place. "Come, row the boat" is a Highland air, and the words, as they should be, are gallant and warlike. The tenth song, "Appie M'Gie," is admirable, and only equalled by the eleventh, "The broom sae green," which, however, we verily believe, is surpassed by the twelfth, "Gang to the brakens wi' me." We have heard the Shepherd sing this song himself, and though he has nearly as little voice as ever man had, he has an excellent ear, and a warm heart, and a soul sparkling in his bright grey eye,—and these, together with the best lungs in Yarrow, carry everything before them, and secure one of the most rapturous encores that ever issued from the palms of the hands. Nevertheless, we must reserve the only space we have left for the thirteenth song, in which the words and the air are so admirably adapted to each other, that we are certain a single verse, if sung by a Scotch regiment on the eve of an engagement, would make that regiment more than a match for the whole army of the enemy. If Sir William Congreve is knighted and pensioned for inventing a new sort of rocket, what ought Hogg not to be for supplying his countrymen with strains, which, in the day of battle, would be more dreaded than a thousand rockets? No man could ever be defeated who had taught his native mountains to echo

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

There's news come over the Highlands yestreen,
Will soon gar bonnets and broadswords keen,
And philabegs short, and tartans green,
Shine over the shore in the morning.
He comes! he comes! our spirits to cheer,
To cherish the land he holds most dear;
To banish the reiver, the base deceiver,
And raise the fame of the Clans for ever:
Our Prince is landed in Moidart Bay;
Come raise the clamour of bagpipes' yamour,
And join our lov'd Prince in the morning.

Come, brave Lochiel, the honour be thine,
The first in royal array to shine;
If bold Clan-Ronald and thee combine,
Then who dare remain in the morning!
Glengarry will stand, with arm of steel,
And Keppoch is blood from head to heel;
The whiggers of Skye may gang to the deil,
When Connal, and Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
Are all in the field, and know not to yield,—
Are all in array, and hasting away
To welcome their Prince in the morning.

The Appin will come, while coming is good;
The stern M'Intosh is of trusty blood;
M'Kenzie and Fraser will come at their leisure,
The whiggers of Sutherland scorning.
The Atholmen keen as fire from steel;
M'Pherson for Charlie will battle the deil;
The hardy Clan-Dunnoch is up in the Runnoch;
M'Lean and M'Gregor are rising with vigour,
Unawed by the pride of haughty Argyle;
And lordly Drummond is belted, and coming
To join his lov'd Prince in the morning.

Come a' that are true men, steel to the bane!
Come a' that reflect on the days that are gane!
Come a' that have breeks, and a' that have nane,
And a' that are bred unto scorning!
Come Moidart and Moy, M'Gun and M'Craw;
M'Dugalds, M'Donalds, M'Devils, and a';
M'Duffs and M'Dumpies, M'Leods and M'Lumpies,
With claymores gleaming, and standards streaming;
Come swift as the roe, for weal or for woe,
That whigs in their error may quake for terror,
To see our array in the morning.

These select and rare Scottish Melodies ought to be found among the music of every true Scottish family, and ought to be sung continually by all our "fair women and brave men." There is the freshness of the country about them;—the wild luxuriance of the land "Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green."

Foreign Tales and Traditions, chiefly selected from the Fugitive Literature of Germany. By George G. Cunningham. In 2 vols. 12mo. Blackie, Fullarton, and Co.; Glasgow. (Unpublished.)

A VERY striking peculiarity of German literature is the immense proportion which its works of fiction bear to its other departments. This, probably, arises from the vast multitude of traditions and legends with which every corner of Germany,—as is the case with most countries abounding in the picturesque,—is crowded, especially along the majestic course of the Rhine, and among the terrific scenery of the Harz Mountains. To the awakening genius of Germany, determined to deviate from the old and worn-out classical models, these wild legends, which were the only other materials of literature, out of itself, that were within its power, seem to have suggested that general tone of romance, and that passion for fictitious writing, which is so conspicuous in German literature. And it is not to be denied, that, in consequence of this, there belongs, in general, to the German romance, an air of freshness, and native vigour, which is wanting in those literatures in which this species of composition is more of an exotic. We can believe more easily in marvels and prodigies beside the Rhine than on the Thames or the Seine, and feel as if their combination there with human agency were less unnatural than elsewhere. And as the power of attraction in fictitious literature is always in proportion to our sense of its appropriateness and naturalness, we do not wonder that—if romance we must have—German romance, of all others, should have been so popularly attractive,—independently of the intrinsic merit of the works, or the actual genius of their authors.

But we are speculating too much on a theme more general than the character of the work which is waiting for our opinion, and the object of which is to afford entertainment, and not to give occasion to theory. With the exception of a brief, but elegantly written Preface, it is unencumbered by any antiquarian annotations,—any critical or chronological arrangement,—by which editors sometimes attempt, preposterously, to give a seemingly grave and scientific form to what, in reality, they mean to be a book of mere amusement. Considered in this light, we esteem the "Tales and Traditions" a work entitled to be, and likely to prove, very popular. They are chiefly selected from the less known and trodden walks of German fiction, the editor having avoided the greater works of celebrated authors, and having sought his materials chiefly in fugitive and traditional literature. Out of these materials he has composed a melange, distinguished, in our opinion, not only for the individual merit of the various pieces, but for the judicious combination of the whole,—the entertaining mixture of pure fiction and popular tradition,—and the grateful succession of the comic, the marvellous, and the pathetic, which it presents. The translation is executed, on the whole, with great felicity, and great command of conversational English, though we observe here and there a few Scotticisms; and though we could desire that most of our translators from the German,—those at least who translate for the public amusement,—would allow themselves a little more liberty in deviating from literal exactness in the rendering of foreign idioms and phrases.

It is, of course, impossible for us to give specimens sufficient, in number and variety, to afford a just representation of a collection, one of whose principal merits is its entirely miscellaneous character. We shall gratify our readers with one specimen of the striking and beautiful traditions with which the work abounds,—one which appears to have been finished with particular care in the original, and rendered with peculiar elegance in the translation. It is entitled

THE THREE SWANS.

"Nigh to Wimpfen, a town situated upon the Neckar, there is a lofty mountain, on the top of which appears one of those small but unfathomable lakes which are so frequently found in such situations in Germany. Popular superstition has connected the following pleasing legend with the lake of Wimpfen:—

"A beautiful boy was once seated upon the shores of the lake, wreathing a coronal for himself out of the lovely flowers which grew upon its banks. He was quite alone, and ever and anon he raised his blue eyes, and gazed with childish longing across the glittering waters for a little boat in which to sail about over the tranquil expanse; but the boy beheld nothing like a boat save a single plank of wood, which moved to and fro on the tiny waves as they rippled towards the shore, and which, though it might have afforded a slight support in swimming, could not carry him to the other side of the lake.

"The boy raised his longing looks once more, and was astonished to perceive three snow-white swans sailing proudly up and down in the middle of the lake. At last the stately birds approached where the boy lay, who, delighted with his new companions, drew some crumbs of bread from his pocket and fed them; they seemed to him so tame,—they looked so gentle,—and came so near to the shore, that the delighted boy thought to catch one of them; but when he stooped down with this design, they moved gently away, and remained beyond his reach, although, in his anxiety, he nearly suspended his whole body above the deep lake, on the lowermost branch of a young poplar, which grew upon the bank.

"The tamer the three beautiful birds appeared to the boy, and the oftener that they baffled his attempts to catch them, the more eager he became to secure them for himself. He drew the plank from the water,—launched it again,—balanced himself with caution upon it,—and, finding it supported him, pushed off with a shout of delight from the shore, and, making use of his hands as oars, rowed fearlessly after the swans.

"The beautiful birds kept sailing immediately before him, but ever beyond his reach, until he had gained the middle of the lake. He now felt his strength exhausted, and for the first time became seized with excessive terror, when he beheld nothing near or around him but the glittering waters. Meanwhile the three swans kept sailing around him in contracting circles, as if they wished to calm his rising alarms; but the gallant boy, when he beheld them so near to him, forgot his danger, and hastily stretched out his hand to grasp the nearest, when, alas! his unsteady raft yielded to the impulse, and down he sank into the deep blue waters!

"When the boy recovered from a long trance, he found himself lying upon a couch, in a magnificent castle, and before him stood three maidens of marvellous beauty.

"'How came you hither?' inquired one of them, taking him by the hand with a sweet smile.

"'I know not what has happened to me,' replied the boy. 'I only remember that I once wished to catch three beautiful swans which were sailing upon the lake, and that I sank in the deep deep waters.'

"'Will you stay with us?' asked one of the maidens. 'Here you are most welcome; but this know, that if you remain three days with us, you can never again return to your father's house; for, after that period, you would no longer be able to breathe the air of the world above, and you would therefore die.'

"The kindness of the three beautiful maidens, who looked like sisters, moved the boy, and inspired his guileless breast with confidence. 'Yes,' he exclaimed, leaping up joyfully from his couch, 'yes, I will remain with you!'

"The lovely sisters now led the wondering boy through their magnificent fairy palace. The splendour of the apartments dazzled his astonished senses. Nursed in poverty, and accustomed only to the simple furniture of his father's cot, he was now overwhelmed by the mag-

nificence which surrounded him; the walls and floors of every room were curiously inlaid with gold and silver; there were pearls as large as walnuts, and diamonds the size of eggs, and red gold in bars, and such a profusion of wealth and of objects of inconceivable beauty as the peasant's son had never dreamt of, even when he lay on the banks of the lake, and gazed upwards on the deep blue heavens towards the dwellings of the angels. In the gardens which surrounded this enchanted palace grew fruits and flowers lovelier far than he had ever beheld; the apples were as large as a child's head, and the plums the size of ostrich eggs, and the cherries like billiard balls, and the flowers of marvellously varied forms and beauty; sweet birds filled the air with their merry warblings,—the little streamlets seemed to murmur music as they meandered through the emerald meads, and the zephyrs which played amid his hyacinthine locks, were more odorous than those of Araby, or the Spicy islands of the East.

"The boy had often read of Paradise, and now he thought: 'This is surely Paradise; and I am happy here!'

"Weeks and months passed thus away, and still the youthful stranger remained unconscious of their flight; for a perpetual succession of new objects occupied his attention; and while roaming beneath the orange-trees with their golden fruit, he never thought of the broad oak which stretched its sheltering arms above his father's hut.

"But at last, when nearly a whole year was gone, the mortal inhabitant of this enchanted region was suddenly seized with an irrepressible longing to return to his native village. Nothing pleased him now,—nothing any longer gratified his boyish fancy,—the flowers had lost their beauty to his pensive eye,—the melody of the streams, and the songs of the birds fell tuneless on his listless ear,—the sky above him appeared far less beautiful than that on whose reflected hues he had so often gazed as he lay on the banks of the deep lake,—but when he thought of the words of the beautiful maidens, who had assured him that return to the light of another world was impossible after the third day's sojourning in this enchanted region, he hid his secret sorrow in his inmost soul, and only gave vent to his grief when he thought the thick shades of the garden concealed him from observation. Much he strove, when the three kind sisters approached him, to appear happy and cheerful as formerly, but he could not conceal the grief which was preying within; and when they kindly inquired what ailed him, he tried to account for his altered appearance and demeanour by various excuses and pretences of bad health.

"One day as he lay in the light of the setting sun, upon the green banks of a limpid stream, though all nature around him appeared charming, rich, and luxurious, and the air was filled with fragrance, and the birds sang their evening-song, and on the meadow before him were some cheerful labourers, singing cheerfully while at work, he felt that all this beauty and melody wanted something without which they could minister no happiness to his longing soul. His father's hut suddenly rose in lively colours before his fancy; he saw his beloved mother weeping bitterly at the door, and he knew that it was for him she wept; and he beheld all his long-forgotten companions with their familiar faces standing around his mother, and heard them calling his name aloud as if in sorrow: and then the poor boy sobbed aloud and wept bitterly with his face hid in the tall grass. As he lay in this posture he heard a clear voice singing in the distance, and as he listened the sounds waxed more audible, and seemed to float nearer him through the still air. Again they died away in the distance, and again they approached towards him, until he distinctly heard the following words sung apparently by different and separated voices:—

FIRST VOICE.

The home of my childhood, how brightly it shines
'Mid the dreary darkling past!
There the sunlight of memory never declines,
Still green is its valley,—still green are its vines.
What charms hath memory cast
Around thy father's cot?

SECOND VOICE.

Oh the home of my childhood was wild and rude
In the depth of an Alpine solitude;
But dearer to me and fairer far
Its rocks and dells and streamlets are,
Than the thousand vales of the noble Rhine!
Hast thou so dear a home?

THIRD VOICE.

Far, far away, in the twilight grey,
My spirit loves to roam,
To one sweet spot, oh ne'er forgot!
My childhood's home.

FOURTH VOICE.

The eagle lent me his wing of pride,
And away with him I flew,
O'er many a land and ocean wide,
To a vale my childhood knew.

"When the fourth voice had died softly away in the distance, the boy—whose young heart now heaved till it was like to burst with wild and uncontrollable longings to return to his father's home—heard the rush of heavy wings passing near him, and looking up he beheld a beautiful snow-white eagle, with a golden crown upon its head, and a collar of rubies, alight near to him on the meadow. The noble bird looked with a friendly eye upon him, and he heard another voice singing faintly and far off, these words:

The eagle is a bird of truth,
And his wing is swift and strong.

"The boy, moved by a strong and momentary impulse, sprung to his feet and ran towards the noble bird, which bent its crowned head and stretched out its long wings as if to salute him on his approach; but he now discovered that the eagle's strong talons were fixed in a swan, which lay beneath him, and which he knew to be one of those which he had seen swimming on the lake near Wimpfen. Then the manly boy seized a branch of a tree, and with it drove away the cruel eagle from the swan. No sooner had he performed this grateful action, than he suddenly beheld the three lovely sisters from whom he had just been longing to make his escape, standing before him, and smiling so sweetly and mildly upon him, that he felt ashamed of his wish to leave them secretly, and hung down his head blushing deeply.

"Then one of them spoke: 'We know thy thoughts, dear youth, and what it is that moves thee so deeply. And though we are sorry to part with thee, yet as thou hast proved thyself so faithful towards us, thy secret desire shall be granted, and to-morrow thou shalt behold thy father, and mother, and brethren, and sisters.'

"The poor boy stood mute before his kind benefactresses; he wept because he was about to part with them, and he also wept when he thought how long he had tarried away from his home; all night he tossed about on a restless couch, unable to resolve on departing, and equally unable to reject the offer which had been made to him by his kind and lovely friends. At last sleep sank down on his weary eyelids, and when he awoke the following morning, he found himself lying on the shore of the well-known lake. He looked upon the waters and beheld the three swans sailing at a little distance from him; but when he stretched his hands towards them, as if to say that he wished again to join them, they beckoned in a friendly manner to him, and then diving beneath the surface, re-appeared not again.

"All was pleasure and astonishment when the long-lost boy again presented himself in his native village. His friends and companions assembled around him and heard his wonderful story; but none believed it.

"But after the first greetings were over, and his first transports of joy on finding himself again restored to his parents and youthful companions had subsided, the boy was seized with a secret longing to return to the unknown land; and this desire grew more vehement every day. He would now wander about the shores of the lake from sunrise till the stars appeared in the nightly heavens; but the three swans never returned, and the poor boy wept and sighed in vain for those Elysian fields in which it had once been permitted him to wander. His cheeks now grew pale as the withered rose, his eye became dim and languid, his bounding limbs grew more feeble every day, and all joy left his bosom. One evening he had dragged himself with much difficulty to the shore of the lake,—the evening sun threw its last radiance on the waters,—and he heard a sweet silver-like voice, which seemed to rise from the blue depth beneath him, singing these verses:

Thou who hast roam'd through
The bright world below,
What joy can thy bosom
On earth ever know?

Dost thou dread the blue wave?
Thou hast tried it before,—
One plunge in its bosom
Thy sorrows are o'er!

"The voice had died away in the distance, but the boy now stood close on the margin of the lake, gazing intently upon it, as if his eye sought to measure its profound depth. He turned round and cast one look upon his father's cot, and he thought that he heard his mother's voice calling him through the still evening; but again the soft silver-like voice rose up from the bosom of the placid waters, and he knew it to be the voice of one of the three fairy sisters: 'Adieu, adieu, dear mother!' he cried, and, with a shout of mingled joy and fear, flung himself headlong into the fathomless waters, which closed around him for ever."

This work is printed in a small but very distinct type, and, altogether, forms two very handsome volumes, containing matter sufficient for twice the bulk, according to the ordinary style of getting up. We have been enabled to peruse it previous to its publication, which will take place in a few days, and which will afford, unless we are mistaken, a very acceptable New-year's treat to those who are fond of the choice little nick-nacks and confections of fugitive literature.

The Shepherd Boy, a Dramatic Idyl. Translated from the German of Adam Oehlenschlaeger. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1828.

We are not sure that the intrinsic excellence of "The Shepherd Boy" is such as to entitle it to the honour now conferred upon it, by introducing it to the British public in an English dress, and as a separate work. It is a pastoral poem containing some very pretty thoughts, expressed in natural and simple language; but there is little that is very original or striking, either in the story as a whole, or in the individual passages. The plot is extremely inartificial, except in one incident. Reinald, a traveller, arrives in a Swiss valley, where he meets, and is captivated with Babli, a young shepherdess and an orphan. She introduces him to Werner, a farmer, and Charlotte, his wife, with whom she lives, and who have an only child, a boy, called Fritz, some eight or ten years old. In Charlotte, the farmer's wife, Reinald discovers a sister whom he had long lost; and he and his new friends are in the midst of the happiness which the discovery occasions, when Augustin, a hermit, comes to inform the unfortunate father and mother that their son, Fritz, who had gone upon a visit to his grandfather, had fallen down one of the clefts of the rocks, and had been killed. It is to Werner that Augustin first communicates these tidings; and, as the scene in which he does so appears to us the best written in the poem, we shall extract the greater part of it, as the fairest specimen we can select:—

Augustin.—(*walks in with deep seriousness, dignity, and feeling. He makes the sign of the cross*)—
Praised be Jesus Christ!
Werner.—Eternally—
(*Gives him his hand.*)
How art thou, father? Thou art paler than
Is usual, and thou tremblest!
Augustin.—It is age—
For I am near the grave. But 'tis not fear.—
Werner, I fear not death—I love him much.
'Tis but my soul, which tremblingly shakes off
The dust of earth from her immortal wings.
Werner.—Think not so often of thy death, oh father—
Death will come soon enough: true, thou art old;
But winter blooms beneath thy locks of snow.
Augustin.—Think seriously, steward. Look beneath,
With eyes attentive, on the holy deep;
Roots strike below, and weeds are on the surface:
Accustom thou thyself to see in darkness
Light; look thou in the cave till thou discover
The shining portal of eternal life.
For birth is but the door of vanities;
There dost thou err in vain, thy passions' slave—
The key of life is *faith*—the gate the *grave*.
Werner.—I am not godless.
Augustin.—No, I say not that;
Thou'rt good, but yet I fear too worldly, Werner,
And lovest far too much this passing life.
Werner.—My God hath made me happy. Should I be
A Christian, were I not to thank him for it?
Augustin.—The joys, which sometimes here our God allows,
Are only trials, meant to win the heart,
By slow degrees, to prudence and to patience.
If I should wish to be in Heaven, when grief
Bows my sad spirit down, that is no virtue;—
Who doth not wish himself estranged from sorrows?
But first to taste of happiness like Job,
And then with patience to submit to fate;
To lose the dearest and the costliest,
And then to say, while tears stream from the eyes—
"God gave, and takes away, his name be praised;"
That, Werner, is a Christian's part.
Werner—(*takes his hand with frankness*)—
But tell me
Openly, friend:—I too would speak a little
In thy own figures: is it good in thee
Foretelling sorrow like the midnight owl?
And asking, when thou see'st a cheerful flower,
"Why dost thou smell so sweet, and lift thy stem
So tall and proud in the air of heaven?
Soon thou shalt fade away and turn to dust."
Say, Augustin, is this a Christian's part?
Augustin.—Oh hear me, friend, nor thus misunderstand me;
Did all thy happiness rest on thy God,
And if thy house were founded on a rock,
If thou wouldst quench thy thirst for joys of earth
In the true spring of life eternal—then
How gladly would I share thy happiness!
But when the false appearance of a moment,
Where danger and destruction ever lurk,
Darkens thine earthly eyes, can I rejoice?
Werner.—Well, let it rest.—Thou visit'st us to-day;
We thank thee, and we prize thy friendship much:
What though our views of life be different,
'Tis natural; the winter oft is cold;
The summer day is sometimes far too sultry.
Come, strengthen thou thyself in my warm sunshine,

Thy cold and holy moonlight shall inspire me,
Thus we shall yield a little to each other—
In such exchanges friendship doth consist.
AUGUSTIN (*gives the people a sign; they bring in the basket and depart*).
Now, thou dost feel and use thy happiness
Like to a man of strength; but, Werner, couldst thou
Bear sorrow with the self-same equal courage?
WERNER.—Ay! time and care—
AUGUSTIN. Just as the bubble melts
In air, so passeth happiness away.
How if the time were come?
WERNER. Most pious father,
What bringest thou?—A basket of fair fruit?
We thank thee!
AUGUSTIN. Yes, 'tis filled with fairest fruit.
An hour ago it grew upon its stem
In innocence; and now 'tis pluck'd for ever,
And the pale body like an angel smiles.
WERNER.—Methinks it is a dismal view of life,
When e'en an apple seems to thee a corse.
AUGUSTIN.—What is it then? Is it not broken too
From off the mother branch?
WERNER. Yes, to fulfil
The end of nature.
AUGUSTIN. And is not the heart,
When it grows stiff, like to a simple fruit
When plucked—*not* to delight the mortal sense
With its own sweetness—but itself to taste
The everlasting happiness of Heaven?
WERNER.—Yes, this is striking and poetical!
AUGUSTIN (*with increasing expression.*)
And is the child, the fairest of all flowers,
When suddenly it leaves its parent stem,
Not to be likened to such noble fruit,
Just torn away to sow in Paradise
Its spotless kernel, where no worm shall gnaw
Its bloom for ever?
WERNER (*in sudden anxiety*).
God! what dost thou mean
By these similitudes? Thou frighten'st me.
AUGUSTIN.—Much to be pitied father! Who can comfort
Thee, who, of earthly happiness secure, dreamst not
Of care: It comes a sudden thunderbolt.
How shall I comfort thee? Thou lovest only
This earthly life, without desire of Heaven!
WERNER (*rushes forward, opens the basket, and exclaims in wild sorrow*),
Oh God! my Fritz! Dead!—Pale—and bruised—and
—cold.
AUGUSTIN (*with deep commiseration*).
Madden, poor heart—ay, quit thee of thy wound;
Beat thick, and, Nature, hold thy own. Moan forth
Wild lamentations from his lips. Give air
To his pent breast, that so despair may not
Strangle him dumbly. Flow, ye bitter tears,
Flow and dry up your salt and burning springs.
Weep, father, weep, because thy child is dead!
But, Grief! when thou hast done thy uttermost,
Despair! when thou hast raged out thy worst—
Oh! come then, Comfort from the grace of God,
Appearing like the moon in mourning clouds;
Oh! dissipate the darkness with thy silver,
And let the father see his Fritz again,
Alive and bless'd among the choir of angels.
P. 50—7.

The mother, the new-found uncle Reinald, and the foster-sister Babi, all come in soon afterwards, and join in the father's grief. After all this, the reader is not a little surprised to discover that Fritz is *not* dead! The dead child turns out to have been a brother of Fritz's grandfather, who had fallen into the cleft when a boy, many years before; and the body having been saturated with mountain salt, had thus been preserved from all appearance of decay! The dead child had, moreover, so strong a family likeness, that, when the body was found, it deceived not only Augustin the hermit, but even the father and mother, who believed it to be their own son! This is, surely, a strange outrage on probability; and the reader feels as if he had been entrapped into grief, ingeniously perhaps, but scarcely fairly.

As to the manner in which the translation is executed by Mr Cowan, we consider it highly respectable; exhibiting at once good English composition, and a successful transfusion of the spirit of the original. Here and there, indeed, the language is prodigiously prosaic; but this is more the fault of Oehlenschlaeger than his translator. The unpoetical familiarity of the following lines, for example, is positively ludicrous:—

"——— Our little son
Hath climb'd the Alps, to pay to grandpapa
A little visit. We are not afraid,
But 'tis somewhat unpleasant, that to day
They put up a new railing at the cleft;
The old one is in ruins. As my husband
Goes the same way, I asked him even now
To hasten, and to bring my boy again."

But our longer quotation must be considered as a juster specimen of the pervading tone of this poem, which is, in many instances, pleasing; and, in some, even vigorous.

General Synopsis of the Decisions of the Court of Session. By M. P. Brown, Esq. Advocate. Edinburgh. William Tait.

WE are just in time to give Mr Brown one friendly impulse ere he reaches the goal; for eleven of his numbers are already out, and the twelfth and last is expected in January. For the punctuality and rapidity with which the work has been brought forward, the legal public will not fail to assign Mr Brown due credit, having before their eyes a recent example, where a work was published in two parts,—and the whole price taken at delivery of the first number, on an engagement that the second should speedily follow it; but that second number was kept back for several years afterwards. This was very bad; and had we been in the place of our manifold friend the public, we should have raised five hundred actions of repetition and damages. Mr Brown, however, has felt the propriety of duly calculating, before he pledged himself to the public, and of honourably redeeming his pledge. Without such punctuality, the very advantageous mode of publishing large works in numbers becomes positively pernicious.

With regard to the utility of the work, there is and can be but one opinion. Our Scottish collections of Decisions have been assuming a very respectable aspect. Mr Brown himself, by publishing ancient Decisions from manuscripts of Lords Hailes, Fountainhall, &c. &c., and from other sources, has contributed seven comely quartos to the general stock; and we believe it is no exaggeration to say, that Scotland can now boast of half a cubic yard, or about fifteen cubic feet, of reported cases. This was, and is, a very gratifying consideration for the country at large; but quite otherwise for the lawyers. Fifteen cubic feet of reading—light and pleasant as it was—palled upon the appetite. Not only was the systematic study of Decisions become a matter of appalling difficulty, but the very searching for precedents in any actual case was a great, and often a very unsatisfactory labour. It was seeking a needle in a hay-stack. Partial indices there were, no doubt; but they were partial, and consequently numerous, and thus produced the very difficulty they were intended to avoid. They were constructed, too, on such difficult principles, that an acquaintance with one gave no key to the arrangement of the other.

Such was the mass to which Mr Brown applied himself, with the view of educing order and harmony from discord and confusion; of marshalling into proper troops the scattered bands of Decisions; of making a clew to

the labyrinth, where many a young counsel had lost his patience and his fees. Great expectations were excited in the profession, to which Mr Brown's assiduity was known, from his collections of Decisions, and from the skill and learning displayed in his Treatise on Sale; and although time alone can settle the public opinion on a work of this description, yet, so far as can yet be seen, the expectations of the profession will not be disappointed. The arrangement is lucid and accessible, and the abstracts of the Decisions are at once logical, perspicuous, and concise. We have heard professional men speak with thankfulness of the labour and anxiety which this Synopsis has already saved them—as the desired cases are classified in such a scientific manner as to be found almost at a glance, and as Mr Brown's abstract, in general, answers every requisite purpose; and if farther information be desired, the page and volume of the original report are indicated, so as to ensure immediate reference.

In conclusion, we beg to suggest to Mr Brown the propriety of subjoining an Index of the titles under which he has arranged the cases, which should also include some of the titles used in other indices, and point out where the subject is to be found in his own arrangement.

An Elementary Compendium of Physiology. By F. Majendie, M.D. Translated from the French. *With Copious Notes, Tables, and Illustrations,* by E. Milligan, M.D. Third Edition. Edinburgh. John Carfrae. 1829.

THE name of Majendie ranks so high in the history of Physiological Science, and his investigations and experiments have been so ably and successfully conducted, that any production from his pen will always come before the public, with a strong claim to attention. His detached essays, giving an account of his researches, are exceedingly numerous; but they are scattered through various French periodicals, and frequently inaccessible to the English student. Accordingly, his "Compendium of Physiology," which concentrates, in a single volume, the most important of these researches, must prove a very useful and valuable work. We know it has long been pronounced one of the best elementary books on this subject that has yet appeared in any country; and not only as a text-book to the student, but as a work of general reference, it will always maintain a high character in the literature of medicine. Dr Milligan, the author of a valuable edition of Celsus, has, we therefore think, conferred a very great benefit on the British student, by presenting him with the present translation; the value of which is materially enhanced, by the number of notes and tables which the translator has himself added, including the opinions of other eminent physiologists, and an account of the most recent discoveries in physiology. The business of a translator is generally of a dull, plodding, and mechanical character. He endeavours laboriously to follow closely the footsteps of the original author, and does not himself aspire to throw a single additional ray of light on the subject by which he may be surrounded. Dr Milligan, however, has assumed a higher ground; since, in addition to discharging his duties as a translator, he has also added, in an appendix, a number of original miscellaneous articles, which are as worthy of our attention as is any part of the work of Majendie itself. Among the number of these, we notice discussions *on the Tissues of Bichat,* with tables; on Bichat's *Doctrine of the Double Life;* on the Theories of *Vibration, Respiration, Absorption, &c.;* also an account of the most recent discoveries in the Nervous System, including the labours of Flourens, Bell, Edwards, Dumas, and Prevost; Rolando, Desmoulins, Fodera, Mayo, and the most distinguished French and English physiologists. Among the number of valuable Tables, we notice four extensive Zoological Synopses, drawn up expressly for the present work, by Desmoulins; also two Tables from the celebrated work of the Wenzels, showing the absolute and relative size and weight of the human brain at different periods of life, and the progress of the cerebral developement in different animals. We perceive also that Dr Milligan has presented us with a new view of the relation of the external to the internal table of the skull; and as the subject appears to us important, we shall probably take an early opportunity of laying it before our readers in a popular shape. In the meantime, we may conclude the present brief notice by observing, that this translation of Majendie's deservedly popular work should be in the hands of every person, who takes any delight in the interesting science of Physiology.

The Christian's Pattern; or Pious Reflections for every day in the Month. Collected chiefly from Thomas à Kempis; with Additions, by Edward Upham. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

EVERY body, we suppose, has heard of Thomas à Kempis, yet we suspect a good number of people have a very vague notion who or what he was. He was a famous theologian, born in those times when theology was all in all, in the year 1380, at Kempen, a small village near Cologne. He devoted his whole life to the study of divinity, and did not die till he had reached his ninety-second year. Besides transcribing many books of devotion, which was then considered a work of great merit, he left behind him a vast number of original sermons and pious treatises, which were published at Cologne in the year 1660, in three volumes folio. One of his treatises, "De Imitatione Christi," has been so much admired by the devout, that it has been translated into almost all languages. He lived a solitary, but innocent life; and it has been well remarked of him, that "silence was his friend, labour his companion, and prayer his auxiliary." A saying of his has been recorded which strongly illustrates the character of the man. It is this:—"I have sought for rest everywhere, but I have found it nowhere, except in a little corner with a little book." The epitaph on the stone which covers his remains, and which consists only of two lines, in the form of a question and answer, brings out the same idea:—

"Oh! where is peace, for thou its paths hast trod?
In poverty, retirement, and with God."

This is nearly all that is known of Thomas à Kempis. His works, though now-a-days no one ever thinks of looking into them, contain many excellent things, and Mr Upham, the judicious editor and translator of the small book now before us, not choosing that the Christian world should lose sight entirely of a divine who once ranked so high, has given us, in "The Christian's Pattern," a selection of some of his original's best pieces. And saying to himself, like the Frenchman,—"A present, qui lise des tomes en folio?" he has compressed his "Pious Reflections" into as neat and little a 24mo as one could wish to carry in his waistcoat pocket. The "Meditations," which are for every day in the month, will be read with profit—by all those who know the value of the Psalmist's advice to "Commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still."

Tales and Confessions. By Leitch Ritchie. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 364.

HAD we been able to notice this book a week or two sooner, we should have spoken of it at greater length. We have read it through with considerable pleasure, and

the impression it leaves upon us is, that Mr Ritchie is a clever man, though not possessed of much original genius. There is a good deal of interest in most of the stories, with here and there passages of more than ordinary power. We wish well to all literary men; and we think Mr Ritchie peculiarly entitled to encouragement, since, in conjunction with his friends, Messrs Richardson and St John, he has given us one of the best weekly periodicals of which the metropolis can boast—"The London Weekly Review."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE WANDERER'S TALE.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

"Cross'd in life—by villains plunder'd,
More than yet you've given belief;
Fortune's bolts have o'er me thunder'd,
Till my very heart is deaf."

I TOLD you that I had loved,—and heaven is my witness how dearly and how sincerely! Yes! I saw my Clara,—I wooed and won her from a feared and hated rival, just when he thought he had nothing to do but to lead her to the altar. From that day he took every opportunity of picking a quarrel with me; but I bore all triumphantly, proud of the prize of which I had bereaved him.

He was a Major-General at this time; and, not long after my marriage, my embarrassments induced me to accept an appointment in the army; and it so fell out, that in about three years afterwards, this same rival became my commanding officer. This was a humility not to be borne, and I had already taken measures to get rid of it, which, however, could not be brought to bear for some time; and, in the meanwhile, I fear my temper had grown surly and severe with my charming wife, for I had been chagrined by many losses and crosses of late. So one night when I came home to my lodging, after a week's absence on duty, I kissed my little boy, and, as usual, was going to kiss his mother; but behold! I was repulsed with indignation and scorn; and before I got time to articulate a word in my astonishment, I was addressed in the following unbrookable terms: —

"Go and bestow your kisses on those who have enjoyed them for these eight days past,—nay, for these eight months and more. I have suffered your irregularities and insults long; but I will suffer them no longer."

In utter consternation, I asked an eclaircissement, I believe good-naturedly, or nearly so, when the woman of my heart and soul,—the woman on whose face I had never seen a frown,—accused me broadly of infidelity to her, and of seducing the wife of another,—a crime of which I had kept her in concealment for the best part of a year. And she added,

"I knew of it long ago, and would fain have passed it over in silence; but now, it is become so public that decency is outraged, and I desire you to return to her, and leave me as I am, with my poor child here."

Here I fell into the greatest error of my life. I got into an ungovernable rage, and there is no doubt that I used my beloved wife very badly. The crime of which I was accused was entirely without foundation. I had never so much as in thought been for a moment alienated from Clara, and the accusal put me actually beside myself; and perhaps my misfortunes had rendered my mind rather unstable by this time.

"You are a poor, weak-minded miserable woman, to believe any such report of me," said I; "and if you were a thousand times dearer than you are, I would tear you from my heart and affections; for how could I take a being to my bosom who entertains such a mean opinion of me?"

"You may save yourself the terror of such a conjunction," said she. "You shall never take me to your bosom. I hope in God we shall never again sleep under the same roof."

"Just as you please, madam. Make the most of your pride and insolence that you can. In the meantime, you will please to remember that this is *my* house;" and so saying, I strode majestically into my own room.

The horrors of that night will remain engraven on my distracted memory for ever! I overheard her hushing our beloved baby to sleep, with many sobs and tears, and still I had not the power to return and fling myself at her feet. I found that in my heart she was forgiven already; but, wondering who could have poisoned her ear, I resolved to let her feel my resentment for such ungrounded suspicions for a little while. As I was hugging myself on the propriety of this demeanour, I heard a carriage stop at the street door; but, it being a place where carriages were constantly stopping, I paid no attention to it. Our door-bell was never rung; and though I heard some bustling on the stair, I regarded not that either. The carriage drove off, and all was quiet. At length, being unable to contain myself longer, I rung the bell, and asked the girl for Clara.

"My lady is gone out, sir."

"Out! Whither is she gone at this time of night?"

"She is gone out, sir. She went away in that carriage."

"And the child? What, then, has become of the child?"

"He is gone out too, sir. My lady has taken him along with her."

"When is she to be in again?"

"I could not be saying, sir. But I suppose she is going to make some stay away; for when she went she kissed me, gave me a guinea, and, squeezing my hand, she said, 'Farewell, Nancy,' and I felt the tears dripping off at her chin,—'farewell, Nancy,' said she; 'God be with you!' and poor, dear lady, she was crying. What could ail her, your honour? I cannot comprehend it, for indeed she *was* crying."

Every word that the girl spoke went like a dagger to my heart, and I felt that my fate was sealed, and that misery, desolation, and utter oblivion, only awaited me. I was mad already; for I seized my hat, ran down stairs, and, without ever asking which way the carriage went, pursued, running till at the farther end of the town, and then along another street, till quite exhausted. Twice was I taken up by the police ere morning, while running and calling her name, like a child that had lost its mother.

Had I been capable of any proper exertion at all adequate to my love and regret, I might still have recovered my beloved Clara; but I was petrified, benumbed, overwhelmed with astonishment, and I knew of no place to which she could retreat whither to follow her; so I took to my bed, and abandoned myself to despair. I was called on to attend parade, and, being obliged to comply, I found the General more than usually insulting that day; but I bore all with unmoved apathy, caring neither for him nor aught in this world. As I refused going to mess, one of my companions, who sympathised with me, accompanied me home, and by the way said to me,—"I am truly sorry for you, Archibald; but I fear you have been the author of this flagrant and disgraceful business yourself; and now it is irremediable."

I asked him to what he alluded, every joint in my body in the meanwhile trembling like an aspen, when he told me shortly, as a fact known to the whole mess, that my wife was now living under the General's protection. This was a blow indeed! Could any man's reason have stood this shock? Could yours, sir? I deny it, if you had any spark of the feelings of a man. I instantly penned a challenge,—a terrible one; but my companion refused to carry it to his commanding officer,

telling me that I would be found in the wrong. But knowing another gentleman who hated the General, I got him to deliver the challenge. But his honour refused to meet me. Yes, the dog, the craven, refused giving me satisfaction, and, what was worse, answered my note in a calm, exulting style, as I had answered his injurious remarks formerly. He told me he had done me no wrong, but rather a service, by granting my wife and child an asylum, when I had turned them out of doors; and that such a fellow was not worthy to be *whipt* by the hands of a gentleman—a fellow who could turn a lovely and amiable lady, with a babe at her bosom, out to the streets at midnight.

This was blow upon blow! There never was a poor wretch humbled as I was. I swore to myself to have revenge, and went and watched the villain's door early and late to assassinate him. But, aware of his danger, he always eschewed me, and soon went away to a distant part of the country to review some troops, taking my wife in the carriage with him. I followed him, and, waylaying him on his path to the field, I met him, with only one servant riding a good way behind him. I challenged him to fight me, or die on the spot. When he saw it was me, he was terrified, and put spurs to his horse; but I seized it by the reins, and fired a pistol in the villain's face, determined to blow his brains all abroad upon the high way. In the struggle I missed my aim; the ball only grazed his cheek, and took off his left ear. He then either fell or flung himself from the horse, roaring out murder. I drew my sword in order to exterminate him, and, it seems, gave him one wound, when at that moment I was knocked down by a blow from behind by the servant's loaded whip. When I recovered, I found myself in a dungeon. I was tried, found guilty, and condemned. But I cannot tell you what I suffered. No tongue can relate the half of the contumely, disgrace, and humiliation, that I underwent. Man has done his worst to me—woman has done her worst to me—the world has done its worst to me—and I have done with them all!

The General soon turned off Clara. He had got his revenge. He had got the victory, and he wanted no more,—ruined her, and broken and disgraced me. It was long before I ventured to go and see her. At length I ventured; but she only screamed and fainted, and I was obliged to retire. We exchanged several letters; and, after some months had elapsed, I was permitted to visit her, under a promise that it was to be for the last time. But what passed at that meeting I can never describe. You see it makes me shed tears to think of it even now. I kneeled at her feet; but she would not permit me to touch her. The boy called me father, and I caressed him; but Clara kept a reserved and determined distance, saying, that no motive should ever induce her to live with me again, which she considered an injustice to me that she was incapable of. She knew long ago, she said, that I was blameless; but she had been misled by the miscreant with alleged proofs, which she deemed conclusive. We exchanged forgiveness in the name of the Lord, and in the same name cursed our destroyer, and parted, never to meet again in this world.

MONSTERS NOT MENTIONED BY LINNÆUS.

"Now, by two-headed Janus!
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."
SHAKSPEARE.

For a succession of ages Naturalists have endeavoured to inculcate the opinion, that wild beasts are to be found only among the brute creation; but the melancholy fact is at length ascertained, that many monsters, besides those which usually haunt dens and caves, go loose in society under false pretences, deluding that public, upon whom they prey, into a belief of their harmlessness. We propose stirring a few of them up with the long pole of our ingenuity; and, on the old principle of *place aux dames*, we shall begin with a female monster:—

The Fashionable-Matron-Monster,—a very formidable and imposing animal. Her drawing-room is the most splendid that was ever protected from the vulgar glare of day by glowingly painted window-blinds. The foot sinks in her rich and velvety carpet as in a bed of moss. Her tables, of dark mahogany, or burnished rose or elm wood, reflect the carved ceiling in their massy mirrors. She sits upon the splendour of her crimson ottoman, and bestows the indubitableness of her opinions upon those who venture within fifteen yards of her magnificence. Her carriage has the deepest colouring, the largest armorial bearings, and the costliest mountings. Her horses are of unequalled size and sleekness; and her lacqueys move their empurpled limbs under a canopy of powdered and pomatumed hair. When she rides, she sees that there is a pedestrian world, but looks out upon it only with a calm sense of incalculable superiority, apparent upon the majestic ugliness of her countenance. Her obeisance is imperial,—colder and statelier than the obnutation of an iceberg. Her routs are splendid and exclusive. "Family dinners," compromising and economical "hops," she probably never heard of; and if she did, she would look upon them with contempt, as tending to lower the grand scale of her social operations. The date and style of her cards of invitation settle the fashion for the winter. The male creatures, who receive the honour of invitations, are expected to dress with precision. An erroneous knot upon a neckcloth; a waistcoat buttoned too high or too low; a vulgar arrangement of hair,—not to talk of the horrible profanity of an improperly cut coat, or silk stockings a season out of date,—inevitably strike the wearer off the privileged list. Her name is always found high up among the lady-patronesses and lady-directresses; and if she goes to a public place, she is followed by a select suite of young ladies, sent by their happy mammas to luxuriate in the aristocracy of her presence. Her door is unsullied with aught so vulgar as a number or a name; but you may know it by the lazy footmen, and overgrown poodles, who commonly congregate in its vicinity. Every sentiment is up in arms against this proud, unfeeling automaton; it is some comfort, therefore, to know that every body hates her, and that she is not happy.

The Consequential Wise-Man-Monster.—Self-conceit, pomposity, and the profound admiration of old women, have been an over-match for the originally weak intellect of Mr Owlstare. He now imagines himself a walking Encyclopædia, and the final court of appeal in all cases where a literary, political, moral, or religious dispute arises. Ask him to meet with the most eminent men of the day, and he never for a moment supposes that the compliment is paid to him, but to them. Tell him one of your best stories, and it will fail to produce any effect upon him; he merely hints that he has heard it better told before. Make one of your profoundest observations on philosophy or political economy, and he will only hem, and look half sage, half contemptuous. Try him upon the fine arts, and he gives you to understand, that unless you have been to the Vatican, you cannot sail upon the same tack with him. Venture into the arcana of science, and you are silenced, by hearing him pronounce Sir Humphrey Davy a mere schoolboy. The use he makes of all the information he possesses, is to exalt himself; and when his ignorance by chance stares him in the face, he gets out of the dilemma, by treating his adversary with sarcastic indifference. In general company this manner is successful. He is not much liked, but he is immensely respected. Hospitable country gentlemen, middle-rate lawyers, wealthy merchants, with all their wives and all their daughters,

hardly know how to treat him with sufficient deference. Every body begs for the honour of drinking wine with Mr Owlstare; every body is anxious to know what Mr Owlstare thinks upon the subject; every body sends the nicest cut in the whole salmon, and the wing and breast of the chicken, to Mr Owlstare. He goes into the drawing-room, and the lady of the house carries him his tea-cup with her own hands, whilst her eldest girl, "who was seventeen the fifth of last September," brings him the cake. He eats and drinks an unconscionable quantity, but every body is continually beseeching him to eat and drink more. He goes home about nine—a kind of disagreeable caricature of Samuel Johnson; and his absence occasions, unconsciously, so general a relief, that the young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, propose a quadrille, and the previous generation sit down to whist, enlivening the pauses of the game by the most animated encomiums on Mr Owlstare.

The Treacle-tongued-Monster—is commonly a female. She is probably a would-be-young old maid, who has wormed herself into a sort of paltry independence, principally by having had several legacies left her, as the wages of toad-eating. She visits a good number of families of respectability, on what she considers an easy and intimate footing; that is to say, she can look in upon them very soon after breakfast, or about tea-time, and she is sure not to derange their domestic economy, for they will say,—"Oh! it is only Miss Amelia Treacle-tongue." Her conversation is very thickly studded with tender appellatives; such as "my dear,"—"my love,"—terms in which she continually addresses all her female acquaintances. She is always very particular in her inquiries on the subject of health, and is distressed—quite distressed—to hear of the slightest ailment. A headach "alarms" her,—a cough "suggests the fear of consumption,"—a sore throat makes her pathetic, and reminds her of "the uncertainty of human existence." She calls to ask after the patient every day, often twice a day, until the most perfect convalescence has taken place. She apparently has the most ardent attachment to all children. She takes every little urchin in her arms, kisses him, calls him a "darling cherub," and gazes on him delightedly, (at least when his mamma or papa is present,) although the said "darling cherub" be a spoiled, clumsy, dumpy, red-headed, disagreeable varlet. With all the minutiæ of little family histories Miss Amelia Treacle-tongue is particularly well acquainted; she communicates a piece of scandal in the softest and most confidential manner; she "hints a doubt," or "hesitates dislike," with a whispery gentleness, quite irresistible. She is rather delicate, yet goes abroad in all weathers. At table,—not in her own house, but that of a friend,—she is continually pressing you to eat, and animadverting on the poorness of your appetite. She has no taste or ear for music; but is exceedingly useful in praising the efforts of all the young ladies of the house, and in affecting rapture, till others think it necessary to affect it too. She is rather religious, and has a temper which nothing on earth would seem capable of ruffling; yet, in truth, if her real character were known, she is the most peevish, hypocritical, greedy, selfish, and tyrannical being in existence. She is a concentration of stings, smeared over with an external coating of honey; and does more mischief in her own officious, sneaking, underhand way, than a hundred bold downright murderers, who kill their men, and are hanged for it.

The Clever-young-Man-Monster.—The growth of this species of monster has been so rapid, that it almost calls for the interference of the legislature. Like the rats of the old Egyptian city, they threaten to eat up every thing. One can hardly turn without meeting this monster. He is about two-and-twenty; has rather an expressive face, and an interminable volubility of tongue. He is not one of those that hides his light under a bushel. Upon all subjects he is equally at home,—that is to say, equally superficial. He knows all about the next Waverley novel; he writes in Blackwood's Magazine, or at least *says* that he writes in it; and can tell you who all the articles are by. On the Corn Laws, the Drama, the Catholic question, the Opera, Phrenology, and modern Poetry, he is ever ready to pour forth a torrent of information, of somewhat ephemeral interest, it is true,—but that is not his fault. He writes and speaks on every subject that comes in his way. His father is proud of him; his mother doats on him; his sisters admire him; his cousins die for him. He publishes a thin quarto volume of very magnificently printed poetry, and, like Robert Montgomery's, his own portrait faces the title-page,—his neck bare, and shirt collar turned down *à la Byron*,—his hair combed back over his brow, and his eye looking upwards, to see what is to be seen in the sky. Sensible men pronounce him a coxcomb; but the uninitiated discover genius in every line, and milliners fall into a pining melancholy by the hundred. Then comes a shower of Albums, and he writes in every one of them, and signs his name at full length by way of autograph. All this, though it may make "the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The Clever-young-Man-Monster, unless roused by ridicule into common sense and a useful pursuit, sinks into premature oblivion, and lives to wonder at his own littleness.

The Insipid-young-Lady-Monster.—This is a harmless, but very annoying monster. She is rather pretty, lisps slightly, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, has a great quantity of "waving curls abune the bree." She very frequently sits beside you at a large and ceremonious dinner-party. You determine to be agreeable, and almost brilliant; but, to your infinite distress, you discover, before the soup is removed, that the fair automaton has, in her whole composition, only one idea and a half. She listens to you, but does not understand you; your most sparkling sayings she rewards with a look of gentle bewilderment,—half reproachful, and half deprecatory,—as if she fancied you were quizzing her. You at length labour to say things as full of inanity and silliness as possible, and she immediately regains her composure, and thinks you have begun to talk rationally. Her mamma watches the progress of the conversation, and is quite delighted with the attention you are paying her daughter. When you return to the drawing-room, a seat is reserved for you, as an especial favour, beside the Insipid-young-Lady-Monster. Your concealed yawns almost kill you; but, to make up for your real listlessness, you affect the most animated pleasure, and next day all your friends wish you joy, considering the marriage already fixed. The insipid young lady actually knits a purse for you, and sends it to you with a note, in which there are only three grammatical errors. For a month, the very sight of a petticoat gives you the vapours; and you never go to a ceremonious dinner-party without fear and trembling.

The Dyspeptic, or Stomach-complaint-Monster.—This monster is like a caterpillar in your soup, or a spider in your tea-cup. He is called Sir Pillbox Phialton, and he edifies you with details of the inefficaciousness of his digestive organs, till he almost makes you suppose you have lost your appetite yourself. There is not a medicine in the whole pharmacopeia that he has not taken by pounds or pints, until the only nutriment which his inner man can enjoy is something or other concocted in an apothecary's shop. His face has a saffron, exsanguineous hue, and smiles are strangers to its cavernous recesses. He reminds one of a raw day in February, and his conversation is like the drizzling of sleet upon a cupola. All his reading is confined to medical and *non*-medical treatises on health and diet. The only work of a literary kind he ever looks into, is the "Diary of an Invalid." He wonders that the horrible excesses of general society, in the matter of eating and drinking, do not throw all

mankind into fevers. His children, if he has any, are little, lean, half-starved things; and they look like small *memento moris* collected round a death's-head.

The Strong-Man-Monster.—Mr Sampson Hammer-club is six feet one in height, and proportionably broad. He is a member of all Highland and gymnastic clubs. Athletic exercises engross all his time and thoughts. He is continually walking backwards—forwards—upon his hands and feet—upon his head;—running, leaping, riding, shooting, boxing, fencing, quoiting, putting, climbing up poles, raising weights, and fifty other similar operations. In whatever society he may be, he never sits on his seat half-an-hour at a time, without offering to exhibit his powers, by lifting a chair in his teeth, and flinging it over his head; or bending a poker across his arm; or jumping over the table without breaking the decanters; or, if Heaven hath made you of small dimensions, letting you stand upon one of his hands, and lifting you upon the sideboard. He has bushy, black whiskers, a strong voice, an immeasurable chest; and moves among delicate females like a "bull in a china-shop." He thinks himself the handsomest man in Scotland; and, by all persons of five feet six, is looked upon as the ugliest fellow in existence.

Many other Monsters are there, whom we can, at present, do little more than name. There is the *Universally-respected*, or *Exemplary Monster*,—one who wants the virtue to be great, or the passion to be egregiously wrong; the *Over-refined Monster*,—who, instead of a gentleman, is a *petit maitre*, and mistakes finical nicety for taste; the *Would-be-genteel Monster*,—who is the vulgarest creature under the sun, because he does not know his vulgarity, and therefore boldly does things which make every body else blush for one who cannot blush for himself; the *Inevitable Monster*,—who, in his idleness and prosy stupidity, is continually inflicting himself upon you, and whom you are sure to meet with at every turn, without knowing how or why; the *Married-man Monster*,—who, from being one of the best companions in the world, suddenly becomes uxorious, rigidly moral, and a great descanter on the comforts of domestic life; the *No-supper-eating Monster*,—who sits down to that most social of all meals, and will touch nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of water, which he seasons with anecdotes of nightmare and apoplexy; the *Clever-woman Monster*,—who is aged thirty, at least, and probably unmarried, and who makes her reputation the excuse for brow-beating all her female acquaintances, and saying impertinent things to the men; the *Happy Monster*,—who is always in the most tremendous flow of good spirits, and who has no more notion of indulging you in any thing like a sentimental mood, than he would have of scattering roses over his plum-pudding before he eat it; and, lastly, the *Editorial Monster*,—who treats his contributors worse than negro-slaves, but of whom we shall only venture to say, that he is "a very ancient and fish-like monster."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ILL-STARRED BRIDE.

By William Kennedy, Esq. Author of "Fitful Fancies," &c.

I.

When small bird and bright wild flower,
River and rustling tree,
Keep, in my old paternal glen,
Blithe summer jubilee;

How comes it, that though still my heart
Loves Nature as before,
It singeth not, it danceth not,
To greet her as of yore?

And the hill, thick-starred with golden furze,
With daisy glades between,
Why do I hate to look on it,
As 'twere some blasted scene?

O Mary! Mary dearest!
'Twas there we spent our May,
'Twas there I dreamt that life would be
To us one summer day.

My mother,—well you warned me,
The time that he came here;—
I heeded not that warning,
And it has cost me dear.

I thought not that his twilight song,
His darksome hair and eye,
His wan cheek and his gloomy brow,
Could work such witchery.

But Mary, my loved Mary,
Became the stranger's bride,
And then fate had no ills for me,
Save one, which did betide.

II.

It was an autumn evening;
The yellow leaves and brown,
Like orphan children, o'er the fields,
Were scattered up and down.

And I, more sere than autumn leaf,
More sad than orphan child,
Roamed, all unknowingly, to where
Her new-built cottage smiled.

My hand restrained the rising heart,
That would have swell'd in vain;
I bless'd herself,—I bless'd her house,
And felt relieved from pain.

"Canst tell us where young Robert lives,
The husband of the maid,
The fairest girl in all your glen?"
Two stalwart strangers said.

My eye fell upon Mary's home,
Not one word did I say;—
Before I had recall'd my glance,
The men were on their way.

A moment, and a moment more,
Loud rose a woman's cry;
The roebuck on the heather-hill,
Was not more fleet than I.

At once I stood beneath that roof,
Where I had never been,
Where but to fancy I might be,
I would have thought a sin.

In fetters of the iron cold,
The men had Robert bound,
His wife,—my love,—lost Mary, lay
Stretch'd senseless on the ground.

I grasp'd a knife,—to deadlier arms
The strangers flew, and cried—
"Young man! we've seiz'd a murderer—
Nay, more—a parricide!"

III.

They took dark Robert to the jail,—
On came his trial day;
He was a proven parricide,
No man could say it nay.

It was a judgment merciful,
That Heaven had clos'd her sight
To his most monstrous crime, whose arts
Had seal'd her bosom's light.

She hung by him,—she clung to him;—
The innocent, the free,
Walk'd with that fearful form of sin,
Even to the gallows-tree.

Me he could never bear,—he turn'd
From me with curses dire;
He swore no other hand but mine
Had quench'd his household fire.

He rail'd at base revenge,—all this
And more I well could bear
From him,—a wretched, raving man,
Abandon'd to despair.

But Mary, in her madness, placed
Reliance on his tongue;
She look'd abhorrence on me,—how
That look my bosom wrung!

How gladly had I died for her—
Nay, ten times over died,
Could I have saved her from the woe
To which she was allied.

She told me, that when she and hers
Had from a false world gone,
'Twas right and fit such canker worms
As I should still live on.

She said his finger, foully doom'd
To die upon the tree,
Would make for all my kind on earth
A royal ransom-fee.

And when stern justice did its last,
Her cry was, "Give me him—
My love he still shall be, although
His eye in death is dim!"

They frown'd on her, they mock'd at her—
Idly she sobb'd and sigh'd;
Upon a gibbet high they fix'd
The godless parricide.

And there an armed sentinel
Was order'd night and day,
To watch, lest any hand should steal
The felon's corpse away.

IV.

The first night that the watch was kept,
The winds forgot to moan;
The moon shone full, the sentinel
Seem'd grieved to be alone
As to the dead man's face he glanced,
That ghastly look'd like stone.

The next night that the watch was kept,
The sky was rent in twain;
The winds wail'd like despairing souls,
Plash, plash, rush'd down the rain.

A shot!—'twas fired too late—I had
Secured the frightsome load,
And gallantly my trusty black
Tore up the miry road.
The grey light of a drooping morn
The widow's cottage show'd.

The horse was rein'd—his rider paused
Before the lattice dim—
He lean'd against it, for he felt
Worn both in heart and limb.
Twelve tall death-tapers burn'd within—
Had *she* expected him?

An aged woman raised the latch,
And cried, "Just powers! a ghost!"
She fled, I totter'd after her—
The cottage floor I cross'd;
I saw a bed—a female corpse—
And then all sense I lost!

V.

They gave the murderer a grave
On that furze-crested hill,
Where my boy lip first drank the love
That lingers on it still.

She—the heart-broken bride—was placed
Beneath the old elm-tree,
That in the silent churchyard grows
Where sleep her family.
Forgive me, God! I can't but wish
That they had buried me!

They say that at her dying hour
She gave my faith its due;
And wept to think how her poor brain
Had imaged things untrue.

She wished me happy—bootless wish!
A feather will not raise
The mountain load of heaviness,
That on the spirit weighs.

In vain small bird, bright wild flower,
River and rustling tree,
Keep in my old paternal glen
Blithe summer jubilee.

The hill displays its golden furze,
Its daisy glades in vain;
No smile that Nature sheds can light
A dull dark world of pain.

1828.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Thou art gone! thou art gone with thy sceptre of mildness!
Thy smiles, and thy tears, and thy moments of wildness.
But this humble memorial to thee I dedicate,
Mild 1828. *

For thou hast dispell'd our despairing and sadness,
And industry and toil hast enlighten'd with gladness,
And bustled in our harbours with commerce and freight,
Blest 1828.

The reaper rejoiced as he counted his sowing,
And heap'd up his garners and barns to o'erflowing;
And thy winter has breathed with a soft autumn heat,
Kind 1828.

No frost ever sheeted our rivers and fountains,
No drifted snow ever cover'd our mountains,
And thou leavest our flocks on an ever-green height,
Sweet 1828.

* For the sake of the rhythm, name the year thus,—"Eighteen hundred twenty and eight."

In the region of love thy reign has been glorious,
In the hearts of the maidens thy sceptre victorious;
And there will yet be news of great moment and weight,
Of 1828.

It is true thou hast run some extravagant rigs,
Making idiots and fools of the Catholics and Whigs;
But still thou hast left us triumphant as yet,
Strong 1828.

Thou hast chill'd the soul of the mariner with wonder,
Thou hast howl'd in the wind, thou hast boom'd in the thunder;
But the smiles of repentance in thee were innate,
Good 1828.

Thou hast garnish'd the fields of Greece that were gory,
(Restored to her quiet, but not to her glory!)
And humbled the pride of a vain autocrat,
Brave 1828.

Thou art gone! thou art gone, to return to us never,—
In the sepulchre of Time thou art shrouded for ever;
And the shadows of Oblivion shall over thee set,
Mild 1828.

Mount Benger, 31st Dec. 1828.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

By the Rev. Robert Morehead.

The morn returns, saluted once by song
Of angel voices, sounding in the ear
Of pastoral simplicity, all fear
Bidding depart, and sending peace among
Man's dwellings;—even now the notes prolong
Their joyful salutation, year by year,
Conveying it to climes far distant, where
Then savage nature reign'd alone, nor tongue
Was heard to utter praise:—O wondrous Child,
What light has spread o'er human kind, since smiled
Thine eyes first on the light of day, amid
That group domestic, who each opening lid
Watch'd anxious,—now around Thee nations wait,
No less thy kindred, hung on Thee their fate!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We learn that a volume of Discourses, by the Rev. Dr Walker, Professor of Divinity in the Scotch Episcopal Church, and intended chiefly for the use of Theological Students, will be published during the course of the present winter.

We understand that a very full reply to Professor Pillans' Letters on the Parochial Schools of Scotland is in the press, and will be published in the course of a few weeks.

Dr Andrew Ure, M.D., has in the press a large octavo volume, entitled a New System of Geology, in which the great revolutions of the earth and animated nature are reconciled at once to modern science and sacred history.

The Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St Peter's College, Cambridge, has in the press the Legendary Cabinet, a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best authorities, with Notes and Illustrations.

A work entitled the Natural History of Enthusiasm, is in the press.

We observe that the first number of "The New Scots Magazine" was published on Wednesday last. Its original articles consist of a well-written Summary of Politics for the years 1827 and 1828, Remarks on the present state of Ecclesiastical Affairs, comprising some tolerably severe animadversions on the Christian Instructor, and the conduct of Dr Andrew Thomson, a notice of the Ayrshire Sculptor, and a Review of Malcolm's Reminiscences and Campaign. The work is cheap, and very neatly arranged, and has our best wishes for its success.

We understand that Captain Dillon's Voyage to the South Seas, in the course of which he discovered the remains of La Perouse's vessels, is about to be published by Colburn. We are informed that Captain Dillon visited the Tonga Islands, and had several interviews with the interesting natives, already introduced to the public in Mariner's Narrative. Dillon saw Mariner's adopted mother, Mäfi Wäbe, and presented her with a copy of his work on the Tonga Islands, which she was quite in ecstacy at receiving. Poor Finow is dead, and he died not in battle, but on a bed of sickness.

Phrenology.—We observe that the indefatigable Mr Combe is about to commence a course of lectures on Phrenology, which he is to continue twice a-week, for three months. We may possibly have a few remarks to make upon them during their continuance; and, in the meantime, the following letter, which we have received from Mr Combe, explains, in a manly way, the grounds upon which he proceeds, and his reasons for calling our attention to the subject:—

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—It is now ten years since I first ventured to advocate the cause of Phrenology, in opposition to the almost universal prejudice of the public against it. During the whole of that period, I have made no appeal to the conductors of the periodical press, either to deprecate their severity, to bespeak their courtesy, or even to solicit their attention to the subject. This proceeded from no opinion that their influence was unimportant, but from a desire to rest the cause of Phrenology, in the first instance, on its own merits exclusively. The experience of ten years has shown, that this course was equally safe and beneficial: and, in now soliciting your acceptance of a ticket to my next course of lectures, I merely mention that the subject is known to a large and enlightened portion of the citizens of Edinburgh; that the study of it is daily extending, and that it has met with favour in exact proportion to its being understood. It will afford me much pleasure, therefore, if you, as the head of a respectable Journal, shall now consider it as not unbecoming to form one of my audience, with a view to acquiring some knowledge of its principles and evidence.—I am, sir,

"Your very obedient servant,
"Geo. Combe."

"Edinburgh, Jan. 1st, 1829.

Theatrical Gossip.—Alexander has opened the Caledonian Theatre with a great assortment of farthing candles, calling themselves *stars*.—A monkey and a goat have made their appearance at the Theatre Royal; also two new pieces called "The Married Bachelor," and "The First Foot," the latter of which is happily timed, and well acted by Mackay, Denham, Murray, and Miss Noel.—Young Kean has played *Romeo*, at Drury Lane, to Miss Phillips' *Juliet*.—The Christmas Pantomimes have been brought out at the London theatres in great force: one is called "The Golden Bee, or the Fairy Hive," and the other "Little Red Riding Hood." What has become of our own manager's promised pantomime?—Irish Johnstone, the best *Brulgruddery, Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, and *Major O'Flaherty*, which the stage ever had, died a few days ago, in his 82d year.

Weekly List of Performances.

Dec. 26 - Jan 2.

Sat. *As You Like it, Married Bachelor, & Bottle Imp.*
Mon. *Mason of Buda, Free and Easy, & The Fatal Rock.*
Tues. *Green-eyed Monster, Married Bachelor, & Do.*
Wed. *The Two Friends, Free and Easy, & Do.*
Thur. *Charles Edward, The First Foot Cramond Brig, & Do.*
Fri. *Guy Mannering, Do., & The Fatal Rock.*

Books very recently published.—Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, translated by Roscoe, 2 vols. 8vo, L.1, 1s. boards.—The Castilian, by the author of Gomez Arias, 3 vols. post 8vo, L.1, 11s. 6d. boards.—Hungarian Tales, by the author of the Lettre de Cachet, 3 vols. post 8vo, L.1, 11s. 6d. boards.—Elements of Geography, 12mo, 2s. half-bound.—Belfrage's Counsels for the Sanctuary, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. boards.—English History made easy, on a popular plan, 18mo, 3s. 6d. half-bound.—Conversations on the Life of Christ, 18mo, 2s. 6d. half-bound.—Winter Evenings at College, 2 vols. 18mo, 8s half-bound.—Wadd on Corpulency, &c. with plates, 8vo, 8s. 6d. boards.—Saul at Endor, a Dramatic Sketch, by the Rev. E. Smedley, 8vo, 3s. 6d. sewed.—A Sunday Book, Moral Discourses for Young Persons, 2 vols. 12mo, cloth.—Merry Thoughts for Merry Moments, oblong folio, 3s. sewed.—The Thrush, a Collection of Songs, 12mo, 4s. 6d. boards.—The Nightingale, a Collection of Songs, 12mo, 4s. 6d. boards.—M'Gavin's Scots Worthies, vol. II. 8vo, 11s.; vol. I., sixth edition, 8vo, 11s.—Protestant Reformation Vindicated, by the author of the Protestant, 4s. 6d.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have much pleasure in promising a poem from the pen of Mrs Grant, of Laggan, in our next.

"The First Foot" is an interesting tale, but not exactly according to our taste.—It is quite impossible that we can notice a work "On the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems," published so far back as 1825, the more especially as the subject seems deservedly to have lost its interest.—We think "An Admirer of the Imaginative" could send us something good, illustrative of his own views regarding the Imagination.—"S." of Aberdeen would have employed his time to greater advantage had he given us a better account of the work of which he speaks, than that to which he objects.—The Essay on the "Spirit of the Provision of the Law of Scotland regarding Injury and Wrong" is ably written, but rather too professional for our pages.

We purpose giving a place to "The Alpine Horn" when we can find room; and we beg to state generally that a considerable number of poetical communications are in the same predicament—not rejected, but waiting for their turn.—"A. L." will not suit us, but he will improve as he proceeds.—"The Last Night of the Year," "Weep, weep for me," and the "Lines to a Lady," do not come up to our standard.—"P. K." of Aberdeen, and "X. Y. Z." of Brechin, will not be overlooked.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 9. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

History of the Revolutions in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire in the West, till the Abdication of Bonaparte. From the French of C. W. Koch; by Andrew Crichton. 3 vols. Being the xxxiii, xxxiv, and xxxv vols. of Constable's Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1828 and 1829.

This is a valuable and interesting work, every page of which teems with important knowledge. It presents a clear and impartial panoramic view of the history of the world for the last fourteen centuries; and in an ably written introduction furnishes a brief sketch of the previous progress of society, from the earliest authentic era. The work was published in 1813, shortly after the author's death, and was speedily acknowledged as entitled to rank high among the literature of the Continent; it is now for the first time introduced to the English reader.

Koch divided his work into eight sections or periods, beginning with the year 406, and ending with the year 1789; but a ninth period has been added by his friend, biographer, and editor, M. Schoell, comprising an account of the French Revolution, and thus bringing down the History of Europe to the year 1815. The two first volumes contain Koch's original work; the greater part of the third is occupied with Schoell's addition. We shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of the contents of the whole, by mentioning very generally and briefly the leading subjects which are treated of in the different sections. Our abstract may serve not only to interest them in the work itself, but to a certain extent may refresh their memory of those great events, to a more detailed account of which the volumes before us are dedicated. At a season when all classes are admonished to indulge in a salutary retrospect of the occurrences of a past year, it will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to the intelligent mind to contrast with its own temporary concerns, the principal occurrences of past centuries,—occurrences which influenced the destiny of a world.

The *first* period into which our author divides his View of the Revolutions of Europe, extends from the year 406 to 800. It was in the early part of the fifth century that the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire, which had been long tottering to decay, fell finally and forever into ruin. Their far-extended possessions, which it had cost them ages to acquire, were, in the course of a few lustrums, snatched from them, one after another, and over-run by barbarians, who trampled under foot all the institutions and improvements which Roman greatness had introduced into their most distant colonies. The Vandals came from the banks of the Elbe and the Vistula, and passing through Germany, entered Gaul, plundering and destroying wherever they went. The Goths came from the banks of the Dniester, the Borysthenes, and the Don; and dividing into two branches, the Ostrogoths spread over Pannonia, whilst the Visigoths twice ravaged Italy, sacked and plundered Rome, and penetrated even into Gaul and Spain. The Franks and the Alemanns came from the banks of the Rhine, the Maine, the Weser, and the Elbe, and joined to swell the torrent that inundated the country of the Cæsars. The Saxons came from beyond the Elbe, and keeping chiefly by the sea-coast, committed ravages there similar to those which other barbarians were busy with in the interior. Lastly, the Huns, the fiercest of all, came from the remote districts of Northern Asia, to which the Greeks or Romans had never penetrated, and having first attacked Byzantium and the Eastern division of the Empire, they then precipitated themselves on the west, under the conduct of the famous Attila. For upwards of two hundred years all was confusion, bloodshed, and darkness. Not a single nation was to be found in Europe whose rights or boundaries were ascertained and established. The old order of things had been swept away at once; and it was not to be expected that so great a mass of discordant elements could immediately arrange themselves into an harmonious and appropriate disposition. Gradually, however, this began to be the case. Much internal commotion still existed, but out of the chaotic mass, new and distinct Empires sprang up, like islands rising in the ocean. The Franks established themselves in Gaul; the Alemanns became masters of Germany; the Huns contented themselves with Russia; the Visigoths disputed with the Mahometans from Africa the dominion of Spain; and the Saxons crossed over into Britain, and formed the political association known by the name of the Heptarchy. Whatever difference there might be in other respects, there were two features which gave all these nations a general resemblance to each other, and increased the probability of mutual co-operation towards the ultimate advancement of civilization. These were —the feudal system, and the Christian religion, both of which were now universally adopted, and materially tended to soften the harsher characteristics of the times. The only other event of this period to which it is necessary to allude, is the new religion which Mahomet founded in Asia, and the Empire which he extended through Africa into Spain.

The *second* period, which extends from the year 800 to 962, introduces us to the ascendency of the Empire of the Franks under Charlemagne, and the Carlovingian race of kings. It was not till a much later period that the different independent kingdoms, which rose upon the ashes of Roman greatness, began to consider the careful preservation of a just balance of power as the most essential part of European and international policy. They had been too long accustomed to acknowledge the ascendency of one country, to be surprised at finding themselves again becoming tributary to the superior genius of a great conqueror. Charlemagne, who succeeded his father Pepin in 768, eclipsed every monarch that had preceded him, since the days of Julius Cæsar.

France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, submitted to his arms. Nor did he figure only as a warrior, but also as a legislator, and munificent patron of letters. The empire of the Franks thus became paramount in Europe; the monarchies of the north, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, and Russia, had not yet emerged from the confusion and darkness in which they had long lain. The descendants of Charlemagne, however, not possessing his abilities, which were indeed far beyond the age in which he lived, divided his empire into three distinct portions, nearly akin to the modern Italy, Germany, and France. One cause of the dismemberment, and rapid decay of the power of Charlemagne, will be found in the greater influence which the Normans, or nations of Scandinavian origin,—the Huns, in Hungary, Moravia, and Russia, and the British, united into one monarchy, first under Egbert, and afterwards under Alfred,—began to possess in the affairs of Europe. As yet, however, all these countries were in their infancy, and contending with those numerous difficulties which continually beset the childhood of nations.

The *third* period, which extends from the year 962 to 1074, embraces an account of the successes and power of Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, who nearly succeeded in again converting the whole of Christendom into one great State, of which the Pope was the spiritual head, and the Emperor the secular; the latter enjoying the important prerogative of confirming or rescinding the election of the former. In Spain, the Mahometan dynasty of the Ommiades expired in the eleventh century, and the Christians under Sancho the Great, king of Navarre, acquired an ascendency, which, though it fluctuated, they never afterwards entirely lost. In France, under the weak sway of some of the Capetian kings who succeeded the Carlovingians, the feudal system grew to such abuse, that the more powerful barons usurped almost all the rights of royalty. In England, the successors to Alfred, giving themselves up to the dominion of priests and monks, saw their subjects, the Anglo-Saxons, first subdued by the Danes under Sweyn and Canute, and the Danes, in their turn, were conquered by the Normans under William. It was not till the tenth century that the Gospel found its way into the Scandinavian nations; and Canute the Great, who succeeded to the throne of Denmark in 1014, was the first monarch who made Christianity the established religion of that kingdom. In Sweden, about the same time, there prevailed a strange mixture both of doctrine and worship, Jesus Christ being profanely associated with Odin, and the pagan goddess Freya confounded with the Virgin. The Poles are a nation whose name does not occur in history before the middle of the tenth century. They were one of the Sclavonian tribes settled north of the Elbe; and being subdued by the Germans, were obliged to embrace Christianity. The Greek empire had sunk at this era to the lowest degree of corruption, fanaticism, and perfidy.

The *fourth* period comprehends upwards of two centuries, from the year 1074 to 1300. A number of important events, possessing no immaterial influence over the future destinies of Europe, took place within these two centuries. The Cæsars had passed away, the Charlemagnes had gone down into the dust, the Othos existed no longer; but a new and powerful monarchy was about to arise, forming one of the most splendid of all the pageants that ever passed across the stage of history. This was the dominion of the Roman Pontiffs. Hitherto they had, in general, succumbed to the most influential monarch of the times, whether Frank or German; but this was a humiliation that little suited the haughty and ambitious spirit of Pope Gregory VII., "a man," says Koch, "born for great undertakings; as remarkable for his genius, which raised him above his times, as for the austerity of his manners and the boundless reach of his ambition." So far from consenting to acknowledge the right which the Emperors had exercised of confirming the Popes, he claimed for the Popes the prerogative both of confirming and dethroning the Emperors. In support of this arrogated authority, he was involved in a long war with Henry IV. of Germany; but its conclusion was such as tended rather to strengthen than diminish his pretensions; and, ere long, the kings of Portugal, Arragon, England, Scotland, Sardinia, the two Sicilies, and several others, became vassals and tributaries to the Papal See.

"In every respect circumstances were such as to hasten and facilitate the progress of this new pontifical supremacy. It had commenced in a barbarous age, when the whole of the Western World was covered with the darkness of ignorance; and when mankind knew neither the just rights of sovereignty, nor the bounds which reason and equity should have set to the authority of the priesthood. The court of Rome was then the only school where politics were studied, and the Popes the only monarchs that put them in practice. An extravagant superstition, the inseparable companion of ignorance, held all Europe in subjection; the Popes were reverenced with a veneration resembling that which belongs only to the Deity; and the whole world trembled at the utterance of the single word, *Excommunication*. Kings were not sufficiently powerful to oppose any successful resistance to the encroachments of Rome; their authority was curtailed and counteracted by that of their vassals, who seized with eagerness every occasion which the Popes offered them, to aggrandize their own prerogatives at the expense of the sovereign authority."

To these causes of ecclesiastical sovereignty are to be added others,—in particular, the multiplication of religious orders, the institution of religious and military orders, and the expeditions to the East, known by the name of Crusades. The superstitious opinion then prevalent, that the end of the world was at hand, led to many pilgrimages to the Holy Land, where the devotees proposed to abide the second coming of the Lord. So long as the Arabs were masters of Palestine, they protected and countenanced these pilgrimages, from which they derived no small emolument; but when the Seljukian Turks, a ferocious and barbarous people, conquered the country, in the year 1075, every kind of insult and oppression was heaped upon the Christians, which at length gave birth to the resolution to expel the Infidels from the Holy Land. There were, in all, seven Grand Crusades. The first was undertaken in the year 1096, by Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; the second in 1147, by Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, and Louis VII., King of France; the third in 1189, by the Emperor Frederic I., surnamed Barbarossa, Philip of France, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion of England; the fourth in 1202, by Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat; the fifth in 1217, by Andrew, King of Hungary; the sixth in 1228, by the Emperor Frederic II.; and the seventh in 1248, by Louis IX., King of France. The only Eastern possessions which the Europeans found themselves masters of, after a succession of wars, which thus lasted for nearly two hundred years, were the towns of Tyre and Ptolemais. But the advantages which the See of Rome drew from the Crusades were immense, and led to its encouraging similar expeditions in the west and north of Europe. Accordingly, we find that, about the same time, holy wars were carried on—1st, against the Mahometans of Spain and Africa; 2d, against the Emperors and Kings who refused obedience to the orders of the Popes; 3d, against heretical or schismatic princes, such as the Greeks and Russians; 4th, against the Slavonians and other Pagan nations on the coasts of the Baltic; and, 5th, against the Waldenses, Albigenses, and Hussites, who were regarded as heretics. The Knights of St John, the Knights of the Temple, and the Teutonic Knights, were numerous bodies, combining religion with military pros-

ca, which sprang into existence in consequence of the Crusades, and afterwards contributed greatly to the renown of chivalry, which was now about to give so peculiar a colour to European society and manners.

"In general, it may be said," our author remarks, "that these ultramarine expeditions, prosecuted with obstinacy for nearly two hundred years, hastened the progress of arts and civilisation in Europe. The Crusaders, journeying through kingdoms better organized than their own, were necessarily led to form new ideas, and acquire new information with regard to science and politics. Some vestiges of learning and good taste had been preserved in Greece, and even in the extremities of Asia, where letters had been encouraged by the patronage of the Caliphs. The city of Constantinople, which had not yet suffered from the ravages of the barbarians, abounded in the finest monuments of art. It presented, to the eyes of the Crusaders, a spectacle of grandeur and magnificence that could not but excite their admiration, and call forth a strong desire to imitate those models, the sight of which at once pleased and astonished them. To the Italians especially, it must have proved of great advantage. The continued intercourse which they maintained with the East and the city of Constantinople, afforded them the means of becoming familiar with the language and literature of the Greeks, of communicating the same taste to their own countrymen, and in this way advancing the glorious epoch of the revival of letters."

The increasing importance of towns, and the rise of *free corporations*, served also to soften many of the harsher features of feudalism, and to make the people more aware of their own rights. In England, the Commons were admitted into Parliament in the year 1266, during the reign of Henry III., and this example was soon followed by France and Germany. The old Roman laws were revived, as much superior to the jurisprudence then in use, and, under the arrangement of Gratian, the Canon Law was added to them. The studies of jurisprudence and theology, which thus acquired fresh dignity, led to other studies; and the Universities of Paris, Bologna, Padua, Salamanca, Cambridge, Oxford, and others, date their origin early in the thirteenth century. In Italy, there arose a number of republics, and more especially those of Genoa and Venice. The greatness to which both reached materially contributed to the revival of the arts and sciences in that country. During this epoch, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies and of Portugal were also founded,—the Inquisition was established in those countries most subject to Papal dominion,—Magna Charta, the basis of the English Constitution, was obtained from King John,—and the Moguls, coming from the north of the Great Wall of China —from that district which lies between Eastern Tartary and modern Buckharia—over-ran, under the guidance of the famous Zinghis Khan, all Tartary, Turkistan, China, and Persia; and then, directing their steps towards Europe, penetrated into Russia, and spread over Poland, Silesia, Moravia, Hungary, and the countries bordering on the Adriatic Sea. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the Mogul Empire, from south to north, extended from the Chinese Sea and the Indies to the extremities of Siberia, and, from east to west, from Japan to Asia Minor, and the frontiers of Poland in Europe.

The *fifth* period commences with the year 1300, and ends with the year 1453, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks. It was during this period that the Papal authority attained its utmost height, and also began to witness its decline and fall.

"Nothing is more remarkable," says Koch, "than the influence of the Papal authority over the temporalities of princes. We find them interfering in all their quarrels, addressing their commands to all, without distinction, enjoining some to lay down their arms, receiving others under their protection, rescinding and annulling their acts and proceedings, summoning them to their court, and acting as arbiters in their disputes. The history of the Popes is the history of all Europe. They assumed the privilege of legitimating the sons of kings, in order to qualify them for the succession; they forbade sovereigns to tax the clergy; they *claimed* a feudal superiority over all, and *exercised* it over a very great number; they conferred royalty on those who were ambitious of power; they released subjects from their oath of allegiance; dethroned sovereigns at their pleasure; and laid kingdoms and empires under interdict, to avenge their own quarrels. We find them disposing of the states of excommunicated princes, as well as those of heretics and their followers; of islands and kingdoms newly discovered; of the property of infidels or schismatics; and even of Catholics who refused to bow before the insolent tyranny of the Popes.

"Thus it is obvious that the Court of Rome, at the time of which we speak, enjoyed a conspicuous preponderance in the political system of Europe. But, in the ordinary course of human affairs, this power, vast and formidable as it was, began, from the fourteenth century, gradually to diminish. The mightiest empires have their appointed term; and the highest stage of their elevation is often the first step of their decline. Kings, becoming more and more enlightened as to their true interests, learned to support the rights and the majesty of their crowns, against the encroachments of the Popes. Those who were vassals and tributaries of the Holy See gradually shook off the yoke; even the clergy, who groaned under the weight of this spiritual despotism, joined the secular princes in repressing these abuses, and restraining within proper bounds a power which was making incessant encroachments on their just prerogatives."

Abuse of power invariably leads to its destruction, and this was the case with the Popes. We may form some notion of the insolent arrogance of these priests, by a single extract from a bull of Pope Clement VI., issued against the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, who incurred the censures of the Church for defending the rights of his crown, at the commencement of the fourteenth century:—"May God," says the Pope, in speaking of the Emperor, "smite him with madness and disease; may heaven crush him with its thunderbolts; may the wrath of God, and that of St Peter and St Paul, fall on him in this world and the next; may the whole universe combine against him; may the earth swallow him up alive; may his name perish in the first generation, and his memory disappear from the earth; may all the elements conspire against him; may his children, delivered into the hands of his enemies, be massacred before the eyes of their father!" The blow which at length struck at the root of this overgrown pontifical power came from the Reformers of Germany. It was not, however, till a somewhat later period than that of which we talk, that the Reformation began to spread. As if to prepare the way for this great revolution in the human mind, several scientific discoveries were made, of the last importance to the progress of knowledge. Among the principal of these may be mentioned, the invention of writing-paper, of oil-painting, of printing, of gunpowder, and of the mariner's compass. In the south, Venice and Genoa, and in the north, the cities of the Hanseatic league, began to carry commerce to great perfection. The different countries of Europe, amidst a number of intestine wars and petty revolutions, were gradually assuming their present form; whilst the Turks, an Asiatic race, attacked the feeble shadow of Greek and Roman power still existing in Constantinople, and, under Mahomet II., conquered the last Constantine, and established for themselves a dominion in Europe.

The *sixth* section extends from the year 1453 to 1648, and brings us down to the more civilized and classical

periods of European history. The downfall of the Greek Empire contributed greatly to the progress of the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts in the rest of Europe. The majority of the Grecian literati, to escape the barbarity of the Turks, fled into Italy, where, under the protection of the celebrated Medici family at Florence, and in conjunction with such men as Petrarch, Boccaccio, Aretino, Guarini, and others, they established academies and schools all over the country. It was now, too, that the great Continent of America was discovered; as well as the route to India and the East, round the continent of Africa. It was now, besides, that Pope Leo X., and the Church itself, were made to tremble, under the severe, but just, exposures of Martin Luther, Ulric Zuingle, and John Calvin. The flame spread over all Europe, and for many years religious wars continued to be waged in every corner. Of these, probably the most conspicuous is that known by the name of the Thirty Years' War. The most powerful monarchs in the sixteenth century were Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., and Soliman the Great.

The *seventh* period reaches from the year 1648 to 1713—from the peace of Westphalia to that of Utrecht. At the commencement of this period, France is found exercising a very formidable influence in the affairs of Europe. It was her two great statesmen, Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, who first concentrated the reins of authority in her hands, and what they had begun was perfected by one of the most illustrious of all her monarchs, Louis XIV. In his wars,—and he was frequently at war with almost the whole of Europe,—Louis was for a long while pre-eminently successful, fortunately entrusting the command of his navies and armies to such men as Marshal Luxembourg, Marshal Catinat, and the Count de Tourville. It was not till early in the eighteenth century that he experienced some severe reverses, his forces being always defeated by the English generals Marlborough and Prince Eugene. For the greater part of the seventeenth century, England was distracted with her own civil wars; and it was not till after the abdication of James II., and the accession of William Prince of Orange, in 1688, that she was able to turn any efficient attention to Continental affairs. Under William and his successor Anne, she rose to great power and glory; and her union with Scotland tended not a little to contribute to her prosperity. It was now also, towards the end of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth century, that the northern states of Sweden and Russia took a more conspicuous part in the affairs of Europe than they had ever done before, under the direction of Charles XII. and Peter the Great. The Turks, on the other hand, once so formidable, were becoming much feebler, and the succession of misfortunes which overtook them, speedily exhausted their resources. "The effeminacy and incapacity of the Sultans, their contempt for the arts cultivated by the Europeans, and the evils of a government purely military and despotic, by degrees undermined the strength of the empire, and eclipsed its glory as a conquering and presiding power. We find the Janissaries, a lawless and undisciplined militia, usurping over the sovereign and the throne the same rights which the Prætorian guards had arrogated over the ancient Roman Emperors."

The *eighth* period embraces the greater part of the eighteenth century, from the year 1713 to the breaking out of the French Revolution, in 1789. In a political point of view this period did not so much affect the general appearance of Europe as many which preceded it, although it brought about several important changes in the internal history of its leading states. Literature and science had already been restored to their pristine splendour; and the times of Leo X. in Italy, of Queen Elizabeth in England, and of Louis XIV. in France, are still quoted as the Augustan eras of modern Europe.

"This progress in the various departments of human learning gave the name of the Intellectual Age to the epoch of which we now speak. This title it might have justly claimed, had not those pretended philosophers, who sprouted up in the eighteenth century, under pretext of infusing general knowledge among all classes of people, perverted the public mind, by preaching doctrines which became the root of those calamities that for thirty years distracted all Europe. The object of these persons was to annihilate religion, the basis of all morality, and to propagate, among the disciples of Atheism, tenets subversive, not only of political government, and the legitimate power of kings, but of the rights and happiness of the people."

In England, Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Collins, Tindal, and others, took the lead in this new career; and they were supported in France by Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Barons Holbach and Montesquieu. In Germany also the secret order of the *Illuminati* came into existence. The leading political events were, the foundation of the British Empire in India,—the sudden aggrandisement of Russia, since the time of Peter the Great, which changed the political system of the north,—the revolutions in the Island of Corsica, which, more or less, affected all Europe,—the brilliant successes of Catherine of Russia, especially over the Turks,—and the revolution in North America, which secured the existence of the United States as an independent nation.

The *ninth* section, extending from the year 1789 to 1815, details, in a satisfactory and comprehensive manner, the principal events of the French Revolution, from its commencement to the downfall of Bonaparte. Of them it is unnecessary to speak, familiarly known as they are to every intelligent reader.

Did time and space permit, we conceive that a moral lesson, of no mean import, might be drawn from the brief and hurried review we have attempted of the history of Europe. The littleness of all human undertakings never becomes more conspicuous than when the actions and actors of many succeeding centuries are thus seen at a glance. When we devote a microscopic attention to any one era, the very time which its study costs us, and the ultimate acquaintance we acquire with all its leading events and personages, invest them with a fictitious importance, to which we at once perceive they are not entitled when we come to consider them as merely filling up the scene in the revolution of centuries. What is Alaric the Goth now, that nations should have trembled at his step? Where is Charlemagne, whom his contemporaries worshipped as a god? Is Otho the Great more thought of than Lothaire the Simple? What is the reward that Gregory VII. or Innocent III. reap for all their labours? Where, even, is the distinction of having been a conqueror and king? Thousands have been so, and thousands yet to come will be so again. There is little variety in every-day life, but there seems to be still less in the great operations of the world. One nation rises and another falls,—one period is turbulent, and another more peaceful,—and the history is told! Surely there is something insignificant and contemptible in all the mighty coil continually kept up by petty men, who fret out their little life—their paltry seventy or eighty years—as if the earth were the only planet in space, and their own day and generation the very essence of all eternity!

We strongly recommend the "Revolutions in Europe" to every student of history, and every philosophical inquirer into the events of the past. Were we to start any objection to the plan upon which it is written, it would be to the somewhat arbitrary choice of the different periods into which it is divided, between which we frequently do not see any very natural break or separation; but this is a matter of minor importance, and amply compensated by the intrinsic merits of the work.

It is proper to add, that the translator seems to have executed his task with much care and judgment.

Dews of Castalie; Poems, composed on various Subjects and Occasions. By J. Johns. London: R. Hunter. 1828. 8vo, pp. 226.

Poems. By Mrs G. G. Richardson, Dumfries. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co. 1828. 8vo, pp. 227.

The Covenanters' Communion, and other Poems. By David Vedder. Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1828. 8vo, pp. 157.

Lament of the Wandering Jew; with other Poems. By T. B. J. Glasgow. 1828.

Sketches in Scottish Verse, and Songs, from the Dundee Courier. Dundee. 1828.

ALL these poems have been specially brought under our editorial attention, and of all these poems we now propose giving our unbiassed opinion, uninfluenced either by the neglect with which they may have been treated by an indiscriminating world, or by the high estimation in which they may be held by private and personal friends. We shall be at all times glad to do every thing in our power to bring into notice genius, which may shrink too easily from a contest with the hard buffetings of fortune, and we trust we shall never be instrumental in "snuffing out the soul with an article." But, on the other hand, let not the "poetæ minorum gentium" suppose that we undertake to fight for them through thick and thin, and that, where all others condemn, we alone shall be found to praise. We know the value of praise better; and we think, also, we have learned to distinguish between the buzz of a bee and a wasp. We value the one for the honey that is in him, however little he may look like it; but, putting on a thick and appropriate glove, we squeeze the other between our finger and thumb, and listen to his shrill envenomed hiss of expiring agony. Poets, therefore, who request us to sit in judgment upon their lucubrations, must be contented to dree their fate. We now proceed to call Mr J. Johns to the bar.

Mr J. Johns has written too much. His volume is closely printed, and choke full. He has adopted, too, a system of classification which, though it may avoid the pain of a too rapid transition from one subject to another, seems to us affected and artificial. We have seven "Books," containing poems, which he describes as "Lyric," "Historical," "Descriptive," "Didactic and Devotional," "Elegiac," "Legendary," and "Anomalous." Were we disposed to be ill-natured, we should say, that rather than have chosen this *hortus-siccus* method, we should have put the whole under the last head of "Anomalous." But, passing over the table of contents, which is often a very indifferent index of what is to come, we venture the remark, that Mr J. Johns thinks fully as much of his own productions as any one else does. Were this not the case, he would have put into the fire nearly two-thirds of what he has put into his book. He appears to have emptied the whole of his portfolio into the printer's hands. Now, this is an error which modesty would shun, which prudence would forbid, and which genius would shudder at. Every body, without one single solitary exception since the world was created, has written the greatest possible stuff at times. In all voluminous authors this stuff is tangible and apparent, though their works, however voluminous, are merely selections from unknown quantities of manuscript that never saw the light. Distinguished talent keeps its head above water, whether nonsense clings to its legs or not; but whatever the reach of a man's abilities may be, the more his judgment induces him to lop off what is superfluous, the better. Gray, perhaps, lopped off too much; but because Gray was a poet, and wrote laboriously, let it not, therefore, be imagined that he never wrote any stuff. Some people seem to think that every thing which a poet writes must be worth preservation. There was never a more complete mistake. "Air hath its bubbles as the water hath;" and, most assuredly, the dregs of a poet's brain are of all dregs the most wishy-washy. Therefore it is that we say unto Mr J. Johns and all other bardlings, that there are two classes of men for whom they write—critics and trunk-makers; and that though the bulk of their book may increase its value in the eyes of the latter, it is not unlikely to diminish it in those of the former.

But though from these observations it may be gathered, that we think Mr J. Johns is not altogether what he should be as a poet, we do not intend to dismiss him without some approbation. There is poetry in him, though certainly every little scrap in his portfolio is not a "dew-drop from Castalie," as he too modestly insinuates. When we say now-a-days that there is poetry in any one, we are not quite sure to what extent the praise goes. Once upon a time the world might have been divided into two great classes, one of which, and by far the greater, had no poetry in them, and the other, consisting of a small minority, had. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Every body has poetry in them now,—young and old, rich and poor, high and low; it is no distinction. It is therefore not enough to write verses now;—they must be such as stir up the minds of men like a trumpet blast, or lull them into blissful visions, like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains. It is easy to be a poet; but to be a poet is nothing, for so is every apprentice in every merchant's counting-house. One must now be a *great* poet, or he may as lief be dumb altogether. It is difficult to say which of our innumerable rhymesters will ultimately become a great poet. Mr J. Johns has probably just as good a chance as any of them; had many of his productions been as good as that which we are about to quote, we should have said he had a better than most. Passing over a good deal of what is not bad, but considerably middling, we come with pleasure to the following stanzas, entitled

STARLIGHT.

There come no seasons there:—our earthly year
Varies from prime to fall, from flowers to snow;
And each new month fresh trophies still doth rear
To Change, the victor of all fields below;
But ye, oh ye, fair heavens! for ever glow
In the young glory of your natal morn,
When first the realms of space were bade to know
Their starry kings, Creation's earliest born,
Who should for aye on high yon sapphire thrones adorn.

Thus did ye shine upon the faded past,
Thus will ye shine on far futurity,
With living light, and beauty born to last,
When the least earthly things of earth shall be
Passed, like the oar-foam from the settling sea:
Eternity is your "sweet hour of prime;"
Ye smile at ages; for your destiny
Hath bathed you in some skiey Styx, that time
Might blench no golden tress, nor dim one eye sublime.

Shine on—shine on—ye radiant Thousand, shine!
Ye hosts of heaven, whose everlasting march
Is one enduring triumph! Ye divine
Memorials, on the amethystine arch
Of Nature graven by God! Oh, ye who parch
The hearts of dust for what they may not know;
Tempting yon azure wilderness to search,
As if some glad oasis there did glow—
'Twas but a bright mirage, and will for aye be so.

Familiar strangers! Ye, who from our youth
Gleam on our eyes, to prove how dark and blind
Is human thought, where fancy ekes out truth,
And shadowy dreams usurp the place assigned

To life's realities, from which the mind
Flies to ideal worlds, peopling the stars
With shapes of love and beauty—far behind
The truth of their bright mystery, which it mars,
Because it may not pass Fate's adamantine bars.

The blue Pacific of Infinity,
Gemm'd with the sacred islets of the skies—
Each isle a world upon a sapphire sea,
And every world perchance a Paradise!
There only that sweet vision of the wise,
And tuneful of past times, is *not* a dream;
There only do those blissful isles arise,
Whose fame yet murmurs on the Muse's stream,
But whose proud shades did ne'er on mortal waters gleam.

Say, ye who shone on Zoroaster's eye,
And lit the midnight towers of golden Tyre;
Who smiled more purely, from a softer sky,
On Helen's grave, and Homer's wakeful lyre—
Have ye known *all*, and must not man aspire
To aught beyond him? Shall no earthly ear
Drink, at dim midnight, from your shining quire,
Empyreal music? Can we not draw near,
And read the starry tale of yon mysterious sphere?

No, for the stamp of clay is on the brow—
The fettered spirit yearns to soar in vain,
And the ambition of man's thoughts must bow
Beneath mortality's recoiling chain.
Yet is it sweet, though we can ne'er attain
The prize we woo, the lofty race to run.
What though it tempt to yon untrodden plain?
The eagle's burning goal can ne'er be won—
But he may pierce the clouds, and feel the nearer sun.

These are verses which we consider above par; and Mr J. Johns will be kind enough to remark, that we by no means consider the others with which they are surrounded contemptible; on the contrary, they would all do for the annuals exceedingly well; but our standard is rather a higher one, and we like to judge by it. We want, *first*, originality of conception, which shall, at the same time, be true to human nature; and, *secondly*, vigour of execution. The former is the most important, but neither will do alone. The following little piece perhaps borders on bombast, but it is bold, and we approve of it:

ON A PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON.

Aye, gaze upon that brow,
That brow which towers an intellectual Alp,
Diadem'd with a pale eternity
Of Thought's untrodden snow, round which high dreams,
Like Alpine eagles, seem to float, amid
Inviolate solitude and sunshine! See
The troubled glory of that eye, where keeps
The soul her cavern'd oracle, and fills
The electric gloom with inspiration! Gaze
On the rich lip of passion and of power,
Whose every curl was moulded by strong thought,
Like waters by the tempest! Shrine superb,
Where late a more than kingly spirit found
A worthy dwelling! Men unborn will wish
To have drawn the breath of time with *him*, as if
It were t' inhale his immortality!

If Mr J. Johns is a young man, which we believe him to be, he may, with pains, make his name better known than it yet is.

The next in order is Mrs G. G. Richardson of Dumfries. How Mrs G. G. Richardson ever took it into her head to publish a volume of "Poems," (so called,) is a good deal more than we can understand. Nor has the highly appropriate motto upon her title-page thrown any light upon this interesting subject. This motto, the application of which has puzzled us not a little, consists of a couplet from Prior, in these words:—

"That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago as well as you."

Mrs G. G. Richardson is a mystery altogether, from her motto to her *finis*,—from head to tail. It is a mystery that any of her "poems" should ever have appeared in the "London Weekly Review," which, we learn from her preface, has been the case; and it is a mystery, (at least in so far as abstract literature is concerned,) that "1700 copies were bespoken previous to their issuing from the press." Mrs G. G. Richardson is, we suppose, a very amiable woman, and that is far better than being a very clever poetess. There is one sonnet in the volume which is, on the whole, worth extracting, and we extract it:

SONNET.

My darling boy! light of my sinking heart,
Through shades of hovering death, still sweet to me!
Though from thy dearer father warn'd to part,
Death seems more cruel when I gaze on thee!
Yet thou (the only one of all I love!)
Wilt sigh not, pause not, drop for me no tear.
A broken toy, a scatter'd flower will move
In thee more sorrow than thy mother's bier!
Fantastic thought! and yet how strangely sad—
That when in death's cold clasp all faded lies
Thy youthful mother—once in thee how glad!
Thou may'st, as now, gaze on with laughing eyes,
Peering on arduous tiptoe o'er her bed,
Unconscious that she never more shall rise!

We leave the rest of Mrs G. G. Richardson's "Poems" to her 1700 subscribers.

Mr David Vedder, come into court. We are given to understand that you are the author of "The Covenanters' Communion," and "other Poems," chiefly sacred, published some months ago by Blackwood, and never heard of since. Now, Mr David Vedder, sorry are we to say that we are not very greatly astonished at this; for "The Covenanters' Communion," although in the Spenserian stanza, is not a particularly good poem. Some of the minor poems are better; and as we said of Mr J. Johns, we think there is poetry in Mr David Vedder, though it has not yet come out exactly in the way we could wish. Our readers may judge for themselves, by the following specimen:

THE SONG OF THE MAGI.

"We have seen his star."

Son of the Highest, we worship thee,
Though clothed in the robe of humanity;
Though mean thine attire, and low thine abode,
We own thy presence, incarnate God!

We have left the land of our sires afar,
'Neath the blessed beams of thine own birth-star,—
Our spicy groves and balmy bowers,
Perfumed by the sweets of Amra flowers;—
Our seas of pearl and palmy isles,
And our crystal lake which in beauty smiles;
Our silver streams and our cloudless skies,
And the radiant forms and the starry eyes
That lit up our earthly Paradise!

We have turn'd us away from the fragrant east,
For the desert sand and the arid waste;—
We have forded the torrent and passed the floods,
And the chilly mountain solitudes,
And the tiger's lair and the lion's den,
And the wilder haunts of savage men;—
Till thine advent star its glories shed,
On the humble roof and the lowly bed,
That shelters, Lord, thy blessed head!

Son of the Highest! we worship thee,
Though thy glories are veil'd in humanity;
Though mean thine attire, and low thine abode,
We hail thine advent, eternal God!

T. B. J. of Glasgow, thou who dedicatest thy "Lament of the Wandering Jew, with other Poems," to that unknown personage, "D. R. R.," stand up before us. Nay, man! never hide thy face! We have good hopes of thee. Thou art young, we are sure; and there is a good deal of the freshness of young genius about thee. We mean not to insinuate that thou wert born a Byron; but thou wert not born a weaver. There is thought here,—there is a natural flow of expression, that disdains to clip its words into prettinesses; and there is a frank and easy step, that knows not the mincing gait of affectation. It is a good bold fluttering of an infant pinion,—irregular, it is true, and often far short of the point it aims at, but nevertheless already emulous of the blue sky, a considerable way above the smoke of Glasgow. The "Lament of the Wandering Jew" thus begins:

I.

The one of whom I sing was not a youth,
But of his age no man could truly tell;
He seem'd a wanderer on earth, forsooth
He had not any home wherein to dwell;—
He loved the lonely scenes of nature well.
Some call'd him a misanthropist, and some
Thought that he had a very sulph'rous smell;
Others call'd him an exile, just come home,
Who found his fortunes and his friendships fled,
Sire, sister, loves—all sleeping with the dead.

II.

Howe'er it be, from all I ever knew,
This of his history, at least, appears
To be correct;—he was a Christian Jew,
With the peculiar traits his nation bears;
And he was born of woman; for tho' tears
Had long since left his cheeks, yet they were seen
Deep-channel'd with the floods of other years;
And when his mem'ry turn'd to what had been,
He was remark'd to sigh, and look so sad
And wild, that many deem'd the wanderer mad.

III.

He walk'd with downcast look, forever bent
To earth, as if he sought a dwelling there;
By night, near gaping graves and dells he went,
And seem'd to talk with spirits in the air:
By moonlight, forth he used to fondly fare,
And men and nations' fates read in the stars;
And often in his visions did appear
Famine and discords, pestilence and wars:
He also loved the lone and lashing sea,—
Its wild waves with his soul held sympathy.

IV.

Those who observed him, say he seldom smiled;
But there were moods, when, full of ecstasy,
His soul glowed, and his every look was mild—
Mirth on his tongue, and music in his eye.
His converse being not with men, his joy
Or grief was in his heart; it did inspire
Strange feelings; 'twas a churchyard, where did lie
Buried, hopes, loves, and friendships; but his lyre
He sometimes touch'd, to scare their ghosts away,
And thus of chance and change I heard this lowly lay.

The "lowly lay" contains many excellent stanzas; some a little too much *à la* Byron, but others in which there is no imitation. A plague is described well, though here and there rather coarsely,—the great law of change in all material things is well illustrated,—and the apostrophe to wealth is spirited and good. Of the minor poems none are perfect, yet all contain something that pleases. Take, for example, the following:

LINES TO LUCY.

What's Beauty? Is it an open brow,
Sloping and pure as a wreath of snow;
Luxuriant tresses of auburn hair,
Shaded divinely, or curled with care;
Eyes of azure, that seem to smile;
Eye-brows arch'd in the Grecian style;
Cheeks bright as a radiant ray
Of the blushing west in a summer day;
Lips like roses just in time
To be pluck'd from off their parent stem;
Skin soft as Silesian silk;
Breath like fragrance of honey and milk;
A neat, a sloping, a slender waist;
A budding bosom, and heaving breast?
Oh no! these well may have the art
To win, but never to keep the heart.

Give me a bright and a snowy brow,
If the thoughts are pure that dwell below;
And auburn ringlets, if they shade
A well-developed and cultured head;
Give me an eye of heavenly blue,
If the glance it gives is pure and true;
Eye-brows like the bow above,
If they bend o'er woe with looks of love;
Cheeks that smile like an April ray,
But flee not so false and so fast away;
Lips like rose-buds on their stem,
If the dews of truth do sit on them;
O! give me a bosom like that of the dove,
If it is as fair and as full of love!
These are the beauties have had the art,
My Lucy, to win and keep my heart.

We are pleased also with the following simple Dirge:

DIRGE.

My Love! sleep on, sleep on!
I will carve thee a stone,
And smooth for thee a quiet grave;
I will see thee soft and warmly laid,
With a pillow of down beneath thy head;
I wish I were a willow to wave,
And lull thee asleep with its tender tone,
And weep over thee: sleep on! sleep on!

My Love! sleep on, sleep on!
At the set of the sun,
When nature comes with lonely hours,
The glow-worm then shall his lamp illume,
To cheer the darkness around thy tomb;
And I will strew thy sod with flowers,
Till I rest with thee, dear departed one;
My darling Billy, sleep on! sleep on!

If "T. B. J." chooses to send us a few poetical contributions for the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," we shall be glad to keep his initials before the public; and we take the liberty of informing his friends in Glasgow, that he is one of the few poetical geniuses of which that great and wealthy mercantile city can boast.

The "Songs from the Dundee Courier" are very respectable lucubrations, though they will scarcely rival those of Burns. We quote one of them:

LORD SPYNIE.

(*From a Tradition of the Seventeenth Century.*)

I.

Lord Spynie, ye may pu' the rose,
And spare the lily flower,
When ye gang thro' the garden green,
To woo in lady's bower;
And ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
And leave the lonesome rue;
For lang and sair will the lady mourn
That ye gae there to woo.

II.

For ye will look and talk of luve,
And kindly, kindly smile,
And vow by Grace, an' a' that's gude,
And lay the luring wile.
'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
That makes you melodie—
'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,
And no hae luve to gie!

III.

I wadna hae your wilfu' hand,
Tho' a' the earth were thine!
Ye've broken mony a maiden's peace—
Ye've mair than broken mine.
I wadna hae your faithless heart—
'Tis nae your ain to gie;
But, gin ye ever think o' Heaven,
Oh! ye maun think of me!

The number of persons floating about society, who write poetry, is very great; and, however we may be tempted to speak of them when we speak critically, we beg to say most explicitly, that, as men, Christians, and fellow-countrymen, and whether they be Christians and fellow-countrymen or not, we have an esteem for them all. The very feeling which prompts to write poetry implies something good in the character—something ingenuous and warm-hearted. No cold cunning villain ever wrote a line of poetry in his life. Crimes have no doubt been committed by poets, but more rarely than by others, and never of that darker dye to which previous calculation gave birth, and out of which there is no hope of redemption. Prudence is a great and godlike virtue, but it should be spiced with enthusiasm; let the passions be properly regulated, but let them have free scope—they are the invisible wings that lift us above this grosser earth. The proper cultivation of poetry is nearly akin to the proper cultivation of all the finer dispositions of our nature.

A Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Intestinal Worms of the Human Body, arranged according to the classification of Rudolphi and Bremser, and containing the most approved Methods of Treatment, as practised in this Country and on the Continent. By Wm. Rhind, Surgeon, Member of the Royal Medical Society. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829.

In addition to our reviews of those productions which we continually meet with in the more flowery vales of literature, we purpose, as our readers may have perceived devoting occasionally a portion of our columns to the notice of those scientific works which have a general and popular interest. Many persons, we know, allow poets, novelists, and essayists, of every age and every tongue, to slumber peacefully on their shelves, and prefer exploring those regions of science in which truth, simple and unadorned, arrests the attention, and invites us to contemplate, by her sacred light, those interesting phenomena which Nature, jealous of her own dignity, has shrouded from the eye of the mere passing idler. Let Imagination, therefore, at times close her expanded wings, and, like the eagle to the barren rock, descend upon a ruder soil, to explore and acquire a knowledge of those isolated *facts* which vary and extend the sources of our information—at the same time improving and exalting the human intellect, by enabling it to perceive more distinctly, and understand more fully, those wonders which demonstrate the existence and infinite wisdom of our Creator. There is no department of science, taking that word in its most extensive sense, which is not replete with the most curious and interesting facts, which need only to be communicated in a simple and popular form to command universal attention, though the scholastic jargon of some philosophers, and the unmeaning technicalities of others, have thrown difficulty and darkness on the face of almost every inquiry. Let these, the common harbingers of ignorance, be dispersed like clouds, and the naked light of truth will then shine full around us. It is from such considerations that we have determined, in discussing scientific subjects, to maintain as simple a style of diction as possible;—and now to business.

The work at present under review is devoted to *Helminthology*—a subject of very considerable importance, which has nevertheless been hitherto much neglected. Dr Hooper is indeed the only writer who has in this country investigated it with any minuteness; but his paper, in the memoirs of the London Medical Society, although a very excellent one, as our author observes, is very incomplete. On the Continent, Professors Rudolphi and Bremser devoted their attention to the subject, and perfected a system of Helminthology which naturalists and physiologists have generally adopted. We need scarcely also allude to the other continental works of Fischer, Block, Zeder, and Brera. From foreign sources only, therefore, could the English student derive the information he might want on this subject, and Mr Rhind has very wisely stepped forward with the intention of supplying this desideratum, and has presented us with, in every respect, a very excellent and valuable work.

Our attention is first of all directed to the manner in which worms are supposed to originate, in the living body, and to solve this difficulty two questions are suggested—*First*, Do the worms derive their existence from eggs conveyed into the body through the medium of food, drink, air, &c.? Or, *secondly*, have they their origin by what is called *primitive* or *spontaneous* formation? As Dr Bremser observed, it is difficult to conceive how they can derive their existence from eggs conveyed by the medium of the aliments, the water, or air, since they are found, as is the case most frequently with the hydatid, in those cavities of the body where no external opening or abscess could have been afforded them. The hydatids, says Laenec, are "always enclosed in a cyst, which completely separates them from the surrounding parts; these cysts are frequently of a fibrous nature, but frequently there are found in them portions of a cartilaginous, or bony character." There have been worms, says our author, (Rhind, p. 14,) found in the brain, in the lungs, in the liver, the biliary ducts, and even in the heart itself; and Hopkinson and Morgan discovered a species of worm (the *falaria papillosa*) in the anterior chamber of a horse's eye. We find also, in the tenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society, another worm described by Captain Brown, (the *ascaris pellucidus*,) which also inhabits the eyes of horses in India, and may be seen swarming about in the aqueous humour with great activity. Worms have unquestionably been found in the intestines of the fœtus, and Blumenbach saw a tœnia in a new-born foal. The experiment of Schreiber is also adduced, who fed a polecat for six weeks with milk, containing the eggs, and also the various species of intestinal worms; yet after some time, when the animal was killed, not a worm was found in its body. Opposed to this, however, is the experiment of Pallas, who introduced the eggs by a small incision into the abdominal cavity of a dog, in which instance, after the expiry of a month, he found young tœnia in the cavity.

The hypothetical explanation which has been founded on the *second* question, referring the formation of the worm to spontaneous generation, is warmly combated by our author. If in this manner they derived their origin, how happens it, he asks, that they should be of such different species and forms, and inhabit different portions of the intestines—one kind feeding only on pure chyle, another on fœculent matter? How should those inhabiting the same place, feeding on the same aliment, differ so remarkably in their size and structure? "If we admit," he observes, "that an animal having a perfect and complicated structure—furnished with a head—a stomach—an intestinal canal, &c. could be formed by any spontaneous action, or combination of animal particles, there would be no end to theory." A field of meadow grass, by the spontaneous arrangements of its particles, "might produce an ox; or the fermenting dunghill charged with animal particles in abundance, might be the matrix from whence sprang the hog that feeds on

it." On this subject, as on many others, the speculative theorist is entirely at a loss; neither of the above explanations are satisfactory; nor can we agree with the author, that the "ovula or eggs of these animals may be carried to those cavities, by the *absorbent vessels*, or by some of those animals puncturing and entering the external skin, as is supposed to be the case with the *filaria medinensis*, or Guinea worm."

In the succeeding sections of this truly interesting and valuable work, Mr Rhind proceeds to give a succinct account and description of the different species of worms which are found in the alimentary canal, and other cavities and textures of the body. The symptoms and methods of cure are then considered. The work, we should add, contains six plates, descriptive of the structures of the different worms, the drawings of which have been executed by Captain T. Brown, with a fidelity and accuracy deserving the highest praise. In conclusion, it only remains for us to state our conviction, that Mr Rhind's work is decidedly the best that has appeared in this country on Helminthology, and we recommend it, without any hesitation, to our medical readers, and those who interest themselves in natural history.

Panorama of the Rhine and the Adjacent Country, from Cologne to Mayence. London. Samuel Leigh. 1829.

Through the agency of steam-boats, the Rhine is likely, ere long, to become as familiar to Englishmen as the Thames. A trip to Rotterdam, and from thence to Mayence or Frankfort, is now little more than the affair of a week. The most picturesque part of the Rhine is between Cologne and Mayence;—below Cologne the scenery is not so much German as Dutch; and above Mayence the banks, though richly cultivated, are tame and flat. The Panoramic View, now before us in the shape of a map, of that portion of the river most worth seeing, is upon a large and distinct scale. All the towns, old castles, islands, mountains, and other remarkable objects, are set down; and, by referring to the Steam-boat Companion, which accompanies the map, every requisite information is obtained. We conceive that every traveller, wishing to enjoy the scenery of the Rhine, should take this Panoramic View of it along with him; and even those who never leave their own fire-side, may, by its assistance, form a very accurate notion of the beauties of that romantic river, and cease to wonder why Lord Byron should so enthusiastically have said,

> "Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! a vain adieu!
> There can be no adieu to scene like thine;
> The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
> And if reluctantly the eyes resign
> Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
> 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
> More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
> But none unite, in one attaching maze,
> The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

German Poetical Anthology; or Select Pieces from the principal German Poets; accompanied with Notes for the use of Students; and preceded by an Historical Sketch of German Poetry, a List of the most distinguished Poets, and short Notices of the Authors selected. By A. Bernays. London. Messrs Treuttell and Co. 1829.

The Germans have this, among other peculiarities, that whatever they undertake, must be done systematically, on scientific principles. This tendency, which may be recognised even in most of their lighter productions, may have its source in the national character; but both, it seems to us, may be traced to the influence of the Universities on the origin and progress of German literature—an influence more deeply rooted, and more pervading than we find exercised by similar institutions in any other country. However this may be, the predilection for systematic exertion must always operate beneficially on the higher orders of intellect. It concentrates and regulates the faculties in their developement and application, it counteracts the inclination, more or less strongly felt by all, to dissipate their energies amid too great a variety of undertakings.

Upon minds of a smaller calibre, however, the effects of this systematic turn are sometimes ludicrous enough. There is scarcely, in Germany, a retailer of the most valueless second-hand literary small talk—scarcely a collector of impressions of seals—or a hunter of autographs, but must arrange the products of his labours with all the pomp and parade of a scientific classification. They will make a science of any thing. Our respected instructor in the *manège*, (at a University that shall be nameless,) not contented with being master of his art, and one of the best practical instructors we know, must needs philosophise upon it. He delivers annually a short course of lectures; in which, from an accurate detail of the anatomy of the human body, and of the horse, he proceeds to evolve, with logical precision, the principles of the equestrian art.

These are the extreme effects of the spirit of system: but there is a middle class, its operation upon whom it is, perhaps, still more important to notice. We mean upon that body, which, in every nation where literature is cultivated, must necessarily form the bulk of its literary men—individuals of respectable and carefully improved, but by no means extraordinary talent. The attention to systematic arrangement, of which we are speaking, frequently gives to the works of this class in Germany, an appearance of profundity and interest, even where the thoughts are neither original nor striking, nor the important facts either new or numerous. This parade of system has a different effect upon two sets of tyros in German literature. The one carried away by its specious show, frequently attribute to the mass of German literati a greater degree of genius than they possess. The other, finding this show occasionally hollow, reckon it to the whole nation for pedantry and affectation. The truth is, that this devotion to system is merely the dress of the country, and by no means a necessary indication either of deep thought on the one hand, or of affectation of it on the other.

There is enough of this characteristic of his countrymen in Mr Bernays' book to have induced us to write him down a German, even had he not announced the fact in his dedication.

The contents of the work, both original and selected, are arranged with a degree of care and precision, that few English anthologists would have dreamed of. It contains, in the *first* place, a historical outline of German poetry, placed there for the purpose of giving the student a general idea of the whole body of poetry, from which Mr Bernays has selected his specimens. This is followed by a list of all the German poets, from the time of Opitz, (about the commencement of the 17th century,) down to the present day. They are classed each under that branch of poetry in which Mr Bernays is of opinion that he excelled. This is again followed by a concise account of the authors of the poems contained in the anthology. They are arranged in alphabetical order. Lastly come the selections themselves, most conscientiously arranged according to the four ancient and approved divisions—Narrative, Descriptive, Didactic, and Lyric poetry.

This arrangement is well conceived, and susceptible of being made the medium for conveying much valua-

ble information. Our readers must, however, be aware, from what we have said above, that we are not inclined to lay much stress on the best-planned and most promising system, until we have seen with what kind of materials the outline is filled up. It still remains, therefore, to inquire, in how far Mr Bernays, in respect to extensive reading, sound judgment, and good taste, has shown himself adequate to the task he has undertaken.

With regard, then, to the degree of erudition displayed in the "historical outline," this is a point as to which we are rather chary of committing ourselves. It conveys much information, not easy to be had in England; and more than this, the leading facts are correctly enough stated. But in these days of Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, and compendia of all sorts and sizes, (to say nothing of Reviews and Literary Journals,) it is so easy to show an intimate acquaintance with most recondite subjects, that no faith can be given to the most appalling display of citations. We waive, therefore, this delicate inquiry, except in so far as to notice the rather suspicious circumstance, that the antiquarian part of the narrative—the part which affords the most scanty materials, but which has been most frequently presented to the public in a condensed form—is more full and satisfactory than the part which professes to give a sketch of modern literature, where the materials are more abundant, but where, for the want of a good synopsis, he was thrown, in a great measure, on his own resources—his own research and judgment.

It is but justice to Mr Bernays to notice, that he may here allege, in his defence, the necessary brevity of his outline. Although we cannot help thinking, that he would have better consulted the interest of the student, by retrenching all of his narrative that precedes the controversy between the Swiss and Saxon schools of criticism about the middle of the eighteenth century. All that relates to the Swabian poets of the middle ages has, for that class of readers for whom the work is compiled, neither use nor interest. They had been so completely forgotten amid the internal convulsions of the empire, that when the literary spirit again awoke in Germany, it formed itself not on these forgotten relics, but on the contemporary literatures of France and England. When the works of the Minnesänger and their contemporaries were, at a late period, raked out from the lumber of neglected libraries, the modern literature of Germany was too far advanced, had already acquired too decided a character, to be materially affected by the discovery. We do not mean to deny the merits of these old bards, but they are a distinct literature—almost a distinct language—from that of modern Germany—and their proper place is not in the work before us.

The same strong objection does not apply to Opitz and others, whom we, in like manner, propose to exclude. They wrote the same dialect, and were the immediate precursors of the modern poets of Germany. But the intellectual exertion of their age is so trifling, their individual merits are really so subordinate, that the knowledge acquired of them certainly does not compensate for the condensation of the history of a later, busier, and brighter age, necessarily consequent upon their mention.

His account of this later period is indeed meagre in the extreme. He mentions, it is true, the leading schools, and the time of their first appearance; but he does not even hint at the progress in knowledge, refinement, or at the peculiar social or political relations and changes which gave them birth and form. And, without such knowledge, we can have no idea of the characteristics of any of them. We do not think that his appreciation of the individual character of many of the poets is either correct or happy. We think, too, that in enumerating the disciples of the different schools, he has classed many of them erroneously. Lastly, and what is most unpardonable, he has omitted names that have exercised a most beneficial influence on German poetry.

We cannot say much in praise of the taste for poetry evinced by Mr Bernays in his selections. That some of them are beautiful is certain; but an overwhelming majority cannot be considered as fair specimens of German genius, nor have they even the merit of being characteristic. He seems, instead of culling from the best, and most classical authors, to have avoided them as far as he decently could, and to have collected his chief stores among the second-rate contributors to second-rate journals and annuals.

On the whole, we are inclined, from our inspection of this book, to regard its author as a man of respectable acquirements—but more a man of education than natural talent. From the sphere of teaching into which he seems to have got, we are inclined to believe him well qualified for that profession. His book is well adapted for a text-book; and, had it made no higher pretensions, should have been allowed to pass; but it is held forth, at the same time, as a "literary guide" to more advanced students; and to have bestowed on it, in this point of view, more unqualified approbation than we have done, would have been gross flattery. We are not inclined, from this specimen, to augur success in the higher work which he anticipates in the end of his advertisement, nor can we, in conscience, advise him to undertake it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

"THE OCCASION."

THERE are some subjects of so sacred and solemn a character, that they are deemed beyond the province of periodical writing, in the same way that there are some books of so spiritual and religious a cast, that it would be looked upon as a work of supererogation to peruse them upon any other day than on Sabbath. Now all this, in my humble estimation, is nonsense. For my own part, I have felt fully as much of the intensity and reality of true and overpowering religious feeling of a spring morning at sunrise—of a summer evening at sunset—of a moonlight night, when the wide earth lay, at twelve o'clock, bright and glittering with snow—of a merry-meeting, when the friend I loved had returned safe and sound, and all true-hearted—of a revival after severe and dangerous affliction, when every object around me seemed springing by inches into dimensions and activity,—as I have experienced, with all appliances and means to boot, when the worshipping congregation stood in solemn pause, or the listening audience appeared to hang, in unbreathing attention, upon the preacher's lips.

It is on such grounds, and for such reasons, as these, that I have resolved to refresh the recollection of my readers with one of the most solemn and impressive scenes which the service of our national church possesses,—I mean the dispensation of the sacrament of the supper, in the ordinary language of the people designated "The Occasion." I speak not at present of field "occasions," with light white clouds overhead, pure streams underneath, a green glen, and a sheep-pastured hill-side;—I speak not of the storm, and the rock, and the mountain, under night, and amidst tempest;—nor do I claim the advantage of any peculiarity, or extraordinary circumstance or occurrence, whatever; I merely aim to impress you with two or three features, or lineaments, of sacramental devotion, as exhibited in country congregations in particular. Since there are many who will not, or care not, to contemplate the beauty of

holiness in her own chosen abode, she may condescend, we deem, without degradation, to visit them in all the retirement of their every-day avocations and amusements; she may stoop from her higher altitudes to illumine and cheer the heart and the place where religion has no chosen or abiding residence.

The first point of striking solemnity is visible in that twin row of devout countenances, which reaches from end to end of the church, and which bespeaks the presence of the elderly and more infirm members of the congregation, all desirous as they are of partaking early of the sacred ordinance, that their strength may not be exhausted by a prolonged attendance, or a somewhat crowded approach to the succeeding tables. That old woman, whose face is all but hid in her tartan mantle, closely pinned under her chin, is a pauper; she is supported, to the extent of one shilling per week, from the box, has her house rent, twenty shillings, paid by her grandson, and a few coals laid down at her door, sometime betwixt Christmas and the New Year, by one of the most charitable of the farming neighbourhood. She is regular, when weather will permit, in her attendance upon public worship; and her seat upon the pulpit-stair is as much her own, by the prescriptive right of occupancy, as if she had paid a yearly rent for it. Her whole soul is with God, as you may perceive by the wistful and eager eye which is cast upon God's servant, as he opens the Book, and proceeds to point out the subject of discourse. Her Bible is duly and carefully returned to her lap, and pillowed upon the clean check handkerchief, in which it had been formerly wrapped, whilst she reposes, in the sincerity of her faith, and the depth of her devotion, on the supporting pillow of God's revelation. Again and again, during the "action" sermon, her face, all furrowed, browned, and almost care-worn, as it seems, is raised, in sorrowful meaning, towards the speaker, whilst he speaks of the creature's unworthiness in the presence of its Maker—of that deeper dye of ingratitude which stains and marks the merely professional Christian in particular. A sigh, and a measured sinking away of the breath, speak the heart's combat and the soul's humility; but anon the text seems to brighten, and the speaker's countenance, responding to his words, animates with hope—comforts with consolation—assures with pardon. The sinner is weighed in the balance, and found wanting; but a greater than the Roman patriot enters, and the balance is turned in his favour, by those robes of sacred investment with which the scale of adjustment is charged. Oh, my soul, enter not thou into the habitation of any one whose heart is not moved at a scene like this, when God's messenger, in the manifestation of embodied mercy, clings to man even in the rags of defiled humanity, and in spite of scorn, and rage, and death, leads captivity captive, and when a pious widow, from whose habitation the face and the vision of childhood—husband—brother—friend, have long been banished, feels herself befriended, supported, ransomed by heaven!

But the more solemn service is now drawing to a close, and it is manifest to the officiating clergyman that next table will conclude the communion. A few straggling forms darken the eastern entrance, and a second half-double verse of the psalm is sung, that all intending communicants may have time to come forward ere the last address commence. There is one figure by the door-way, hanging in apparent irresolution whether to retreat or advance, whose appearance and history are calculated to interest. She is the grandchild of that very widow, by whom, in part, a grandmother's necessities are supplied from a limited half-year's wages and harvest fee; she is only seventeen, and this is her first communion; she has been most regular all along in her church attendance; her character is altogether blameless, and even exemplary. Yes—her whole frame is seized with trembling—the tear stands clear and ripe in her eye, ready to descend on her handkerchief, from the knotted corner of which she is now awkwardly endeavouring to unfold her token. The last line is audibly read by the precentor, when, as if stealing into a blessing—as if instituting a claim for a mercy she was not entitled to, she suddenly seats herself at the farthest extremity of the half-filled seat, and can, with difficulty, be persuaded by the elders to assume a higher position.

If there be any object in this dark and dreary world of sin and suffering, upon which divine existences may be supposed to look, with an interest altogether worthy of the intensity and purity of celestial feeling, it must be upon a scene like this; and there are thousands and tens of thousands of such to be seen in sunny Scotland, betwixt the months of May and November of every succeeding year. It is thus that our youth are, in by far the greater proportion of instances, reared, if not to the highest reach of moral excellence and devotional feeling, at least to a degree sufficient to guard them against open violations and unchristian infringements of God's known—felt—revealed will. The hand which has handled—the lips which have tasted—the heart which has felt—these are henceforth enlisted in the service of one who may not be deceived, and who cannot be associated with the thoughts, the words, or the works of impurity. Sincerity, even in religious observances, is said to be of rarer occurrence than could be wished during the proper and supported manhood of our being. There is a bold and unleaning self-sufficiency in man when his bone is hardened and matured into strength, and his blood circulates in potent regularity along his framework;—but in youth and in age, religion—divine, unflinching religion—is all in all. Your parlour is lined all round of a Sabbath evening, with youthful, but devotional countenances; these are the expectants of immortality, whom conscience and parental solicitude have sent to your ministerial residence, with the view of receiving instruction, direction, and exhortation, on things which belong to their eternal peace. There is not one—no, not even that strong and iron-fisted figure of premature manhood, who could twist a poker, or support a horse-load—there is not one amongst them who is not deeply, devoutly, decidedly in earnest.

Man may be an erring being, but, after all, he is not naturally presumptuous. Oh, yes, he means well; and all this pretty circle of rosy cheeks and neat habiliments means well; they would recoil from the very breath of insincerity. Sincere are they now; and when the bloom, and the strength, and spring-tide of blood, have faded, and relaxed, and ebbed into sullenness, weakness, benumbed frigidity of pulse and frame, they will again be in earnest. Over the intermediate and unrestrained travail of life, may God, in his mercy, extend the covering of forgetfulness—that auspicious mantle of imputed covering—under which the soul can depart in peace, and live in felicity! It is not that moral and able men, big-wigged and big-bodied members of our church, have written treatises on morality; it is not that certain zealous and overweening preachers and prayers have of late elevated the rational standard of religion, far above the reach of ordinary attainment and apprehension; it is not that knowledge, and even science, have been sold, by retail and in penny-worths, to artizans, mechanics, and writers' clerks, that our Scottish peasantry continue a moral and a devotional people;—it is owing, in a great measure, to the stated and the solemn return of weekly ordinances; and, in particular, of that higher festival, which has long vindicated to itself, in the apprehension of Scotchmen, a paramount and distinguishing appellation—"THE OCCASION." It is owing to this circumstance that we are still fresh and vigorous, even to the core—that our peasantry are, comparatively, moral, religious, and happy.

T. G.

FINE ARTS.

ON A FEW OF THE ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL RELICS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE STILL EXISTING IN SCOTLAND.

By Jonathan A. Bell.

"Where ruins grey
Nod to the Moon."——BURNS.

In the history of few cities shall we find so rapid and successful a progress in the knowledge and practical cultivation of architecture, and the fine arts in general, as has been manifestly exhibited within the last few years in the Northern Metropolis. Indeed, so very sudden has been the change from the lofty, untutored, step-gabled buildings of Normandy to the most refined and pure examples of Greece, that one is apt to doubt whether a taste will be permanent which bears too much resemblance, in the rapidity of its motions, to the wavering uncertainty of fashion. A proper relish for Grecian architecture can only be attained by careful examination,—by accustoming the eye to purity of outline, and the mind to that energy and delightful chastity which, though differently developed, characterize alike Grecian sculpture and architecture.

We are willing to believe, however, that what may have been at first the effect of caprice or affectation, will speedily attain a firm footing on the broad basis of cultivated taste; and the only reasons we have for quarrelling with this Patagonian stride are, that the modesty of nature has been already overstepped in several instances, and, what we lament still more, the characteristic architecture of the country has been allowed to fall into utter oblivion. Thus the sudden predilection for classic novelty seems likely to complete what the barbarous and cruel spoliations of the Covenanters began. A sufficient number of relics, however, still remain, scattered about the land like unavenged spirits, pointing back with mournful finger to the period of their former glory, to show clearly what that architecture has been. Though in many cases debased and Frenchified, we yet question much if England herself, stored as she is with all her magnificent ecclesiastical trophies, can boast of any, more ancient or interesting, than are to be found in several of the counties of Scotland, and more especially the northern. The very debasement of style, and stamp of foreign ideas, intermingled here and there, though much to be regretted, by the architect, who, like the painter, is ever in pursuit of the beautiful, ought only to awaken more general curiosity. It has always appeared to us matter of no small wonder, that such a feeling does not exist, especially among the Scottish clergy, considering the sacred character of most of the ruins to which we allude—some of which, indeed, are still in a sufficient state of repair to admit of their being employed as parish churches. Besides their being so closely connected with the history of the Reformation and other clerical matters, another motive for paying attention to this subject is to be found in the gradual refinement and elegance of taste which would necessarily flow from it, and the probable introduction of the pure "English Architecture" into religious edifices of the day. The slovenly and mean manner in which most parish churches are built at present would no longer be permitted by men who had learned to appreciate the value of a style which we are now pleased to term Gothic and barbarous—as if these were convertible terms. Nor would the architect, builder, and clerk of works, confused and huddled into one person, be allowed to send forth his vulgar conceptions and bad execution. Surely the spirit which, perhaps rightly, inspired the Covenanters, cannot now exist to such an extent as to prevent the eye from distinguishing the difference betwixt a heavy piece of *unsafe* stone and slate deformity, and the beautiful geometrical outline of the simplest piece of "*Early English*" work,—or the mind from feeling the truly religious emotions which a good Gothic interior never fails to produce.

But the architectural knowledge of the clergy and others is not to be extended by a mere raking and puzzling after dates. A careful and critical perusal of Gothic Architecture in England, or more properly, English Architecture, will be found absolutely necessary before the eye can acquire a clear and decided discrimination of style. It is not our intention, nor would it be possible in so short a sketch, to attempt an explanation of the various contingent circumstances which serve to mark the styles, and consequently the dates of Gothic or English architecture, as completely as the acanthus, volute, and triglyph, mark a difference of order in the Grecian. In the few observations we propose, we shall confine ourselves to the simple and judicious nomenclature given by Mr Rickman, in his "Essay on Gothic Architecture;" from which, without quitting his closet, a man of ordinary comprehension may cull sufficient to enable him to know something of both styles and dates.

Though the subject seems naturally to divide itself into two parts, ecclesiastical and castellated ruins, we shall confine ourselves to the former alone. *Castle*, when applied to a Scottish ruin, is often a misnomer. The Scottish castle, in many instances, is merely a rudely fortified mansion, and sometimes only a single square tower, which, before the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, every petty baron, or baron's retainer of any wealth or consequence, was forced to inhabit, to protect him from the predatory attacks of a lawless and disjointed population. Generally speaking, the architectural remains of these strongholds are rude, without character, and by no means to be for a moment compared, in importance, to the ecclesiastical ruin, inheriting, as it does, a portion of the magnificence and richness displayed in the religion of its original founders. Leaving, then, the castle to the perusal and study of the inquisitive antiquarian, we shall notice, in as brief and concise a manner as possible, one or two of the ecclesiastical ruins most eminent for their architectural peculiarity. Were we to launch out into desultory remarks and poetical descriptions of scenery, we should find our lucubrations, like the evening shadow on the dial, still growing upon us, the nearer we approached the seeming termination of the subject.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL, MORAYSHIRE.—Though aware that there are one or two ruins of some consequence north of this latitude, especially the church of St Magnus in Kirkwall, Orkney; the Priory of Beau Lieu, or Bewly, in Ross-shire; and Pluscardine Priory—to the preservation of which its noble owner has given every attention,—yet none of these are so characteristic or important. In its perfect state, the Cathedral of Elgin must have been one of the finest, if not the finest, sacred edifice in Scotland. Its plan originally was that of a magnificent cross church, with nave, aisles, transepts, choir, chapter house, and chapels,—dismantled parts of all which are still in existence. There have been originally three towers, two at the west end of nave aisles, and one at the intersection of the nave and transepts. The whole of this ruin—for ruin it is most effectually, as the ground is quite strewn with the fragments—is of an early character, with here and there a very few marks of *perpendicular* work. The western towers, portions of which still exist, are Norman in outline, possessing also the broad, flat buttresses, and the double windows divided by shafts, belonging to that style. Some fine doors still remain, strangely ornamented with a decided mixture of the early English-toothed ornament, and the Decorated square flowers. The tracery of almost all the windows,

to which, by the by, the civic authorities of the present day seem to bear as much enmity as the reformers of yore, is either destroyed or cut out; some four and two lights still are readable, however, and appear to belong to what may be termed the early Decorated, or Transition style from early English to Decorated. The east end is an elaborate piece of early English, though possessing several symptoms of foreign outline. The Chapter-house, which may be considered of Decorated date, is richly groined, and the central pier has shafts entwined with wreaths and flowered capitals. On the whole, this ruin is a most interesting one, and of a chaster character than we generally see in Scotland.

The Church of Old Machar, Aberdeenshire.—The church of Old Machar, generally termed the cathedral of Old Aberdeen, must have been, when perfect, a magnificent structure, as even now the nave, which is all that is in preservation, forms of itself a large and handsome building. Some part of the transept walling still remains, which shows the plan of the church to have been that of a cross. The west front is of granite, worked boldly in the Decorated style. There are two towers, with short spires. The towers have projected battlements, and are machicolated. There is a wood roof in the interior, of good character. Some monuments exist in the transepts, which are shamefully exposed to the weather, though possessing much good detail. Several of the smaller mouldings of this church show how much may be done with granite.

Glasgow Cathedral.—This is a piece of early English design, in exceedingly good repair, of a chaste and beautiful character, and is well worthy more attentive observation and study than is generally allotted to it. From that spirit of Scottish economy, however, which has ruined so many of the larger ancient churches, it has not entirely escaped. In plan, it is the almost universal one of a cross, with the transepts metamorphosed into entrances to the nave and aisles, which are fitted up for the reception of one congregation; and to the choir and aisles, which accommodate another. The transepts, which, by the way, are singularly short, and have both had additions, are now in complete ruins, and are crowned at their intersection with nave and choir, with a tower and spire, the upper portion of which is easily distinguished as of modern date. There is also a tower at the west end of the north aisle. In composition the nave and choir differ materially, but both are good. The choir is considerably richer in its detail, possessing many specimens of foliage of equal design and execution with those of the largest and most elaborate in the English cathedrals. The west door, though now built up, deserves to be noticed for its decidedly foreign appearance, —French in design, and English in detail. The great attraction of the cathedral is the Crypt, (under the choir and adjoining chapter-house,) which is not equalled by any English examples, in spite of their variety and beauty. It is an intricate piece of rich early English work, with piers, arches, and groining of highly ornamented character. The intersection of the groins are adorned with splendid bosses, and the doors and pier-capitals are rich in flowers and other ornaments peculiar to the style.

The Old College Church, Edinburgh.—We mention this example particularly, in order to attract attention to a very beautiful composition, now in a state of utter neglect and oblivion. Of this church, which has been a cross one, only the choir and transepts exist, the nave having disappeared, as well as the tracery of most of the windows,—thanks, probably, to the anti-Gothic gusto of some pseudo magisterial junto. In spite of these dilapidations, however, there still remains sufficient food for the architect, ever hungry in these matters. The style, interiorly, is Decorated, with piers and arches of beautiful workmanship. Indeed, I question much if England herself could produce more exquisitely-flowered capitals, or mouldings of better character. The centre and transepts have bosses of much beauty, and the choir is groined with plain aisles. The south door stands in an open porch, formed by a circular segmental arch springing from two boldly projecting buttresses, with some good groining. This seems to have been the source whence a porch of the same design has been taken to adorn Roslin Chapel, and is curious on that account. There are a few mouldings, and other details worth note, scattered elsewhere about the exterior.

Melrose Abbey.—Though not one of the most characteristic, this is certainly one of the most magnificent, ruins of which Scotland can boast. As we approach the Border, we find the architecture gradually losing its foreign peculiarities, and verging more and more into pure English work. The styles here are of all gradations, from early English to Perpendicular, with here and there curious mixtures of both, the design being early, and the details late,—a peculiarity not unfrequently to be observed in Scotland. The greater portion, however, is Decorated, and of excellent character. The present remains consist of almost all the church, and part of the cloisters. The nave has two south aisles, one very narrow, and then another broader beyond. The choir, though very short, having but small projection from the transepts, is richly groined. A decorated window of five lights, which belongs to the south transept, is quite a model of beauty; and the east window, of Perpendicular date, though mutilation and alteration have been busy with it, still displays the skeleton of a noble design. There are some good ancient monuments;—here sleeps the gallant James, son of William, Earl of Douglas, who fell at the battle of Otterburn, unable to withstand the fiery onset of valiant Hotspur. In speaking of this ruin, we have been much less diffuse than we otherwise should have been, had it not been so well known, both by inspection and description. It is the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and we should almost deem it the most valuable of all his Scottish possessions,—the fairest jewel in his ducal coronet.

Before concluding these cursory remarks, we cannot refrain from again earnestly calling the attention of the public, and of the clergy in particular, to the careful perusal and study of Scottish ruins in general. They are relics of architecture peculiarly national; of architecture, from the solemnity of its character, well fitted for religious purposes, and offering to the mere amateur, or antiquarian idler, a wide field for speculative lore. To the artist, too, particularly the architectural draughtsman, they offer a large extent of untrodden ground, the greater part of them having never been illustrated by engraving, and the few which have are robbed of their fair proportions, vulgarized, modified, and mangled.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENT OF A POETICAL EPISTLE,

Addressed to a friend in England, in the year 1826, *when the Young Ladies of Edinburgh gave up their time entirely to filling Bazars with ingenious Works, sold to assist the Poor in a severe Season.*

By Mrs Grant of Laggan.

I have plunged unawares into sad retrospection,
Yet do not imagine me sunk in dejection;
To gratitude, friendship, and kindness, alive,
To please and be pleased, I assiduously strive;
Nor view with indifference the fair and the witty,
That adorn this self-named *intellectual* city.
To beauty and merit their claims I allow,
But to me they were ne'er so attractive as now:

The gayest of gay, and the finest of fine,
Now wait, like meek handmaids, round Charity's shrine.
The feeling must surely be general and deep,
That has lull'd both flirtation and gossip to sleep.
The deeply-dyed stockings of Ultramarine,
Now modestly cover'd, can scarcely be seen;
The spell both the harp and piano has bound,—
Till the *tables* are fill'd, they scarce utter a sound.
All thoughts and all hands are engross'd by one care,
For idle amusement no time can they spare;
Yet time on swift pinions seems hastening away—
They were never more cheerful, though never less gay.
How sweet are the hours that are socially spent,
In those labours of love, crown'd with peace and content;
While the needle and pencil give fancy full scope,
And poverty tastes the rich cordial of hope.
Yes, children of sorrow! ye hope not in vain!
The Father of mercies, that hears you complain,
Has awaken'd, from soft and luxurious repose,
Those Spirits, commissioned to lessen your woes.
Like ministering angels, benignant and good,
They work to supply you with raiment and food;
Nor forget, while you thus by their bounty are fed,
Him who had not on earth where to shelter his head:
Even Him who to save and to suffer was born,
Who tasted of poverty, outrage, and scorn.
Yet female solicitude follow'd Him, when
He most was despised and rejected of men.
They served at His table—they wept at His cross;—
Like gold at the furnace, when clear'd of its dross,
In danger and sorrow they faithful were found,
And with richest rewards their devotions were crown'd.
On the morning of Glory, that broke on the tomb,
That robb'd Death of its sting, and the Grave of its gloom,
The Conqueror's triumph to women was shown;
He was hail'd on His way by women alone;
On them His first beams of benignity shone.
To men leave the glory of arts and of arms
Unenvied, while strong in your feminine charms,
In kindness, and pity, and sympathy drest,
Say, who can your right of dominion contest?
A sway unsupported by courage or art—
The mind it improves, while it softens the heart.

Brae House, Edinburgh.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We learn that the Arcana of Science and Art, for 1829, will be published this month; and will contain all the popular discoveries and improvements of the past year, in mechanical and chemical science, natural history, rural and domestic economy, the useful and fine arts, and a miscellaneous register. The forthcoming volume will be somewhat larger than that of last year, and will be illustrated with upwards of twenty engravings.

The new sacred poem, "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," originally announced for November last, and accidentally delayed, will, we are informed, at length positively appear in the middle of January. It is to be dedicated, by permission, to the Reverend H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford.

The forthcoming "London Review," edited by the Reverend J. Blanco White, will appear early in February. The Editor, in his prospectus, states that the London Review is not established, as has been surmised from his former writings, with the design either of opposing or assisting the claims of the Roman Catholics. He also asserts political independence of all parties; attaches great weight to questions of political economy; professes religious moderation; and declares his determination that the London Review shall not advocate the interests of any class, however powerful, in opposition to those of the community.

A work of an elegant and interesting kind, entitled "The Tower Menagerie," and comprising delineations, descriptions, and anecdotes of all the animals in the Tower, is on the eve of publication. It will make an excellent present for young persons.

The second volume of Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht, by Lord John Russell, will appear in a few days.

A Literary Gazette is about to be started at Manchester, much upon the plan of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

We observe that the London Weekly Review has passed into new hands; and a farewell dinner has been given to Mr D. L. Richardson, the original projector of that work, who is about to revisit India on professional business.

Judging by the specimens which have been submitted to us of Jones's Illustrations of Modern Athens, or Views in Edinburgh, we are inclined to augur very favourably of this work, which is about to be published in Numbers, each Number containing four Views and four pages of letter-press, and the price to be so low as *one shilling*.

R. A. Smith.—The professional musical talent of Edinburgh has sustained no slight loss in the recent death of this tasteful and industrious composer. In private life, Mr Smith was distinguished for his modest and amiable manners; and, as a musician, his genius will live in many simple and beautiful airs which he has left behind him. It will be long before the place he so ably filled among our amateur and professional artists can be adequately supplied.

We have seen the engraving of Miss Eliza Paton, which is to form the frontispiece to the first number of the "Edinburgh Musical Album," and are happy to assure our readers and the friends of that lady, that we look upon it as a performance highly creditable to the artists concerned. The engraving is by Mr Wilson, from a painting by Mr M'Innes, a young artist of much promise. The likeness is exceedingly good, and the style of execution chaste and elegant.

Theatrical Gossip.—For want of a Mrs Siddons or a Miss O'Neil, the London critics are contented to be greatly delighted with Miss Phillips: but we suspect much that this young lady, though a correct and pleasing actress, possesses little powerful and original genius.—We perceive that the *Beaux Stratagem*, one of the best of our English comedies, has been revived at Covent Garden, and has been admirably performed. Charles Kemble was *Archer*, Keeley was *Scrub*, Blanchard was *Sullen*, Miss Forde was *Cherry*, and Miss Chester was *Mrs Sullen*. We should like to see Miss Chester here; she must be a splendid woman. One of the best of the London critics says, "Her first launch on to the boards was as proud and magnificent a vision, as if she had been (like 'the towered Cybele') a personification of Windsor Castle, round tower, keep, battlements, and all!" We should be glad to see our own Manager play the part of *Scrub*, and in other respects we think he could cast the *Beaux Stratagem* very respectably.—The popular little Theatre of the *Adelphi* has produced a Harlequinade, which, in the judgment of the juvenile audience, beats those at the great houses to sticks—it is called "The Magic Marrow-bone; or, Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a Thief!" A clown, who appears in it, by name Paulo, is declared to be the only legitimate descendant of Joe Grimaldi now on the stage.—The French plays at the English Opera-house have commenced. Besides all the comedians whom we have had here, the company is to comprise Mlles. Jenny Vertpré and Jenny Colon, and Messieurs Laporte, Perlet, &c.—Miss Paton has been performing in Dublin with the greatest *eclat*.—Nothing of any consequence has been doing at our Theatre; small ephemeral pieces, in two acts, seem to be the staple commodity. We anticipate soon, however, some more distinguished novelties; and we shall ourselves take an early opportunity of saying a few words concerning each of the leading members of our company.—There is a tight-rope dancer at the Caledonian Theatre, of the name of Wilson, whose very extraordinary feats are certainly well worth seeing.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 3.—Jan. 10.

SAT. *Green-eyed Monster, Free and Easy, & Do.*
MON. *Heart of Mid-Lothian, First Foot, & Do.*
TUES. *The Two Friends, Aloyse, & The Bottle Imp.*
WED. *Paul Pry, Free and Easy, & Robinson Crusoe.*
THUR. *Rob Roy, & The Fatal Rock.*
FRI. *Mary Queen of Scots, Mason of Buda, & Robinson Crusoe.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Adeline," from the German of Burger, and "A Scots Sang," by the Ettrick Shepherd, in our next.

A press of matter forces us reluctantly to postpone "Stanzas written at Midnight," till next week.

The Remarks "On Language" are clever, but do not seem exactly calculated for our pages.—"Confessions of an Inconstant" are well written; but we cannot consent to continue any article through three or four Numbers. The paper concerning "Mary Queen of Scots" will not suit us.—"Monsters not mentioned by Linnæus" was not written by the gentleman named; his article was in a previous column.

The "Stanzas" from Glasgow we like, and propose publishing them soon.—Laura's Lines "On discovering a dead mother's smile on the countenance of her child," give promise of future excellence.—The "Lines to Professor Wilson, on reading his 'Vale of Peace,'" are not worthy of the subject.—There is considerable genius and feeling in the verses entitled, "I love thee—only thee," but they are not perfect enough.—"Jack's Ode to the New Year" will not suit us.—We fear the "Parody" will never see the light.—We have received the following

EPIGRAM ON THOMAS HOOD.

When the prophet abandon'd this world of folly,
His *mantle* he gave to his pupil bereft;
So the laughing god, Momus, to rout melancholy,
Behind him his *Hood* to his votaries left.

All communications for the EDITOR must be post-paid.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 10. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Planter's Guide; or a Practical Essay on the best Method of giving immediate Effect to Wood, by the removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an attempt to place the Art, and that of general Arboriculture on phytological and fixed principles. By Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. Second Edition; greatly improved and enlarged. Edinburgh and London. John Murray. 1828.

The first edition of this work was published early in the year 1828, and was sold in three months. A second edition was published last December, and is already nearly all sold off, so that a third is likely to be called for ere long. Besides the elaborate and highly commendatory reviews of the "Planter's Guide," which have appeared in most of the scientific and agricultural journals, it has been also introduced to more general notice by very able articles in the Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Magazine, the former of which was written by Sir Walter Scott, and the latter by Professor Wilson. It may seem almost superfluous in us, at this time of day, to offer any observations on a work now so very widely known and esteemed. The improvements, however, on the present edition are of that nature which give it several new features, and in particular, greatly extend its applicability to the purposes of the general planter. Besides, there is one view of the subject which has not been insisted on by any previous reviewer so strongly as we conceive the author would wish, and which appears to us of such importance as to warrant our directing the attention of our readers to it in an especial manner. We allude not to the mere practical and mechanical discoveries, which it is obvious to every one Sir Henry Steuart has made in the art of giving immediate effect to wood, but to the far higher and more philosophical ground he has taken, in applying to the science of arboriculture, physiological and chemical principles. We touch upon this point the more willingly, because Sir Henry Steuart, with all his phytological knowledge, has carefully avoided any thing like the dry technicalities of abstract science, or the quackery and affectation which aim more at a display of individual acquirements, (often sufficiently superficial,) than the imparting of useful information to others. He writes in a clear and popular style, and, scientific as he is, he steadily keeps his main object in view from beginning to end; which is by a process of inductive reasoning, founded on the facts he elicits as he proceeds, to show, that the transplanting of large trees, the μεγαδρυος μετατυτευσις, is not an impossible task, but a very practicable labour, and that country gentlemen may, whenever they please, and at a moderate expense, scatter them about their parks, though the subjects transplanted be fifty and sixty years old.

It is not a little remarkable, that, notwithstanding the libraries of books which have been written in this and other countries on the culture of wood, no attempt was ever made till now to teach planting on scientific principles, or any principles at all; whilst chemistry and physiology have, in modern hands, rendered the sister department of agriculture a new art. Some idea may be formed of the low state of arboricultural knowledge all over the country, from the fact, that only a short time ago, a person of the name of Withers—an attorney at Holt, in Norfolk, and possessed of only a few acres of ground,—not only imposed the most absurd theories on the public, but actually frightened the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, by threatening a parliamentary inquiry. This could never have been the case had science been properly directed to the subject of planting, and those principles established, which, being founded on an attentive examination of natural facts, it would be impossible for the most ingenious sophistry to controvert. But the truth is, that from the days of the Romans under Nero and Vespasian, the art has sustained no great alteration or improvement. The physiological properties and anatomy of trees having been totally disregarded by planters, their culture and management has been generally looked upon as a secondary branch of Horticulture, and the art of transplanting, in particular, or of giving immediate effect to wood, has continued as much a matter of mere physical force as it was in the times of Prince Maurice of Saxony, or Louis the Fourteenth, both of whom squandered immense sums in disfiguring and tearing up by the roots, trees which were never destined to be restored to the beauty and vigour of which they were thus rudely deprived.

In *all* countries trees are probably the most important production of the vegetable kingdom to civilised man; but in Great Britain, whose very existence as a powerful and independent nation is believed to depend upon her navy, they acquire a double value, and are deserving of double attention. Were it only a question regarding the raising of the best *oak*, it should be considered as one of vital importance, and felt to be more or less interesting by every British landowner. But the subject is one of still wider range, and in some shape or other comes home to the bosoms of all who have ever rejoiced in the green luxuriance of nature. Trees not only furnish the material on which the most useful and the most elegant arts depend for their very existence, but of all the ornaments which give variety and beauty to the surface of the earth, they are the most conspicuous. They are associated with all that is holy in nature, and with much that is tender and endearing in our mellowed recollections of the past. There is perhaps no inanimate object to which we may become so much attached as to a tree, the old ancestral tree, that seemed with a sort of silent pleasure to shelter the home of our childhood, and under whose paternal branches, our children, and our children's children, may yet be seen to sport for many a summer day. Trees are mute companions that have known us in all our moods, and have almost shared them with us. Beautiful are they amidst the odours,

and the gentle showers, and the young blossoms of spring; glorious are they in the gorgeous apparel of the blue-skied summer, with the wood-pigeons and many-coloured birds cooing and singing unseen deep in the recesses of their umbrageous boughs; touching are they in autumn, and hallowed with a thousand moral meanings, in the decaying magnificence of their rainbow foliage; and venerable, ay, and beautiful, are they in winter, bending their bare branches to the blast, or with all their twigs and sprays stiff and motionless as coral, in the clear frosty air, and glittering in a white covering of snow. Trees have figured both in public and in private life; on the page of history, and in the unedited annals of the heart. Add to all these associations, others arising from a recollection of the many useful and beautiful inventions to which human ingenuity has made timber subservient, and see it in particular triumphing over that element which so long rolled its wide waters in despotic loneliness; and we may at length be able to perceive, in its proper light, the value of a work that goes far to dissipate the ignorance, error, and confusion, that have so long prevailed regarding the planting and rearing of trees; the giving immediate effect to them by assigning them the most tasteful and genial situations; and in general *all* that relates to arboriculture, from the minutest details of execution, to the most extensive results of experience.

In many of the shorter reviews which have appeared of the work before us, we have been sorry to see, that the praise, though encomiastic, was of little value, because it was given at random, and without a due appreciation of what Sir Henry Steuart has done, still more for the *science* than for the *practice* of planting. But we are afraid that of many reviewers it may be said,—*laudant quod non intelligunt.* In the present case, at least, it is clear that from a want of phytological information, they have too often considered planting, like digging or ploughing, a mere mechanical art, whilst, with all due deference, it is to us very evident, that the author's chief merit consists in his elevating it to that rank it is entitled to hold among the sciences. Let us see for a moment what are his own words upon this subject. We recommend the following passage to the best attention of our readers:

"But the principles on which it is established, imply a far wider range, and admit of a far more important application. The art of giving immediate effect to wood is not merely an art of practice—it is founded on vegetable physiology and the anatomy of plants, and constitutes one branch only of GENERAL PLANTING,—which it is still more important to teach, on some principles of science. To carry the former into effect, it is obvious that, as materials of considerable magnitude are necessary, so difficulties are found, which do not occur in ordinary planting, and by doing greater violence to nature, it requires far greater dexterity, as well as greater science. To teach the art, therefore, of removing large trees, is to teach, in the most effective manner, that of General Planting on Physiological principles, which, as they are drawn from nature herself, cannot err, and accordingly they furnish the only certain means of accounting for its failure, or teaching it with success. He who can raise a tree from the seed to the state of valuable timber, whether for ornament or use, must possess a certain acquaintance with the habits of woody plants: But the man who can remove trees of considerable age and magnitude at pleasure, must necessarily possess the same species of skill, and a knowledge of the laws of nature to a much superior extent.

"On a subject like this, which is wholly new, but not the less interesting to the British planter, I would earnestly entreat the attention and indulgence of the reader. It is not more than three score years since chemistry and natural history have been successfully cultivated among us, and applied to the improvement of the arts. The ingenious writings and interesting discoveries of Mr Knight, the president of the Horticultural Society of London, have done much to turn the public attention to Vegetable Physiology, as important to the advancement of Horticulture. The late very able work of Mr Keith, on Physiological Botany, has completely systematized the science; it has tended to correct the errors, and supply the omissions, of former writers, and to bring forward, in one luminous view, both his own discoveries and those of foreign nations.

"Let us, therefore, hope, that the present attempt to bring vegetable physiology into notice, by applying it to the practice of arboriculture, may not be less successful than that of applying chemistry to husbandry, which, to the astonishment of Europe, has rendered the cultivation of the soil *a new art* in modern hands. The culture of wood, as has been already observed, in point of rank and importance, certainly stands next to the culture of the soil, and, in point of attraction, it stands a great deal higher, from the delightful effects it every where produces; whether they are seen in the deep seclusion of the grove, the open richness of the park, or the endless charms of woodland scenery. Since the ladies of late have become students of chemistry, it is not too much to expect, that they will be ambitious of attaining proficiency in a science, so much more akin to their own pursuits; and that country gentlemen, emulous to profit by so illustrious an example, will not suffer vegetable physiology to be any longer a desideratum, either in their own acquirements, or in those of their gardeners, their foresters, or their land-stewards. Thus a new era will be brought about in British arboriculture, of which the most remarkable circumstance is, that it has not been brought about before, amidst the advancement of the other arts. And thus England, which, a century and a half ago, was the birth-place and the cradle of vegetable physiology, will soon give lessons in planting, as well as agriculture, to the rest of Europe."
—p. 11—14.

It is with the view of giving all the aid in the author's power to this desirable consummation, that the present work has been written. It is divided into eleven Sections, which are followed by a copious supply of notes and illustrations. The table of contents is very full, and comprises a distinct analysis of the whole work,—a plan, we think, well worthy of imitation in similar productions. The *first* section is introductory; showing the utility and importance of arboriculture, and the necessity of establishing fixed principles, on which alone the removal of wood for immediate effect can be safely conducted. The *second* section comprises a history of the art, from the earliest down to the present times; by which it appears that the practice of removing large trees was known both to the Greeks and Romans, but never carried into effect by them without extreme difficulty and little success; and that, though it made some progress after the revival of learning in modern Europe, it never rose beyond the rank of a mechanical art, and has, consequently, been always considered unfit for general purposes, limited in its application, and hazardous and uncertain in its execution. The *third*, *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth* sections are devoted to an exposition and examination of the scientific principles of arboriculture, and now, *for the first time*, distinctly point out how chemistry and vegetable physiology may be applied to planting of all sorts, as well as to the preparation and selection of all sorts of soils. This is done, as we have already said, and shall immediately prove, without the introduction of any disgusting jargon, which no practical planter could understand, and which would have rendered the book a dead letter, destined speedily to have gone down—"*in vicum vendentem thus et odores.*" Our author

treats the subject as the physician treats medicine in a work destined for the use of families. The experienced eye discovers the extent of his knowledge in the facility with which he lays aside the pedantry of the schools, and makes himself at once intelligible to the uninstructed. The *seventh*, *eighth*, *ninth*, and *tenth* sections introduce us, in a masterly manner, to all the minute details of *practice*, connected with the preparation of the trees for removal, the taking up and transportation of them, the planting them in their new situations, and their subsequent treatment. The *eleventh* and *last*, though, to the planter, not the least interesting section, shows, on incontrovertible evidence, at how very moderate an *expense* the most striking effects ever produced by wood may be obtained. Instead of its being necessary to lay out from £2 to £15 on the removal of a tree of any size, as was the case formerly, Sir Henry Steuart states his own experience to be, that the larger trees are commonly removed for from 10s. to 13s. each, taking the distance at half a mile, and the smaller for from 6s. to 8s. As if to make assurance doubly sure, the finely engraved plates, which accompany the volume, place before our eyes the exact effects produced, and show us how economy may be made to assort with all that is beautiful in landscape.

Having thus briefly gone over the leading features of the work, our readers will be better able to see the weight which must be attached to the scientific principles upon which the whole of Sir Henry Steuart's practice is founded. We shall illustrate this still more clearly, by alluding to the admirable account he gives of the vegetable economy of trees; in the course of which he shows that the anatomy of trees, and the constitution and properties of plants in general, may be considered to be regulated by as fixed and certain laws as have been discovered to belong to animal physiology. His disquisition, in particular, on the four protecting properties which nature invariably gives to trees in open exposures, is worthy every attention. These properties are—1st, Thickness and induration of bark; 2dly, Stoutness and girth of stem; 3dly, Numerousness of roots and fibres; and, 4thly, Extent, balance, and closeness of branches. These are also the properties which should be always looked for in trees intended for removal. If the reader will peruse attentively the following quotation, as a brief specimen of the author's intimate and scientific acquaintance with all the ramifications of his subject, we venture to say, that he will find both his own stock of knowledge increased, and his respect for Sir Henry Steuart augmented:

"In order to assist the reader in forming a clear conception of the great value of a proper thickness of bark to trees intended for removal, it will be necessary to inquire a little into the means by which the sap-vessels minister to the sustenance of plants. In the warmer latitudes, the sap flows in certain plants during the whole year; but, in those that are more temperate, the functions of vegetables are suspended, or nearly so, during the winter season. Early in the spring, however, it begins to rise in woody plants, and continues to ascend till it reach the extremities of the branches. This sap is absorbed from the soil, by the extremities of the capillary rootlets, and conveyed upwards, through the vessels of the root, to the trunk. In its ascent, it rises only through the wood and the alburnum, in tubes of various sizes, and is prepared or elaborated by the leaves. That process, according to some, is effected by means of an alternate contraction and dilatation of the sap-vessels, and still more, by a respiration, perceptible and imperceptible, in the leaves, which is peculiar to plants, whether woody or herbaceous, and by the action of the atmosphere. But, according to others, it is rather the exhalation from the leaves, than what is properly their respiratory functions, that affects the ascent of the sap. When this has taken place, the sap is then converted into the proper juice, or what has been, by some, called Cambium, that is, juice fitted for nutrition; and it descends by the returning vessels of the leaf stalk, and the longitudinal vessels of the rind, or inner bark. Thus, the circulation is carried on by a double process, the ascending and the descending; whereby the vessels terminate downwards in absorbents, by which the fluids are received, and they terminate upwards in exhalents, by which those fluids are discharged. This doctrine of the two currents of sap was originally struck out by Malpighi and Grew; but the first who showed the organs of communication between the two currents to be the leaves, was unquestionably Darwin; a discovery, which the ingenuity of Knight subsequently extended and confirmed, and traced the existence of the circulation of the sap.

"During the descent of the proper juice, it further appears, that each branch is nourished by the juice prepared by itself, and that the surplus, beyond what is required for that purpose, descends from the junction of the branch with the stem, and contributes to the increase of the stem, and at last of the roots which originally supplied it. The descending juice is the efficient and proximate means employed by nature, for the support and nourishment of every part; therefore, to say that a tree is vigorous and healthy, is to say, in effect, that it has an abundant supply of sap. * * * * *

"From this cursory account, it is apparent of what vast importance it is to the planter, to maintain the sap, and still more the proper vessels, in the due exercise of their functions, and to protect them from external injury, of which cold may be considered as the greatest. For this purpose, nature has wisely provided such trees as are in open exposures, with a thick and coarse covering of outer bark, which forms a defence from the elements to the inner bark, in which the descending or proper vessels are situated.

"Further, we know that heat is necessary to cause vegetation as well as to continue it. Hence the wonderful effects of shelter, in close woods and plantations, in encouraging growth; all trees, during infancy, require a considerable proportion of warmth to make them shoot freely, as is proved by comparing the striking difference in their progress, at different degrees of elevation or exposure. What is most remarkable in sheltered trees is, that several of the kinds, most delicate and tender while young, for example, the oak, are found, when matured in a kindly temperature, to be the best adapted to resist the elements, and set their greatest fury at defiance.

"In adverting to heat as essential to vegetation, it is particularly worthy of notice, as already observed, that the epidermis and bark of trees drawn up by shelter are usually thin, the former often smooth and glossy. The descending vessels, by consequence, as they lie under it, never fail to suffer severely, on being exposed to a cold atmosphere. It is greatly on this account, as well as from scantiness of roots and lateral boughs, that plantations sustain such extensive injury on being suddenly thinned. Where that operation is performed in a gradual manner, it gives time for nature to prepare the trees for the change, by strengthening the coat of bark, and likewise by multiplying the roots, and thickening the spray and branches; and thus the proper vessels are prevented from being chilled by untimely exposure. The fact, though universally known, is never referred to the true cause by common observers.

"These considerations furnish ample ground to admire the wise provision of Nature in bestowing a much thicker, coarser, and more indurated covering of bark upon all trees in open exposures: For, in vain might they possess every other property, if the sap-vessels were not sufficiently protected and enabled to do their office. Were that to happen through thinness of the bark, there cannot be a doubt but that the plants would become

stunted and sickly, and both branches and spray would suffer injury in consequence, as we see happen to the generality of transplanted trees, which do not possess this protecting property. From all which it appears, that the health and protection of the proper vessels, by means of a due thickness and induration of bark, is an indispensable pre-requisite in all subjects meant for removal, and that it is deserving of the rank here assigned to it."—P. 115—121.

By these observations alone, it will be clearly seen that our author has delighted to observe, with no inaccurate or untaught eye, the curious and complicated mechanism displayed by nature, in nourishing and bringing to perfection the most beautiful of all her vegetable productions. He well remarks that every part of a tree depends on the condition of every other part which continually acts and reacts. It is upon this principle that the whole of his improvements in arboriculture are founded. His great rule to the planter is,—*preserve all the parts in as entire and perfect a state as possible, and especially attend to the protection of the sap-vessels, for on a due regulation of the sap, success mainly depends.* Now, this is in direct opposition to the old or "mutilating" system, by which it was considered necessary to lop away, previous to removal, nearly all the beautiful and luxuriant top branches of a tree, in order to bring it down to the ability of the roots, and thus not only to disfigure it for life, but from the obvious want of leaves sufficient to elaborate the sap, and the equally striking want of branches to communicate nourishment to the stem, and ultimately to the roots, to give the whole tree a stunted and paralyzed existence. But by the new, or "preservative" system, not a twig is touched, not a fibre is cut off; and thus the fine symmetry of the tree is retained, for Sir Henry Steuart, like Isaac Walton, uses it "gently, as though he loved it." "After being replanted, according to a peculiar method, productive of stability in an extraordinary degree, it is found capable of resisting the wind, from whatever quarter it may blow, on the simplest principles, namely, the acquired steadfastness of the stem, and the length and distribution of the roots, added to the balance of an extensive top."

But, notwithstanding the candid and modest manner in which Sir Henry Steuart talks of what he has done, and what every body else may do, by following his directions, there are some who may be disposed to make pretty large allowances for the partiality with which every theorist is inclined to view his own system, and may still, therefore, continue to entertain doubts on many points. Instrumental as we are desirous of becoming in enforcing on the attention of our countrymen what we believe to be the *improvements*, and *scientific* and practical *discoveries*, of a man of genius, we consider it proper to remove these scruples, by giving a place in our pages to the following extract, from the report of a committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, appointed to inspect the operations at Allanton, and consisting of some of the best practical and amateur arboriculturists in the country, among whom were Sir Walter Scott; Dr Graham, Professor of Botany; Dr Coventry, Professor of Agriculture; and G. Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindertis. Having carefully surveyed the Park at Allanton, and examined both the single trees and the groups, the committee, in their report, which, we learn from good authority, was written by Sir Walter Scott, proceed in the following terms:

"In viewing these specimens of an art, of the power of which we had formed no adequate conception, the following facts and circumstances particularly struck us, respecting the single and detached trees. We will, therefore, concisely state them, as worthy the notice of the Society.

"First, the singular beauty and symmetry of the trees; the uncommon girth of their stems in proportion to their height; and the complete formation of their branches, and spreading tops. In fact, they appear instead of stripling plants, (as Gilpin would have called them,) to be fine *Lawn Trees in miniature*, and not young saplings, in *their progress* to that state of perfection. The peculiar and parklike appearance which these give to the lawn (so different from what we have observed in *other* instances of Removed Wood) must of course in some degree proceed from a judicious selection in the planter. But we learned on inquiry, that Sir Henry considers it as mainly owing to a course of *previous training* in pretty open exposures, or in what he appropriately calls his 'Transplanting Nurseries,' or otherwise, in plantations thinned out for the purpose, to wide distances.

"The second thing we shall mention, is the surprising health and vigour of the trees, considering the exposures in which they are placed, and the complete and perfect preservation of their branches, notwithstanding the operation of removal. In all, or most other specimens of transplanting, whether in this country or in England, it has been the uniform practice of planters to lop and lighten the tops, to prune off the side boughs, and often to pollard or decapitate the trees altogether. But according to Sir Henry's improved and skilful method of managing the process, the necessity of this unsightly mutilation is completely obviated; as in *his* trees seldom a twig or a branch appears to decay in consequence of the operation. Thus, *the peculiar formation and character* of each tree are preserved; but it is obvious that by pollarding, or even severe lopping, *both* would be wholly destroyed. The above remarkable fact was clearly proved to us, by viewing trees of various sorts, in every stage of their progress, from the first year to the tenth and upwards. It would be difficult to discover that the trees had not grown from the seed, in the situations which they occupy, were it not for the ring of dug ground, which we observed round many of them, making a space, which is usually kept with the hoe for three or four years, in order to promote their growth; and that labour is continued until they begin to shoot with freedom.

"The third circumstance which we shall state, and which seemed still more surprising to most of us, who had ourselves attempted the art, than either of the two above-mentioned, is, that no *prop or support of any kind is ever used at this place*, to trees newly planted. So firmly are they placed, and so perfectly do they seem prepared to resist the elements, that in very few cases was any inclination observable, from the west and south-west, which are well known to be the most stormy quarters. This due balance of the Transplanted Tree is much aided by Sir Henry's practice, (contrary to the rule generally observed,) of reversing the position of the tree in its transplanted state, and turning to the south-west, or stormy point, that side where the branches had been longest and most luxuriant in the original position, precisely because they had shot more towards the north-east, or sheltered aspect. It does not appear that the growth of the tree is in the least degree retarded by this change, which otherwise produces the effect of balancing the tree against the storm, and, by bringing its branches to a regular shape, adds to its symmetry.

"The time of our survey not being the planting season, we have to regret that no account of this phenomenon, (the absence of props,) so clear as we could have wished, was obtained by us. From Sir Henry's explanations, however, we gathered, that the firmness or steadiness produced was chiefly owing to the selection of such subjects as had a certain weight and strength of stem; and more especially to a new and peculiar method of *disposing and securing the roots under ground* at the time of removal, attended with such advantage in giving stability to the tree, that, when it is placed in its new situation, and before any earth has been laid on the

roots, a very considerable force may be applied, without throwing it down or displacing it. But Sir Henry further informed us, that roots of great number and length (sometimes to the extent of twelve and fourteen feet of a side,) were also employed to secure the larger trees, when set out single in exposed situations."—P. 515—17.

If a statement of this sort, coming from so high a quarter, does not appear conclusive, we can only farther recommend a perusal of the work itself, and a personal inspection of the grounds at Allanton.

To the numerous notes and illustrations, and separate disquisitions affixed to the volume, it is in our power only barely to allude. Unlike notes in general, they contain much that is valuable; and, unlike notes also, will not fail to be read by all embued with a proper interest in the important subject of which they treat. We perused, in particular, with much pleasure, the very able exposure of the fallacy of Withers's animadversions on the treatment of the Royal Forests,—animadversions which had puzzled and perplexed his Majesty's Commissioners, but which Sir Henry Steuart clearly proves to have been grounded on the erroneous belief that the *bulk* of the marketable article, or the *quantity* of timber, and the *shortness of the time* within which it can be produced, were the only circumstances to be taken into consideration; whereas, the *solidity* and *durability* of timber, which are, in many respects, incompatible with bulk and shortness of time in the production, are still more important requisites.

We make no apology for having dwelt thus long on a work like "The Planter's Guide." It is a work which appeals to our interests, to our enjoyments, and to our patriotism. Landed proprietors know well that good trees are the same as good guineas;—every lover of nature knows well, that a finely-wooded lawn or park presents one of the most pleasing objects over which the eye can wander;—and every Scotchman knows well, that the green and pastoral districts of his native land, or the wild glens among his Highland mountains, cling more fondly to his heart, because the ash and the elm, the beech and the oak, flourish quietly there by Yarrow and by Tweed; or the "evergreen pine" flings its dark shadow across the stream that dances down the hill. Dr Johnson, being as blind as those people commonly are who will not see, discovered no trees in Scotland. It is a pity that the historian of the "Happy Valley" cannot now visit Allanton. It might surprise him to learn that there was not a man to be found in all England, with science and experience enough to controvert the fallacious opinions of a Norfolk attorney, regarding arboriculture, till a SCOTCHMAN stood forth to vindicate the truth, and to rear up for Great Britain a *new science*, which may yet be the means of increasing her national resources, of adding fresh loveliness to her "stately homes," and of launching on the deep, "to meet another foe," a yet mightier and more triumphant navy. Others may feel surprised that a Scotchman should have done this; but his countrymen will feel proud, and add his name, with gratitude and delight, to the long list of which they can already boast, of those who have taken the lead in so many of the departments of science and intellect.

Legends of the Lakes; or Sayings and Doings at Killarney. By T. Crofton Croker. London. John Ebers and Co. 1829. 2 vols.

WE consider Mr Crofton Croker an excellent specimen of one of those clever young men who are at present so exceedingly plentiful. He writes in a lively, off-hand, agreeable manner,—takes a thing easily up, as the schoolmasters say, and catches the "Cynthias of the minute" with considerable dexterity and success. But we fear Mr Crofton Croker's powers go no farther. He seems to possess little variety of useful knowledge; he is sharp, but not intellectual; playful, but not imaginative; showy, but not solid or profound.

"Oh, bad luck to you! Is it of me you're *spaking?*" Mr Croker may very possibly exclaim; and with that rich but suppressed smile of quiet humour and secret triumph, which is never to be seen on any physiognomy but an Irishman's, may request to be informed whether we make it a rule to limit our approbation to those mountains of learning, which occasionally rear their stupendous brows far up into the blue sky of literature, and cast all the plains and valleys into shade? We answer, "No;" nor are we to be driven from our proposition by a sophism. Cleverness to any extent is very desirable; but it is so common now, that its possessor will soon find it does not carry him one-half so far as he had anticipated. The truth is, cleverness, which mainly depends upon a certain liveliness of fancy, has been found to be a very easy substitute for more valuable qualities, because, for a time, it may contrive to pass current in general society, not for what it really is, but for what it pretends to be. A clever man looks upon all labour with contempt; he "draws upon his own resources," as he phrases it,—which, in other words, merely means, that, having never cultivated his mind, he makes the most he can of it on the spur of the moment. What resources, we should like to know, has any one to draw upon, independent of those which long study has enabled him to lay up? Does the clever man come into the world with an intuitive knowledge of science, history, and philosophy? There are many persons who seem to think that he does. As soon as an unfortunate boy is discovered to be *clever*, it is all over with him. "Why plague him with Latin, Greek, or mathematics, when he is so *clever?*" "Well, well, he pays his college fees, and does not attend the lectures; but it is of no consequence,—he is so *clever.*" "Did you read that article of his in the Magazine?—It was very bitter, to be sure,—rather personal, and not a little inaccurate; but then it was so *clever.*" "He paid his addresses, I am told, to Miss A, and then jilted her for Miss B,—that was positively very bad; but Miss A, you know, is a perfect ninny, and he is so *clever.*" We are sick to death of clever superficiality,—it is a mere cloak, that covers a multitude of sins. Profound erudition we cannot, of course, always meet with; but a moderate extent of sound information is within every man's reach; and unless where the deep feelings and emotions of a heart, bending beneath a weight of sensibility and genius, appear to remove it from the common concerns of life, we infinitely prefer the man of sound information to the most conceited jackdaw that ever decked himself out in the false feathers of *cleverness.* Heartily do we wish that cleverness had never risen from the rank it held in the days of Dr Johnson. "*Clever,*" says that author, "is a low word, scarcely ever used but in burlesque or conversation, and applied to any thing a man likes, without a settled meaning." "I read Dyer's letter," says Addison, sneeringly, "more for the style than the news; the man has a *clever* pen, it must be confessed." This is exactly the proper distinction;—the "clever" man is read, not for his "news" or information, but for his "*style*,"—that flashy succession of periods,—that labouring after effect,—that ransacking and conglomeration of all possible things,—that "twinkle, twinkle, little star," species of composition, which plays about the imagination like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and at length, after leading the reader a dance over bogs and quagmires, lands him at the very spot from which he set out. Let us hear less of these *clever* men, unless to cleverness be added industry, and to industry enthusiasm, and to en-

thusiasm judgment, and to judgment knowledge, and to knowledge wisdom.

We confess we have lost sight of Mr Croker; nor do we, by any means, intend that the anathema we have just pronounced should all light upon his shoulders. Mr Croker *does* add something to cleverness, though not enough. What he adds is a considerable acquaintance with Irish character, and a tolerably successful manner of delineating its peculiarities. In his "Fairy Legends," however, there was a good deal of dull stuff, and we think the book was puffed, in certain quarters, beyond its merits. The fact is, Mr Crofton Croker is, we understand, a very engaging person, with a pretty extensive circle of acquaintance, both literary and others, to all of whom he has contrived to make himself agreeable; and it is amazing what a little private friendship may do for a man in this way in these degenerate days. We have known more instances than one in which the public have been taken by surprise, and have actually been made for months to bow the knee before a false god. We could name the names of some of these wooden and stucco images that have been set up for worship, but it is unnecessary at present. An influential Editor puffs his friend, and the chance is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred will puff him also. Nay, there are even means of leading Editors themselves by the nose, if the secrets of the prison-house might be revealed.

The "Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney," profess to be little more than a guide-book of a more lively and characteristic description than is generally to be met with; and in this view we doubt not the work will be found very useful and agreeable reading by all who visit this fairy corner of green Erin. We are rather, however, of opinion, that Mr Croker visited Killarney too much with the intention of making a book,—as, indeed, he himself avows. Now, though the ingenious Messrs Weld and Wright have both written large tomes on the subject, we happen to be of opinion, that there is not matter enough sufficient for a book, such as the general scholar would wish to read, to be picked up about Killarney. Mr Croker has actually given us two volumes; and to make up these two volumes, he has crammed in all manner of things,—legends, anecdotes, verses, descriptions, sketches, caricatures, music, and many other items too numerous to mention. We should not quarrel with this were they all good or even intercsting; but they are not. Many of the legends are stupid; many of the anecdotes want point; most of the verses are mediocre; many of the descriptions are confused; the sketches and caricatures are meagre, and the music is only so so. Not unfrequently, however, Mr Croker is lively and amusing, and in his better moods he tells an Irish story excellently. One or two of these stories we shall lay before our readers for their edification and entertainment. The first is somewhat of a grave cast, and shall be entitled

THE FRIAR AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"Advancing through a pretty plantation, we soon reached Cloughna Cuddy, a large stone with two capsular hollows in it, which were half filled with water. A few stunted trees and bushes grew around it, upon one of which several rags were hung, as is usual in Ireland, near places that are considered holy. Whilst I was engaged in noting the shape of the stone, on the back of a letter, an old woman, whom I had not before perceived, peeping over my shoulder, exclaimed:

"'Oh, there isn't it the very mortal image of the blessed stone itself! and there are the two holes put down in it to be sure, where the holy friar knelt at his devotions.' And here she began to scatter some crumbs upon the gound, to which the little birds, from the neighbouring brushes, immediately flew, with all the fearlessness of conscious security.

"'Ah, then,' said their feeder, 'ye're a blessed race, and 'tis good right ye have to know this place, and it would be a mortal sin to hurt or to harm ye; but what are ye to the little bird that sang to the holy friar for as good as two hundred years?'

"'That, indeed, was a wonderful bird,' said I; 'and, my good woman, if you have no objection, I should like very much to hear all about it.'

"'No objection in life, your honour. Well, then, many years ago there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent hereabout; and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose trees of the garden, and there never was any thing that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird. And the holy man rose up from his knees, where he had been kneeling at his prayers, to listen to its song, for he thought he never in all his life heard any thing so heavenly.

"'And the little bird, after singing for some time longer in the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it, to listen to its singing; for he felt as if he never could be tired of listening to the sweet song which it was singing, out of its little throat. And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for awhile, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever farther and farther away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther, and farther, and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song. But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day; and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all this world, and when he came into the convent it was night-fall. And he was quite surprised at every thing he saw; for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery, that he had never seen before, and the very place itself, and every thing about it, seemed entirely different from what it was when he left it in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotions when he first heard the singing of the little bird; and while he was wondering at all that he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—'Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?' And the monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the changes since morning, for sure there was no change,—that all was just as before; and then he said, 'Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before.' So, upon this, the holy man told his name, and that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away from the garden, listening to the song of a little bird that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers. And the Brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a Brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before, but that what had become of him was never known. And while he was speaking, the holy man said, 'My hour of death is come; blessed be the name of the Lord, for all his mercies to me, through the merits of his only begotten Son!' And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, 'Brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing.' And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

"'The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim; and that was the way the Almighty was pleased in his mercy to take to himself the

soul of that holy man. And there before you is the stone where he knelt all the time of his sleep, or his enchantment, or whatever it was; and there are the prints of that holy man's knees in the stone, that your honour has drawn out so completely."—Vol. I. p. 19—24.

Most of our readers, we suppose, have heard, that if it rains on St Swithin's Day, it is certain to rain for forty days afterwards. If they will peruse the following legend, they will find out the cause of this very remarkable fact:—

THE DEATH OF ST SWITHIN.

"St Swithin was a priest, and a very holy man,—so holy that he went by no other name than that of the blessed priest. He was not like the priests now-a-days, who ride about on fine horses, with spectacles stuck upon their noses, and horsewhips in their hands, and polished boots on their legs, that fit them as nate as a Limerick glove, (God forgive me for *spaking* ill of the *clargy*, but some of them have no more conscience than a pig in a p'ratie garden;) Saint Swithin was not that kind of priest, no such thing; for he did nothing but pray from morning till night, so that he brought a blessing on the whole country round; and could cure all sorts of diseases, and was so charitable that he'd give away the shirt off his back. Then, whenever he went out, it was quite plain and sober, on a rough little *mountainy garran*, and he thought himself grand entirely if his big *ould*-fashioned boots got a rub of the *grase*. It was no wonder he should be called the blessed priest, and that the people far and near should flock to him to mass and confession, or that they thought it a blessed thing to have him lay his hand on their heads. It's a pity the likes of him should ever die, but there's no help for death; and sure if he wasn't so good entirely, he'd have been left, and not be taken away as he was; for 'tis them that are most wanted are the first to go. The news of his death flew about like lightning; and there was nothing but *ullagoning* through all the country,—and they had no less than right, for they lost a good friend the day he died. However, from *ullagoning* they soon came to fighting about where he was to be buried. His own parish wouldn't part with him if they got half Ireland, and sure they had the best right to him; but the next parish wanted to get him by the *lauve laider*, (strong hand,) for they thought it would bring a blessing on them to have his bones among them; so his own parishioners at last took and buried him by night, without the others knowing any thing about it. When the others heard it, they were tearing mad, and raised a large faction, thinking to take him up and carry him away in spite of his parishioners; so they had a great battle upon it; but those who had the best right to him were beat out and out, and the others were just going to take him up, when there came, all at once, such rain as was never seen before or since; it was so heavy that they were obliged to run away half *drounded*, and give it up as a bad job. They thought, however, that it wouldn't last long, and that they could come again; but they were out in that, for it never stopped raining in that manner for forty days, so they were obliged to give it up entirely; and ever since that time there's always more or less rain on St Swithin's day, and for forty days after."—Vol. I. p. 100—3.

We have room for only one more story, but it shall be a good one. That "St Patrick was a gentleman," we trust, is a part of the moral belief of every sincere Christian; and should the least shadow of doubt regarding this momentous point remain on the mind of any one, let him peruse, with the deepest attention, the following historical tradition:—

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"The serpent, is it? said Picket in reply. Sure, every body has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints*, and all manner of venomous things, out of Ireland—how he bothered all the *varmint* entirely; but for all that there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great hawoc; till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it.

"So, one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn't like the Saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. —'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you—'Tis a nice house I have got made for you *agin* the winter, for I am going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The *sarpint*, hearing such smooth words, thought, that though St Patrick had *druve* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him, and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould*, (betrayed,) and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"'I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the *sarpint*, 'but I think it's too small it is for me,'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, any how —I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boult* the nine iron *boults*.

"'Oh! murder! Won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*—'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling?' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man, continued Picket, besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: And that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, sir."—Vol. I. p. 180—3.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that we wish Mr Croker had been a little more careful in his selection of materials, and that if he will take pains, we think his next book is much more likely to contain more of the pure ore than any he has yet given to the world.

Observations upon the several Sunday Services of the Church, prescribed by the Liturgy, throughout the Year. By the Right Reverend Alexander Jolly, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Communion in Scotland. Edinburgh. Robert Grant, Lothian Street. 1828. Pp. 258.

THIS little work, written by a learned and pious bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church, was published a short time ago, and has lately come under our notice. It is deserving of attention, both on account of its utility in reference to the Christian public at large, and more particularly to those who are members of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland. The volume is principally occupied with the Catechetical instruction which the venerable author has been in the practice of imparting, during the long period of his ministry, to the young persons of his congregation in Frazerburgh, where he resides as Bishop of the diocese of Moray. The peculiarity of style, which is, perhaps, rather antiquated, is amply counterbalanced by the spirit of devotional feeling that flows through the work, and by the two most essential qualities of good composition, perspicuity and precision, which are never lost sight of, even under the absorbing influence of the most devout religious reflection. In the introduction, prefixed to the work, there are contained some excellent practical observations on the general forms of the Church, together with occasional remarks on the Liturgy, tending briefly to show its great propriety and beauty. The Bishop's "Observations" begin with the first Sunday in Advent, and end with the last Sunday after Trinity; and as the Church Services include the Morning and Evening Lessons, together with the proper Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the day, the comments made on them are calculated to show the admirable relation they bear to one another, and to point out the proper results to be gained from the whole taken in connexion. All that the author, however, professes to do, is to supply hints which may afford matter of devout reflection and meditation upon the reading and hearing of the Services; and the subject, it must be confessed, admits unquestionably of a more extensive range of illustration than could possibly have been obtained within the circumscribed limits of the present work. But the Bishop has done more than he has promised. We particularly like his remarks on the different festivals, according to the order in which they occur in the Church of England, in which he points out the reasons of their institution and the propriety of their observance. Nor does he omit to notice the inferior church holy-days, and the advantages resulting from their being retained according to the practice of the primitive church.

Having thus bestowed our praise to the extent to which we think it is merited, we consider it justice to the author to add, that the present work is not to be taken as a fair specimen of his profound theological learning; in which, we believe, few are, at the present day, his superiors. The practical religious instruction of the Christian reader has been more his aim, than the further advancement of those who are already well versed in theological acquirements. In conclusion, we shall only add, that this work of Bishop Jolly's may be safely recommended as an excellent manual of devotion, to be used in conjunction with the book of common prayer, with the principles contained in which those of the author are in the strictest accordance.

The Step-mother; a Tragedy, in five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq. of the Inner Temple, and formerly of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, author of "Longinus," a Tragedy, and other works. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829.

WE do not consider it necessary to notice this Tragedy at much length. The plot, which is entirely fictitious, outrages all probability; and this defect is not atoned for to any great extent by the beauty of the poetry. To some readers, the following couplet would be quite enough to stamp the character of the whole:

> To rule not one man, but *a many men,*
> *A many, many years,* oh! this is glorious.

We must give, however, in addition, the Step-mother's opening speech in the second act, which, we daresay, Mr Jones thinks more like a speech of Lady Macbeth than any thing that has been written since the days of Shakspeare, but which we think the most consummate bombast, short of sheer lunacy, ever put into the lips of woman:

> (*Step-mother discovered, pacing to and fro, in her outer apartment.*)
>
> *Step.* Now, woman, timid woman, weak, vain woman!
> Strive with the master sex for mastery—
> Root out compassion; bid misgiving off!
> Lay conscience for a ghost, and brew a storm
> Shall pelt in blood; (!)—my nature waxeth callous;
> My ribs seem iron; (!)—this loud-knocking heart,
> Once wont to ring alarums thro' my frame,
> Beats resolute and slow, an even pulse.
> Should my transcendent crime shut heaven against me,
> Hell has no queen, I'll give a queen to hell, (!)
> (If that there be a hell and a high heaven.)
> Then thro' the howling, bottomless abyss,
> Inspiriting the shatter'd, fallen host,
> And mostly him shall own me his co-mate,
> Anon, with all the damned since the creation, (!)
> We'll wage assault upon the heaven of heavens,
> Till the unquellable commotion shake
> With spiritual and elemental jar,
> The cherubim-environed throne of God!
> Than earthly rule, this, this is far more glorious. (!)

The plot is very much what this speech would lead one to expect,—exceedingly bloody, and "most unnatural."

Greek Extracts, chiefly from the Attic Writers; with a Vocabulary. For the use of the Edinburgh Academy. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

THIS is a very judicious selection of Greek readings, for the use of students who are only commencing their acquaintance with that language. Such a book was needed, for the excellent "Collectanea Græca Minora" of Professor Dalzell is almost the only work of the kind that is used in schools in this country; and teachers must have painfully felt the monotony and lassitude arising from going over it again and again. We do not mean that these new "Greek Extracts" should supersede the "Collectanea," but that they will form an agreeable variety, the more especially, as we perceive the editor has quite properly introduced very few of the ἀποσπασματια, or excerpts, chosen by Dalzell. Though the Extracts are principally from the Attic writers, he has given a few specimens also, under separate heads, of the Ionic, Epic, Doric, and Æolic Greek. A vocabulary and a few notes are added; and the typography of the whole is exceedingly distinct and appropriate.

Remarks on Coffee, with Directions for making it, selected from various sources. Edinburgh. John Reid, Grocer, Tea and Coffee dealer.

THE ignorance which prevails among all ranks and classes of society, in this country, upon the subject of Coffee, has been to us the source of a deep and abiding melancholy. How many times have we sat, like Rachel, in the drawing rooms of the rich and noble, and felt the big tears chasing each other down our manly cheeks, as we saw and tasted the tepid and muddy de-

coction, which the urbanity of our manners forced us to filter in tea-spoonfuls through our throats, notwithstanding the nausea and slight convulsive tendency which each succeeding spoonful contributed to increase! We have met with ladies too, false deceitful syrens, who prided themselves on their proficiency in the art of making coffee, who assured us that good coffee was almost never to be got, that *they* could drink it nowhere except in their own house, and that they were happy to have found at last one able to appreciate the value of so delicious a beverage. Animated by such sympathetic and beautiful observations, the cloud has for a moment passed off our brow, the sunshine of hope again sparkled in our expressive eye, and we almost believed, with a bounding heart, that we had at length discovered the darling object of our unceasing anxiety—a female capable, as Sir Henry Steuart would say, "of giving immediate effect to coffee." If she was unmarried, we determined to throw ourself and fortune at her feet; if she was a wife, we eagerly ruminated on the contingencies which might put a speedy termination to the existence of her husband. Alas, it was a dream that had a stormy wakening! Soon, too soon, were we recalled to reality! The servant brought us a cup of coffee, "weak as water, and cool as a zephyr," distinguished only by a slight bitterness of flavour, indicating that the berry had been roasted to a cinder, and then pulverized at a single beat, and that boiling water was an article of which the household lived in the profoundest ignorance. Nothing could have increased our despair but the appalling fear, which flashed upon us like lightning, that the poisonous liquid we had been induced to drink might have owed its existence to an infusion of that most disgraceful of all human inventions—Hunt's *roasted corn!*

Since the year 1652, coffee has been drank in this country, and since the year 1652, the art of making it has remained stationary. It is far otherwise in France. There are at this moment three thousand coffee-houses in Paris, and the presiding goddess of each coffee-house devotes her life and her abilities to the making of coffee. No wonder that the Emperor Alexander fell in love with one of these fascinating beings, and "looked and sipped, and sipped and looked, and sipped again." If there is any one talent which we admire in the Parisians more than all the rest, it is that of making coffee. Bernier, the traveller, when at Grand Cairo, was assured that there were only two persons in that large city, who were able to prepare the beverage in that high perfection to which he had been accustomed at Paris. Can imagination conjure up to itself any picture more perfectly epicurean and delightful, than a company of French ladies and gentlemen, who have retired to the saloon or drawing-room, after a splendid dinner, and are there luxuriating over this ambrosial liqueur, whether the *café noir*, pure as amber and strong as brandy, be preferred, or the *café à lait*, hot from the percolater coffee-pot, and enriched with a glorious infusion of boiling cream!

To us the recollection of the coffee we have drunk at Paris, constitutes the chief enjoyment we experience in the exercise of memory. There is a softened melancholy in the reminiscence, that seems to shed a benigner influence over the weak tea, which it is now our destiny to swallow. In the minds of all men, indeed, coffee ought to be associated with every thing that is classical and dignified. Without coffee Schiller would never have written "Wallenstein;" it was to him the very fountain of inspiration. Without coffee Bonaparte would never have been Emperor of France, and let it be recorded to his honour, that the conqueror of Europe has left behind him a receipt for making coffee. "Coffee," says Dr Kitchiner, "*as used on the continent*, serves the double purpose of an agreeable tonic, and an exhilarating beverage." "Coffee," says an old writer, "fortifies the soul within, quickens the spirits, and makes the heart lightsome."

"*Semper ego auditor tantum!*" Will the time never dawn when coffee may be drunk in Great Britain—in Scotland—in Edinburgh? Yes, it *will* dawn! and we trust the light is breaking in even now. Animated with a noble enthusiasm, Mr John Reid (22, South Frederick Street)—we write the name and address with pleasure—has published, at his own risk, "Remarks on Coffee, with Directions for Making it." Both are excellent; and to all who have any serious desire to enjoy life, we recommend a perusal of Mr Reid's work, and a civilized, enlightened, and regular consumption of his coffee. For our own part, we authorise Mr Reid to send us forthwith a trial of his "finest Mocha," and we shall never leave him as long as we live, if it affords us one-half of the satisfaction we anticipate.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

REMARKS UPON A PROPOSED IMPROVED STANDARD AND SYSTEM OF PERIODICAL WRITING.

(By the Reverend Dr Morehead.)

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—If I could be of use to your work in any more important way than that which I have hitherto attempted, it would be much more to the purpose that I should lend you such aid; but, as I cannot greatly depend upon my own exertions, you will, perhaps, allow me, instead, to make a few suggestions to you, which may be much better carried into execution by younger and abler hands.

It has not unfrequently been a matter of some speculation how it should have happened, that, amidst the wide diffusion of literary talent in the present age, so little seems to have gone to the support of a very favourite and popular style of writing, which was in great vogue in this island from the time of Addison downward, to within the last fifty years. I mean, essays descriptive of living manners, and replete with moral and prudential observation. In some respects, the age seems to feel itself above this kind of training; the subject has, perhaps, been exhausted in the manner in which it has hitherto been taken up—the follies of fashionable life have been sufficiently exposed—enough has been done to point out the evils of ignorance, of clownish manners, or of courtly levities—and moral maxims have been already so pointedly expressed, or so eloquently dilated upon, that it seems in vain to attempt doing over again what has already been done, on many occasions, so incomparably well. The essayists of England make no great figure after Dr Johnson. The grand theatre of London and of English observation seemed then to close. A select company of gentlemen opened, for a season, our little provincial theatre of Edinburgh, and endeavoured here too to hold their *Mirror* up to nature. The success was very flattering and deserved—but the field (to change the metaphor) was too narrow to admit of being beaten more than once or twice. The veteran leader of the chase still survives, in a fresh old age, the object of the love and veneration of his countrymen; but there has been no more attempt in that shape—to "try what the open, what the covert yield."

The same thing, it is true, has been tried in a different, and it may be, in some respects, an improved form. The understanding and the affections have since been assailed in powerful verse and prose, and lessons have been indirectly conveyed, under the form of fiction, or in speculation on all subjects, philosophical, moral, and political. I doubt not that the mind of the age has, on the whole, been improving;—knowledge has been widely extended, and has found its way into the lowest classes

of society; yet I think it is a pity that the didactic tone has been so much dropped, and that, with all this deluge of ideas and feelings pouring upon them from every quarter, men have been left so much to pick up their moral impressions like casual pebbles from the channel. To return again exactly into the track of our old masters would not do. You have somewhere asked whether it is quite hopeless to look again for a Spectator or a Rambler. It is so, if we do not take into account the difference of times; but if that is attended to, something much more important in its results than either of these oracles of former days, if not so excellent or perfect in execution, may still arise among us.

The great aim of the Spectator was to inculcate morals, manners, and the love of knowledge, upon the middling classes of society, who were then pressing forward into the sphere of the higher and better instructed circles. It effected its object with singular tact and ability; and whilst it holds out models of English composition which have never been excelled, and a delicacy of wit and humour which is quite inimitable, its leading praise is the benevolent and Christian perseverance with which it pursues its great aim, never deviating to the right hand or to the left. There was still room for many successors to follow in the same track; the follies to be ridiculed, and the vices to be reproved, in the classes of men over whom its sway had been exercised, still presented themselves in new forms, and gave opportunity for the efforts of the satirist and the moralist. The work, however, became colder and heavier as it went on; and certainly in none of the Essayists that succeed the Spectator do we find the same freshness, elegance, and exuberance.

The Rambler, accordingly, seems to have had in view another phasis of human society. The ludicrous ignorance of the middling ranks was now driven off the field—the ladies could not only spell and read romances, but even there were scholars among Dr Johnson's own female friends, who were at home in Greek. An audience of a very wide description was now prepared to listen to scholastic essays, which enhanced the weight of their matter by a diction somewhat approaching to pedantry. Even pleasantry itself assumed a stately and reasoning garb. The improvement to be effected upon the reading classes, at that period, was to accustom them to a more pointed concentration of thought, and terseness of expression; and the genius of Johnson was admirably adapted for the task which he had undertaken. This work too was completed, and it was now requisite that the business of ethical instruction should in a great degree stand still, till a wider circle was opened for its reception.

In the meanwhile, the work of intellectual progress has been rapidly advancing. Wit has been sharpened, imagination filled, knowledge accumulated, to a far more extensive range than has ever hitherto been known in the world; and the circle of human beings whose minds are opening to the necessities of every social and moral improvement, has widened to an extent that forms quite a new era in the history of the species. Here then, Sir, I maintain that all the grand principles of morals and religion come before us, again to be enforced in a new and much more animating strain than ever—because the audience to whom such admonitions are to be addressed, is not now any limited portion of society, such as the higher orders, or those immediately below them; but it is the whole mass of the people, whose principles are to be regulated and fixed, whose vices and follies are to be pruned away, whose humours are to be examined and understood, and whose feelings are to be sympathized with and soothed. This is now the splendid field open to the didactic writer—a field which has long been growing white to the harvest; and although the labourers have yet scarcely entered upon it, I apprehend they are standing prepared, and are quite as numerous as is required, if they were only aware of the call which is made to them.

It strikes me that a noble opportunity is afforded you, and your able co-adjutors, to enter upon this great field—the most important and sublime which has yet been presented to the powers of literary exertion. I cannot pretend to point out the ways and means by which the work may be most effectually performed. I would not wish to trammel by rules any of the walks of genius; but I could wish, that whatever they are writing, whether prose, poetry, criticism, or original observation, the literary men of our age would keep a steady eye to the wide audience whom they are addressing, and would lay it down as a sacred principle, to advance nothing which could prove an offence to "one of these little ones;" but would, on the contrary, use and seek every opportunity to inculcate a pure and vigorous morality on the minds of the people of every rank—using the word morality in its largest acceptation, as including behaviour of every kind, whether flowing from religion, humanity, propriety, or genuine politeness. All kind of writing, then, might bear upon this grand object; but besides, it appears to me that there is again more peculiarly a field opened for the moral or didactic essay, on the model of the Spectator and the Rambler, only varied so as to meet the new exigencies of the times, and expanded so as to take in the much wider range of society upon which it is to be brought to operate. And if I am not mistaken, your pages afford space for such an undertaking, even if it were to be attempted weekly, without any encroachment upon the room allotted for mere literary matter. As to the requisite writers, I do not see that you can be at any great loss. Those whom you have already enrolled among your contributors, can, from their observation, their talents, and their virtues, do a great deal in this way—if they would only let their minds dwell upon it, and revolve the methods of making the most effectual impression. Can such writers as Professor Wilson, from his inexhaustible stores of thought and expression; the Ettrick Shepherd, from his shrewd observations on men and manners, in the scenes either of pastoral or of city life; Mr Tennant, or Professor Gillespie, who can illustrate their vivid perceptions of living society by examples drawn from Oriental, European, or ancient learning; Mrs Grant, from her multitudinous reminiscences;—can persons like these be at fault—if they would seek to come forward more prominently as the moral lights of their age?—and what could be required from them, but to rein in somewhat their more unbridled excursions?—but "to stoop to truth, and moralize their song?"

The grandeur of the theme, and at the same time its simplicity, would inspire men of much inferior talents to the eminent persons I have named, to contribute to your work many useful and pleasing speculations, that would come home to every "business and bosom;" and I am inclined to think that there is no person of genius among our fellow-citizens, however pre-eminent, who would not be willing to become a labourer in the same vineyard of humanity, whenever it was clearly seen what good might be done, and with how little exertion, too, upon their part. Could Sir Walter Scott, Mr Jeffrey, or Dr Chalmers, employ to nobler purpose, or with a greater certainty of grateful acceptance from the public, any little fragments of their time and their meditations, than in pressing upon the hearts of the people some important views of high principle or of daily behaviour, by which they might rise in the scale of moral existence, or alleviate the vexations of life?

I do not wish, sir, to detain you or your readers longer with this speculation, which, if it should be fanciful, and bordering upon extravagance, as I have stated it, can yet, I am satisfied, be filtered into much sound and valuable wisdom, if it is permitted to pass through minds better trained to this kind of reflection. I am anxious

that, if there is any thing in this plan, you should profit from it, in the first instance, because I think you are really desirous to do all the public good in your power, in the literary office which you have undertaken, and you have given many proofs that you have a full comprehension of its duties, and can both execute and discern. I will own, too, that I have a desire that this undertaking should emanate from the spot where your Journal is published. Several years ago I proposed these views to my friend, the late Mr Constable, when he was busily occupied in projecting his Miscellany. With that sagacious and ardent mind which had so much perception of the drift of public opinion, and so much earnestness that it should be led right, he felt himself greatly inclined to attend to my suggestions; but the difficulty of setting such a work on foot, and providing the proper writers, besides his being so much occupied in the arrangements of his Miscellany, which has now proved so well the soundness of his calculations; and finally, his unexpected misfortunes,—all this prevented him from giving it a trial.

"Nor time nor place did then adhere—
They have made themselves; and that their fitness, now,"

has not, I am thankful, "unmade" me—but has rather given me a greater impulse to seek to associate with the memory of that liberal publisher, which ought never to be lightly esteemed in the literary history of Scotland—a scheme, the execution of which promises, in my conception of it, to be so honourable to our country, and so replete with good to mankind.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
ROBERT MOREHEAD.

[*** Our learned and able Correspondent has, in the above communication, stated opinions, with the justice of which we have been long impressed; and the suggestion he makes has, for some time back, been a favourite scheme with ourselves. It is not improbable that it will be found, ere long, to assume something like a palpable shape in the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.—ED.]

SOMETHING CONCERNING GRAVE-DIGGERS.

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

"What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?"
SHAKSPEARE.

GRAVE-DIGGERS are a peculiar people—differing from the rest of mankind in character and personal appearance. Yet, what is strange, a grave-digger *fit*, *non nascitur*—the reverse of the poet. The secret of the distinction must be, that it requires one to be of a peculiar character, and consequently figure, to become a grave-digger. One may be destined, though not born, a grave-digger. He may have in him from conception the germs of the qualities of a grave-digger; he comes into the world with them; he bears them about with him during his boyhood, youth, maturity, and middle-age; and when he arrives at the full ripeness of *grave-diggerism*, the place falls vacant, and he steps into the dead man's shoes, as naturally as a son succeeds a father in an entailed estate.

Though you know that a grave-digger is a mortal like yourself, and may die long before you, it is impossible to help feeling an antipathy to the animal, on the score that he is to handle your precious person with his ignoble hands when you shall be passive and powerless. One looks upon a grave-digger, especially the grave-digger of one's own parish,—supposing you to be a settler,—as a sort of executioner. You think you are destined to fall into his hands, and cannot resist the idea of horror, with which one must always contemplate, if not death itself, at least what Bacon calls the adjuncts of death.

A grave-digger is not more widely divided from the rest of mankind in character than in interests. Death is death to you; but it is life to him. You are happy in recovering, or in hearing of the recovery of a neighbour, from a desperate illness; but such news is like that of blasted corn and rising markets to him. He can have no sympathy with what throws all the rest of the town into anxiety and sorrow—the prevalence of an epidemic disease. The wind of March, which takes away old men's breaths, brings breath and health to him. Cold is as warmth to him, and the genial heat of May as the destructive chill of November. As some English divine has emphatically said of the gamester, his business is decidedly unnatural; for he cannot pray for a blessing upon it, without breaking the law which enjoins good-will to men. Like Satan, he has said, "Evil, be thou my good!"

We have often thought that, if a grave-digger could be expected to communicate his ideas to paper, a full and free confession, after the manner of Rousseau, of his whole thoughts and sentiments, would form a most curious book. Such a thing would be a sort of *revelation*. It would inform mankind of a distinct race—almost of another world. Grave-diggers are the pioneers, or videttes of mankind, on their march to the grave. They are nearer the land of forgetfulness than we are; and if they would but send back to the main army the intelligence they have picked up on their advanced posts, it would be so much towards a disclosure of the awful secret. In clearing away the brushwood of the grave, may not some one of them have caught a glimpse of that dark, or that glorious land, towards which we all hasten?

Out of curiosity respecting so sigular a people, we have collected some anecdotes of various individuals of the species,—which may perhaps be found illustrative of their character and manners.

John Prentice, the grave-digger of Carnwath in Lanarkshire, had a pleasant *équivoque*, which he constantly used on hearing of the death of any person. "Hech whow!" he would say; "is ——— dead? I wad rather it had been *other twa*."

A person once asked John Prentice if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. "Dear sake, sir," he answered, "the Lord's Prayer tells us that, ye ken."—"Ay, but," said the querist, "do you think you can do that, consistent with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?"—"Dear sake, sirs," cried John, rather puzzled; "ye ken fouk *maun be buriet!*" This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

The grave-digger of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was as selfish and as mean a wretch as ever handled mattock or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a key-hole, on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country. An acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was standing with him. "Oh, very puirly, sir—very puirly, indeed!" was the answer; "the yard has dune naething ava for us this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I have na buriet a leevin' soul this six weeks!"

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manor in Peebles-shire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever-ship at sea. Whenever he heard of any person throughout that extensive parish, having been seized with any thing like mortal illness, he would draw towards the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeat his visits every day till the event of either death or reco-

very. If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to the result than he. He tracked disease in all its steps with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an army, and with the same purpose. A death was a good thing to him both *in prospectu* and *in esse*. He lived upon it *before* as well as *after* its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat flesh, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for *having the pot on* in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, independent of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner-hour, and was endowed, with what might be called, a natural propensity for pot-lucking; but, though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that, when his official services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear, that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon require his assistance. One customer procured in this unexpected way was, to John, as good as other ninety-nine, who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying-ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhill, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs S——, of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shown into a room. Mrs S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John introduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr Walter's illness. "How did she think he was?"—"Was there any chance of his *winnin' through*?"—"What hopes did the doctor gie them?" &c. &c. After half-an-hour of tiresome common-place, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question—"But, dear me, Miss S., where do ye bury? Have ye ground in Stobo, or do ye intend to take up wi' Manor?" Miss S. was confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, and permitted him to depart without gratifying his inquiries.

The grave-diggers of Edinburgh have been a race ever remarkable for their drunkenness, in addition to the other vices common to their tribe. About thirty years ago, there was an obscure public-house at the head of the Cowgate, in which the greater part of them used to meet every morning to enjoy themselves. It was said that they were accustomed to drink most unhallowed toasts—such as "A hard frost,"—"A wet spring,"—"The east wind,"—"A green Yule," &c., and converse upon the prospects of good employment held forth by the weather.—On it being debated one morning whether they might sit a little longer, and have some more liquor, one of the corps is said to have voted in the affirmative, for a reason, which he expressed in the following words:—"Hang it," said he, "let us hae the other pot. The sky has been looking gay dour for this half-hour past! we'll hae plenty o' caulds and sair throats the morn."

The most remarkable of this fraternity was Geordie Girdwood, the ancient grave-digger of the Grey Friars' churchyard. He was an uncommonly drunken-looking, withered, little old man, with sore eyes. It was said of him, by the common people of Edinburgh, that he had, in the course of his professional duties, turned over the churchyard seven times. He died at an advanced age, about sixteen years ago. Like Blair's sexton, he had a great turn for wit; but, unfortunately, his conversation smelt wofully of *the shop*, and that smell was not the most pleasing possible. A friend one day made up to him, as he was digging a grave, and found him contemplating a skull, which he had just unearthed, and was holding in his hand. Knowing that Geordie was quite as well acquainted with the faces of the dead as the living population of the parish of Grey Friars, the intruder asked him, "who that had been."—"Ah! man," quoth Geordie; "this was the great preacher, Dr——, ane of the ministers of Edinburgh. Faith, he was a rum minister. He could drink glass for glass wi' a large dinner-party, till they were a' aneath the table but himsell; and he would then go into another room, call for the servants of the house, and say prayers to them as weel as if he had never tasted a drap. Ah, he's been lang dead and gane noo! Od, I believe, I've haen him sax times in my hands since I pat him first aneath the yirth! Deil care how mony mae times I may hae him to turn ower yet!"

So much for the ancient fraternity of grave-diggers—men whom we all need, but whom no one loves.

SCOTCH LEGAL MATTERS.

In England, the old maxim has been established for centuries, "nolumus leges Angliæ mutari;" but in Scotland, by way of variety, we suppose, the contrary proposition is in full force. In England they have got an agglomeration of technicalities, whose antique absurdity cannot fail to excite veneration; while our Scottish Astræa has become a very she-Proteus, and assumes every possible shape under heaven at the touch of an act of sederunt. We understand that active preparations are making even now, in influential quarters, for a new statute, wherein the powers of the Court of Session, for regulating the forms of process, are to be still farther amplified.

But with all this chopping and changing, we are far from displeased; nay, we feel very grateful to those who have brought about, and are still bringing about, the gradual alteration. The labours of our judges in matters like these are quiet and unpretending; are performed in the seclusion of their own robing-room, and never go forth to the world, heralded by editorial puffery. We believe the profession would have stared, if the recent consolidated act of sederunt had been ushered in by a modest preface from our venerable Lord President, or an article in the Scotsman, written *sub rosa* by my Lord Corehouse. This would, indeed, have been harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus. But, nevertheless, we happen to *know* that the labours of the judges on this occasion have been great and incessant; and none but those shallow and ignorant persons, who cannot comprehend the difficulties of legislating on such a subject, can fail to pay due regard to those dignified and most salutary exertions. The people of Scotland owe a debt of gratitude to their judges, for casting prejudice behind their backs, and studying, with patriotic zeal, whatever may tend to improve the administration of justice, and conduce, by so doing, to the public prosperity and happiness.

By the consolidating act of sederunt, which came into force on the 12th of November last, a great boon has been conferred on the profession. So many acts of sederunt had been previously passed,—some of them right

in the teeth of others,—that the conduct of a law-suit was become more perilous than a dance blindfold among red-hot ploughshares. This is now remedied; though many imperfections still remain, which it were little interesting here to detail. One fault we have to find with the mode of bringing it out,—it was scandalously dear. Things of this sort ought not to be converted into monopolies, or sources of private profit, beyond what is requisite for the publication. From the number of acts of sederunt recently passed, a serious tax has been imposed on the pockets, as well as the time, of the profession. We would pledge ourselves to produce half a dozen counsel learned in the law, whose fees have not paid their expenses in this single department. In the case of the consolidated act, the high price was partly occasioned by an index *as long as the act itself*. This should have been published separately, or rather not at all; for it is, on a moderate computation, six times too long. A much better (as well as cheaper) mode of presenting the whole regulations now in force, is that adopted in Mr Burness's publication, where the clauses of the A. S., and those of the Judicature statute, relative to the Court of Session, are systematically arranged together, so as to form a consecutive vidimus of the course of procedure. In this work notes of decisions and forms of interlocutors are introduced; and, with an index of rational dimensions, it affords a material facility to the practitioner.

It may be interesting to know that there has recently been formed in this city a society for the express purpose of considering and suggesting improvements in the forms of judicial procedure, and of legal execution. We understand that it consists of a limited number of young and zealous men of business, who carefully collect and record their observations on the objects in view; and that their proceedings have already attracted attention in the most influential quarters.

Why did the new Glasgow circuit commence on Monday, when the Court of Session only rose on the Saturday before? Were the counsel expected to post off to Glasgow on the Saturday, and spend the Sunday in studying their cases and precognoscing witnesses? or were they to comprehend and manage their Monday cases by intuition? It might be a very proper thing for all parties to be back in time to spend Christmas-day in Edinburgh; but there were other obvious considerations, equally important, that deserved some attention.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SCOTS SANG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

I HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
I hae lost my love, an' I carena;
For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,
And to sit down an' greet wad be hairnly;
But a screed o' ill-nature I canna weel help,
At having been guidit unfairly;
An' weel wad I like to gie women a skelp,
An yerk their sweet haffets fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly an' demure,
As pawkie as deils wi' their smiling;
As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,
The hearts of a' mankind beguiling;
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends never doubt them;
Their ill faults I coudna tell ower in a day,
But their beauty's the warst thing about them!

Ay, that's what sets up the hale warld in a lowe;
Makes kingdoms to rise an' expire;
Man's might is nae mair than a flaughten o' towe,
Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire!
'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,
And of nature's prime lord made the pillow!
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end,
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

STANZAS.

(*Written at midnight*, 31*st December* 1828.)

By Alexander Balfour, Esq. Author of "Contemplation," "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," &c.

HARK! Time has struck the midnight bell,
Another year has passed away;
His requiem sung—his parting knell—
And, hark! again!—that wild hurrah!

Is it because the Sire's deposed
That thus they hail the new-born Son?
Or, that life's lease is nearer closed,
Their ebbing sands still nearer run?

Just now they wildly lift their voice,
In welcome to a puny child:
As gladly will that crowd rejoice,
Some twelve months hence, when he's exiled.

And some will laud, and some revile,
The name of the departed year;
Some o'er his grave exulting smile,
And on his turf some drop a tear.

For some will sigh, of friends bereaved,
Those long possessed and dearly loved;
While others mourn o'er hopes deceived;
And some rejoice, their fears removed.

And some, with retrospective eye,
Behind a lingering look will cast;
Will fondly gaze on scenes gone by,
And vainly sigh for pleasures past.

Others will calmly look before,
Long tossed on life's tempestuous wave;
By Faith and Hope will view the shore,
The haven of rest, beyond the grave.

And some will glide along the stream,
Insensible to joy or care;
To eat and drink, and dose and dream,
The highest bliss their souls can share.

Untiring, many will pursue
The pleasures wealth and power impart;
By day and night their toils renew,
And clasp them closer to the heart.

Alas! it is a bootless chase,
And vainly we with Time contend;
We shall be distanced in the race,
And breathless to the grave descend.

The hand that pens this simple rhyme
Already wants its wonted skill;
Enfeebled now by Age and Time,
Shall soon in death lie cold and still.

Reader, does youth light up thine eye?
It sparkled once as bright in mine;
And though the days are long gone by,
My heart was once as light as thine.

Perhaps the cup of love and joy,
Thy raptured heart delights to sip;
But fate may soon that bliss destroy,
Untimely snatch it from thy lip.

Art thou the child of many woes,
Long wandering in life's dreary gloom?
The hour is near that brings repose,
The dreamless slumber of the tomb.

If young, the lengthened train of years,
The boundless landscape, spread before,
An endless vista now appears—
A halcyon sea, without a shore.

If old, perhaps you look behind,
And, pensive, muse on what has been;
Though not without surprise, to find
How Time has changed the fairy scene.

The prospect, once so fair and vast,
Now dwindled to a point will seem;
And you, like me, will feel at last,
That life is but a morning dream.

ADELINE.

From the German of Bürger.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—I have found, among some old scraps of translation, the following little Poem from Bürger, which may, perhaps, be interesting to your readers, particularly as that Poet has so lately been introduced to their notice by the accomplished author of "Anster Fair."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Robt. Morehead.

Walks she along the aisle, high organs pealing,
To where around the altar crowds are kneeling,
Holy and heavenly wishes in her eye?
Ah! then, methinks, I see the bride of Heaven!
Expires each low desire of earthly leaven,
And Love steps back, as she is passing by.

But see I her, as every day I see her,
Frolic and free,—yet not than Virtue freer,—
In what a girlish glee her spirit shines!
While charming mirth her serious mood displaces,
And all are emulous of her good graces,
Love ventures forth again,—nor hopeless pines.

Awe-struck respect bends to her angel glances;
But when, her glory veiling, she advances
In maiden wreath of myrtle,—Love is hers!
O! still to others may she seem descending
From the bright spheres,—my love, less high pretending,
Her look of kindness, all my own, prefers!

YOUNG RANDAL.

A BALLAD.

By Robert Chambers.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa,
Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa;
'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and thretty twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa.

It was a' to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha,'
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears doun fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back?" sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinnie and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was black, when he gaed awa,
Oh, Randal's cheeks were red, when he gaed awa,
And in his bonnie ee, oh! a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark, in the morning sky.

Oh! Randal was an altert man when he came hame,
A sair altert man was he, when he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
And wi' grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a ladie to see him come in,
And after the ladie came bairns feifteen,—
"Can this muckle wife be my true-love, Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
"Sae gruff and sae grand, sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, were ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
"In troth," quo' the ladie, "ye have guessed the very name."

He turned him about, wi' a waeful ee,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the puirtith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be,—
For they've wrecked the bravest heart in this hale countrie!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Madame Catalani.—This lady has given two concerts here, both of which have attracted crowded and fashionable audiences. We presume Madame Catalani will be induced to prolong her stay. Her voice is not what it once was, but it is still probably the most powerful, if not the most pleasing, to be heard in Great Britain. Madame Stockhausen, who accompanies Catalani, has a voice clear and sweet as a bell, and sings her own national melodies in particular, very chastly and beautifully.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th Regiment. Written by Himself. 3 vols. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co.

In these smooth joint-stock-dairy-company times of peace, the memoirs of a military life come across us like the sound of a trumpet vibrating in the ears of the old war-horse, quietly enjoying the clover and other good things of the fat meadow, wherein he is destined to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* for the rest of his life. Or, like Mrs Hemans' captive knight, who longed to hear again the notes of the clarion—"the clarion wild and shrill,"—we sit down in the imprisonment of our closet, and muse upon the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." It is true,

> "All these are quiet now, or only heard
> Like mellow'd murmurs of the distant sea;"

but this very circumstance tends, in one point of view, to give an additional interest to the associations with which they are connected. The harsher features of "grim-visaged war" are forgotten, and only its chivalry and romance remembered; our "bruised arms" are hung up for monuments; the echoes of the "stern alarums" are faintly heard amidst our merry meetings; nor do the "dreadful marches" interfere any longer with our "delightful measures." In so far, indeed, as the leal subjects of Great Britain and Ireland are concerned, the three last lustrums of the nineteenth century have been so dissimilar to the three first, that we hardly seem to live in the same world. The lute and the guitar are not more unlike the fife and the kettle-drum, than the soft habits of peace are to those of the tented field. The soldier sees human life through a different medium, as if he wore red spectacles, and had a sixth sense, whose perceptions were cognizant only of combustibles. To him nothing is more common than the "gatherings in hot haste," the eager and impassioned countenances of men, the pale and anxious faces of women, the sudden rolling of the drum, the gleam of arms and the waving of banners, the muttering of distant artillery and the clouds of smoke rising up in the clear sky; then "louder, nearer, deadlier than before;" and then the tumult of the fight, the struggle, the wavering, the panic, the brave and the timid overwhelmed together, the riderless horse, the rush through the bewildered city, the furious speed of the pursuers, the deserted streets, the wives and the children away upon the hills, the young and the fair in trembling groups among the woods, the labour of the husbandman and the riches of the earth trampled down, the domestic circle scattered and broken, the sacred privacies of household love interrupted, the heart and its affections changed, life strange, and death familiar. All these things are perpetually colouring the soldier's existence; and greatly as the presence of evils so overwhelming is to be deprecated, there is a principle in human nature which attaches to their recital a more than ordinary interest, especially when they no longer impend immediately over our own heads.

In the work whose title we have copied above, we are presented with a sufficient number of "moving accidents by flood and field" to satisfy the most craving appetite. Mr John Shipp seems to be rather a remarkable character in his way. His personal and private history is soon told. He was born at a small market town in the county of Suffolk, in the year 1785, of poor but respectable parents. He was left an orphan in early life, and being perfectly destitute, entered the army as a drum-boy, at the age of nine. From this situation he was gradually promoted to the rank of sergeant, in which capacity he visited first the Cape of Good Hope, and afterwards proceeded with his regiment to India. There he distinguished himself as a brave and active soldier, and returned to England in the capacity of lieutenant, in 1807, after an absence of twelve years. Here he seems to have committed several imprudences, and got so completely over head and ears in debt, that he was obliged to sell his commission for what it would bring, and found himself under the necessity of beginning the world again. Again, therefore, he enlisted as a private, returned to India, and in a few years found himself again a lieutenant. He married, and was in a fair way to rise in his profession, when he got involved in a quarrel with his superior officer, arising out of some racing transactions, and having been tried by a court-martial, for "unofficer-like and ungentleman-like conduct," he was sentenced to be dismissed the service, which sentence, in consideration of his previous good conduct, was afterwards remitted, and on condition of his returning home and quitting the 87th regiment, to which he belonged, he was put upon the half-pay list. Shortly before he left India, he lost his wife, to whom he seems to have been deeply attached; and as circumstances induced him to leave his two infant children behind him, he has returned to his native country at the age of forty-one, and after serving thirty-two years, a comparatively friendless and certainly an unfortunate man.

Whilst we think it pretty evident that Mr Shipp is of a somewhat reckless, wayward, and violent disposition, we cannot at the same time help feeling for his present condition; and the tone in which his book is written tends to increase our sympathy, for it is neither peevish nor discontented, but frank and manly throughout. Its chief fault is, that it is a great deal too long. Mr Shipp is a brave man, and moreover a man of some natural abilities; but he is not one of those who can easily turn their swords into pruning-hooks, and make as good use of pens as of pikes. There is a great deal of matter that might quite as well have been left out; and had the whole been reduced to about one-half its present size, the work would have pleased us much more.

The scene is, of course, laid principally in India, and presents a number of minute and interesting, though,

in some instances, rather tedious and monotonous details of Indian warfare, interspersed with many personal anecdotes, and descriptions of scenery, manners, and customs, on the authenticity of which we are inclined to place full reliance, from the unaffected manner in which they are related. Without attempting any analysis of Mr Shipp's military career, we shall present our readers with one or two miscellaneous extracts, which may be read disjointedly, and will, at the same time, serve as a specimen of the author's style, and of the light and amusing matter of which the volumes are chiefly composed. We commence with an anecdote illustrative of the tricks which soldiers in England consider themselves entitled to play upon those landlords, upon whom they may chance to be billeted during a march, who treat them scurvily. The story shall be called

THE STOLEN GOOSE.

"This was the mildest description of punishment with which we visited landlords who incurred our displeasure; for, in addition to this, it did not require any very aggravated treatment to induce us to teach some of mine host's ducks and geese to march part of the way on the road with us: to wit, until we could get them dressed.

"These birds would sometimes find their way into drums. I was once myself a party concerned in a pilfering of this kind; at least, indirectly so: for I was accessory to the act of stealing a fine goose—a witness of its death (or rather what we supposed its death)—and an assistant in *drumming* it. Moreover, I do not doubt that I should have willingly lent a hand towards eating it also. The goose, however, was, in our opinion at least, very snugly secured, and we commenced our march without the least fear of detection, chuckling in our sleeves how completely we had eluded the landlord's vigilance. The bird only wanted dressing to complete the joke; and discussion was running high among us as to how that could be accomplished, when, to our astonishment, who should pass us on horseback but the landlord himself? He rode very coolly by, and, as he took no sort of notice of us, we concluded that he might very probably have other business on the road, and, for a time, we thought nothing more of the matter; but what were our feelings when, on halting in the market-place, we perceived this very landlord in earnest conversation with our colonel; and, to all appearance, 'laying down the law,' as it is called, in a most strenuous manner. At last the colonel and he moved towards us; on perceiving which, my knees broke into double-quick time, and my heart into a full gallop. On arriving near to the spot where our guilty party was drawn up, the colonel, addressing us, stated, that 'the gentleman who stood by his side, complained that he had lost one of his geese, and had informed him he had good reason to suspect that some of the party to whom he now spoke had stolen it.' For the satisfaction of the gentleman (whom we, one and all, wished heartily under ground), our knapsacks were ordered to be examined, and underwent the most scrupulous inspection; but no goose was to be found. Professing his regret for the trouble he had caused, and apparently satisfied that his suspicions were ill-founded, our worthy landlord was just on the point of leaving us, and the boys around were grinning with delight at the notion of having so effectually deceived him, when, to our utter confusion and dismay, the goose, at this very juncture, gave a deep groan, and the landlord protested roundly that 'that there sound was from his goose.' Upon this, investigation was renewed with redoubled ardour; our great-coats were turned inside out, and, in short, almost every thing belonging to us was examined with the minutest attention; but still no goose was to be found. The officers could not refrain from smiling, and the boys began again to grin at the fun; but this merriment was doomed to be but of short duration, for the poor goose, now in its last moments, uttered another groan, more loud and mournful than the former one. In fact the vital spark had just taken its flight, and this might be construed into the last dying speech of the ill-fated bird, and a full confession of its dreadful situation and murder. The drum in which the now defunct goose was confined stood close against the landlord's elbow, and his ear was, unfortunately for us, so correct in ascertaining whence the sound of woe proceeded, that he at once roared out, 'Dang my buttons, if my goose bean't in that there drum!' These words were daggers to our souls; we made sure of as many stripes on our backs as there were feathers on the goose's; and our merriment was suddenly changed into mortification and despair. The drum-head was ordered to be taken off; and sure enough there lay poor goosy, as dead as a herring. The moment the landlord perceived it, he protested that, 'as he was a sinner, that was his goose.' This assertion there was no one among us hardy enough to deny; and the colonel desired that the goose should be given up to the publican, assuring him, at the same time, that he should cause the offenders to be severely punished for the theft which had been committed. Fortunately for our poor backs, we now found a truly humane and kind-hearted man in the landlord whom we had offended; for no sooner did he find that affairs were taking a more serious turn than he had contemplated, and that it was likely that he should be the cause of getting a child flogged, than he affected to doubt the identity of the goose, and at length utterly disclaimed it, saying to the colonel, 'This is none of mine, sir; I see it has a black spot on the back, whereas mine was pure white; besides, it has a black head: I wish you a good morning, sir, and am very sorry for the trouble I have given you.' Thus saying, he left us, muttering, as he went along, 'Get a child flogged for a tarnation old goose?—no, no!' Every step he took carried a ton weight off our hearts. Notwithstanding this generous conduct in the publican, who was also, by his own acknowledgement, a sinner, our colonel saw very clearly how matters stood; but in consideration of our youth, and that this was our first offence, (at least that had been *discovered*,) he contented himself with severely admonishing us; and the business ended shortly after with the demolition of the goose—roasted."—Vol. I. p. 44—9.

At the Cape, our hero, besides many other adventures, had several rencontres with baboons, which are worth letting him tell in his own words:

AFRICAN BABOONS.

"On these hills whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and, even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and great-coats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men, and I made a detour to cut them off from caverns to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others

kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones, and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting, in indication of victory; and, during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so, that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Amongst the number strutted Father Murphy. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

"One morning Father Murphy had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks; and he was in the very act of purloining a sergeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved,) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanours, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good-looking fellow, and I have seen many a 'blood' in Bond Street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made in him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly, pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor Father Murphy actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame. There are many now alive, in his Majesty's 22d regiment of foot, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote."—P. 80—3.

We can afford additional space only for the following humorous account of the manner in which the young soldier is initiated into the mysteries of horsemanship:

AN HOUR IN THE RIDING SCHOOL.

"The first morning after a young officer joins his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider, and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word 'march' is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with a loss of half a yard of his skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"'Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding academies; and in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be downhearted because you are floored.'

"'Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt.'

"'Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future.'

"The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out, at intervals,—'Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir,—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—*trot*.

"'Well done indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shop-board! What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster*, *faster*.'

"'Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! sergeant, halt, for God's sake! I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!'

"'Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster*.'

"'Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!'

"'Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two.*

"'Halt, sir; halt! that won't do; what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two; turn your horse about from one to two.'

"'I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant.'

"'Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir,—*March—trot—faster—faster*; very well indeed! Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—*halt*. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!'

"'Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!'

"'Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, sir.'

"'Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?'

"'Why, jump, sir, to be sure,—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount.'

"'Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane,' cries a young officer who had just surmounted the same difficulties, 'and you will soon be off.' The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse,—thus finishing his first day's drill."—Vol. II. p. 3—7.

Two of the best chapters in the book are devoted to the exposure of the bad effects of corporal punishment in the army. We recommend them to the especial attention of military readers. The observations they contain are at once simple and forcible, and are founded, not only on an honest desire to save brave men from treatment so ignominious and degrading, but on a long-continued observation of its pernicious and dangerous effects, which are illustrated by many anecdotes of a striking and painful kind.

The best commendation we can bestow upon these "Memoirs," and, taking them as a whole, it is perhaps as much as they are entitled to, is, that we have perused them from beginning to end, and not unfrequently with considerable pleasure.

Letters addressed to the Parochial Schoolmasters of Scotland concerning the New Method of Tuition, containing Strictures on Professor Pillans's "Principles of Elementary Teaching." By a Schoolmaster. Montrose. John Mitchell. 1829.

PROFESSOR PILLANS has put most of the parochial schoolmasters into a great rage. The cause is simply this, that he thinks there are many defects in the system of education pursued by them, and he has had the courage to publish these to the world, and the ability to make them apparent. It is well known that dominies are an *irritabile genus;* and that, accustomed to the most despotic sway within the four walls of their own school-room, they are apt to think it a piece of most unwarrantable presumption, if any one dares to insinuate that they themselves stand in need of a little of that chastisement which they have been so long administering, on the most fundamental principles, to their pupils. If unable to take any more direct revenge, they straightway affect all the dignity of outraged majesty, and they inundate us with very grand and imposing sentences, concerning the sacred character of a teacher of youth, the respect with which he ought to be treated, his importance to society, and the necessary extent and value of his attainments. A good deal of this is humbug. We hold in all due estimation our parochial schoolmasters; and we entertain all becoming sentiments towards those who devote their lives to the patient drudgery of teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" but we do not consider that the welfare of nations hangs upon their frown, or that they are infallible, simply because urchins from four to twelve tremble before them like aspen leaves. To hear the manner in which they talk of the wholesome advice Professor Pillans has lately given them, one would think he had committed some monstrous and unparalleled crime, indicative at once of the weakest understanding, and the most depraved heart. If he had libelled his own mother, or put an end to the existence of his father, they could not have been more indignant. When the Professor published, a few months ago, his liberal, gentlemanly, and enlightened hints for the improvement of elementary education, he could scarcely have foreseen the storm it would bring about his ears; but we can assure him, that the reason why his strictures have been so severely felt is, that they are *true*,—and that however some of the old *noblesse*—the tawse-ensceptred schoolmasters of the *ancien regime*—may bluster, the day is not far distant when they will be hurled from their thrones; and it is because they *feel* this revolution to be at hand, that they call out so lustily.

We have already noticed at some length Professor Pillans's "Letters," and stated our full conviction that their leading propositions were based upon the most accurate and philosophical view of the subject of which they treat. In the pamphlet before us, we have what is meant to be an answer to the Professor's work; but, though written with some smartness and more bitterness, we cannot discover that it contains any thing but some crude, feeble, and ill-arranged arguments in support of a set of antiquated prejudices, which, if they be not already defunct, are at all events on the very brink of the grave. We should have scarcely thought of noticing these anonymous "Letters" at all, (which originally appeared in a provincial newspaper,) did they not echo the sentiments of a pretty numerous class, whom pedagogical influence has mustered around the lean and slippered skeleton of expiring error.

It may, perhaps, be recollected, that there are three principles upon which Professor Pillans insists, as lying at the foundation of all good teaching; and that the *first* is, "*that a child, in being taught to read, should be taught at the same time to understand what he reads.*" One would think that this was so self-evident, that it required only to be stated in order to be at once conceded. "These principles," says the Professor, alluding to this among the rest, "appear to me so much in the nature of axioms or postulates, too obvious not to be taken for granted in all discussions on practical teaching, that in proceeding to state and illustrate them, I run some risk of incurring the charge of dealing in palpable truisms. My apology is, that I have found them almost universally either unknown and never thought of, or disputed, or misunderstood, and, at all events, disregarded in the actual business of teaching." Strange to say, this latter observation is so correct, that the champion of the parochial schoolmasters steps unblushingly forward, and maintains, in direct opposition to the Professor's first principle, *that a child, in being taught to read, should* NOT *be taught at the same time to understand what he reads.* This single fact speaks volumes concerning both the motives and the validity of the opposition made to the proposed improvements. The truth is, the present set of schoolmasters, few of whom have had originality enough to deviate one iota from the footsteps of their predecessors, make it a personal question, and think not of the advance of education, but of their own interests and emoluments. They see that, if they are wrong, others are likely to start up who will run away with their pupils; and, therefore, rather than confess they have made a single blunder, they obstinately lay their heads together, to find out a set of sophisms which may conceal the nakedness of the cause they advocate. Let us just for a moment look at the reason which the "Schoolmaster" before us gives for maintaining that a child should not be asked to understand what he is taught. "The imitative powers of a child of four years old," he tells us, "especially with respect to sounds, are exceedingly acute; whereas, the reasoning faculty is as yet in nonage, or, at the best, so feeble as to be incapable of successful tutorage. Is it not wise, then, in a teacher to follow nature rather than anticipate her,—to endeavour to obtain a correct pronunciation of words before he makes any attempt to explain their meaning?" If a child of four years old were a parrot, we should say, "Yes;" but if a child of four years old has sense enough to understand that he is learning to read, we say, "No,"—for the very consent to allow itself to be taught, implies that it is capable of learning more than articulate sounds, and that it will discover the propriety of teaching, only if it be instructed in the *meaning* as well as in the *pronunciation* of words. These words must of course be simple; but surely the child is much more likely to be satisfied with his own progress, and to make a cheerful and docile pupil, if his first lesson in reading inform him, that by a combinaton of two letters, he may designate particular existing objects, such as *me, he, ox, axe*, than if it merely introduce him to the inexplicable mystery of *ba, bo, bu*. If these remarks hold true during the earliest stage of education, they apply with tenfold force as it proceeds. We venture to say, that on the old system of committing rules to memory, and initiating children in all the technicalities of philology, there was not one out of twenty who ever attained any competent knowledge of grammar. If we may appeal to our own experience, we remember well that we understood no more of grammar than we did of algebra, till we learned Latin; and we have heard hundreds say the same thing. We could jabber fluently enough concerning *nouns*, and *adjectives*, and *verbs*, and *adverbs;* but what they meant, or how they were to be used, further that what every day's experience in conversation taught us, we could never for a moment con-

ceive. The question therefore is, whether, if the understanding of the pupil be taken along with the master at every step, grammar may be simplified, and more correct notions of it obtained? Professor Pillans says, "Yes," and points out the method by which it is to be done;—our "Schoolmaster" says, "No," and refuses to adopt the method, because it would give him the trouble of deviating from his accustomed jog-trot, or encourage others to start up in opposition to him. "Those among the teachers who have wisdom enough to discern the signs of the times," says Professor Pillans, "and to anticipate its slow results in their own practice, are sure not only to rise in professional reputation, and have the first chance of promotion, but to contribute towards raising the character of their order." "Now, this is the veriest *fudge* that ever was penned," says the "Schoolmaster," a good deal nettled, because, as he is too conceited to think he can be wrong, too bigoted to improve, and too obstinate to learn, there is every probability that his own occupation will ere long be gone. Let it ever be recollected, in the course of this discussion, that such men as Professor Pillans and Sheriff Wood have no immediate interest in adopting or advocating innovation; whilst all the schoolmasters,—at least all the old-fashioned ones, like our friend of Montrose,—feel themselves necessitated, for their own sakes, stoutly to assert the excellence of their ancient system. They must either stand with it, or die with it,—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*.

The *second* fundamental principle laid down by Professor Pillans is, *that corporal punishment is not to be resorted to till every other method of correction has failed*; or, more broadly, *that corporal punishment should never be employed in school*. The statement is qualified only "to provide for cases which must occur till the subject be better understood, and an improved system become general." Our "Schoolmaster," however, looks upon his *tawse* as a lawyer does upon his wig; in it one-half of his authority and learning are centred. We had hoped that this gross abuse was fast dying out; but it has lately occasioned us much regret to see it defended in several influential quarters, and with a degree of ability which serves in some measure to countenance the feebler reasoning of the "Schoolmaster." The *pith* of the arguments used by those who support flogging is, that boys *will* be idle and mischievous,—that a school is merely a picture of general society in embryo,—and that if "the civil magistrate is furnished with jails, bridewells, treadmills, and the gallows, for the correction and punishment of those who have arrived at the years of maturity, the schoolmaster cannot reasonably be denied a leather strap, or a twig of birch, for the correction of his noisy community, the members of which, (saith the pedagogue of Montrose,) are not yet amenable to the restraints of reason." Now, it is to us very evident, that though there may be a certain resemblance between the passions and actions of schoolboys and of grown men, a school-room bears little analogy to the great theatre of the world, and a schoolmaster has no right ever to take it into his head to suppose that he is in the most distant degree like a civil or military magistrate. All that he has to do is to instruct; and little comes under his cognizance but the cleverness or the dulness of his pupils, and their disposition to be industrious or idle. Over their moral habits out of school he has comparatively no control; that must be left to their parents and guardians. There is an important distinction here. The schoolmaster is too apt to arrogate to himself powers which do not belong to him. The magistrate enforces the laws; but the schoolmaster only teaches the languages. It is true, his teaching must be accompanied by a certain degree of moral discipline; but we cannot see why this should give him a right to inflict personal pain upon his pupil. But even allow the comparison to be instituted between the schoolmaster and the magistrate. For capital crimes the law awards the gallows; for inferior offences, banishment or imprisonment, commonly accompanied with hard labour. But in all such cases, the *person* of the criminal is left untouched, and it is now allowed on all hands that torture, dismemberment, and public whippings, can be tolerated only in barbarous times. Are the faults of children, then, to be visited more severely than the graver delinquencies of riper years? To be called up and flogged in school before all his companions, is as dreadful and degrading a punishment to a boy of spirit, as it would be to a man to be whipped behind a cart, through his native town. The chance is, that neither the one nor the other will do much good afterwards. In the case of the boy, there is something within him which tells him that he has been treated unjustly,—that advantage has been taken of his youth and immature strength to bestow upon him a punishment disproportioned to his offence, and to do what no man would have dared to do had his physical means of resistance been greater. One of two results must necessarily arise; either that the boy, finding that his master has taken more than ample revenge for his previous transgressions, and at the same time fastened round his neck a millstone of disgrace, which he cannot shake off, will become hardened and reckless, will feel a kind of pride in doing wrong, and seeing that he cannot escape the degrading influence of chastisement, will determine to show that he has at least courage sufficient to bear pain if he has no other virtue; or, looking upon his teacher as a tyrant, who moves among helpless children under the perpetual stimulus of provocation, and in the unceasing indulgence of pique, prejudice, partiality, and cruelty, he will descend to every mean art of cunning and hypocrisy which fear may suggest. "When slavish fear," Professor Pillans well remarks, "has become the prime mover in a schoolboy's breast, it not only lowers the general tone of his mind, by destroying the pride of independence and conscious rectitude, but it introduces a crowd of vices, 'more hideous than their queen.' Hatred, venting itself in curses, not loud, but deep; low cunning, dissimulation, craft, fraud, and lying, are not the least hideous of the group." We do not say that every child that is flogged will fall into one of these two extremes; but we maintain that flogging has a direct tendency towards the formation of such dispositions.

"How then are we to bring about the proposed end?" the "Schoolmaster" and his friends triumphantly ask. Will all boys be industrious of their own accord? No. But if other means fail, whipping will not make them so. Let a child clearly understand what he is about—let his reasoning powers be cultivated as early as possible—and the great probability is, that he will be industrious. If there are times when a passion for childish amusements obtains an undue influence over him, he may easily be made to see the impropriety of devoting too much time to them, by having his attainments contrasted with those who have been more industrious, and by being kept from the society of his companions till he has made up his lee way. Children are *not* naturally disposed to be perverse and froward, until they have been rendered so, by observing the most unjust system of rewards and punishments which, altogether independent of a thousand accidental circumstances, over which they themselves have no control, are made in the too common system of education to elevate some so far above others. Surely infants do not come into the world with an innate determination to be idle, unless learning be whipped into them. If a boy is sickly, are we to whip him because he cannot keep up with his more healthy class-fellows? If a boy has a lively excursive fancy (given to him, it will be observed, by his Creator), are we to whip him because he cannot fix his whole mind on a lesson in arithmetic? If a boy has vicious parents, who teach him tricks in his very cradle, before he even knows what they mean, are we to whip him because he

necessarily is what they have made him, and what we ourselves would have been had our parents been like his? What are we to whip him for? He comes to school with his lesson unprepared;—whether would it be better to tell him that he must not leave school till he has learned it, because we are anxious for his improvement, or give him a sound flogging, assuring him, in a rational and most philosophical way, that the dose will be repeated to-morrow, if he continue equally negligent? This may be cutting the gordian knot, but it cannot be called untying it. The poor little fellow is just as wise as before, with this difference, that you and he are quits, and that, if he chooses to submit to a similar drubbing, he is entitled to do the same again. One would think, to hear the manner in which these stupid ignorant old schoolmasters speak, that little boys were little monsters, instead of innocent, happy, pliable creatures, who may be trained in the way they should go just as easily as the gardener trains the branches of the young tree. Only hear how the Montrose "Schoolmaster" dares to talk of corporal punishment,—how he presumes to lift up his ugly harsh voice, and, with dogmatical insolence, proclaim his own cruelty: "To me," the fellow says, "nothing is more nauseating than to hear teachers whinning and canting about the pain it gives them to chastise children for their faults, and lamenting the dire necessity that urges them to it. For myself, I frankly confess that this part of my duty is frequently performed, *not only without reluctance, but with positive gratification.*" "If an excellent education is obtained," our "Schoolmaster" elsewhere remarks, in nearly the same spirit, "it is comparatively of little moment to the possessor in after life, that in the course of his schooling he received a few stripes, less or more; dropt a few tears, more or less, 'forgot,' perhaps, 'as soon as shed,' or what was the warmth in his master's temper." Most properly does Professor Pillans treat this idea with the contempt it merits. "The master's patience with the slow," he well remarks, "his encouragement of the quick, his unruffled serenity and reluctance to punish, is more important to the pupil's well-being in society, than any given amount of literary acquirement." We have no hesitation whatever in saying, that any schoolmaster who can make use of the lash, the rod, the tawse, the ferula, the cane, the ratan, the horse-whip, the ruler, or his own hand clenched or open, "not only without reluctance, but with positive gratification," is totally unfit for his business, and ought to be turned off with all possible expedition. In the words of Professor Pillans, whose authority upon all matters of education is worth ten hundred such "schoolmasters" as this Montrose babbler, (we hope he is not a native of that good town,)—"the lash is not only the most unworthy, but also the most ineffectual, of all modes of influencing the youthful mind, and tends rather to paralyse than to excite. A careful study of the puerile mind will discover, to any man of ordinary sagacity, a variety of principles to which he may appeal, with far greater chance of success than it is possible to expect from compulsion and fear. Fear, indeed, is the great corrupter of the young heart; not that fear which is allied to love and respect, but the dread of doing something unintentionally, which may draw down the vengeance of a being possessed of power, and using it capriciously, who measures his inflictions by a standard unintelligible to the sufferer."

The *third* and *last* principle laid down by Professor Pillans is, *that the office and duty of a public teacher are so to arrange the business of his school, and the distribution of his time, that no child shall be idle.* To the reasonableness of this proposition, our "Schoolmaster" has fortunately no objections; but he has no notion how the thing is to be done; and as he does not understand or approve of the *monitorial system*, we venture to say, that more than two-thirds of the children in his school will be found idle at any given time. Of the various arguments in favour of the *monitorial system*, which Professor Pillans had the merit of introducing with so much success into the High School of Edinburgh, it is not our intention to speak at present. But, from the shallow and ill-digested remarks of the "Schoolmaster," it is to us very evident that he does not comprehend the subject, and that, if he did, his vanity and blind attachment to old customs would prevent him from seeing it in its proper light.

On the whole, we consider the "Schoolmaster's Letters" as a very impotent attack on the calm, dignified, and able work of Professor Pillans, whose valuable labours in the cause of education are not to be put down by the petty jealousy of antiquated dominies, who know little more than how to decline *penna*, and conjugate *doceo*. Let the Professor proceed as he has begun, and he will ensure for himself the gratitude and respect of his country.

Modern Pulpit Eloquence; containing Selections from the Popular Discourses and other Writings of Eminent British Divines. Glasgow. Richard Griffin & Co. 1829.

THE power of eloquence depends, of course, on the innate energies of a man's own mind; but there are three circumstances peculiarly suited, above all others, to call forth its latent fire, and to give it immediate effect upon the heart of the listeners. These circumstances are—1st, the nature of the *subject* discussed; 2d, the dignity and importance of the *motives* which induce the speaker to enforce it; and, 3d, the *time* and *place* which the orator may have it in his power to select for the delivery of his sentiments. A very brief consideration of each of these circumstances will place, in the clearest point of view, the vast advantages which the pulpit enjoys over every other arena which can be offered for the display of eloquence.

First, the nature of the *subject* which employs the preacher's thoughts and fills up the compass of his intellect, possesses a sublimity, a magnificence, a solemn and thrilling interest, with which no other can for a moment compete. What to it is the bar, with all its petty and selfish wranglings, its dusty technicalities, its quirks and quiddities that sharpen without strengthening the mind, its ropes of sand that bind its worshippers with an ideal force to all the littlenesses of an artificial and conventional state of society? What to it is even the senate, noble as many of the topics are which it presents? The statesman will speak of patriotism; but can he inculcate the love of country, as the preacher may inculcate the love of Heaven?—the statesman will speak of liberty; but does he not speak of it to those whose very souls are in a state of bondage and imprisonment, from which the preacher alone can point out a way to redeem them for all eternity?—the statesman will speak of the progress of the arts and sciences; but the preacher speaks of the progress of immortal beings towards everlasting happiness or woe;—the statesman raises his voice in defence of the throne, of the constitution, or of the people; but the preacher raises his to give utterance to the precepts of the living God, and to measure the feebleness of principalities and powers when weighed in the balance against the fiat of the Most High. If sublimity, if awe, if pathos, are among the constituents of eloquence, can aught be more sublime than the partially revealed mysteries of eternity? can aught be more awful than the contemplation of Infinite Power, by the breath of whose nostrils a thousand worlds might be given to destruction? can aught be more replete with pathos than the joyous re-union which awaits the blessed, or the final separation from all that is loved and lovely, which may be in store for the wicked? Assuredly,

there is no subject like that of religion for rousing into activity all the deep-seated emotions of the soul.

Second, Consider the *motives* which the preacher has for girding up his loins unceasingly, to array truth in the garb of conviction and persuasion. It is no slight victory—no petty triumph that he achieves, if he wrestles successfully with a darker power, and gains over to a better faith a faltering and bewildered spirit. He pleads not for riches,—save the riches of eternal life, no slave is he of ambition,—save the ambition of seeing thousands of his fellow-creatures arrayed on the right hand of the throne. There are some subjects which, though dazzling and imposing, dare not be pushed too far, lest the conclusions to which they lead might be found dangerous and untrue; but here the motive and the end go hand in hand. The motive is the purest of all—the good of others; the end is the noblest of all—their felicity both in this world and in that to come. Nothing so much tends to inspire a manly and healthy eloquence, as the generous and lofty feelings which animate the bosom of the speaker; and assuredly, there can be no feelings so holy and exalted, as those of him who labours with pious earnestness and godly sincerity to point out to mankind "the way, and the truth, and the life."

Third, The *time* when the preacher speaks is the seventh day, the Sabbath of rest and tranquillity, when worldly cares are laid aside, and men's minds are prepared to listen to the warning voice of religion. The *place* where the preacher speaks is the venerable and venerated cathedral, endeared to the worshipping people by a thousand delightful associations,—the temple of their faith,—the house of their God. The preacher speaks from the consecrated pulpit,—he speaks with the Bible open before him,—he speaks when the sacred music of the psalm is hushed,—he speaks to a silent, a reverential, and a wide-extended congregation, upon whose ears his words fall like seed upon a good soil, which shall be found by him again after many days. He is unharassed by the turbulence of a popular assembly, free from the interruptions and the rejoinders of petulant adversaries, undamped by the listless apathy of an unwilling and uninterested audience. He addresses the descendants of those who have fought and bled for the belief that was in them, and who would themselves be no less willing to suffer to the death, for that bright and purifying faith, "which taketh away the sins of the world." Assuredly, Demosthenes never spoke so opportunely, as the good preacher may speak every revolving Sabbath;—the victorious general, about to lead his army to battle, never addressed so anxious and enthusiastic an assemblage, as the good preacher sees before him, when he lays open the Book of Life, and prepares to expound the golden precepts that are contained therein.

When we reflect upon all these things, our wonder is not that an eloquent divine should occasionally rise up among us, but that every pulpit is not occupied by one, who knows how to make the heart and conscience echo to the moral thunder of his oratory. Instead of this, how dull, and drivelling, and commonplace, and listless, are the hebdomadal effusions of many of our preachers! With what a careless and sleepy monotony do they handle the things of immortality! How seldom do they rouse the slumbering heart! How feebly do they appeal to the benighted sceptic! There are exceptions; but those exceptions, by their paucity, only serve to make the general fact more glaring. The very book before us, which is entitled, "Modern Pulpit Eloquence," confirms this statement. It contains about one hundred extracts, from the writings of the most popular divines of the present day; and of these extracts we can only discover *nine* which are in any way remarkable for their eloquence. There must be some latent cause for this great deficiency of pulpit eloquence, which we may perhaps inquire into on a future occasion; but in the meantime let us award the praise that is due to the few, who, in so far as this volume is concerned, appear to deserve it.

The *first* "quotation" which arrests our attention, is that from Dr Andrew Thomson's sermon on the death of Sir Henry Moncrieff. This sermon is altogether a very powerful and eloquent production,—by far the most eloquent that Dr Thomson has ever given to the public. We do not think Dr Thomson, in general, much of a pulpit orator. He is an acute reasoner, and an able polemic; but he is deficient in many of the higher characteristics which ought to give dignity and effect to pulpit eloquence. It is to be regretted, that he devotes so much of his time and attention to mere ecclesiastical controversy, for a few such discourses as that to which we have already alluded, and which he must have produced in a happier moment, would redound more to his credit, than volumes of gall and bitterness, which are no less opposed to the Christian doctrine, than they are derogatory to the ministerial character. The *second*, *third*, and *fourth* "quotations," which claim our attention, and command our admiration, are extracted from Dr Chalmers's Astronomical Discourses. These discourses have stamped Dr Chalmers as the first pulpit orator of the day, and upon them there can he little doubt that his fame will rest, as upon a sure and lasting foundation. His sketch of the progress of Astronomy, his tribute to the genius of Sir Isaac Newton, his speculations concerning man's moral history in other worlds, besides many other passages in these admirable sermons, must ever remain as splendid, and probably unequalled, specimens of sacred oratory. The *fifth* and *sixth* "quotations" which we consider worthy of particular note, are from Maturin. They are on the love of God, contrasted with human love, and on sincerity in religion. Maturin possessed genius of no ordinary kind. His imagination was so vivid and powerful, that it bordered upon disease; but when the fit of inspiration was on him, and when the better affections of his heart came into play, few could weave thought into strains of more impassioned energy. He was uncertain and changeable, and in his reasoning not unfrequently erroneous; yet he was one whose death was felt to be a calamity by the age in which he lived. The *seventh* "quotation" is from a discourse by the Rev. Edward Irving, on the last judgment. We hardly consider Irving an orator in the legitimate sense of the word, yet there are times, as in the present instance, when his wild and excursive fancy, always straining after effect, and ever in quest of something strange and new, breaks into eloquence as if by chance, and for the moment surprises, and almost startles. His "orations" are for the most part obscure and unintelligible, but every now and then something bright flashes through the darkness, like lightning in the coiled night. The *eighth* "quotation" is an address to the people of Otaheite, by Dr Love of Glasgow. It is eloquent from the simple warmth of expression and sincerity of feeling which characterise it. Strong religious emotions, however unstudied in their expression, must always be eloquent. The *ninth* and *last* "quotation" is a very fine passage, concerning man having been made in the image of God, from a sermon of the Rev. Joseph Wolfe, author of the well-known poem on the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Poets possess a natural eloquence, which cannot fail to accompany them into the pulpit, and makes it almost certain that they will distinguish themselves there. Had Wolfe not been cut off in the very summer of his days, there is every probability that his name would soon have been more extensively known.

Having enumerated these passages as exhibiting some of the very highest achievements of modern pulpit eloquence, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting our readers with two of them, both of which we are sure they will peruse with delight, whether they may have seen them before or not. The first is by Dr Chalmers:

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

"Sure I am, that in the prosecution of his wonderful career, he found himself in a way beset with temptation upon every side of him. It was not merely that he had the reigning taste and philosophy of the times to contend with. But he expatiated in a lofty region, where, in all the giddiness of success, he might have met with much to solicit his fancy, and tempt him to some devious speculation. Had he been like the majority of other men, he would have broken free from the fetters of a sober and chastised understanding, and giving wing to his imagination, had done what philosophers have done after him—being carried away by some meteor of their own forming, or found their amusement in some of their own intellectual pictures, or palmed some loose and plausible possibilities of their own upon the world. But Newton stood true to his principle, that he would take up with nothing which wanted evidence, and he kept by his demonstrations, and his measurements, and his proofs; and if it be true, that he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city, there was won, in the solitude of his chamber, many a repeated victory over himself, which should give a brighter lustre to his name than all the conquests he has made on the fields of discovery, or than all the splendour of his positive achievements.

"I trust you understand, how, though it be one of the maxims of the true philosophy never to shrink from a doctrine which has evidence on its side, it is another maxim, equally essential to it, never to harbour any doctrine when this evidence is wanting. Take these two maxims along with you, and you will be at no loss to explain the peculiarity, which, more than any other, goes both to characterise and to ennoble the philosophy of Newton. What I allude to is the precious combination of its strength and of its modesty. On the one hand, what greater evidence of the strength, than the fulfilment of that mighty enterprise, by which the heavens have been made its own, and the mechanism of unnumbered worlds has been brought within the grasp of the human understanding? Now, it was by walking in the light of sound and competent evidence, that all this was accomplished. It was by the patient, the strenuous, the unfaltering application of the legitimate instruments of discovery. It was by touching that which was tangible, and looking to that which was visible, and computing that which was measurable, and, in one word, by making a right and a reasonable use of all that proof which the field of nature around us has brought within the limit of sensible observation. This is the arena in which the modern philosophy has won all her victories, and fulfilled all her wondrous achievements, and reared all her proud and enduring monuments, and gathered all her magnificent trophies to that power of intellect, with which the hand of a bounteous Heaven has so richly gifted the constitution of our species.

"But, on the other hand, go beyond the limits of sensible observation, and, from that moment, the genuine disciples of this enlightened school cast all their confidence and all their intrepidity away from them. Keep them on the firm ground of experiment, and none more bold and more decisive in their announcements of all that they have evidence for—but, off this ground, none more humble, or more cautious of any thing like positive announcements than they. They choose neither to know, nor to believe, nor to assert, where evidence is wanting, and they will sit with all the patience of a scholar to his task, till they have found it. They are utter strangers to that haughty confidence, with which some philosophers of the day sport their plausibilities of unauthorised speculation, and by which, unmindful of the limit that separates the region of sense from the region of conjecture, they make their blind and their impetuous inroads into a province which does not belong to them. There is one object to which the exercised mind of a true Newtonian disciple is more familiarized than this limit, and it serves as a boundary by which he shapes, and bounds, and regulates all the enterprises of his philosophy. All the space which lies within this limit, he cultivates to the uttermost; and it is by such successive labours, that every year which rolls over the world is witnessing some new contribution to experimental science, and adding to the solidity and aggrandisement of this wonderful fabric. But, if true to their own principle, then, in reference to the forbidden ground, which lies without this limit, those very men who, on the field of warranted exertion, evinced all the hardihood and vigour of a full-grown understanding, show, on every subject where the light of evidence is withheld from them, all the modesty of children. They give you positive opinion only when they have indisputable proof; but when they have no such proof, then they have no such opinion. The single principle of their respect to truth, secures their homage for every one position where the evidence of truth is present, and, at the same time, begets an entire diffidence about every one position from which this evidence is disjoined. And thus you may understand, how the first man in the accomplishments of philosophy, which the world ever saw, sat at the book of nature, in the humble attitude of its interpreter and its pupil—how all the docility of conscious ignorance threw a sweet and softening lustre around the radiance even of his most splendid discoveries; and, while the flippancy of a few superficial acquirements is enough to place a philosopher of the day on the pedestal of his fancied elevation, and to vest him with an assumed lordship over the whole domain of natural and revealed knowledge, I cannot forbear to do honour to the unpretending greatness of Newton, than whom I know not if there ever lighted on the face of our world, one in the character of whose admirable genius so much force and so much humility were more attractively blended."

The other passage, on a still more exalted subject, and in a strain scarcely inferior, is by Maturin:—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"Thus dependent are we always on the love of our species; and yet how valueless, hollow, and perishing, is their love, compared to that with which God hath loved the world! Man's love is always selfish: they love us for what they get, or hope they may get, by us; for their passion, for their pride, for their interest; for their comfort—no matter for what, *for themselves always*. But God, the infinite God, for what can he love us, but from the infinite benignity of his nature? If ten thousand worlds of beings like us were created and annihilated in two successive moments, it could neither add to nor diminish his glory. He is infinitely happy in himself—he is infinitely glorious in his own perfections—if he deign to love us, his love is disinterested—for to us he owes nothing, and from us what can he receive?

"Again, the love of our fellow-creatures is temporal. However tender or fervent the ties we form here, whether the bonds of nature or of passion hold us, we know that there is a hand approaching that must break them—a hand whose touch nothing can resist. Parents must quit the fruit of their bodies, partners the beloved of their souls; whatever we take to have and to hold is dust in the hand that grasps it. Death stands by, a terrible witness to every mortal engagement, and decides on its termination at the moment we decide on its certainty. But there, where mortal love ends, and forever, there the love of God begins: it begins in eternity,

and never will end. *There*, on the very verge of that stage where all human relations leave us,—where wife and child cannot follow us, except by their tears,—there the love of God meets us, and meets us, unlike theirs, never to part. Well may the dying Christian, at any period of existence, apply to himself the words of the Psalmist, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then God taketh me up!' He does indeed take us up where those who love us best must leave us, and where we must part with them.

"Lastly, human love is mutable, founded on circumstances; it will change with those circumstances, whose change is incessant and proverbial. Those who love us for their own pleasure will fly the moment their degrading motive is suspended, and it may be suspended within the hour. Those who love us for their interest will fly, perhaps, still sooner. All is mutability in human attachments; disease, misfortune, accident *may*,—time certainly *will*, cool the warmest heart, and make what we lean on for support through life, feel like the reed beneath the touch,—we trust to it and it bends. But this cannot be the case with the love of God: in life, passion may betray us; nature may fail us; man may desert us; man *will*, but God *will not*. With him is 'no variableness, neither shadow of turning!' It is his gracious declaration, that he hath so loved, and he 'cannot lie, and will not repent:' 'God is not a man, that he should repent.'

"Many more differences occur between the love of God to us, and that which our fellow-creatures may bear. Many may love us, and want the power to show it. The cold 'God help you!' that we give to sufferings that we do not feel, and do not mean to relieve, and the warm 'I wish I could help you,' are equally ineffectual. They express something, no doubt, but they produce nothing; and they are probably those who wish us best, who can, by the necessities of life, do least for us. But this can never be the case with Him in whose hands the earth and all its creatures are as 'the dust in the balance, or the drop in the bucket,' who can give, and who can 'let him?' who cannot want the power, and does not want the will, to bless us, and who will withhold from his people no 'manner of thing that is good.' Our fellow-creatures may love us to our injury; and the expression of the best feelings of our nature may be so perverted by prejudice, error, and accident, as to have upon us all the effects of the very worst. Affection may impel some to treat us with injudicious and importunate severity, and thus alienate the confidence it would have conciliated, and aggravate and confirm the faults it would remove. Affection still oftener prompts us to treat its objects with indiscriminate indulgence; flattering their passions, palliating their errors, and exaggerating their characters; and the most deadly hatred could scarcely give a more deadly proof of its enmity than this. But the love of God, which has solely our good for its beneficent object, can never mislead us, or dishonour Him. Secured by the immensity of his infinite perfections, no error can shade his vision, no cloud can intercept or distort the rays of his descending mercy. He cannot err, and will not deceive. Thus infinitely glorious in its nature, extent, and operations, is that attribute of the Divine character of which our text speaks. It has infinite power to display it, infinite beneficence to direct it,—the soul is its object, and eternity the limit of its action."

Whilst we have unquestionably given the palm of superior eloquence to the nine pieces we have mentioned, we have no intention of slighting the merits of many of the other quotations in this volume, which, though less striking in point of eloquence, contain many sound principles, and much important instruction. On the whole, we can safely recommend this book as an excellent pocket companion for the student of theology.

The Edinburgh Musical Album. Edited by Geo. Linley, Esq. author of the "Songs of the Trobadore," "They say my Love is Dead," &c. With an engraving of Miss Eliza Paton. Edinburgh. Published by John Lothian, 41, St Andrew Square. 1829.

THE natural history and uses of the Album seem to have been overlooked by philosophers; wherefore, before proceeding to notice the work before us, we shall speak of Albums in general. Our first remark is, that we have an affection for Albums. They form an essential feature of the female character, and mingle, more or less, with the experience of every man who has come to years of penmanship and rhyme. They are admirable correctives of botanical tendencies in one sex, and a fertile source of tea-table immortality to accomplished items of the other, who know nothing, and therefore versify. They are a sort of tabular index of a lady's establishment of beaux, blushes, smiles, and ringlets; and are, therefore, as eagerly displayed at morning visits as the multitude of past calling-cards and the gold watch on the Pembroke table. They are, moreover, able auxiliaries to tea-meetings; and supply the best excuse of retiring from the piano-forte, when the tympanum might suffer by a longer residence in that quarter of the room. They are important, likewise, as the only authentic record of the aggregate quantity of manuscript nonsense floating about the world in detached portions; and they are of still greater utility in a political and constitutional view,—inasmuch as they afford a safety-valve for the immense pressure of human folly in the British dominions, which, if too long pent up, might evaporate in speeches like O'Connell's, or in Registers à la Cobbett. Such is the character of Albums in general; and if they should occasionally be converted into receptacles for the reset of stolen wares, still the benefits they produce would more than atone for the petty larceny they encourage, even if morocco bindings and gilt leaves had not already placed them above all criticism and censure. Once or twice, indeed, we have met with a specimen that differed widely from the characteristics we have just enumerated,—a sort of "*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*" For the sake of the curious, we shall describe one of them. It was neither so large as a family Bible, nor so small as that edition of Shakspeare which ensures ophthalmia in three hours' reading; it was of medium dimensions—such as might find accommodation in a muff, without giving the world suspicion of a turkey. The binding owed nothing to the gilder, and the leaves but little: both were too neat to be ornamental, and ornament would have been out of place; for it was one of those simple tokens of domestic affection which Christmas affords kind brothers an opportunity of bestowing. The contributors and contents, however, were the points in which it chiefly contrasted with common Albums. Instead of being an eleemosynary tax on the poetical penury of medical students and embryo clergymen,—they, together with all promising young men who feign, by implication, a connexion with some magazine, were carefully excluded. The consequence was, that, although the little volume was soon filled, it contained nothing about the moon,—or mermaids, who act as their own hairdressers,—or golden hearts,—or imprudent nightingales, who marry roses before they are able to provide for a family,—or sunny feelings,—or any other amiable modification of the unintelligible into which an unoffending alphabet and the King's English may be tortured. The compositions on its pages, if not entirely Byronic, were at least original; and although we could scarcely advise our publisher to purchase them for 7s. 6d. a-line, they derived, from certain scenes, friendships, and associations, an interest for a select few, that answered the purposes of private copyright just as well. If the reader has followed us attentively through this disquisition, he will

perceive that the Album public or nonsensical differeth from the Album private or interesting, as the possessor of the one from the possessor of the other; and since, as we showed at the outset, the Album is, in all cases, an infallible criterion of the female character, it necessarily follows, that the proprietor of the one last described is the most delightful creature in Edinburgh, or on earth. Q. E. D. in this first section of our Review.

Notwithstanding the singular profundity of these remarks, the reader may be inclined to ask what relation they have to a volume of Music, published by John Lothian, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, and entered at Stationers' Hall. We boldly answer,—none earthly;—but then it is the first duty of a critic to ascertain the title of the book he is about to review; and the second, to bring the sum-total of his erudition, to show that he is fully aware of the import of that title. We have done so;—and if these our preliminary observations have no imaginable bearing on the work reviewed, or on what follows, the blame is attributable exclusively to those, who place a title-page at the beginning of a volume, (where it could not possibly escape an editorial eye,)—and who, moreover, select a title, that has just as little to do with the work it precedes, as with the Book of Jasher, or Haydn's Sinfonics. Neither in its etymology or acceptation, does Album signify seventy-seven engraved pages of overtures, songs, polaccas, and waltzes,—and we hold the appellation to be as clearly a misnomer, as if prefixed to a new edition of the Byzantine Historians. We should be sorry, however, to push this objection; for we can forgive a misapplication of biblical nomenclature, to which is annexed such very fair specimens of composition, in the same manner as we can appreciate not the less the virtues of so good a fellow as Morgan ap Evans, although, according to Cambrian genealogy, his papa's name was Evan Morgan. We have urged this point, because very few persons, except those who are acquainted with the freaks in Book Baptism, can have any conception of the contents of this said Album from the title-page. It is a collection of music, instrumental and vocal; partly original, and partly selected;—the selections consisting of Scotch and Welsh airs. The instrumental pieces are for the piano-forte, and consist of an overture, two waltzes, and a polacca. Of these, the overture is the cleverest,—which, had the subject been more steadily adhered to, would have been a very creditable composition. We must say, however, that our ideas of an overture are at utter variance with any thing like an elaboration of eight pages of musical notes, which, having no subsequent subjects of which they form the epitome, cannot be reduced to that class of composition. It has always been looked upon as one of the greatest merits of poor Weber's overture to the Freischutz, that it embodied a brief snatch, or abstract, of the principal airs and characters of the ensuing scenes; and even in those more lawless efforts of modern musicians, it has been held indispensable that the overture should contain, at least, some relation to the character of the scenes, if not to the melodies, of the drama. Mr Linley's overture, however, is very fair; and if played, as we have heard it, with a flute assisting the piano, has a good effect. Some might quarrel with the harmony towards the end of page fourth; but we know that authorities, if not rules, might be quoted for it. The waltzes are good enough as waltzes go: one of them, page thirty-seventh, is not a bad dancing tune; although, we daresay, it would cost some trouble to any other than a votary of Terpsichore to discover the precise value of such a term as "tempo di waltz." Of the vocal airs—sixteen in number—eight are original, six Scotch, one Welsh, and one Portuguese. For the original melodies, as well as for the poetry of the volume,—so far as we can gather from the advertisement,—we are indebted to the editor, Mr Linley, who is already known to the public as the author of the "Songs of a Trobadore,' &c. Of these airs, our favourite is, "Oh! would I were a boy again!" The others have talent and cleverness of a certain description,—and in "Slumber, slumber," there is a particularly good harmonic point; but, although not one whit inferior to the great bulk of popular songs that now issue from the press, they are not sufficiently original and distinctive in character, to be classed with the higher productions of the vocal muse. We must say, however, that Mr Linley has improved most rapidly and apparently, since he last appeared as an author, and would perhaps appear to still greater advantage were he to forego a little of what some may think pedantry of modulation in certain cases, but which we set down as the anxious, though sometimes ineffectual effort, to walk according to rule. Of the arrangement of the selected melodies, "'Tis now the May-day morning," is the best; and that of the Portuguese air, harmonized as a duett, is perhaps the most indifferent. A second, moving in thirds and fifths, with almost no intermission, is the most tiresome of all things. In any new set of Scotch airs—so often have they been adapted—every arranger finds himself necessitated to make some apology for his *rifaciamento;* Mr Linley's has some reason in it:—"A considerable proportion of them (our Scotch airs,) have been modelled by foreigners, who, although great and unrivalled in the art of song, were necessarily unacquainted with the peculiar idiom and phraseology, if we may so call it, of our music. It is not surprising, therefore, that something of the true spirit of our indigenous airs has been lost, and that their native wild and beautiful simplicity, which, from difference of national associations, did not sound like perfection in the ear of foreigners, have [*has*] been sacrificed to the more difficult and complex imaginations of a foreign school." To restore these purged melodies to their aboriginal purity, is the end Mr Linley proposes; and although we cannot, in every case, speak in the highest terms of his symphonies, we grant that when we have had an opportunity of consulting former arrangements, he has adhered to his text.

We are glad to see a musical speculation of this kind undertaken here. The ablest musical Journal in Britain very recently declared that we had among us an amateur, who could make the best of English Professional musicians look to their laurels; and we are anxious to encourage, as far as in us lies, any spirit of enterprise that may elicit in that, or in any other quarter, the talent that only wants an opportunity of display to shine forth. We, therefore, recommend the work to our readers, not as a finished or first-rate performance, but as one on which they may expend their money to more profit, than on one-half of the trash that at present possesses a monopoly of the Orchestra and of the Stage. To such as are fond of pictorial embellishments, we may add, that the volume contains a portrait of Miss Eliza Paton, one of the cleverest singers that Edinburgh at present possesses. The following are the words of one of the airs:—

O bonny blooms the hawthorn tree,
By Yarrow's banks so gay,
And blithely hums the roving bee
Around the flowers of May;
But fairer blooms the bonny, bonny broom,
Where Leader gently flows;
More dear to me the sound of home,
And my loved Cowdenknows!
O! the broom, the bonny, bonny broom!

In vain to me 'mong leafy bowers
I hear the wild birds sing;
In vain to me the breathing flowers,
And all the sweets of spring;
In vain to me the hawthorn's bloom,
Or dewy scented rose,—
My heart is with the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows!
O! the broom! the bonny, bonny broom!

Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, A. M., late Missionary to Palestine from the American Board of Missions. By Alvan Bond. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829. Pp. 399.

To the general reader this volume opens with but little promise of interest; and, before he has proceeded far, he meets with the following to us inexplicable passage—"In the summer of 1807, *it being a season of general stupidity among Christians*, I indulged myself in sin with less restraint than I had ever done before." What Mr Fisk means by the summer of 1807 being a season of stupidity in the Christian world, is left for his readers to interpret. This, however, is only a stumbling-block at the outset;—we soon come to matter more attractive, perfumed with a spirit of ardent and honest piety, in the course of which we are informed of the stern and upright method of self-examination pursued by Mr Fisk, previous to entering upon his missionary labours.

Mr Fisk's description of "the Isles of Greece" is faithful as it is melancholy. He resided in Smyrna during the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and relates, with a simple and unadorned fidelity, the revolting scenes of wanton butchery and oppression of which he was a spectator; but while his account of the sufferings and the injuries which have destroyed the glories and corrupted the spirit of the inhabitants of a classic land, must awaken sympathy and excite indignation, the uniform urbanity and courtesy shown to him and his fellow-travellers, as being under English protection, by the subjects and officers of the Ottoman Empire, should soften our asperity towards a people who, with all their sins, are also sinned against.

Mr Fisk's account of his visit to the seven churches—his residence in Malta—Egypt—Journey through the wilderness—and in Palestine, are given in a plain, honest, unaffected manner, blending successfully amusement with historical information and genuine piety. On Jerusalem he makes the following observations:—

"We have viewed Jerusalem from different stations, have walked around it and within it, and have stood on the Mount of Olives, with Josephus's description of it in our hands, trying to discover the hills and valleys as laid down by him near 1800 years ago; and, after all our research, we compare Jerusalem to a beautiful person whom we have not seen for many years, and who has passed through a great variety of changes and misfortunes, which have caused the rose on her cheeks to fade, the flesh to consume away, and her skin to become dry and withered, and have covered her face with the wrinkles of age; but who still retains some general features by which we recognise her as the person who used to be the delight of the circle in which she moved. Such is the present appearance of this holy city, which was once 'the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth.'"

In these memoirs will be found the Christian experience and travels of a young, but a good man. We have already said, it is a plain and unpretending work,—and while it possesses nothing that is splendid or powerful, it contains much that is profitable for edification, information, and amusement.

Memoir of the Rev. John Brown, late Professor of Divinity, under the Associate Synod, and Minister of the Gospel, Haddington. A new edition, corrected and enlarged, by the Rev. John Brown, Whitburn. Berwick. Thomas Melrose. 1828.

The Butterfly. By Mrs Sherwood, author of "Little Henry and his Bearer," &c. Berwick. Thomas Melrose. 1829.

We have classed these two little works together, though the only connexion they have with each other is, that they are both printed at Berwick, in a style of neatness which reflects much credit on the provincial press of that town. The Life of the Rev. John Brown, well known as the author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," the "Dictionary of the Bible," and many other religious works, is an interesting memoir of a pious and diligent Christian.—"The Butterfly," by Mrs Sherwood, is an excellent story for children, by an authoress who has already distinguished herself as an amiable and useful instructress of youth.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

FEVER IN EDINBURGH.

[We are happy to be able to present our readers with the following information on this interesting subject, and to promise occasional notices of a similar description from the same pen.]

During the last two months a fever has been prevailing epidemically in the New Town of this city, and has, we fear, in many families, converted the usual merry-making time of Christmas into a season of painful suspense and anxiety. Since the cold weather has, however, set in, its progress has been arrested, and we are happy to state it is now rapidly disappearing. It is remarkable that this epidemic has prevailed almost exclusively among the higher orders of society, and particularly in those spacious and airy streets which have generally been considered free from the dangers of that miasm—a contagious effluvium, which is so universally dreaded in those narrow and dirty parts of the town where the poorer classes herd together in small ill-ventilated apartments, in which poverty and wretchedness too frequently aggravate all the calamities of disease. The reverse was the case in the epidemic of 1826 and 1827; during nine months of which period as many as 1570 poor patients were admitted with fever into the Royal Infirmary and Queensberry-house.

The present epidemic has most commonly assumed an inflammatory character, although in many cases the danger seems to have been apprehended from extreme exhaustion, several of those affected having, in the course of a few days, experienced so much debility as to render their recovery exceedingly tedious and lingering. In all cases, indeed, the disease has been very uncertain in its progress, and the time of its crisis. In some instances, especially those in which the head has been much affected, it has been excessively rapid, and the critical day frequently happened as early as the third, fifth, or seventh day; but where the chest has become affected in the progress of the disease, it has run on to the twentieth, twenty-fifth, or even thirtieth day, without any alarming symptom supervening, or any change for the better being manifest. Here it may be remarked, that critical days are now scarcely attended to by the physician, for, since a more bold and active practice has been introduced in fever, they have varied so continually as to render it impossible to calculate on them. Dr Welsh, who paid considerable attention to this subject, when superintendent of the Fever-hospital, remarks, that out of 743 cases, 467 terminated on critical, 181 on non-critical days, and in 95 the precise day could not be known: 129 terminated on the seventh alone; but, on the other hand, in 34 cases which proved fatal, 10 only fell on the critical, 22 on the non-critical days, and in 2 the day could not be ascertained. On the whole, it may be observed, that every variety has been manifested in the period of the occurrence of critical days, more especially in the present epidemic.

Considering the extent to which this epidemic has

prevailed, we are happy to say that few cases have terminated unfavourably; and it may be here interesting to remark, that people living in large well-ventilated houses, and surrounded by all the luxuries of life, do not appear to pass through a milder form of fever than those poorer orders, who, in miserable and dirty hovels, endure, even in sickness, every possible privation. Hence, Professor Alison, whose experience in fever has been extensive, and who is one of the highest authorities in the medical world, observes, "That persons habitually living in spacious and well-ventilated rooms, would have fever in an aggravated form if confined in close and dirty rooms, is very probable; but those accustomed to inhabit the miserable, ill-aired, and dirty parts of the town, appear to pass through fever in their own houses, with some difference, indeed, in the symptoms, but in general as favourably as those who are removed to Hospitals." He also adds, "And the fact deserves particular attention, that cases previously mild have taken a decidedly unfavourable turn on being removed to the hospital in the second week of the disease, and such removal later than the *eighth* day is never advisable."

Here it may be asked, whether the present epidemic is, or has been, contagious; and the reply to such query must be given somewhat conditionally, as a sweeping negative or affirmative assertion will not apply to all the cases that occur. "We cannot doubt," says Dr Bateman, "that a great number of the cases of fever which appear during an epidemic season, are entirely independent of contagion for their origin;" and Dr Armstrong also observes, "The result of my inquiries is, that I believe *malaria* to be the primary source of what is called Typhus Fever." There cannot be any doubt that the origin of the epidemic fevers may frequently be referred to such local causes. Thus, at the time when the great plague of London occurred, the streets were narrow—the houses high and irregular—every free current of air was interrupted—every kind of dirt allowed to lie in the streets,—the drains were choked up, and the atmosphere was constantly loaded with mephitic exhalations. Accordingly, all kinds of diseases prevailed among the inhabitants, and even the cattle in the vicinity of the town, the autumn before the plague broke out, died in numbers. At length the fatal calamity commenced its ravages, and so terrible a scene of desolation ensued, that in the page of history it seems rather like the exaggerated fictions of a romance, than the representation of a scene which thousands of our fellow-creatures lived to witness. Dr Caën mentions, that in the 17th century, the mortality from agues in London was such, that the living could hardly bury the dead. Even in Edinburgh, before the draining of the North Loch, intermittent fever was the prevailing disease, and frequently baffled the remedies of art; whereas now, this form of fever, though occasionally occurring, is exceedingly rare.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the late epidemic derived its origin from some peculiar condition of the atmosphere, attributable solely to the season of the year. We know several instances of individuals who became affected simultaneously, without ever having had any interview or communication with persons previously affected. It has, moreover, frequently been confined to a single member of a family, without spreading among those in the habit of visiting, either occasionally or frequently, the bed-side of the afflicted. These remarks are applicable, however, solely to the form of the *present* epidemic; nor do we deny the possibility, in cases of low typhoid fever, of some effluvia being generated by the diseased condition of the human body, which may impregnate the surrounding atmosphere, and, being inhaled into the system of another person, be capable of producing a similar disease. Several cases in confirmation of such a supposition, have occurred to us; and as the subject is one of considerable interest, we may return to it at some future period.

INTRODUCTION OF AN ORGAN INTO A PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—To many of your country readers, and to not a few, perhaps, even of your town readers, it may not be uninteresting to receive some account of the first introduction of instrumental music into a Presbyterian place of worship.

Having learned that the Rev. Mr Johnston, minister of the Relief Chapel in Roxburgh Place, had received the consent of his congregation to the admission of an organ, I resolved to witness the commencement of this bold innovation upon the severe limits affixed by ancient prejudice,—his pleasing proof of the progress made by true liberality and sound good-feeling. In the anticipation of a crowd, I went to the chapel early on Sunday last; and had consequently an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the audience as they entered. Rarely have I been more gratified than I then was, by the strong sense of propriety which they displayed. One brief glance directed to the gallery, where the handsome organ was stationed, was all; and each glided quietly to his respective seat, awaiting with calmness and decorum the sacred services of the day. I was pleased to observe that there were few strangers present, and still fewer of the congregation absent. The heart of the people of Scotland, thought I, is yet where it ought to be. Deeply, truly, do they feel that the house of God is not a place to which they may crowd for the mere gratification of idle curiosity. Enlarged and liberal views may induce them to re-adopt those instrumental adjuncts of devotion, used by holy men of old, and only thrown aside when troublous times roused men's feelings into angry opposition; but still do they feel that the service of God is a subject far too solemn for trifling and amusement.

At length, when the church was well-filled by a most respectable congregation, the Rev. Clergyman entered and assumed his place. With great good taste and judgment, he selected the 100th Psalm for the commencement of the service. I felt perfectly secure of the result. He finished reading,—the organ struck the key-note,—the congregation stood up, and at once the precentor and the instrument began that grave and noble tune, consecrated to the heart of every true son of Scotland, by a thousand recollections of the times when it was sung by our brave and good ancestors in far other scenes and days,—on wide waste heaths, or in the depth of lonely glens, accompanied by nature's own mighty music, the hoarse roar of the white descending cataract, or the shrill wail of the viewless mountain breeze. The whole audience sung as one man; and as the organist had judiciously pitched the instrument low, it led but did not overpower their voice. I have listened with rapturous delight to the deep-pealing organs in the cathedrals of York and Westminster, and in the mighty dome of huge St Paul's, but never did I feel my whole soul so much borne aloft in holy ecstasy, as when based upon the sacred hymn poured forth from many fervent human hearts. At the conclusion of the psalm, I again looked round me; and either my eyes deceived me, or every face was brightened with a purer glow,—radiant with a heart-felt satisfaction, and prepared to join with deeper and more earnest fervour in the sacred services of the place and day.

It were tedious repetition to be equally minute in de-

scribing the other psalms that were sung during the progress of divine worship. Suffice it to say, that the tunes were, with equal taste and judgment, all selected from among those old and venerated melodies, which can never be listened to, nor sung, but with feelings of deep solemnity. Nor was the effect impaired by having them ushered in by any gaudy prelude, or concluded by any high-wrought but unmeaning *finale*. All was plain, simple, impressive; and at the dismissal of the congregation I mingled among them, but saw not one dissatisfied countenance, nor heard one word which even hinted disapprobation.

Thus have I with unmixed delight beheld what I longed, but scarcely dared to hope for—the introduction of instrumental music into a Scottish Church. Let us hope that the example will be immediately and universally followed. The barriers of ancient prejudice, so long deemed impregnable, have been broken through, and no calamity has followed: let none be any longer dreaded. Shall the established church permit herself to remain behind her more rigid sister? I trust she will not. I trust ere long to hear in all her temples the praises of the Almighty sung as by David of old, the sweet psalmist of Israel, at once with the heart, the lips, and every fitting accompaniment, which may tend to elevate into sublimer rapture the holy song of true and pure devotion.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient, &c.
X. Y. Z.

EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 20, 1829.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. III.

IF I were to be terrified by omens, I should defer this letter to some more auspicious day. Since yesterday morning up to this hour, twelve at noon, London has been enveloped in a shroud of fog, black and pungent as the smoke of its sea-coal. That glorious canopy, the sky, is as cheerless as the close of an ill-spent life; and the dim figures traversing the streets appear to the oppressed fancy like the hope-abandoned souls seen by Vathek, hurrying to and fro in the hall of Eblis. In the churches and the shops, the glimmering of tapers (we do not speak it profanely) has ill atoned for the absent light of heaven. Within the last ten minutes, a dull circle of fire has appeared in that part of the firmament where the sun ought to be; and by its aid I endeavour to address you.

You may possibly wish to hear a little about the Colosseum, of which the newspapers have said so much. When completed—which, for lack of funds, I fear it will not be for many months—the Colosseum will gratify visitors of every age. It was a daring adventure in the pleasant little man who projected it, and who has brought it to its present state of forwardness; and upon that very ground it bids fair, in the end, to remunerate him amply. There is, most decidedly, no place of amusement in or near London, to rival this as laid down in Mr Hornor's plan, to which it is rapidly approximating. His hope of an immediate return is chiefly derived from the subscriptions to the Club, the rooms for which constitute a leading division of the buildings. One of these I consider very fine; it is about a hundred feet in length. I stood beside a pane of the crown glass intended for its windows, and seeing it overtop me, inquired its altitude; the answer was seven feet. Hornor's ideas are magnificent, and it were a pity that they should be circumscribed for want of the wherewithal. The Club will, I understand, have the support of high rank and fashion. The principal novelty in its constitutional arrangements will be, permission to every member to introduce two ladies.

Last week brought forth a new play at Drury, a new musical drama at Covent Garden, and a translated opera at the ultra-fluminal Surrey. The play, miscalled a tragedy, is entitled "*Caswallon.*" It was fathered by a Mr Walker, author of "*Wallace,*"—although both the living and the dead possess a share in its fraternity; the claim, however, is not worth contending. The piece is a sluggish melo-drama; and after delighting the swinish multitude for sundry nights, will quietly be gathered to its kind. The Covent Garden novelty was splendidly produced, and fairly acted; but not one note of the "*Nymph of the Grotto*" will ever reach popularity. The Surrey affair, originally French, music and all, is an agreeable trifle, under the attractive suburban title of "*My Old Woman.*" Laporte and a French company are drawing fashionable audiences to the English Opera-house. Laporte is the chief favourite among the male performers, and Jenny Colon, a vivacious and clever girl, is the flower of the actresses. A powerful auxiliary is expected in the person of Jenny Vertpré, for whom, it is said, Coulaincourt Duc de Vicenza entertained a particular respect.

The whispers in the literary circles are hardly worth echoing. The proprietors of annuals are all agog about the illustrations for next year. Some of the leaders contemplate improvement in the literary department, and what is exceedingly sensible, speak of a higher price for authorship. Allan Cunningham is at work upon the lives of British painters and sculptors, for Murray's Biographical Series. This is a most suitable employment for Allan's judgment, experience, and honesty. I believe he has Hogarth now in hands. I would spend more praises on Cunningham, did I not think him guilty of a similar offence to that for which the countryman voted banishment to Aristides—*every body praises him.*

This is a long epistle, and I fear a dull one—but think of the atmosphere, and for this time forgive me.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DESOLATE.

By Henry G. Bell.

I.

THE mark of Cain is on my brow,
And in my soul a deeper curse,
And 'tis with scorn that even now
I weave my feelings into verse;
For what has verse with them to do?
Or why should song of mine reveal
Thoughts foreign to the vulgar crew,
Who yelp round genius' chariot wheel?

II.

Yet gushingly the song rolls on;—
The tale of passion and of guilt
Assumes, untaught, a loftier tone,
And on the page, like blood-drops spilt,
The fierce words glare before mine eyes,
And bounds my pulse, and throbs my brain;
And in my ears a deep voice cries—
"The past! the past!—it comes again!"

III.

I tell not of *her* peerless charms,—
By me—by all—their spell was felt;
They could have roused a world to arms,
And round her conquerors would have knelt:
I tell not of the queenlike grace
Endiademed upon her brow;
Why waste weak words?—I *see* her face,—
O God! it shines upon me now!

IV.

And what was I?—In outward form
An abject and a vulgar thing;
For o'er me, like a darkening storm,
Pale ugliness sat gibbering;
And if the mind within redeemed
Its outer case—its worthless shrine—
They knew it not,—it never gleamed
Thro' features so deformed as mine.

V.

Yet there were moments, fraught with pride,
When I have felt my inward power;
And walked erect with haughty stride,
As if bold beauty was my dower;
And often, with a glistening eye,
"Shall mind," I taught myself to say,
"A portion of eternity,
Bow down before the idol clay?"

VI.

'Twas well;—they own'd my mental might;
Yet not the less they pass'd me by;
Or when I join'd their revels light,
They look'd with cold averted eye:—
All except *her*,—*she* sought me out;
She ever met me with a smile;—
Heaven! how I scorn'd the rabble rout,
Whom I had envied so erewhile!

VII.

True—true—most true! I dared not think,
But wildly drank the poisoning cup;
I stood upon the dizzy brink,
And gave myself to madness up.
Oh! never mortal loved as I!
Love! 'tis a word profaned and vain;
It was a rapturous agony—
'Twas burning tears that fell like rain.

VIII.

But did *she* love me?—Does the sun
Love the base worm its heat brings forth?
Could *she*—the bright—the glorious one—
On me bestow—(by Heaven! there's mirth—
A horrid mirth in such a thought!)
On *me* bestow her world of light,
With all its starry glories fraught,—
On *me*,—a thing of hopeless night?

IX.

'Twas only *pity!*—Burst my brain!
That damning thought! she *pitied* me!
The common boon each wretch might gain,
Was all that she had given to me!
'Twas charity—ay, call it *that*—
In charity her smiles she gave,
As bounty to the beggar's brat,
Whom gold from penury may save!

X.

She loved *another!*—They were wed.
I saw the bridal train, and stood
A breathing corpse—a form of lead.
They left me to my solitude.—
I started wildly from my trance,
In handfuls tore away my hair,
And taking for my god blind chance,
I wander'd forth—I know not where.

XI.

My life became a feverish dream;—
I think I sought a foreign land,
And saw strange faces round me gleam,
And join'd an outlaw's roaming band:
I got inured to scenes of blood,
Yet can I not remember how;
Upon my mind there fell a cloud,
And that same cloud is on it now.

XII.

I've sat on rocks alone at night,
And howl'd to every wind that blew;
I've pray'd that there might fall a blight
Upon my head, instead of dew.
I've made my haunt with desert beasts,
And loved to see their gory fangs;
I've mingled with them at their feasts,
And watch'd their victims' dying pangs.

XIV.

Years passed, and left with me no track,
Save such as marks uncertain dreams;
At length it chanced I wander'd back,
And look'd and saw my native streams.
I saw *her* house!—the setting sun
Had bathed it in a holy calm;
My mood was changed; and one by one
Thoughts stole into my heart like balm.

XV.

I ventured near. Beneath a tree
A sad and grey-hair'd man I spied;
I named *her* name:—"Alas!" said he,
"Scarce three hours since my lady died!"
I look'd and trembled; but to me
There was no meaning in his words;
Dead! No! that horror could not be,—
I caught the voice of singing birds!

XVI.

Unquestioned and unquestioning,
The house I entered, and I heard
Nought but a hushed low whispering,
That scarce the solemn silence marr'd.
I walk'd at once into the room—
The awful room in which she lay;—
I found her ready for the tomb,—
I knelt beside the stiffen'd clay.

XVII.

Tempt me no more—I dare not write—
I might blaspheme the earth and sky;
They buried her—I saw the sight—
I know that she is dead—and I—
A crazed, bewildered man, live on,—
My life a vision—heaven a dream—
The soul a mist—the heart a stone—
Away! things are not what they seem!

THE

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OR,

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1829. Vol. xiii. London. Longman and Co. 1829.

BIOGRAPHY is the connecting link between the living and the dead. When a great man dies, nearly all that the survivors can do for him is to write and read his Memoirs. If he has left behind him in his works the picture of a great and original mind, it is not unlikely that even posterity may take an interest in his sayings and doings, and feel anxious to acquire something like the personal acquaintance which was enjoyed by his contemporaries. Nor is this simply the gratification of an idle curiosity. The future must in all cases be guided by the past; and when the map of the lives of those who have preceded us is spread out before us for our examination, it is more than likely that it may teach us to avoid many of the dangers which surround ourselves, and enable us to arrive, by a directer road, at the great objects to which we tend. Few, perhaps, peruse the details of Biography with this avowed purpose; but this is the effect which they are calculated, imperceptibly, to produce, and which gives them a moral importance as well as a temporary interest.

The work before us, which has now existed for thirteen years, is conducted on extremely proper principles, and with much respectability. Its design is to furnish Memoirs of all the most celebrated persons who have died within the past year, which Memoirs shall embrace a statement of the leading events of their lives; and, if their pursuits were literary, an account of their principal productions. To the longer biographies, a general alphabetical list is added of all persons of any note who have died within the specified time. The materials from which the Editors compile their information are either such private documents as may be transmitted to them, or such records and statements as the friends of the deceased may have previously given to the world, whether in a separate form, or in the periodical publications of the day. Every attention is paid to the feelings of surviving relatives; and a benevolent wish to say as much good as possible of the dead seems to pervade the work.

The present volume contains twenty-nine full Memoirs, besides a copious Biographical Index, supplying the principal incidents in the lives of several hundreds more. Among those of whom more detailed accounts are given, the most remarkable are the following:—1st, *The Margravine of Anspach*, who was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Berkeley. Her first husband was Lord Craven, whom she divorced, and her second the Margrave of Anspach. This lady acquired a greater share of notoriety than she appears to have been entitled to, by the publication of her own memoirs in 1826, which were penned because they were the production of a person of rank who moved in the first circles, and told anecdotes about them; but which are, in point of fact, little more than a tissue of silliness, egotism, and vanity. 2d, *Dr Mason Good*, of whose life so very full an account has been recently published by his friend, Dr Olinthus Gregory. Dr Good was an industrious and worthy man. His medical works are infinitely superior to his theological; the utility of the former is likely to give them a permanent value; the latter will, in all probability, perish. 3d, *Lady Caroline Lamb*, a lady of singular genius and eccentric character, whose fate acquires an additional interest from being, to a certain degree, connected with that of the greatest poet of the day, and who, in the course of her life, became intimately acquainted with all the most illustrious persons of England, France, and Italy. Yet it appears very doubtful whether any one of the three works she has left behind her—"Glenarvon," "Graham Hamilton," and "Ada Rheis"—is destined to be long remembered. 4th, *Sir Henry Torrens*, as brave a soldier during war, and as useful a one during peace, as this country ever possessed. 5th, *Captain Clapperton*, one of those numerous and undaunted travellers whom Scotland has sent forth to extend the boundaries of geographical knowledge, and to fall victims to their own enterprising spirit. He died at Sackatoo, in Africa, on the 13th of April 1827. 6th, *Harry Stoe Van Dyk*, an unfriended scholar, with genius enough to make him ambitious of winning for himself a name, but not enough to enable him to achieve his own fortune, and escape from the bitterness of disappointment. We are afraid, he was but one of many who, in the present state of the literary world, may be met with every day, toiling on in an obscurity that is lightened only by the secret lamp burning within their own souls, and over whose untimely fate mankind are ever willing to drop the late and useless tribute of a tear. 7th, *Archdeacon Coxe*, whose numerous Biographical works will long continue to be referred to with no common interest, exhibiting, as they do, so much research, accuracy, and learning. 8th, *The Rev. Legh Richmond*, a useful and notable man in his day and generation. 9th, *Henry Neele*, to whom precisely the same remarks apply as have been made with regard to Van Dyk. 10th, *Her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg*, eldest daughter of George III., a very amiable personage, whose memoirs one reads because she was a queen; and as it is not every day that a queen dies, it is consequently only now and then that we have an opportunity of ascertaining how very dull a life most of them lead. 11th, *General Sir Niel Campbell*, who, at Sierra Leone, whither he had been sent as Governor, closed ingloriously a distinguished military career, and added another argument, if such were needed, in favour of the propriety of allowing that pestilential colony to be howled over by the beasts of the desert. 12th, *The Earl of Liverpool*, a statesman whose name will live on the page of history, and of whose character, moral and intellectual, posterity will be best able to judge. And 13th, *Dugald Stewart*, probably the most illustrious name of all, the memoir

of whose life has been furnished expressly for the "Annual Obituary" from original and authentic sources, and which we shall now proceed, without farther preface, to lay before our readers, as at once the best specimen of the work, and a piece of writing, in itself, highly interesting and instructive:—

DUGALD STEWART, Esq.

Author of "The Philosophy of the Human Mind;" and formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

"Dugald Stewart was the only son who survived the age of infancy, of Dr Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and of Marjory Stewart, daughter of Archibald Stewart, Esq., one of the Writers to the Signet of Scotland. His father, of whom a Biographical Memoir has been given to the public by his distinguished successor in office, the late Mr Playfair, is well known to the literary world as a geometrician of eminence and originality. His mother was a woman remarkable for her good sense, and for great sweetness and kindliness of disposition, and was always remembered by her son with the warmest sentiments of filial affection.

"The object of this brief notice was born in the College of Edinburgh, on the 22d of November, 1753, and his health, during the first period of his life, was so feeble and precarious, that it was with more than the ordinary anxiety and solicitude of parents that his infancy was reared. His early years were spent partly in the house at that time attached to the Mathematical Chair of the University, and partly at Catrine, his father's property in Ayrshire, to which the family regularly removed every summer, when the Academical Session was concluded. At the age of seven, he was sent to the High School, where he distinguished himself by the quickness and accuracy of his apprehension, and where the singular felicity and spirit with which he caught and transfused into his own language the ideas of the classical writers, attracted the particular remark of his instructors.

"Having completed the customary course of education at this seminary, he was entered as a student at the College of Edinburgh. Under the immediate instruction of such a mathematician and teacher as his father, it may readily be supposed that he made an early proficiency in the exact sciences; but the distinguishing bent of his philosophical genius recommended him in a still more particular manner to the notice of Dr Stevenson, then Professor of Logic, and of Dr Adam Ferguson, who filled the Moral Philosophy Chair. In October, 1771, he was deprived of his mother; and he, almost immediately after her death, removed to Glasgow, where Dr Reid was then teaching those principles of metaphysics which it was the great object of his pupil's life to inculcate and to expand.

"After attending one course of lectures at this seat of learning, the prosecution of his favourite studies was interrupted by the declining state of his father's health, which compelled him, in the autumn of the following year, before he had reached the age of nineteen, to undertake the task of teaching the mathematical classes. With what success he was able to fulfil this duty, was sufficiently evinced by the event; for, with all Dr Matthew Stewart's well-merited celebrity, the number of students considerably increased under his son. As soon as he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed assistant and successor to his father, and in this capacity he continued to conduct the mathematical studies in the University, till his father's death, in the year 1785, when he was nominated to the vacant chair.

"Although this continued, however, to be his ostensible situation in the University, his avocations were more varied. In the year 1778, during which Dr Adam Ferguson accompanied the Commissioners to America, he undertook to supply his place in the Moral Philosophy Class; a labour that was the more overwhelming, as he had for the first time given notice, a short time before his assistance was requested, of his intention to add a course of lectures on Astronomy to the two classes which he taught as Professor of Mathematics. Such was the extraordinary fertility of his mind, and the facility with which it adapted its powers to such inquiries, that although the proposal was made to him and accepted on Thursday, he commenced the Course of Metaphysics the following Monday, and continued, during the whole of the season, to think out and arrange in his head in the morning (while walking backwards and forwards in a small garden attached to his father's house in the College), the matter of the lecture of the day. The ideas with which he had thus stored his mind, he poured forth extempore in the course of the forenoon, with an eloquence and a felicity of illustration surpassing in energy and vivacity (as those who have heard him have remarked) the more logical and better-digested expositions of his philosophical views, which he used to deliver in his maturer years. The difficulty of speaking for an hour extempore, every day on a new subject, for five or six months, is not small; but when superadded to the mental exertion of teaching also, daily, two classes of Mathematics, and of delivering, for the first time, a course of lectures on Astronomy, it may justly be considered as a very singular instance of intellectual vigour. To this season he always referred as the most laborious of his life; and such was the exhaustion of the body, from the intense and continued stretch of the mind, that, on his departure for London, at the close of the academical session, it was necessary to lift him into the carriage.

"In the year 1780, he began to receive some young noblemen and gentlemen into his house as pupils, under his immediate superintendence, among whom were to be numbered the late Lord Belhaven, the late Marquis of Lothian, Basil Lord Daer, the late Lord Powerscourt, Mr Muir Mackenzie of Delvin, and the late Mr Henry Glassford. In the summer of 1783, he visited the Continent for the first time, having accompanied the late Marquis of Lothian to Paris; on his return from whence, in the autumn of the same year, he married Helen Bannatine, a daughter of Neil Bannatine, Esq., a merchant in Glasgow.

"In the year 1785, during which Dr Matthew Stewart's death occurred, the health of Dr Ferguson rendered it expedient for him to discontinue his official labours in the University, and he accordingly effected an exchange of offices with Mr Stewart, who was transferred to the Class of Moral Philosophy, while Dr Ferguson retired on the salary of Mathematical Professor. In the year 1787, Mr Stewart was deprived of his wife by death; and, the following summer, he again visited the Continent, in company with the late Mr Ramsay of Barnton.

"These slight indications of the progress of the ordinary occurrences of human life, must suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the connexion of events, up to the period when Mr Stewart entered on that sphere of action in which he laid the foundation of the great reputation which he acquired as a moralist and a metaphysician. His writings are before the world, and from them posterity may be safely left to form an estimate of the excellence of his style of composition—of the extent and variety of his learning and scientific attainments—of the singular cultivation and refinement of his mind—of the purity and elegance of his taste—of his warm relish for moral and for natural beauty—of his enlightened benevolence to all mankind, and of the generous ardour with which he devoted himself to the improvement of the human species—of all of which, while the English language endures, his works will continue to preserve the indelible evidence. But of one part of his fame no me-

morial will remain but in the recollection of those who have witnessed his exertions. As a public speaker, he was justly entitled to rank among the very first of his day; and, had an adequate sphere been afforded for the display of his oratorical powers, his merit in this line alone would have sufficed to secure him an eternal reputation. Among those who have attracted the highest admiration in the senate and at the bar, there are still many living who will bear testimony to his extraordinary eloquence. The ease, the grace, and the dignity of his action; the compass and harmony of his voice, its flexibility and variety of intonation; the truth with which its modulation responded to the impulse of his feelings, and the sympathetic emotions of his audience; the clear and perspicuous arrangement of his matter; the swelling and uninterrupted flow of his periods, and the rich stores of ornament which he used to borrow from the literature of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, and to interweave with his spoken thoughts with the most apposite application, were perfections not any of them possessed in a superior degree by any of the most celebrated orators of the age; nor do I believe that in any of the great speakers of the time, (and I have heard them all,*) they were to an equal extent united. His own opinions were maintained without any overweening partiality; his eloquence came so warm from the heart, was rendered so impressive by the evidence which it bore of the love of truth, and was so free from all controversial acrimony, that what has been remarked of the purity of purpose which inspired the speeches of Brutus, might justly be applied to all that he spoke and wrote; for he seemed only to wish, without further reference to others than a candid discrimination of their errors rendered necessary, simply and ingenuously to disclose to the world the conclusions to which his reason had led him: 'Non malignitate aut invidia, sed simpliciter et ingenue, judicium animi sui detexisse.'

"In 1790, after being three years a widower, he married Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, a daughter of the Hon. Mr George Cranstoun, a union to which he owed much of the subsequent happiness of his life. About this time it would appear to have been that he first began to arrange some of his metaphysical papers with a view to publication. At what period he deliberately set himself to think systematically on these subjects is uncertain. That his mind had been habituated to such reflections from a very early period is sufficiently known. He frequently alluded to the speculations that occupied his boyish, and even his infant thoughts, and the success of his logical and metaphysical studies at Edinburgh, and the Essay on Dreaming, which forms the Fifth Section of the First Part of the Fifth Chapter of the First Volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, composed while a Student at the College of Glasgow in 1772, at the age of eighteen, are proofs of the strong natural bias which he possessed for such pursuits. It is probable, however, that he did not follow out the inquiry as a train of thought, or commit many of his ideas to writing before his appointment in 1785 to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy gave a necessary and steady direction to his investigation of metaphysical truth. In the year 1792 he first appeared before the public as an author, at which time the First Volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind was given to the world. While engaged in this work he had contracted the obligation of writing the Life of Adam Smith, the Author of the Wealth of Nations, and very soon after he had disembarrassed himself of his own labours, he fulfilled the task which he had undertaken—the Biographical Memoir of this eminent man having been read at two several meetings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the months of January and March, 1793.

* I speak of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Windham, and of all those who have been living since their time.

In the course of this year also, he published the Outlines of Moral Philosophy,—a work which he used as a text-book, and which contained brief notices for the use of his students of the subjects which formed the matter of his academical prelections. In March, 1796, he read before the Royal Society his account of the Life and Writings of Dr Robertson, and in 1802 that of the Life and Writings of Dr Reid.

"By these publications alone, he continued to be known as an author till the appearance of his volume of Philosophical Essays in 1810;—a work to which a melancholy interest attaches, in the estimation of his friends, from the knowledge that it was in the devotion of his mind to this occupation that he sought a diversion to his thoughts, from the affliction he experienced in the death of his second and youngest son. Although, however, the fruits of his studies were not given to the world, the process of intellectual exertion was unremitted. The leading branches of metaphysics had become so familiar to his mind, that the lectures which he delivered very generally extempore, and which varied more or less in the language and matter every year, seemed to cost him little effort, and he was thus left in a great degree at liberty to apply the larger part of his day to the prosecution of his further speculations. Although he had read more than most of those who are considered learned, his life, as he has himself somewhere remarked, was spent much more in reflecting than in reading; and so unceasing was the activity of his mind, and so strong his disposition to trace all subjects of speculation that were worthy to attract his interest up to their first principles, that all important objects and occurrences furnished fresh matter to his thoughts.—The political events of the time suggested many of his inquiries into the principles of political economy;—his reflections on his occasional tours through the country, many of his speculations on the picturesque, the beautiful, and the sublime:—and the study of the characters of his friends and acquaintances, and of remarkable individuals with whom he happened to be thrown into contact, many of his most profound observations on the sources of the varieties and anomalies of human nature.

"In the period which intervened between the publication of his first volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, and the appearance of his Philosophical Essays, he produced and prepared the matter of all his other writings, with the exception of his Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, prefixed to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Independent of the prosecution of those metaphysical inquiries which constitute the substance of his second and third volumes of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, to this epoch of his life are to be referred the speculations in which he engaged with respect to the science of political economy, the principles of which he first embodied in a course of lectures, which, in the year 1800, he added as a second course to the lectures which formed the immediate subject of the instruction previously delivered in the university from the moral philosophy chair. So general and extensive was his acquaintance with almost every department of literature, and so readily did he arrange his ideas on any subject, with a view to their communication to others, that his colleagues frequently, in the event of illness or absence, availed themselves of his assistance in the instruction of their classes. In addition to his own academical duties, he repeatedly supplied the place of Dr John Robison, Professor of Natural Philosophy. He taught for several months during one winter the Greek classes for the late Mr Dalzel: he more than one season taught the mathematical classes for the late Mr Playfair: he delivered some lectures on Logic during an illness of Dr Finlayson; and, if I mistake not, he one winter lectured for some time on Belles Lettres for the successor of Dr Blair.

"In 1796, he was induced once more to open his house for the reception of pupils; and in this capacity, the late Lord Ashburton, the son of the celebrated Mr Dunning, the present Earl of Warwick, the present Earl of Dudley, Lord Palmerston, his brother the Honourable Mr Temple, and Mr Sullivan, the present Under-Secretary at War, were placed under his care. The Marquis of Lansdowne, though not an inmate in his family, was resident at this time in Edinburgh, and a frequent guest in his house, and for him he contracted the highest esteem; and he lived to see him, along with two of his own pupils, cabinet ministers at the same time. Justly conceiving that the formation of manners, and of taste in conversation, constituted a no less important part in the education of men destined to mix so largely in the world, than their graver pursuits, he rendered his house at this time the resort of all who were most distinguished for genius, acquirement, or elegance in Edinburgh, and of all the foreigners who were led to visit the capital of Scotland. So happily did he succeed in assorting his guests, so well did he combine the grave and the gay, the cheerfulness of youth with the wisdom of age, and amusement with the weightier topics that formed the subject of conversation to his more learned visitors, that his evening parties possessed a charm which many who frequented them have since confessed they have sought in vain in more splendid and insipid entertainments. In the year 1806, he accompanied his friend the Earl of Lauderdale on his mission to Paris; and he had thus an opportunity not only of renewing many of the literary intimacies which he had formed in France before the commencement of the Revolution, but of extending his acquaintance with the eminent men of that country, with many of whom he continued to maintain a correspondence during his life.

"The year after the death of his son, he relinquished his chair in the University, and removed to Kinneil House, a seat belonging to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the banks of the Frith of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days in philosophical retirement. From this place were dated, in succession, the Philosophical Essays in 1810; the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human mind in 1813; the Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopædia; the continuation of the second part of the Philosophy in 1827; and finally, in 1828, the third volume, containing the Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man; a work which he completed only a few short weeks before his career was to close for ever. Here he continued to be visited by his friends, and by most foreigners who could procure an introduction to his acquaintance, till the month of January, 1822, when a stroke of palsy, which nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, in a great measure incapacitated him for the enjoyment of any other society than that of a few intimate friends, in whose company he felt no constraint. This great calamity, which bereaved him of the faculty of speech, of the power of exercise, of the use of his right hand,—which reduced him to a state of almost infantile dependence on those around him, and subjected him ever after to a most abstemious regimen, he bore with the most dignified fortitude and tranquillity. The malady which broke his health and constitution for the rest of his existence, happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind, nor the characteristic vigour and activity of his understanding, which enabled him to rise superior to the misfortune. As soon as his strength was sufficiently re-established, he continued to pursue his studies with his wonted assiduity, to prepare his works for the press with the assistance of his daughter as an amanuensis, and to avail himself with cheerful and unabated relish of all the sources of gratification which it was still within his power to enjoy, exhibiting, among some of the heaviest infirmities incident to age, an admirable example of the serene sunset of a well-spent life of classical elegance and refinement, so beautifully imagined by Cicero: 'Quiete, et pure, et eleganter actæ ætatis, placida ac lenis senectus.'

"In general company, his manner bordered on reserve; but it was the *comitate condita gravitas*, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character, than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit, and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humour. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation, and from all premeditation. It was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterized by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life, he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage, and to women of cultivated understanding, his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. The immense range of his erudition, the attention he had bestowed to almost every branch of philosophy, his extensive acquaintance with every department of elegant literature, ancient or modern, and the fund of anecdote and information which he had collected in the course of his intercourse with the world, with respect to almost all the eminent men of the day, either in this country or in France, enabled him to find suitable subjects for the entertainment of the great variety of visitors of all descriptions, who at one period frequented his house. In his domestic circle, his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained wa the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanour, that when alone with his wife and children, it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers; for although his fondness, and familiarity, and playfulness, were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost any thing either of his grace or his dignity: 'Nec vero ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium, magnus, sed intus domique præstantior.' As a writer of the English language,—as a public speaker,—as an original, a profound, and a cautious thinker,—as an expounder of truth,—as an instructor of youth,—as an elegant scholar—as an accomplished gentleman;—in the exemplary discharge of the social duties,—in uncompromising consistency and rectitude of principle,—in unbending independence,—in the warmth and tenderness of his domestic affections,—in sincere and unostentatious piety,—in the purity and innocence of his life, few have excelled him: and, take him for all in all, it will be difficult to find a man, who, to so many of the perfections, has added so few of the imperfections, of human nature. 'Mihi quidem quanquam est subito ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivet; virtutem enim amavi illius viri, quæ extincta non est; nec mihi soli versatur ante oculos, qui illam semper in manibus habui, sed etiam posteris erit clara et insignis.'

"Mr Stewart's death occurred on the 11th of June, 1828, at No. 5, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, where he had been for a few days on a visit.

"The remains of this distinguished philosopher were interred in the Canongate churchyard. The funeral proceeded as a private one till it reached the head of the North Bridge, when it was joined by the Professors of the University, in their gowns, two and two, preceded

by the mace-bearer, the junior members being in front, and the Principal in the rear. After them came the Magistrates and Council, preceded by the regalia and officers, the Lord Provost in the rear. Next came the hearse, drawn by six horses, with three baton-men on each side, and then followed the mourning-coaches and private carriages, with the relations and friends of the deceased.

"A meeting took place in Edinburgh, a few days after, to consider of erecting a monument to Mr Stewart's memory. The Lord Chief Commissioner presided, and said, 'he felt peculiarly gratified with the honour of being placed in the chair on the occasion, both on account of the admiration he had always entertained for the highly-gifted individual whose loss had been the cause of the meeting, and because he believed himself to be the only man now alive who had witnessed one of the earliest displays of Mr Stewart's extraordinary precocity of talent and of taste. It was an Essay on Dreams, delivered in a society of students in Glasgow, when he was eighteen years of age. And such was his lordship's admiration of it at the time, and so vivid his recollection even now, that he felt himself justified in saying that it evinced those powers of profound thinking, ingenuous reasoning, beautiful illustration, lofty generalization, and almost unequalled felicity of expression, which form the charm of his subsequent works. Taking this circumstance along with that well known to the gentlemen present, that Mr Stewart had written the prefatory notice to his last book a few weeks before his death, at the age of seventy-five, he could not help mentioning it as a proud example of a human intellect remaining for so long a period connected with a mortal body, in a state of pure splendour, increasing to the last.'"

Sailors and Saints; or, Matrimonial Manœuvres. By the Authors of the "Naval Sketch-book." 3 vols. Loudon. Henry Colburn. 1829.

We are told in the Preface to this book (for, like Leigh Hunt, we are conscientious readers of Prefaces,) that it is the joint production of a "naval officer," and a "templar." The internal evidence afforded by the work itself convinces us that this statement is no *ruse*. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the pictures it presents of life afloat and life on shore. The former are sketched with spirit and accuracy; the latter are dull, vulgar, and most uninteresting. Considering it as a novel, which it aims at being, the book is entitled to very little commendation, for there is no plot, no variety of character, and no diversity of incident. Whenever the sea is lost sight of, the writing degenerates into the most common millinery drivel. Only three females are introduced. One is the heroine, who has nothing earthly to do, except to play the part of a coquettish heartless girl; another is the heroine's mother, who, we are told, is a "saint," though it scarcely appears what that means, unless that she is a very disagreeable woman; and the third is a Miss Wilson, the heroine's friend, a perfect nonentity, who is occasionally spoken of, but who never seems to speak herself. Nearly all the males are nautical characters; we therefore suppose the "templar" to be guilty of the female creations, and also of one man creature—a Doctor Senna, a disgusting, pettifogging, country practitioner, whose very name is a dose. The "templar," accordingly, we set down for a person of very small intellectual dimensions, and as one who has all but succeeded in putting an extinguisher upon the reputation of his friend, the "naval officer." The said officer, however, has some metal in him, and if there is any thing good in the book, it is he we have to thank for it. Out of the three volumes, we are at sea for at least a volume and a half, and though even here there is no powerful delineation of character, the accurate knowledge of nautical technicalities, and the minute descriptions of the life which sailors lead on board ship, possess an interest, and afford a degree of amusement, which render a display of any very superior talent unnecessary.

The truth is, that any one who can describe, with tolerable graphic correctness, the strange scenes of a sailor's existence, is sure to secure a pretty numerous class of readers. Sailors themselves will peruse his pages, because they are personally interested in their contents; and landsmen, without presuming to criticise a style of writing which they only imperfectly understand, look into them in hopes of obtaining some information regarding a class of the community, whose habits and feelings are so little in unison with their own. We had last week occasion to allude to the extraordinary events which characterise the life of a soldier; but a sailor's is still farther removed from the usual routine of humanity, and is consequently still more likely to become the subject of curiosity to the uninitiated. There is something, which they who are confessedly "land-lubbers" can scarcely comprehend in the feelings and character of one who, from his boyhood, has made the ocean his country, and a ship his home. He seems to be freed at once from the ties and from the wants of nature. Of the world round which he sails, he knows nothing but the mere external appearance of the coasts. He leads a bold, adventurous, wandering life, which to all the rest of mankind appears ineffably uncomfortable, but which to him habit renders not only agreeable, but absolutely necessary. Then with what rapture does he spend his first week on shore, after a long and perilous voyage! With what new and delightful emotions does he look upon the panorama of crowded and active society! Dr Johnson said, that the man who had interest enough to get into jail, should never think of going on board a ship; but Dr Johnson was "a fresh-water swab" of the most inveterate description, and probably did not know the difference between the "loosers" and the "halliards," or between the "sheets" and the "sails." He could have no sympathy with the sailor, and knew not that

> "The strange shapes of the mighty deep
> To him as children are."

Dr Johnson would have had no chance on the quarter-deck. If he had said to the Captain,—"Recollect, sir, I am the celebrated lexicographer;" the Captain would probably only have answered,—"Recollect, sir, I can seize a fellow up, and give him three dozen."

As we have said, therefore, or meant to say, the interest of this book entirely depends upon the sketches it contains of naval manners and adventures. We shall give one or two specimens, and leave those who are interested in such matters to read the rest of the three volumes at their leisure. The following is the final catastrophe of a naval engagement, the whole particulars of which are very graphically detailed:—

BOARDING THE ENEMY.

"Whilst thus animating his men, and taking advantage of a partial cessation of smoke to point with precision himself a gun at his adversary's rudder, he imagined he perceived through the port-hole the enemy's main-mast beginning to totter. He waited a few seconds at the breech of the gun to satisfy himself that no optical illusion had flattered his sight. 'Hurrah!' cried he, 'I thought I couldn't be deceived.' He was not. The next lee-lurch brought the American's taunt and towering spar, with all its lower and lofty yards, widespread canvass, and heavy rigging, tumbling over the side into the water with a tremendous crash, and precipitating five of his deadliest marksmen, uninvited, into the dread realms of Neptune.

"Deprived of his after sail, the enemy's vessel became now unmanageable, and fell on board the *Spitfire*, hooking, with the flukes of his best bower-anchor, the weather fore-rigging of the British brig. This opportunity was not overlooked by Burton, who, seizing his sabre, which lay unsheathed on the capstan, brandished it aloft, shouting, in a tone which was heard distinctly along the *Spitfire's* deck, whilst the fire of both ships slackened—'Stand fast—stand fast your fire—follow me every man that can raise a cutlass!'

"Fast as he flew to gain a footing on the enemy's deck, he soon found himself not the foremost of about forty of the British, who mounted the side, swung themselves, sword in hand, on the enemy's forecastle, and tumbled pell-mell amongst the Americans, who now crowded forward to repel the invaders. The *Spitfires* had been so long engaged amid fire and smoke, that the latter had begrimed not only their faces, but naked bodies, which were here and there palely seamed by streams of sweat, which ran from their burning temples. The effect of excessive excitement was, in more than one instance, contrasted by the sunken eye of exhaustion which too visibly betrayed a frame deserted by nature, though a heart sustained by all-enduring valour. From these appalling appearances, heightened by the clotted gore with which many had besmeared themselves in heaving the mangled dead overboard, or the fresh blood-gouts which streamed down from their own green wounds, the assailants assumed, if not the aspect of fiends, certainly the most formidable resemblance to those wild warriors who hideously paint and tattoo their bodies preparatory to battle.

"The moment they reached the enemy's deck, Burton, leading on his men, was met by the master, a powerful, strong-built, resolute-looking man, armed with sword and pistol; the latter he levelled with keen eye at the British officer, which, happily for him, flashed in the pan. Foiled in his aim, he flung the treacherous weapon full at his adversary's head, carrying off the lieutenant's hat, and slightly scalping him. Burton now rushed on his huge antagonist, and they crossed swords, a weapon in the use of which he was peculiarly expert. A few seconds had hardly elapsed ere the Columbian Ajax lay stretched on the deck. The victor strode over the body, and cheered on his men to the attack. Fierce and resolute was the contest, where nothing but valour could compensate for the disparity of numbers.

"The roar of cannon had now subsided, and was succeeded by the clink and clatter of brittle blades, which not unfrequently broke short in their handles, disappointing meditated revenge, and often occasioning the loss of the assailant's life for that of the assailed. The Americans were slowly dislodged from off their forecastle, fighting foot by foot.

"Burton, elate with his success, eagerly sought the American captain, who, in consequence of the loss of both his lieutenants, was compelled to lead on his men alone, whom he now successfully rallied to a desperate charge, in which they beat down the British blades with the weight of their muskets' but-ends. Perceiving the *Spitfires* were beginning to give way, Burton shouted with energy, 'Hold on—hold on your own, my lads!' At this moment the well-known voice of the boatswain, who led on a few fresh hands, was heard roaring in the rear—'Make a lane there! I told the bush-fighting beggars I'd sarve 'em out! Hurrah! for *Sallyport!*' His furious haste into the thickest part of the combat, kindled afresh the spirit of emulation. Burton, thus supported, soon gained the quarterdeck, driving before him the enemy, who now tore down the fire-screens, and tumbled down the hatchways, in the utmost consternation.

"This opportunity, it may be supposed, was not lost on some eager blades, for inflicting the broad R, as they term it, on the heads of several, as they vanished below, without picking their steps.

"'Ship the gratings, and secure them below,' said Burton.

"'Maybe Dan won't do that same,' said an Irish waister, who had spent four long years peeping through the bars of a French prison—'It's myself, my joy, that likes to be looking at the inimy on the right side o' the gratin'.'

"The 'gratings were shipped,' and a marine sentinel placed over each. At this moment of complete triumph, an incident occurred, not without its parallel in the history of the late war, however revolting to humanity. Whilst the sentinel on the main-hatchway grating was peaceably occupied in this duty, he was deliberately shot by a cowardly ruffian from below. The fury and savage hate which this atrocity on the part of the vanquished excited in the British was such, that it required all Burton's presence of mind and powers of persuasion to repress their appetite for revenge, and the infliction of summary and ample retribution on the offender. Whilst some shouted aloud for the marines to fire on them below, others, headed by the boatswain, tore up the gratings, and were with difficulty prevented, by Burton's prayers and menaces, from descending sword in hand amongst the prisoners; who, now alarmed at the consequence of their treachery, cried for quarter, and begged to be allowed to give up the offender.

"Over this unhappy man's fate it is perhaps best to draw the veil. Aware of the certainty of his doom, he was handed struggling on deck.

"Wanton cruelty, under circumstances of such deadly exasperation, makes retaliation justice; and it may be anticipated, that in punishing a crime so atrocious, had the offender 'a thousand lives, their full revenge had stomach for them all.'

"Here a scene of the most extraordinary exhilaration and extravagant joy ensued, surpassing all power of language to describe. A thousand tongues appeared to be unloosened at once;—congratulations, gratitude to Heaven, and the effusions of affectionate friendship, embodied themselves in short sentences.—'Thank God!—thank God!'—'Well, Bill, my boy, I can swear you were first aboard.'—'Hurrah! for old England!'—Didn't I tell you her main-mast 'ou'd go?—I'll bet a week's grog there's one o' my own chalking in it now.'—'The slaughter-house did the job.'—'D—n their eyes, they fought hard for it, too! Nothing like boarding, after all!'—'Didn't I back you, Bob, like a trump?'—'My eyes and limbs! how the beggars tumbled below!'—'Bloody wars! how we sarved 'em out!'

"These strains of triumph were, however, at times interrupted by a volley of imprecations and oaths, which, however unsuitable to the morality of our times, were, in *Jack's* opinion, perfectly suitable to the dignity of the occasion. The young men seemed nearly delirious with joy at the result of their first encounter, shouting and flourishing their cutlasses, and dancing like madmen on the decks; whilst their seniors flung away their weapons, to grasp each other by the hand, and exchanged the most affectionate congratulations.

"The boatswain swore to his mate, 'D—n his eyes! but he'd make him a bishop;'—but again recollecting himself, as if he had yet a duty to accomplish, he summoned the *Spitfires* to celebrate their triumph in due form, shouting, like Achilles of old, 'Come, boys, freshen your nip—rig your roarers, and stand by for three thundering cheers.—All ready?—Wait for the pipe—Now—now then.' The welkin rung with their 'Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!'

"'And *one* for coming up!' cried Brace, accompanying each cheer with his 'call,' and terminating the fourth with his chirping pipe of delay.

"Had Homer, Ovid, or any bard of antiquity, described the effects of these singular shouts of triumph

the fabled god of the ocean would, doubtless, have been introduced gracing their victory with his presence, and waving his trident over the brave tars as a tribute of admiration to their courage.—We are not poets—the reader must, therefore, content himself with learning,—that, roused by the uproar, old Neptune raised his hoary head from the briny deep, only to smile at the frolics of his favourite sons."—Vol. III. p. 259—69.

As the above extract is a long one, we have only room left for the following anecdote of

A LIEUTENANT OF THE RIGHT SORT.

"Well, then—what sort are the rest o' your officers?—kase, you know, one chafed strand's enough to condemn a whole cable. What sort o' chaps are they?

"Why, there's the first lieutenant, to be sure, gets sometimes a-head of his reck'ning—does things hand over hand, in a hurry; but *there's* the boy," said the bowman, pointing to Burton, who was too far a-head to overhear their conversation—"that's the boy as can box the brig about; he can do more with the watch than t'other could do with all hands. He's the smartest young fellow I ever see'd in my day, and never axes a man to do more nor he can *do* himself. I 'members one morn, lying moored at Spithead, when the first leaftenant was ashore on leave, and he was left *dicky* aboard, and, bekase we wasn't *first*, as usual, in crossing to'-gallant yards—may I never see light, if he didn't send the sticks up and down thirteen times, afore he piped to breakfast; and the twelfth time, he got so vexed, (what no man afore ever see'd in the ship,) that he sings out to Bob Law, the second captain of the fore-top, as was rigging the upper yard-arm at the time—'Either you or me,' says he, 'Mister Law, 's a tailor.'—'*I* served my time to the *sea*,' says Bob.—'Then the sea sarved out a *lubber*,' says t'other. That puts Bob, you know, so much on his pluck, that, singing out loud enough for all hands to hear him aboard, '*I'd* like,' says Bob, 'to see the fellow in the fleet, as could rig an upper-yard-arm smarter nor me.'—'You *would*, would ye?' says the leaftenant, with the blood flying up in his face—'Here, Stowel,' says he to the master, 'send the yards up,' says he; and flying forward, he flings off his coat on one of the guns, runs aloft like a lamp-lighter, and afore he gets fairly a-foot in the top, he sings out, 'Sway away, master; damn it, don't wait for *me*, man!' Well, you know, though there wasn't a man in the brig that wouldn't go farther, ay, farther than Fiddler's Green, for him,—still it wasn't in nature, you know, to let poor Bob be beat by a gemman; so, you see, they makes the devil's own run with the yard rope, to sway the upper-yard-arm out of his fist; but he was too sharp for 'em all—for he levelled it so well at the mast-head, as he held the lift-and-brace in both hands, that the stick flew through 'em just like a fair leader; and there was the fore-to'-gallant yard across, ay, half a minute afore the main was rigged."

"Well," said Tiller, "I suppose Mr Law, as you calls him, looked a bit blue?"

"Why, you may suppose he dropped his peak, as soon as the leaftenant comes down on deck, and says, with a sort of swagger, 'There, my man, you *see*,' says he, 'you see I never axes another to do what I couldn't do *better* myself!'—'Well,' says Bob, cheering up a bit so as to clinch the concern at once, 'I declare to my God, sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon; but I didn't think 'twas in mortal man to beat Bob Law at any thing aloft—and I'm blowed,' said he, 'if I turn my back to another in the fleet, 'sides yourself.' I doesn't know whether this palaver o' Bob's pleases the leaftenant or no; but I knows, ever since, they've both taken together, as nat'ral as brandy and water."—Vol. I. p. 42—5.

These are spirited passages; and there are many such, intermingled with a great deal that is tedious and trashy. The name of "Sailors and Saints" is very inappropriate; and we cannot countenance or approve of the ridicule which is throughout the work attempted to be thrown, without any just distinction, upon the religious part of the community.

A Treatise on the History, Constitution, and Forms of Process of the Bill-Chamber, &c. &c. By Thomas Beveridge. Edinburgh. Bell and Bradfute. 1828.

THIS work has already been a good many weeks before the public; but a law book ought not to be reviewed with the rapidity of a new novel, and as the subject is, to those who interest themselves in such subjects, of more than a mere ephemeral importance, a few observations will not yet be too late.

It was by the publication of the "Tyro's Index," a printed card pointing out the rotation of Lords Ordinary and other such matters, for the session, which appeared periodically, that Mr Beveridge first became known to the legal public as an author; at least we are not aware of any thing having previously emanated from his pen. When the able work of Mr Ivory upon the Forms of Process had become, in a great measure, a dead letter, in consequence of the sweeping changes introduced by the Judicature Act, and the Acts of Sederunt promulgated immediately afterwards, Mr Beveridge assumed a higher position, and laid before the public two thick octavos, containing a statement of the judicial forms in the Bill Chamber, Court of Session, Teind Court, and Jury Court. It was not a little injudicious, and so time has shown, to bring forward a work of this description at such a period, when the new forms had not received the commentary of experience, nor the corrections which practice would show to be indispensable. Of course, the work, in so far as these important changes were concerned, could amount to nothing more than a meagre analysis or repetition of the Statute and Acts of Sederunt, and there was scarcely a hope of its continuing to be authority for three months. Accordingly, a succession of decisions settled many points not indicated in Mr Beveridge's work; while a succession of Acts of Sederunt, by introducing many important alterations, speedily rendered it an unsafe and dangerous guide. It seems the author contemplates bringing out a supplement, which will contain these alterations; but this, at the best, will be a piece of awkward patch-work; and the work, even as it originally stood, did not appear to us to be skilfully executed.

Mr Beveridge's next performance was the construction of an Index to the consolidating Act of Sederunt of 11th July 1828, which was stitched up and sold along with the Act itself, by authority of the Court. To this Index we alluded some weeks ago, when we observed that it was as long as the Act itself, and that it had contributed to increase the price of the Act, which we complained of as exorbitant. We cannot help thinking that the public were entitled to have the Act of Sederunt sold alone, without this voluminous and unauthoritative appendage, leaving it to be purchased by those who desired it; and one of two conclusions is inevitable,—either the Act was very ill drawn up, to require so prolix a commentary or paraphrase,—or, that commentary was very superfluous. We are certainly of the latter opinion; and we cannot understand the anomalous phenomenon of an Index as large as the work whereto it applies.

But Mr Beveridge, thus taken under official patronage, and especially now that he has added to his other works the treatise on the Bill Chamber under review, assumes the important attitude of genera dispenser of the forms of process. He seems to have vindicated to himself this essential and extensive department as his

own peculiar province; and, in the following observations, we shall have in view his qualifications for the task he has thus assigned himself.

While the prior works upon the Bill Chamber, especially the short manual of Mr Scott, were confined to the mere mechanical forms by which bills were managed and proceeded in, Mr Beveridge has taken a wider range, and embraced, within the scope of his observations, the legal competency of the various sorts of bills. He commences with a history of the Bill Chamber, from its first institution downwards, and shows a disposition fairly to exhaust the subject. Had this plan been distinctly formed, and carried into full completion, there is no doubt that a great desideratum would have been supplied. But, in our humble apprehension, many breaches and chasms have been left in the execution, which spoil the symmetry and hurt the utility of the Treatise. What is it, for example, to tell us, in the brief phrase of the Act of Parliament, that advocation is competent from an interlocutory judgment on the ground of "contingency,"—without a word of explanation as to what "contingency" is, or where it is held to exist, and where not? Or what instruction do we get from the maxim, that in suspensions of decrees pronounced *in foro* by the Court of Session, the reasons "must be very *strong* and *solid*, and not such as fall under the objection of competent and omitted?" We shall immediately see that the author can be more diffuse where there is much less occasion for it.

Two faults are observable in the book, which seem the contradiction of each other,—an excess of arrangement, and a want of arrangement. In his anxiety to be systematic, the author has frittered down his subject into so many heads, that the continuity of detail, which alone can communicate clear ideas of the subject, is altogether sacrificed. Separate chapters are devoted, for instance, to "Bills of Advocation," "Sists," "Certificates by the Clerk to the Bills," "Intimations, Petitions for leave, &c. in the Inferior Courts," "Intimations and certified copies in the Bill-chamber," "Transmission of Inferior Court processes." This disjointed account can no more impart an easy or natural conception of the process, than the exhibition of the separate *tessellæ* could give the mind a faithful impression of the finished mosaic. From this cause also a great deal of repetition has arisen. The subjects were so naturally and strongly connected, that, in their unnatural disruption, a view of any one could not be given, without recalling the kindred features of several others. The following paragraphs, for example, are mere repetitions of each other:—119 and 281, 57 and 284, 160 and 297, 318 and 445, 91 (in part) and 338, 374-5 and 545, 460-1 and 479, 483 and 546-7-8-9, &c. The subject of Advocation of Action above forty pounds in value is discussed three several times. There are other superfluities, too, which appear quite misplaced in a practical work; and among these not the least observable is the detailed account given of two several systems of reviewing Bill-chamber Interlocutors, both now superseded by a third. In the obsolete regulations, which related to the merest matters of form, we defy the most resolute antiquary to pick out a single grain of either instruction or amusement; and a still greater inconvenience arises from the fact, that by neglecting to separate the obsolete from the existing rules, with sufficient care, it is rendered, in some instances, difficult to perceive the distinction. We venture to say, that by lopping off repetitions and useless redundancies, about a sixth part might be subtracted from the size of the book, and a great improvement effected upon it.

But the first and most essential requisite of a law book is accuracy; and where that appears, it forms a cloak capable of covering a multitude of sins. The author's qualifications, in this respect, we are not going, generally, to impugn. Yet we must confess, that here and there we can discern symptoms of carelessness. For instance, we are informed that "Bills of Advocation, on the head of contingency or incompetency, *may* be passed without caution. Also Bills of Advocation in order to Jury Trial." Now, the last class of bills not only "*may*," but *must*, be passed *without caution*. It is said (par. 253) that the Ordinary may order written Answers to a Bill of Advocation of the interlocutory judgment, on the head of incompetency or contingency, "in virtue of 1 and 2 Geo. IV. c. 38, sec. 1," although the statute cited has no relation to interlocutory judgments. It is stated (par. 274) that a written Answer may be received to a Bill of Advocation, of a final judgment of the Judge-Admiral, in a mercantile cause; although, in the same paragraph, it is virtually admitted that the matter is regulated by the 6th Geo. IV., which expressly prohibits such answers. It would lay a heavy tax, we suspect, on Mr Beveridge's ingenuity, to reconcile the following paragraphs:—"159. When a bill is *passed* on caution, caution must be found within fourteen days; and if this is not done, the charger is entitled, in like manner, to have the bill *refused*, in respect of no caution; and on obtaining a certificate by the clerk of the refusal, may go on with his diligence, just as if the bill had never been presented:"—"308. But in the case of a *passed* bill, if caution shall not be found in due time, *no motion is made to have the bill refused; a certificate of no caution* is sufficient authority to go on with the diligence, and also to get decree for expenses." We forbear to press this matter farther, but must admonish Mr Beveridge, that inaccuracy, of all faults, in a work of this description, can least easily be forgiven.

Wishing to give the author all due credit for a fair share of industry, research, and intelligence, we can ot conclude without offering a suggestion, that natural arrangement, compression, and propriety of diction, should receive more of his attention, than is indicated by this Treatise on the Bill-Chamber. Under Mr Beveridge's hands, the forms of the courts have swelled into unnatural dimensions; and, including the original work on the Forms of Process, the present publication on the Bill-Chamber, and the forthcoming Supplement,—the whole set will cost about two guineas or upwards, while, in our opinion, every branch of the subject might be comprehended considerably within the capabilities of a single guinea.

A Glance at "That which is past." A Sermon preached on the Evening of Sabbath, January 4, 1829. By the Rev. W. C. Arneil, Minister of Regent Street Chapel, Portobello. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829.

JUDGING of Mr Arneil by this Discourse, we should suppose him to be sincerely anxious for the spiritual happiness of his flock; and with his abilities, zeal, and industry, capable of being of much service to them.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Light of my heart, awake!*" *A Serenade.* Written by J. C. West, Esq. Music composed and arranged by John Turnbull. Published by Alexander Robertson, Edinburgh.

POETS and Musicians are a kindred race. Poets there are in almost every village, of whom the great world never hears any more than they do of the autumnal primroses which lift up their heads retiringly under the green hedgeways. In like manner there is scarcely a town of any size which does not possess a musician of finer taste, tact, and science, than the rest of his fellow-

citizens, well-known in the said town and vicinity for his annual concerts, for his own pleasant voice, deep-toned and melodious, and for the numerous little airs of his own composition, with which he has long delighted the cognoscenti of the place. Sometimes, (though often too rarely,) circumstances enable him to take a bolder flight, and by the publication of his most successful efforts his genius becomes better known and more appreciated. Mr John Turnbull of Ayr is one of those whom we are glad to have it in our power to bring more widely into notice. His musical taste has been well cultivated, and his style of composition, without being destitute of character, is chaste and simple. The song before us, in B. flat, is a very pretty melody with an exceedingly appropriate piano-forte accompaniment; and, what is of importance in all songs, the music and words are well adapted for each other. We advise Mr Turnbull to proceed as he has commenced; he is following the footsteps of his deceased countryman, R. A. Smith, and it is not unlikely that he may be one of those destined to make up to us for his loss.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

THE MINISTER AT HOME.

"You will never find yourself at home and comfortable," said one of my most respectable farmers to me on the day after my settlement, "unless you rent as much ground as, along with your four acres of glebe land, will keep a man and a couple of horses."—So to it I went.

I rented a small farm, contiguous to the glebe, which my predecessor, who was a sensible, well-doing man, had farmed (but at a lower rent) successfully before me; and I contrived, at the very first market, by the assistance of the said friend, to select a strong pony, for the double purpose of riding and farm labour, together with an old grey mare and a curly-headed urchin of seventeen, from a great variety of beast and human samples there produced. For a few weeks things went on pretty smoothly. The maids and the man arranged pretty well, and I saw the labours of the season proceeding without much annoyance; but, anon, matters went otherwise. My man quarrelled with the one maid, and became fully intimate enough with the other;—my ploughs, harrows, carts, and all manner of crooked and pronged utensils were to pay;—the old grey mare became lame of the far leg (by this time I wished both her and her leg far enough);—and my amphibious pony had twice nearly broken the minister's neck; in fact, his knees were now witnesses against him in any market, and he was of no service whatever in riding. Andrew found that he would not draw without the auld mare, and the auld mare again figured rather awkwardly on her lame leg.

Thus, things came to a stand; and, instead of enjoying myself, and my family, and my flock, and my various ministerial duties, as I was wont to do, I was kept in constant "hot water." The smith's grim phiz and long bill I will never forget; the carpenter was more modest and less importunate; yet still "carts were carts, and harrows were harrows." Another pair of horses would cost me a penny; and my old cattle were, in fact, unmarketable. I fairly "cut and ran." I went to the laird—begged to be off—renounced my lease—paid one year's rent—sold the grey mare to an egg man, and the brown pony to the gauger—rouped my plough, grapes, hows, and wheelbarrows—and commenced with the second year on a reduced establishment, and under In actual loss of more extent than I care to make public. a was now dependent on the assistance of my good neighbours (and good and kind they were) for the labouring of my glebe acres, which I still reserved to feed a cow, and keep at the same time, as my friend the farmer expressed it, "roughness" about the house. My glebe, to be sure, was ploughed, sowed, and harrowed, but at the convenience of those who gratuitously offered and gave their services; consequently, it was seldom laboured in season, or sufficiently. "Thistles grew instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley;" every year my oats were shorter in the leg and thinner on the head than formerly, till at length, one very dry season, I could have carried the whole grain produce of my three acres home on my back. "A mouse might have sat on its hind legs eating the top pickle of it." My cow, too, gradually mistimed herself, or was mistimed by the maids whose duty it was to attend to her. She seldom was in milk till midsummer, and the blankets were carried from the servant's bed, I could observe, to lift her, after the spring weather had returned; yet poor, and skinny, and feeble as she was, she cost me a great sum, under the general designation of fodder. Happily for me, she was fairly suffocated one evening on new uncut potatoes, and I shut the byre door for ever. I let my glebe to a neighbouring farmer, to him, namely, who had all along guided me in my measures—took him bound to supply, at market price, my family with milk, cheese, and butter—and immediately applied to the heritors for a garden-wall.

This application, as I had not even the semblance of an enclosure, was immediately and effectually granted; and I saw, in a few months, a rood of good rich land around my front door, fairly enclosed with a stone and lime fence, from six to eight feet in height. I was now in my element; and I knew it, the moment that I saw the last stone placed over the gate of my garden. I felt all the force of that Eden happiness, which Adam experienced. I planned, dug, hedged, planted gooseberries, pears, apples, cherries, plums, pease, beans, strawberries, onions, leeks, carrots, turnips; together with every assortment of border ornament, from the splendid sun-flower, to the sweet-scented wall-flower and mignonette. Bees I procured, and they wrought, fought, hived, and buzzed about me. Arbours I constructed in every corner. Seats I erected, stationary and movable. Laburnums, ivy, sweet-brier, moss-roses, all manner of sweet-looking or smelling things, rose around me, as if by the wand of enchantment. I locked my garden gate, and, placing myself in a sunny corner, and under the shade of shrubberies of my own planting, I read—Boston? No.—Picten? No.—Matthew Henry? No—no—no—I read—Thomson's Seasons.

When a boy I had been enthusiastic, and, as my years ripened into manhood, I had walked with poets in my pocket, and joy, heaving, beating, springing in my heart—in glens, along steeps, and adown rivulets. I had grasped, and clutched the mist and the darkness in my hands, and almost imagined that I could bring the spiritual world into contact with my bodily perceptions. When more advanced in the fervid and fearful voyage of life, I had—whether the boat sprang to the wave, and trode it downward, or seemed to sink beneath an overpowering, overbroken weight,—whether maddened with hope or with disappointment—still looked forward to a future calm and quietude—to a fixed and a sunny residence, where my heart might float onwards in peace—possessing a consciousness of its own internal capabilities, yet disdaining, as it were, and refusing to bring them into conspicuous and strenuous exercise. My life dream had been nearly realized, when cows, carts, and all the trumpery of husbandry, had crossed my path, and had driven me out again to sea, when already in the harbour. But at length and at last, as if by accident, and under the guidance of circumstances which I had not the sense or the management to direct, I passed unconsciously into the happy valley. I found myself sur-

rounded with mountains, with trees, with walls, with fruits and fragrance, and in a corner of *my own garden*, reading "Thomson's Seasons."

If life has any thing better than this to bestow, I should like to hear of it. If a country clergyman, in the first blush of his self-wrought happiness, could be better employed, I should like to know how. From the delightful repose of such feelings, so gently, so soothingly agitated, it is that the brightest thoughts, the deepest sentiments, the most convincing arguments proceed. You may drug the divinity student with gloss and commentary;—you may text-book his leisure hours to the last minute he can possibly appropriate;—you may lecture him, question him, convince him, persuade him, instruct him, in fact, and doctrine, and opinion; up to the very teeth you may cram him, with Mosheim, Clarke, and Paley, but, if you do not win and keep his heart,—if his soul is not spread like the gossamer of Autumn, over every moving and still object,—if he has not, in short, a taste for nature, and a reverence for God, he will, in all probability, take up with the clerical farming and marketing at last.

The character of a Scotch clergyman stands deservedly and undoubtedly high—but let him beware of the consequences, if he devote himself to secular avocations of an engrossing character; and above all, let him avoid "farming" as he would keep clear of the pestilence. His previous habits—his education—his present employment, and the whole tenor of his thoughts are, or ought to be, at variance with such harassing and engrossing considerations, as farming involves. An aged or sick person is dying, and in need of spiritual comforting; but the minister is *out*—he is looking after the delivery of grain, or the covering of a drain. The text on Sabbath leads to a contempt of earthly, in comparison of heavenly possessions; such is the language, and the language of the pulpit exclusively, for it is well known to every old woman in the parish, that the minister never "sells his hen, mair than ither folk, on a rainy day." Forgiveness of injuries is inculcated strenuously, but by one who looks from the church-door with somewhat of a sinister aspect upon the man who purchased his last thrashing of barley at a shilling a-boll below the market-price. The duties of a clergyman are confessedly sufficient to engross his whole thoughts and exertions; and yet "our minister" attends markets—buys, sells, speculates, and fights on, through all the turmoil of a farming life, with the most devoted farmer of the neighbourhood. No; "we cannot serve God and Mammon"—the law ensures every minister in the possession of a quarter of an acre of garden land, suitably enclosed and defended; and within this, assuredly, lies the proper sphere of his amusements and relaxations. "Kail yards," with all their accompaniments of Sabbath retirement, repose, and devotion, have been to me an object of reverential and pleasing regard from my youth upwards. It is in the corner of the "yard" that old grannie is to be found and to be heard at night-fall—when the soul of the aged ascends in "groanings which may not be uttered" to God on high. It is on a tanzied or green turf couch, in another recess, that the labourer sits, with his children around him, and that his careful partner narrates to him her in-door doings during the week—that all the rolling childhood spreads itself out in freedom and religious attention, whilst Scripture stories are told, chapters are read, questions are put, and psalms are repeated. It is from this little neuk of property that kail-blades or leaves are brought—when the pot is *on*—and that a hungry and a numerous family are regaled with viands of the most wholesome and delicious character. What his "kail-yard" is to the labourer, his manse-garden, comprehending in it the character both of kitchen-garden and orchard, is to the minister. It is his study—his closet—his drawing-room. Here he reads—meditates—feels—raves—romps with his children, or domesticates with his wife. Here he listens to the song of evening and of morn, watching all the various stages of nest-building, and incubation; and here, too, he becomes acquainted with every tree in its bud—its blossom—its setting—its promise—its full-grown fruit; till autumn carry him again back into winter—and he be left to ruminate, in gleesome anticipation, on the snow-drops and daisies of returning spring.

T. G.

THE INTRODUCTION OF ORGANS INTO PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—I crave your forbearance to a few remarks suggested by the letter of "X. Y. Z." in your last number, on the subject of the introduction of an organ into the Relief Chapel in Roxburgh Place. The writer talks of this as a "bold innovation upon the severe limits affixed by ancient prejudice,—a pleasing proof of the progress made by true liberality and sound good feeling;" and he trusts that "the Established Church will not permit herself to remain *behind* her more rigid sister." Now, in my humble opinion, the Church of Scotland is *behind* no establishment on the face of the earth; and if it is wished to effect any innovation upon her modes of worship, let that innovation be based upon reason or Scripture, and not upon the practice of any other establishment, held out for her imitation. The Church of England came into existence at the fiat of a sanguinary and tyrannical monarch; while the Scottish Church was the fruit of the enlightenment and piety of her people, whose blood was cheerfully poured forth in its defence. There is then no reason for assuming, *a priori*, that the practices of the English Church, or any other church, are worthy of being imitated by us; and the letter in question affords no argument whatever upon the general merits of the question.

Our venerated Church has been charged with rigidity in her tenets, and austere simplicity in her forms; but it has never been, and cannot be, denied that the institution, as a whole, exhibits one consistent character pervading it throughout. Her simplicity is not the result of accident or caprice, but the effect of a strong and guiding principle, attaching its distinctive traces to every part of her discipline. Of this principle, and of its applicability to ecclesiastical matters, the propriety has been questioned; and I am not now to enter upon its defence; only I state my own opinion, that the Church, who fearlessly trusts her influence and her dignity to the naked majesty of truth, assumes a bearing of much more real loftiness than another who will not let herself be seen except in a holiday suit.

If then it is true that the simplicity of our country's worship be the indication of a regulating and pervading principle,—and if we are asked to permit a departure from it in any instance,—it would seem that the proper method would be, not to introduce a solitary infraction of the system,—one anomalous violation of the harmony visible in the whole structure, but to set ourselves to reconsider the principle itself, and if it be found erroneous, then to depart from it, not in this instance alone, but in every point where its influence can be detected. If we can persuade ourselves to question and to revise this great fundamental feature of our national worship, and to loosen what the wisdom of our ancestors has fixed, and the lapse of centuries consolidated,—and if we arrive at the conclusion, that this simplicity is unworthy of being retained, then let us, at once, put the new dogma in force to its full extent,—let us not only have or-

gans, but painted windows, glowing with imaged saints, —let us have frescoes on our walls, and crucifixes in our hands,—let us kneel at our public prayers, and bow at every mention of the name of Christ. All these are "adjuncts of devotion;" and nothing can be said in favour of one, which does not equally support the rest. None of these things appear in themselves culpable or pernicious; but they are equally ready for the service of falsehood as of truth, and have been much oftener used, nay, seem more easily and naturally applicable, for the purposes of the former.

The question then, I apprehend, comes to be, not "shall we have organs or no?" but shall we abide by, or depart from, that great and leading feature which has characterized for centuries the Protestant church of Scotland? I am for abiding by it. I am for defending it as the palladium of our venerable and blood-bought establishment, as the sublimest monument of the piety, the intellect, and the philosophy of our country: and even independently of its intrinsic merits, I am for keeping it simply as one of the parts of that sacred edifice, whose minutest angle should be touched with reverence,—and as one of those strong distinctions between Protestantism and Popery, which, if the signs of the times do not lie, there is no cause to soften, and much reason to preserve, unimpaired, in order that the banners of eternal truth may be as different from those of falsehood, as their sources, and their natures, and their effects, are different.

There is much more which I could wish to say upon this subject, but I cannot encroach farther on your valuable space, excepting to state a single idea with regard to the improvement of our psalmody. If my observations of what is going on in public opinion are correct, a change is at present taking place in the feelings with regard to religion. It had been long unfashionable, especially among the male sex, to think of or pay regard to religion: and one of the many indications of this sentiment was, its being considered unfashionable to sing in church. This silly weakness, along with the general feeling which caused it, is subsiding; and the present time seems to me not unfavourable for an attempt to render the vocal music of our churches more impressive than the strains that issue from any mechanical and inanimate source. The new church of St Stephen's affords an excellent field for the experiment I am about to propose; and if it were seriously undertaken by the excellent person who has been appointed its minister, little doubt could be entertained of its success. Let a first-rate precentor be got, part of whose stated duty it shall be to instruct the congregation in sacred music. Let a few hours in the course of every week be appointed for this purpose, and let the church be then open to the whole congregation. Let the precentor arrange the pupils according to the qualities of their ears and voices, and accustom them to sing the different parts of the psalm tunes in use,—in which employment the monitorial system might, perhaps, be usefully applied. Let the precentor's salary be sufficient to cover this part of his trouble, leaving zeal to be cherished by an occasional collection. The great difficulty would be to induce the congregation, or rather the younger part of them—for upon them the scheme would mainly depend, to attend the lessons; but were the subject kept in their view from the pulpit, and were the minister, by personal exertion, to induce a few leading persons to set an example, I think this obstacle would soon be surmounted; and let the system once be fairly established, its permanency, if properly cherished by those superintending it, would be completely ensured. To a certain extent this system has already been adopted in one or two churches; but a degree of anxiety corresponding to the importance of the object, has not been manifested for its success. Something of the sort, however, upon a great and established system, is imperatively necessary, in order to remove the slur cast upon the church by the miserable state of our sacred music. It is obvious, that were the whole, or the half, or even a smaller part, of a congregation, to be brought to sing together in parts, as I have proposed, the effect would be sublime in the highest degree.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SEPTIMUS.

SCIENCE.

PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPEMENT OF THE MURDERER BURKE.

[We are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with the subjoined interesting scientific and phrenological information, connected with a subject which at present engrosses so much of the public attention. Every reliance may be placed upon the accuracy of the statements, as they have been prepared with much care and impartiality. They will be followed up next Saturday with some additional facts, and a general view of the inferences to be drawn from the whole.]

The following Craniological Report was taken a few hours after the death of the criminal. The first table relates to the size of the head and *absolute* developement of the several Organs;—the second expresses the gradations in size, or *relative* developement of the Organs.

I.

	INCHES.
From the Ear to the Centre of Philoprogenitiveness, ...	4 8-10ths.
From ditto to Lower Individuality,	5
From ditto to Firmness, . .	5 4-10ths.
From ditto to Benevolence, . .	5 7-10ths.
From ditto to Veneration, . .	5 5-10ths.
From ditto to Conscientiousness, .	5
From Destructiveness to Destructiveness,	6 1-8th.
From Cautiousness to Cautiousness, .	5 3-10ths
From Ideality to Ideality, . . .	4 6-10ths.
From Acquisitiveness to Acquisitiveness,	5 8-10ths.
From Secretiveness to Secretiveness, .	5 9-10ths.
From Combativeness to Combativeness,	5 5-10ths.

II.

Amativeness, very large.	Firmness, large.
Philoprogenitiveness, full.	Individualities,
Concentrativeness, deficient.	Upper, moderate.
Adhesiveness, full.	Lower, full.
Combativeness, large.	Form, full.
Destructiveness, very large.	Size, full.
Constructiveness, moderate.	Weight, full.
Acquisitiveness, large.	Colour, full.
Secretiveness, large.	Locality, full.
Self-Esteem, rather large.	Order, full.
Love of Approbation, rather large.	Time, deficient.
	Number, full.
Cautiousness, rather large.	Tune, moderate.
Benevolence, large.	Language, full.
Veneration, large.	Comparison, full.
Hope, small.	Causality, rather large.
Ideality, small.	Wit, deficient.
Conscientiousness, rather large.	Imitation, full.

Such is the developement of this notorious murderer, whose name has already become a byword for villainy, and will long be perpetuated in the Annals of Crime. On this report, however, it is necessary to observe, that the principal Organs, included in the genus of "Propensities," are here represented larger than they could have existed during life; because the measurement was taken over the cranial integuments, which, at the posterior and posterior-lateral parts of the head, are always found distended by congestion of blood, in consequence of the criminal being thrown upon his back immediately after execution. Our readers will easily understand this, when they are informed, that in cases of death by hanging, drowning, lightning, &c. the blood remains uncoagulated, and gravitates to those parts of the body which rest upon the floor. Hence, in cases similar to this, the integuments at the posterior part of the head, neck, and back, are invariably found in a very turgid state; and it is *over* this distension that the Phrenological casts and measurements are, after death, always taken. For example, in the Phrenological *Busts* of Mary Mackinnon and Haggart, the distance from Destructiveness to Destructiveness measures 6 inches;—on the naked *skull*, however, the measurement is only 5 inches. In the case of Mary Mackinnon, also, from Combativeness to Combativeness, measures on the *bust* 5 inches 4-10ths, on the skull 4 inches 7-10ths. This circumstance in the case of Burke will affect the usual number of Organs, including *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, *Combativeness*, *Destructiveness*, &c.; and it should be also remembered, that on this account the moral and intellectual Organs,—Benevolence, Ideality, Comparison, &c. are made to appear relatively less than they actually are.

On the whole, it will be seen from the preceding statement, that the Organs of the Moral Sentiments are more developed than was to have been expected from what we *at present* know of the character of Burke. The Intellectual Organs also are, perhaps, fully large; but from those in which we are most interested—the propensities at the back part of the head—we cannot yet draw any very accurate conclusions, for the reasons we have above mentioned. Nor, for the same reasons, can the bust, which was taken by Mr Joseph, on Thursday morning, be considered as any fair criterion, as it was taken over the distended integuments.

Having understood that Mr Combe was to make some remarks upon this subject in his Lecture on Thursday, we attended at the Clyde Street Hall. Mr Combe began by regretting that it was not in his power to exhibit the cast of Burke, as he had promised; two had been taken, one by Mr Joseph, and another by Mr O'Neil; but the former was not yet ready to be taken from the mould, and the latter having been taken over the hair, was less adapted to their purpose. He had himself seen it for a short time, but was not yet able to remark upon it. He hoped, however, to have it in his power to present a cast at his next lecture. In the meantime, he had been informed by an able Phrenologist, that the developement corresponded in every particular with the dispositions manifested by Burke. He said that the character of this individual, in consequence of his late atrocities, was somewhat obscured from the public eye; and that it should be remembered that he had, during a considerable portion of his life, retrained from crime, having been for some time in the Donegal militia, and not having committed murder till the thirty-sixth year of his age. No former theory of philosophy could explain the anomaly of these debasing faculties having remained so long inactive, excepting Phrenology. He might also add, that he had seen a gentleman who had witnessed the dissection of the brain, and who informed him that the cerebral organ of Destructiveness was enormously large, and that the bone under which it was developed was much attenuated, so as to be nearly diaphanous.

It is not our intention to enter at present into any phrenological controversy; but we propose returning to this subject next Saturday, when we hope to be able to add some farther interesting particulars. As the *Literary Journal* goes to press early every Friday morning, the present remarks have been necessarily prepared on Thursday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SEVEN SONNETS TO E——.

I.

'Tis not the flattering folly of rash youth,
And oh! far less the voice of empty praise,
In which so often I have dared to raise
Thee above human parallel;—Love is truth
In speech no less than thought, and wanting this
'Twould forfeit all the purest of its bliss.
Well may I deem thee something more than those
Who pass and are forgotten hour by hour!
By thoughts of thee light bursts upon life's woes;
In thoughts of thee my spirit knows her power;
And when, escaping from its daily bounds,
The current of my soul turns all to thee;
Strength not its own my buoyant heart surrounds,
And light, which earth hath never seen, I see!

II.

Show me a world where duty undisturb'd
Hath ever held of every heart the rule;
Where holy pleasure needs not to be curb'd,
And sorrow's discipline forsakes life's school;—
Show me a world where earth and sky appear
In beauty so supreme, so pure, so warm,
That all which stirs our inmost feelings here
Shall be to them a shadow or a form!
Show me a world where Friendship never fails,
Where Memory stings not, and where Hope is truth,
Where Honour stands, and Worth alone prevails;
Where Youth is Joy, and Life is ever Youth!—
And even such a wish'd-for world of bliss
Might roll past me,—if *thou* remain'dst in this.

III.

Bring me a harp from Heaven, if thou wouldst hear
The just expression of my love for thee,—
A voice that never thrill'd in human ear,—
Sounds that have never swell'd on land or sea;
Or strip the universe of all her power
By thunder or by winds, to sway the soul;
Strip her of beauty, and her nature's dower,
And place the treasures under my control.
Oh! human tongues were form'd for skulking fraud,
To barter with, to cozen or conceal;
They have no words thy excellence to laud,—
They have no power to tell thee what I feel:

In Heaven alone, from which these feelings came,
And in the songs of Heaven, they'll have a *name*.

IV.

Oh! for an eye of vision so intense,
That matter gave no boundary to its ken;
Oh! for an ear of so refined a sense,
That heavenly songs could reach it in this den
Of loud confusion; and, (would Fate permit,)
Oh! for a heart of tendency so pure,
That nothing could impair or sully it,
'Mongst all that human natures must endure:
I would be what my wildest dreams have thought
Concerning beauty, excellence, and love;
Oh! I would reach what but in dreams I've sought,
A pinnacle all human power above,—
So that *thy* spotless mind might view in me,
Something more worthy to be loved by thee!

V.

As a sweet voice with unexpected song
Comes floating through the stillness of the night,
Out pouring in a stream of deep delight,
Till sense and soul sink the full tides among;—
As gorgeous and magnificent vapours throng
From sea and land, the lake and rocky height,—
Where'er the morning sky grows clear and bright,
While from the east the daylight sweeps along;—
So, oft in lethargy or gloom, there come
Entrancing, heart-renewing thoughts of thee,—
So can the light of thy dear memory,
Call up, from out their undiscover'd home,
Feelings of pleasure of so glorious dyes,
I know they yet will shine in God's own skies.

VI.

Perhaps thine absence, as some ocean isle
Brightens through distance, sanctifies thy beauty;
And my fond heart o'erworships thee the while,
Making that love which else were only duty.
Wert thou a creature of the world I see,
Form'd by its crowds—though frowning on its folly;
And flaunting with thy sex,—perhaps to me
Thy form might be less fair, thine eye less holy!
But as it is,—methinks that I have been
Of other nature at that hour we met;
And oft my dreams persuade me I have seen
An angel who protects my pathway yet;—
Thou dwell'st among my thoughts like something nearer
To Heaven than the best,—and than the dearest, dearer!

VII.

I heard a voice as if of many waves,
At midnight, while I lay in troubled sleep;—
I saw a dark and winged figure sweep
Athwart the sky, proclaiming that the graves
Of Nature's elements had been prepared,—
And the world's doom was read. Then roll'd away
Kingdoms, and hosts, and arts! Then sunk the day!
The stars of Heaven the wide destruction shared,—
And space was Chaos!—till amid the wild
And stormy expanse, I saw *thee*, as a star,
Bright and securely beaming from afar,
And heard thy spirit say, in accents mild,—
"Hath not our love outlived its wintry clime,—
And triumph'd o'er the cares and fears of Time?"

E. B.

ALAS! I CANNOT LOVE!

A BALLAD.

By Thomas Atkinson.

I.

Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a heart like thine;
No stamp of honour'd ancestry, that spoke a noble line;
Nor wealth, that could that want repay, had I to lure thine eye,
When all, but thee and thine, still pass'd the boy-bard coldly by.

II.

Can I forget the blushing hour when by thee led to the dance,
And all the proud who on me lower'd, with many a haughty glance?
A radiant smile there was for me—for them a lofty look;
Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave their scorn rebuke!

III.

Beside thee, in thy father's hall, amid the banquet throng,
For me was kept the place of pride—for me was given the song!
What had I done—what can I do—my title to approve?
Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is dead to love.

IV.

It is not that my heart is cold, nor yet is vow'd away;
But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels itself decay;
The wither'd bloom of early hopes, and darings, hope above,
Encrust it now, and dim its shine—Alas! I cannot love!

V.

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought on thee its spell;
They whisper that my voice, now mute, in speech could please thee well;
Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they say, thy heart could move
More than red cheek or raven curls—yet, ah! I cannot love!

VI.

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing ear
They pour'd the dew of flattery, and that thou, lady, ne'er
Had'st thoughts that friendship would not own; for souls like thine can prove
How much of kindred warmth may glow without a spark of love!

VII.

One only passion now will cure this palsy of the heart:—
Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but whatsoe'er the part,
In after life, I do or dree, the praise shall all be thine,
And all I hope, and all I win, be offered at thy shrine!

SONG.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

By Robert Chambers.

I.

Were I a doughty cavalier,
On fire for high-born dame,
To win her smile, with sword and spear,
I'd seek a warrior's fame;
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,

I'll woo in softer—better mood,
The ladye that I love.

II.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll bear a mind of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf athwart my corslet cast,
With her fair name inwove,
I'll have her pictured in my breast—
The ladye that I love.

III.

No mettled steed through battle-throng,
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won:
Among the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove;
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Our readers will be glad to learn, that it is understood to be the intention of the Lords of the Treasury to authorise the *free* transmission through the Post-office, to authors residing in the country, of the proof-sheets of any work going through the press, which are sent to them for correction. For this purpose, the proofs, it is said, are to be sent open to Mr Francis Freeling, who will inclose them in a post-office cover, and forward them according to the address, and do the same on their return. The *London Literary Gazette* proposes that this arrangement should be extended to all new publications; but we are afraid this is a concession hardly to be expected.

A new novel, from the pen of Mr Galt, is announced by Blackwood. It is to be called, "My Landlady, and her Lodgers;" and will appear shortly.

We are informed that a new edition of the Waverley Novels, in royal 18mo, is in preparation, accompanied by Notes and Illustrations, supplied by the author.

A second edition of Mr Derwent Conway's Solitary Walks through many Lands, will appear in February.

A personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, by the same author, will form an early volume of Constable's Miscellany.

Tales of the Wars of our Times, by the author of Recollections of the Peninsula, are in the press.

We observe, from Clapperton's Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, which has just appeared, that there is some probability of recovering the books and manuscripts of the late Mungo Park. They are in the possession of one of the African kings.

Mr Buckingham has been lecturing in Liverpool, on the subject of the opening of the trade to India and China, at the expiration of the Company's charter. We are informed that he proposes visiting Edinburgh shortly.

Fine Arts.—Active preparations are going on, both at the *Royal Institution* and *Scottish Academy*, for the ensuing exhibitions, both of which are to open early in February, and are expected to be fully as interesting as any we have yet had in Edinburgh. We are happy to understand that, among others, one or two pictures by our celebrated countryman, Wilkie, are to be exhibited at the Royal Institution. We shall present our readers with an early account of the most interesting features of both exhibitions.

Theatrical Gossip.—At the *Adelphi Theatre*, a three-act piece has been produced, entitled, "Monsieur Mallet, or My Daughter's Letter;" and founded on Matthews' well-known anecdote of the Boston Post-office. It has been completely successful: Matthews played *Monsieur Mallet*, and the character, as sustained by him, "between every burst of laughter, produced by its broken English and national and individual vanity, drew down a shower of tears, and produced audible sobs from various parts of the audience." Mr Benson Hill, formerly of the Edinburgh Theatre, also sustained his part with much approbation.—A vocal and dramatic institution is about to be formed in London, under the patronage of several individuals of high rank, for the purpose of affording young persons, of both sexes and of competent talents, a systematic stage education.—The provincial towns seem to have subtracted a good deal of talent from London this season: Braham has been delighting the people at Bath, both with his singing and comic acting,—a power which it appears the vocalist has recently found out that he possesses;—Macready is rusticating in the west of England;—and Mr and Miss Cramer, Curioni, and others, have been giving a series of Concerts in Liverpool.—This evening, we observe, Miss Isabella Paton, an actress and singer of some power, is to make her *debut* at the Theatre Royal here, in the part of *Peggy*, in the "Country Girl." Her sister, Miss Paton, has been playing *Desdemona*, to the astonishment of the good people of Dublin.—Mazzinghi's Opera, "The Noyades, or the Maid of La Vendee," and several other novelties, have been produced here within the last week, but we are sorry to say the Manager's exertions do not meet with the encouragement we could wish.

Weekly List of Performances.

Jan. 24.—Jan. 30.

Sat. *The Hypocrite, Maid and Magpie, & Noyades.*
Mon. *Ramah Droog, & Noyades.*
Tues. *Marriage of Figaro, Noyades, and Three Hunchbacks.*
Wed. *George Barnwell, Do., & Mason of Buda.*
Thur. *Pride shall have a Fall, & Ramah Droog.*
Fri. *The Hypocrite, Noyades, & Charles Edward.*

Books very recently published.—Marshall on Classification of Shipping, 8vo, 6s. 6d. bds.—Barker's Cicero's Catilinarian Orations, 12mo, 5s. 6d. bds.—Hussey's Explanation of the Bible, Upon, 2s. sewed.—Clapperton's (Captain) Journal, L.2, 2s. bds.—Buckingham's Assyria, Media, and Persia, 4to, L.3, 13s. 6d. bds.—Emerson's Letters from the Algean, 2 vols. post 8vo, 18s. bds.—Rank and Talent, by the Author of Truckleborough Hall, 3 vols. post 8vo, L.1, 8s. 6d. bds.—The Modern Martyr, 2 vols. 12mo, 10s. bds.—County Album of England and Wales, 12mo, 5s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Last of the Plantagenets, 8vo, 12s. bds.—Major's Medea of Euripides, post 8vo, 5s. bds.—Leifchild's Help to Reading the Scriptures, 12mo, 2s. 6d. bds.—James's Pastoral Letter, 6d.—Spirit and Manners of the Age, 1 vol. 8vo, 11s. 6d.—Wilde's Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, 2d edit. 12s. bds.—James's Christian Charity explained, 2d edit. 6s. bds.—Neele's Romance of History, 3d edit.—Memoirs of John Shipp, 3 vols. 8vo, L.1, 10s.—Rudge's Introduction to Perspective, 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Cullen's Practice of Physic, 2 vols. 8vo, L.1, 4s.—Reginald Trevor, 3 vols. 18s.—Romaine's Select Letters, 32mo, 2s. 6d.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear from Ayr at the earliest convenience of our intelligent Correspondent there.—We regret that the Essay on "Classical Education" will not suit us.—We shall be happy to receive a few more papers on the "Early Spanish Poets," that we may be better able to form an opinion of their merits; we like that which has been sent us as a specimen.—"A. O." is inadmissible.

Our Beith Correspondent has our thanks; the "Song for Burns' Anniversary, 1829," will appear in our next.—We suspect "J. R." must not trust too much to his poetical powers.—We think more of "W. M." of Montrose; but his Lines scarcely come up to our standard.—"La Chenille" shall have a place, probably in our next.—If the Author of the "Alpine Horn" will send us his emendations, we shall attend to them.—"The Last Notes of the Last Bugle," and "Scotia," will not suit us.—From William Laidlaw, of Selkirk, we shall be glad to hear again; the Author of "Lucy's Flittin" can produce better things than the song to the tune of "Brewer Johnnie."

THE

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Restalrig; or, The Forfeiture. By the Author of St Johnstoun; or, John Earl of Gowrie. In two vols. Edinburgh. Maclachlan and Stewart. 1829.

WE know of few things more disagreeable than to be obliged to find fault where we had wished only to bestow praise. It is the hardest part of a critic's duty, and that for which few are disposed to blame him, if he is found wanting; his leniency being pronounced, at most, a weakness, that leans to virtue's side. But this is dangerous doctrine; and if a critic ever hopes to have his judgment relied on, or to be able to do good service to the literature of his country, and fight a good fight for its intellectual superiority, he must steel his heart against a useless clemency to individuals, that he may be able to advance more triumphantly the general cause. Suppose several of our most influential reviewers were to laud to the skies, from motives of private humanity, a particular book, whose merits were, in point of fact, greatly outweighed by its faults, what would be the result? The press would be inundated with a multiplicity of works, all indicating talent of a similar inferior order; and if similar commendations were not bestowed upon them, their respective authors (who probably ought never to have published at all,) would be able to convict the reviewers of inconsistency, and might justly complain of having been misled and deceived by them. And thus, what was originally meant as a kindness to an individual would turn out to be a positive injury inflicted on a number. If, to avoid this, the reviewers still continued to praise, then all literary distinctions would be lost or confounded, and the man of genius would rank no higher than the dolt.

It becomes, therefore, a moral obligation on the part of the conscientious reviewer, fearlessly to state those objections which may occur to him as applicable to any work which comes under his observation. He will, no doubt, do this in some cases much more willingly than in others. If a conceited coxcomb or dogmatical pedant shows himself determined to kick against the pricks, there can be no harm in allowing a few of the pricks to take effect where they will be most felt; but if the efforts of zealous and honest industry, anxious for distinction, fall considerably short of the end at which they aim, it is a far more painful task to point out its imperfections, and to dash from its hand the cup of hope that seemed to mantle high. Yet, as we have already said, it is a task which must be performed, though with all kindly and benevolent feelings, and the ever-present conviction that the end alone would justify the means.

We hesitate not to confess, that we sat down to peruse "Restalrig," with a prepossession in its favour. This prepossession arose principally from the circumstance of our having been informed that the author belonged to the better sex. If it be a sin, we plead guilty to the sin of loving female writers, though we are rather disposed to account it a virtue. Nor do we consider it exactly fair to judge of them by the same rigid rules which may be applied to the lucubrations of those who are ironically termed their lords and masters. With the exception of one or two old stagers, for whom we own no compassion, ladies have many difficulties to contend with in coming before the public, of which male creatures may easily get the better. Restricted as the former are to a much inferior knowledge of life and of the world, their choice of subjects is much more limited, their style and expressions must be much more guarded, and their delineations of the more hidden passions of human nature, must, in many instances, be much more feeble and imperfect. Female talent, therefore, with a few brilliant exceptions, ought always to be spoken of comparatively, in reference to itself, and not to that of men. Mrs Logan, the reputed authoress of "St Johnstoun," and "Restalrig," we were aware possessed abilities that raised her far above mediocrity; and as she is, moreover, one of the few authoresses that Scotland has of late years produced and kept to itself, we were anxious that her second production, "Restalrig," should prove still superior to her first, and be of a nature calculated to establish her literary reputation on a sure and lasting basis. These hopes were perhaps too sanguine, and at all events we are afraid we must say they have been disappointed.

"Restalrig; or, the Forfeiture," is meant to be an historical novel; yet there is not introduced into it a single historical incident of any moment, and in so far as the plot is concerned, (which is certainly meagre enough,) the story, instead of commencing in the year 1608, might just as well have commenced at any other period. In "St Johnstoun," the interesting historical event of the Gowrie conspiracy was the nucleus round which the rest of the tale was wound; but in "Restalrig" there is no nucleus at all, unless the simple circumstance of that estate being declared a "forfeiture" is considered a nucleus. In an historical novel, the author may, if he please, introduce characters of his own creating, and invest them with as much fictitious interest as he can; but he must, at the same time, give the historical personages whom he brings upon the stage something to do, and if they are not to be his heroes and heroines, they must at least be essentially connected with the fate of these important individuals. This is a rule which can never properly be dispensed with; yet it has been entirely overlooked in "Restalrig," probably because the plot altogether seems to have been hastily formed, and still worse digested. To a certain extent, it is a continuation of "St Johnstoun;" but it is a continuation where no continuation was required, and which ought not to have been undertaken, unless subsequent historical events admitted of a story being developed, equally interesting with that of the Gowrie conspiracy. So far, however, is this from being the case, that after reading these two volumes, it is impossible to understand why "Restalrig,"

or the "Forfeiture," should have been made the subject of a novel at all. To prove that we do not make this assertion at random, we shall attempt an analysis of the story, such as it is.

A notary at Berwick-on-Tweed, of the name of Sprott, is summoned to meet a stranger at midnight, amidst the ruins of an old abbey in the vicinity. The result of the conference is, that Sprott, without knowing any thing of the person who instigates him to the performance of the crime, but in the hopes of a rich reward, agrees to forge some documents purporting to be in the hand-writing of his old master and patron—Logan of Restalrig—now dead, by which it shall be made to appear that Logan was concerned in the recent Gowrie conspiracy. The documents are prepared and delivered up to the proper authorities; Sprott is thrown into prison, and examined concerning them; they gain full credence, and Restalrig is forfeited; but they are considered to implicate Sprott himself, who is condemned to the gallows. He is assured, however, by the mysterious stranger, that he will be protected and pardoned; but he is, notwithstanding, treacherously betrayed, and dies at the very moment that he expects to be set at liberty. The story then introduces us to young Logan, the son of old Restalrig, who returns to Scotland from the Continent just in time to learn that his fortunes are ruined. This commencement, though given somewhat tediously, is calculated to excite interest, and the reader hopes to find the story improving as it proceeds,—but it falls off. Logan, with a trusty follower, called Roger Dewlap, a very faint imitation of Richie Monyplies, leaves Edinburgh for London, to visit Sir Robert Carey, an old friend, and the guardian of his betrothed bride, Rosa Grey. In London, he is introduced to Queen Anne, wife of James VI., and Prince Henry, his eldest son; but from the King himself he is kept carefully concealed, owing to his father's supposed connexion with the Gowrie conspiracy. He sees his betrothed in rather a romantic way, at a court masque, and becomes more attached to her than ever he had been previously; but before he has time to tell her so, he is sent over, by the Queen, to Paris, with a letter of recommendation to Sully, prime minister of Henri Quatre. On arriving within eight miles of the French capital, he is the means of saving the life of a gallant French knight, whom a love intrigue had betrayed into some personal danger; and this knight turns out, ere long, to be Henri Quatre himself—though it does not exactly appear why he is brought upon the carpet at all, for we hear no more about him. Meantime, Rosa Grey leaves London for Scotland, with her friend and cousin, Isabella. The latter, however, having secretly married Lord Algerton, a dissipated young nobleman, meets him by the way, and quits Rosa. Shortly afterwards, at an old castle, where she has stopped for the night, Rosa falls into the power of a strange deformed and malevolent being, with whom we have been previously made acquainted, and who is Lord Algerton's elder brother, though this fact has been kept concealed from the world. He carries her off, hurries her to the sea-coast, and transports her to France, having first caused a report to be spread of her death. In France, she contrives to escape; and having fled in the direction of Paris, she, by great good luck, meets with Logan, just when he had received news of her decease, and at the same time intimation that, through the Queen's interest, Restalrig had been restored to him. We are then informed that the unknown, who had instigated Sprott to forgery, was the elder Algerton, and who, in so doing, had views of personal aggrandisement, both for himself and his friend the Earl of Dunvere. Deprived of Rosa, whom he had wished to make his own, Algerton returns to England, where he assassinates his brother, the husband of Isabella, and is then drowned himself, in attempting to make his escape. Logan and Rosa, with their attendants, revisit their own country, and the novel ends.

We are well aware that all stories must lose considerably when thus abridged; but really the story of "Restalrig," as a story, is so confused and absurd, that it can hardly be made to appear worse than it is. There is not a character in the whole that the reader is induced to take any interest in; and, for the most part, the incidents are either trite and common-place, or unnatural and extravagant. Nor are there any detached graphic delineations of the manners of the times, compensating, to a certain extent, for the deficiencies of the tale itself. With the exception of a few descriptive and didactic passages, all is "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

Not being particularly prone to confess this weakness of our nature, we trust we shall be believed when we again repeat, that it is with no inconsiderable reluctance and uneasiness that we express so unfavourable an opinion of this work. We beg it to be understood, that it is to the work itself we limit our observations, and that we should be very unwilling to extend them to the authoress, whom we still believe to possess a very superior mind. She has failed in "Restalrig," we are inclined to think, more because she has had no proper materials to work with, than because she does not know how to use them if she had. In testimony of her abilities, we shall subjoin two short extracts, which appear to us two of the fairest specimens of the work. The first gives an account of Logan's farewell visit to the residence of his childhood, before he left Scotland:—

"But we return to his son, who was now paying the penalty of his father's conduct, and whom we left sitting on the side of the castle wall, contemplating the alterations which had taken place in the circumstances that formerly connected him with this sea-beaten residence, which he had long loved so well. There was little difference in the external appearance of the fortress, its own rude strength seeming to bid defiance to decay, as if it partook of the character of those imperishable objects, the rocks and the ocean, by which it was surrounded. Every part of the scene in which he sat was coupled in his memory with all that is heart-stirring in the life of a spirited and animated lad; and, as he looked around on the well-known objects, his former feelings in some measure returned. Again he seemed to see his father's gallant pack of hounds thronging along the narrow drawbridge, and heard the rocks and caves once more re-echo to their deep-mouthed chime, and to the horn of the hunters. He beheld them winding their perilous way up the devious pathways of the neighbouring precipices. Anon, he was following hard upon the heels of the foremost dogs, and engaged in one of those desperate chases that led him to the very edge of the neighbouring precipices, which the bravest must have shuddered to approach. Again the scene changed, and he looked up, and beheld, high above him, the eyry which he had prided himself on yearly reaching, that he might possess himself of the young goshawks, whose parents found thus no safety for their brood in the tremendous and giddy height at which they had placed them from the beach below. And well did he remember the throb of heartfelt delight with which, on regaining the summit of the cliff, he exhibited his prize, and listened to the shouts of triumph with which the hardy domestics, his abettors and assistants in the dangerous undertaking, hailed their adventurous young lord. While these joyous acclamations seemed yet to ring in his ears, he again turned his regards toward the dwelling from which he was for ever excluded; and no trumpet could have spoken louder of sorrow and disappointment, than its desolate silence. It was as though one long buried had awakened, to experience the changes and devastations of a century. He thought on the long line of his noble ancestors, by whom the blood in his own veins was mingled with that of the roya

Bruce—of their martial bravery, and the high stations they had been called on by their country to fill,—and he thought on them with envy, as on those whom Providence had permitted to descend with honour to their graves. Next, his mind reverted to that parent, who was ever indulgent to his wishes; and then to his deathbed, from which, as it now seemed to him, he had unnecessarily absented himself, by his love of travel, and by following his own wayward humour, in opposition to what he had reason to suppose had been the wish of his father for his return. He then followed, with his mind's eye, the funeral procession, up those rocky paths, to that grave where no son had attended to lay the head of his parent in the dust. Then shot through his burning brain the recollection of the inhuman violation of that grave, and of the ghastly head, with its grey hairs streaming in the winds, now affixed to the walls of a prison, an object of horror to some, and of derision to others,—and this for an imputed crime, of which he felt an inward assurance his father had not been guilty.

"Thus, the gratification of the earnest wish he had cherished, to tread again the hallowed earth on which he had played in childhood, was the means of conjuring up a thousand distracting thoughts; and, no longer able to control his feelings, or silently endure his wretchedness, he again gave way to his irritated mood, and spoke aloud: 'Shall I, then, tamely bend my neck to the yoke of fell despair,' he said, 'and set me down and die by inches? No! by the help of Heaven, I will yet be heard; and both kingdoms shall ring with my wrongs, till some reparation be made for the injustice done me.'"—Vol. I. p. 80—3.

Our other extract furnishes us with a description of the heroine and her friend Isabella:—

"On a beautiful summer afternoon, while the sun was shooting his rays of unclouded brilliance on the broad and sparkling water of the noble river Thames, two lovely young women looked on it from an open window in the back part of Somerset or Denmark House; the latter being the name given, at the period when our story commences, to the palace in which the consort of King James I. then held her court. These young females bore each the name of Grey.

"The elder had nearly arrived at the age of one-and-twenty; her features had much of the Grecian outline, and possessed the Italian dignity of expression, blended with a softness peculiarly their own, which they owed to eyes large and dark, the exact colour of which it was difficult to ascertain, from the shade thrown on them by uncommonly long and thick eyelashes, of the deepest black. Her complexion, though not what would be called fair, yet almost appeared so, from its contrast with the jet of her hair, which was allowed to play in long spiral ringlets over her neck and shoulders, down to the slender waist, which belonged to a form perfectly proportioned, and of almost aërial lightness. Her dress was splendid, according to the fashion of the times, and the usage of the gay court in which she resided,—being a robe of grass-green sandal, (a thin silk then so called,) tastefully bordered and edged with gold, to the neck of which was attached a deep full ruff of the most costly lace, that fell back on the shoulders, so as to expose to view the graceful throat, and the jewelled necklace that encircled it; while a cimar of white silk, richly embroidered in gold, showed itself on the bosom, forming a stomacher in front, the upper garment being open from the girdle upwards.

"The dress of her cousin, who was her younger by two years, differed little from that we have just described, except in the colour of the robe, which was amber; while the style of her beauty formed a complete contrast between them, her complexion being brightly fair, with a profusion of flaxen hair, her eyes blue, and her little mouth expressing a playful sprightliness, and giving frequently to view, in the laugh full of glee, or the smile of archness, the pearly whiteness of her small and regular teeth. Her height was somewhat under that of her cousin's, and her figure more full and less graceful. This latter deficiency was, however, only to be discovered when they were together; for, when separate, so great was her loveliness, and her general powers of attraction, that it was impossible to wish her in any particular other than she was. But the general fascination of her appearance was much overclouded at the moment we are describing; her lovely mouth wore not its accustomed smiles, and there was spread over her whole appearance a thoughtfulness, that betrayed itself in her air, her physiognomy, and her voice, and gave to each a tincture of languor, and even a gloom, very foreign to their natural and usual expression. This tendency to sadness, it seemed at present the intention of her cousin to divert, by occasionally rallying her on its cause; and, when this method appeared, by the tears which it brought to her eyes, and by her continued silence, not to succeed, by endeavouring to turn her attention to the luxuriant and varied landscape that the opposite or southern side of the river presented to their view; which being then the very reverse of what it is now, exhibited, in place of blackened and crowded buildings, a wide extended plain, covered with pastoral beauties, bounded to the southward by the Surrey hills, then clothed in all their summer verdure, and softened by distance; the intermediate space being enriched with fields, gardens, and orchards, and interspersed with churches, villas, and cottages. But few houses were seen immediately on the margin of the river, between Southwark and the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth, whose venerable and stately towers rose above the wood in which they were embosomed, and so near to the water, that the ancient spires and trees were reflected in its tranquil surface."—Vol. I. p. 133—7.

These are respectable pieces of writing, and there are many such; but the book, as a whole, is tedious and uninteresting. We rather suspect that the author should turn her attention from novel-writing to some other species of composition.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. No. XCVI. For September–December, 1828. Edinburgh, Adam Black; London, Longman and Co.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. No. CXLIX. For February, 1829. Edinburgh, William Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. VI. January, 1829. London, Treuttel and Wurtz.

The New Monthly Magazine, and Literary Journal. No. XCVIII. February, 1829. London, Henry Colburn.

Setting political considerations out of the question, the *Edinburgh Review*, take it for all in all, is, and has ever been, an honour to the country that produced it, and a very proud monument of Mr Jeffrey's genius. For several years back, this Review has not been quite so distinguished as it once was; but this is to be attributed entirely to that apathy which is but too frequently the natural consequence of complete success. The boy soon restores to liberty the painted butterfly that it has cost him a whole summer day to catch; and the man of talent, as soon as he has accomplished the object he had in view,—as soon as he has got the start of all his competitors in the race,—rests upon his oars, or looks out for a new path in which to distinguish himself.

It is quite impossible that any Editor can always write and think exactly as he should do, and in a

work of so comprehensive a description as the *Edinburgh Review*, it was natural to suppose that there should be occasional mistakes and discrepancies; but we believe it is universally allowed, that Mr Jeffrey's mode of conducting this periodical is, on the whole, in the highest degree creditable to his temper, his judgment, and his abilities, or, to use a hackneyed, but expressive phrase, to his head and to his heart. Errors he has, no doubt, committed, both in matters of science, political economy, philosophy, belles lettres, and poetry; —but to say that a man has committed errors is to say nothing. Look at the *per contra*, and see how much Mr Jeffrey has done for science, political economy, philosophy, belles lettres, and poetry;—perhaps no man of the present day has done more, or so much. It ought to be recollected, too, that there is not, and never was, a *nest* of Edinburgh Reviewers in Edinburgh. With the exception of Mr Jeffrey's own articles, the best have come from a distance. Sidney Smith has been a host in himself; Brougham, Macintosh, Hazlitt, Malthus, and others, have contributed many powerful Essays.

It is, of course, among the whigs that Mr Jeffrey principally moves; and it is to be regretted, that even in the purely literary Society of Edinburgh, a pretty strong line of demarcation is kept up between the whigs and tories. This is to be attributed, to a considerable extent, to the rivalry and opposition that has so long existed between the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the cutting sarcasms and raillery in which the latter has so frequently indulged. Personal feelings, either real or imaginary, have thus been brought into action, and the heroes of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* could hardly be expected to meet with a very hearty welcome from the learned Editor in Moray Place. The invention (as it may be called) of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* has been of great use to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It was exactly what all Magazines ought to have; yet it was the first attempt which was made in these periodicals to give the reader a more direct and personal interest in the writers whose monthly lucubrations he so regularly perused; and, at the same time, to afford an opportunity for expressing opinions, in an easy and epigrammatic manner, on a thousand subjects of interest, which could not otherwise have been touched upon. The *Noctes* have been written by various hands, but the most distinguished are Mr Lockhart and Professor Wilson. The former was fonder of introducing a greater variety of characters than the latter generally attempts; but it has not been found that they have lost any of their interest under the Professor's care. The question is frequently asked, whether any such thing as real *Noctes Ambrosianæ* ever takes place? It may be pretty safely answered that they do, though not by any means at stated and regular periods; but Professor Wilson, whenever he chooses to exert himself, or rather without any exertion at all, is a *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in himself. Few men ever combined more happily than he does the *vivida vis* of intellect, with the deep enthusiasm of poetical genius, and that ever-overflowing playfulness and urbanity which give to conversation so much sparkle and life, and are the sure indication of those kindly dispositions, *nihil humani alienum putantes*. The Ettrick Shepherd is the person who is now made to figure most conspicuously in the *Noctes*. Mr Hogg, however, has not of late been in Edinburgh above three or four weeks in the year, so that of course the author of these dialogues draws entirely upon his own imagination for what he puts into the Shepherd's lips. Mr Hogg is not exactly what he is made to appear in the *Noctes*. It is a powerful portrait, but a good deal exaggerated every way. The Shepherd seldom or never speaks poetical prose; or, if he does, it is by chance, not in a regular and intentional succession of sentences. In one thing the likeness is good,—the total want of all affectation, and the natural sincerity and simplicity of character, combined with a great deal of shrewd observation and strong common sense, which so peculiarly distinguishes *James*, as he is called. To a stranger, the Shepherd appears a dull inanimate man in conversation; but he is *not* so to those who know how to touch upon the right chords. He often thinks more than he speaks; but what he says, though not expressed in the language of Bond Street, is always worth listening to. In the *Noctes*, Hogg is a good deal like what he would be were he to put into words all the secret thoughts of his most inspired and solitary moments, which in his social hours it is not his nature ever to do. He is, in short, a more fanciful and beau-ideal sort of Shepherd on paper than he is in reality,—as people appear to possess an air on canvass, which none but the painter probably ever discovered to belong to them.

The articles in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* are written by men of talent and learning; but we have some doubts whether there be in this country a sufficient number of readers interested in Continental literature, to secure for it a permanent support, the more especially as unfortunate circumstances have introduced to the notice of the public *two* foreign Reviews at the same time. With the exception of France, Germany, and Italy, there is scarcely a European state in whose literary productions the mass of the reading public of Great Britain takes any interest; and even with regard to the march of mind in these three nations, an occasional article in the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, or in some of the numerous Magazines, is expected to furnish a general and comprehensive view, enough to satisfy most appetites. But if any Foreign Review can be made to pay in this country, the very respectable work before us must have as good a chance as any that can be started.

The *New Monthly*, or *Campbell's Magazine*, every body is acquainted with. It is a gentlemanly and clever periodical; but its great fault is, that every succeeding number is too like those which have gone before. This we conceive to be a dangerous error in a periodical work, the very soul of which ought to be variety. The ability with which Blackwood varies his monthly bill of fare is one of the great charms of his Magazine. Even a dull article may safely be inserted now and then, if it has a tone and style of its own, for it will contrast well with the livelier lucubrations of more talented pens. The essays in the *New Monthly* are not only always good, but they have all the same sort of goodness, and that is nearly as wearisome as the same sort of badness. There is one exception to this remark to be found in the poetical department of this Magazine, which is, in general, very mediocre—a circumstance that occasions some surprise, considering the poetical reputation of its editor. It strikes us, indeed, that the poetry of most of the Magazines is, at present, considerably below par. Blackwood does not care much about poetry, considering, rightly, that prose is the anchor to which all periodical works must principally trust. Professor Wilson's contributions, in particular, are almost always in prose; and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* has had the honour of giving to the public his two most recent, and certainly not the least beautiful of his poetical productions.

Leaving these more general observations, we are desirous, before concluding, to direct the attention of our readers to the leading article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is a disquisition on the life, character, and writings of Burns, taking Mr Lockhart's work on that subject for the text. We have rarely met with a more eloquent or forcible piece of writing, or one more calculated to raise its author in our estimation. With Mr Carlisle's talents, the "Life of Schiller," and other productions, had made us previously acquainted; but we were hardly prepared to expect from his pen an article of so much beauty and vigour, and so admirably sustained throughout. A more splendid tribute has

never been paid to the memory of Burns; and though we do not exactly agree with Mr Carlisle in all his sentiments, especially in some of his remarks on Byron, and in his criticism on "Tam o' Shanter," we consider it a part of our literary duty to express the gratification we have, on the whole, experienced, in perusing a composition so redolent of genius. We doubt not that most of our readers will make it a point to judge of this Essay for themselves; but, in the meantime, to convince them that we have been bestowing no unmerited praise, we shall transfer to our pages the following admirable passage on

THE GENIUS OF BURNS.

"Such a gift had nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable; but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny, for so in our ignorance we must speak, his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The 'daisy' falls not unheeded under his ploughshare, nor the ruined nest of that 'wee, cowering, timorous beastie,' cast forth after all its provident pains, to 'thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld.' The 'hoar visage' of winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness on these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for it raises his thoughts to '*Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*' A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm all-comprehending fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but love also and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence, he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened, into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence, no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the 'insolence of condescension' cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart, a heart that knows only the *name* of friendship. And yet he was 'quick to learn;' a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us; 'a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody.' And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste."

Not less eloquent, and, in the mind and heart of every enthusiastic Scotchman, not less true, is the subjoined panegyric on

THE SONGS OF BURNS.

"But by far the most finished, complete, and truly-inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with the least obstruction; in its highest beauty, and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be, that song is a brief and simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection, as genuine poetic feeling,—genuine music of the heart. The song has its rules equally with the tragedy; rules which, in most cases, are poorly fulfilled; in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long Essay on the Songs of Burns; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced; for indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that by any other hand aught truly worth attention has been accomplished in this department. True, we have songs enough by 'persons of quality;' we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred Madrigals; many a rhymed speech in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius, the Portugal Bishop, rich in sonorous words; and for moral, dashed, perhaps, with some tint of a sentimental sensuality; all which many persons cease not from endeavouring to sing; though, for most part, we fear, the music is but from the throat outwards, or at best from some region far enough short of the *soul;* not in which, but in a certain inane Limbo of the fancy, or even in some vaporous debateable land on the outside of the Nervous System, most of such Madrigals and rhymed speeches seem to have originated. With the Songs of Burns we must not name these things. Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view; in form as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not *said*, or spouted in rhetorical completeness and coherence, but *sung* in fitful gushes,—in glowing hints,—in fantastic breaks,—in *warblings*, not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs, since the little careless catches, and, as it were, drops of song, which Shakspeare has here and there sprinkled over his plays, fulfil this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes, in general, a corresponding force and truth of sentiment, and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings,

yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, 'sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear!' If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud flowing revel in *Willie brewed a peck o' Maut*, to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven*; from the glad kind greeting of *Auld Langsyne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart,—it will seem a small praise, if we rank him as the first of all our song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him."

These extracts speak for themselves; and it is only necessary to add, that the whole of the article from which we have taken them, is made up of a string of passages equally brilliant.

The only article by Mr Jeffrey, in the present Number of the *Review*, is one upon Bishop Heber, and his works on India. It is written with all Mr Jeffrey's usual ability and good feeling.—The chief peculiarity of *Blackwood* for this month is, that it contains nothing from the pen of Professor Wilson, and is therefore less interesting than we could wish.—One of the best articles in the *Foreign Quarterly* is a very elaborate one on the Arts and Manufactures in France.—In the *New Monthly*, Lady Morgan writes the leading Essay, which is of an historico-political kind, on the subject of Irish Lords Lieutenant.

A Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, to the frontiers of China, the Frozen Sea, and Kamtchatka. By Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R. N. Two volumes; being the 36th and 37th volumes of Constable's Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1829.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S intention was to walk round the world; and he certainly walked a good part of the way. We know of no man who seems to have made a better hand of his legs. Cockneys account it a great thing to spend a week or two in summer, walking about Loch Ketturin, or climbing that remarkable piece of rising ground, called Ben-Lomond. At dinner parties, towards the fag end of the shooting season, we sometimes hear a sportsman, more daring than the rest, boast, that on one occasion he went over forty miles at a stretch, a distance nearly equivalent to that which exists between Edinburgh and Glasgow. These things are set down as feats, and recorded to a man's honour in after life, when he sits toasting his toes by his fireside, surrounded by a gaping circle of grandchildren. But what a contemptible figure their grandpapa would cut in their eyes were they just to take a slight glance at the pedestrian journey performed by Captain Cochrane! Their grandpapa, when a young man, walked forty miles; Captain Cochrane walked twenty thousand miles. He walked from London to Okotsk, on the Frozen Sea, passing through France, Germany, Prussia, Russia, Tartary, and Siberia. He then crossed to Kamtchatka, and walked through that Peninsula; and not being able to walk any farther north, because there was no more land to walk upon, he with great good humour turned round again, and walked the whole way back. There are a few who have walked the length of Johnny Groat's House, the farthest north point of Scotland, and when they returned, they looked amazingly big, with an expression which seemed to imply—"All that man dare, I dare." Heaven forgive them! their whole excursion would not have been a forenoon's work to Captain Cochrane. It was all one, too, to him, *where* he walked. He originally proposed to the Admiralty to travel over the burning sands of Africa, following, as nearly as he could, the track of Mungo Park; but, as the proposal was received unfavourably, he very coolly altered his design, and proposed to sojourn among the eternal snows of Siberia. Off he set, without money, without friends, without any thing, except, as the old song says, "a light heart and a thin pair of breeches;" and with these he literally went "thorough the world, brave boys." We have a respect for the indomitable spirit of this man. He said to himself,—"I shall walk round the world; I shall traverse Europe and Asia, cross over to America at Behring's Straits, and proceed down that mighty continent till I get to the vicinity of Cape Horn." He kept this object steadily in view, and nothing would divert him from it. Storms raged, but he smiled at them and walked on;—meridian suns glared down upon him in sultry radiance, but he wiped the perspiration from his brow and walked on;—robbers attacked and plundered him, but as soon as they left him, naked as he was, he walked on;—the luxuries and dissipations of great cities and princely mansions courted him, but he turned his face to the keen blast, coming from the cold north, and walked on;—human habitations forsook him, snow and wild beasts, silence and solitude, were his only companions, but he walked on and on, till the echoes of far-distant society rung not in his ears, and he passed, as it were, into a new state of existence.

That Captain Cochrane did not perambulate the globe, was not his fault. He could not get out of Asia; so, by way of revenge, we suppose, he took to himself a wife in Kamtchatka, and came away home again. To walk back, however, only eight or nine thousand miles, appeared too insignificant, and he therefore made a digression to the frontiers of China, which afforded several thousand miles more of healthy exercise. Our hero was not a learned man, nor a very able man, but he had a good stock of sound common sense; and the consequence is, that his book is by far the best Itinerary of Russia, Siberian Tartary, and Kamtchatka, that exists. If we ever were to walk the length of Okotsk, or pay a visit to our friends the Yakuti and Tongousians, we should never wish for more than a raw sturgeon in one pocket, and the Captain's book in the other; and with these auxiliaries, we should feel perfectly sure of getting on delightfully.

The "Pedestrian Journey," be it recollected, however, is, on the whole, more a curious than a very instructive work. We are led on from town to town, and village to village innumerable, of whose very existence nobody had ever dreamt before; and then, at length, we come into the immense wilderness of Siberia, "whose inhabitants are so scattered, that five or six hundred miles are passed by travellers without seeing an individual, much less any cultivation, or any works of man, at all worthy of description." As Captain Cochrane therefore frankly confesses, the matter of interest is to be compressed in a small space; for in these remote regions, the manners, customs, and dress of most of the inhabitants are the same, and the severity of the climate is in general productive of the same results. We confess, however, that, though here and there the details are a little tedious, we have, on the whole, derived very considerable gratification from these volumes. We subjoin one or two detached extracts, not with the view of giving any correct notion of the general features of the work, but as passages which may interest and amuse. Of the advantages to be derived from sending out Missionaries to Siberia, our author writes sceptically, and, we suspect, judiciously:—

SIBERIAN MISSIONARIES.

"I passed a couple of days in a most agreeable man-

ner with these secluded and self-devoted people, who have, indeed, undertaken an arduous task. They have been established in the present place more than three years; during which time they have erected two neat and homely dwellings, with out-houses, small gardens, &c. It is, however, to the generosity of the Emperor of Russia that these very comfortable residences are to be attributed, he having generously paid all the expenses, and given the society a grant of land, free of actual rent or public service.

"Many journeys have been made into the interior of the country, with a view to form acquaintances with the chiefs and principal people, as also with the lamas or priests. As yet, however, it is a matter of regret, that these very indefatigable ministers have not been the instrument of converting *one single* individual. Nor is it probable they will; for it is only very lately that the Buriats brought their religious books, thirty waggon loads, from Thibet, at an expense of twelve thousand head of cattle. Their tracts have been received, but have never, save in a solitary instance, been looked into. Even their Buriat servants secretly laugh at the folly of their masters, and only remain with them for the sake of getting better food, with less work. It appears to me, that the religion of the Buriats is of too old a date, and they are of too obstinate a disposition, to receive any change. Nor is it much to be wondered at: their own religious books point out the course they pursue; and when the religion of a people, who have been, from time immemorial, acquainted with the art of reading and writing, is attacked, and attempted to be changed, by three strangers, it is almost preposterous to expect any favourable result. For my own part, so small are my hopes of their success, that I do not expect any one Buriat will be really and truly converted: for the sake of profit, several may so pretend; but, as long as they have their own priests and religious instruction, so long the Missionary Society will do no more good than simply translating their works, and acquiring the knowledge of a language useless to England. I must, however, humbly add,—that what is impossible with man, is possible with God! The field chosen, on the banks of the Selenga, is, no doubt, the very worst; and this is known even to the missionaries; but, I presume, it is too comfortable a birth to be given up. I have every respect for them personally, but really I cannot think justice is done to the people of England, to say nothing of the poverty and ignorance of a large portion of the people of Ireland, in squandering money in every part of the world, while there are so many poor and religiously ignorant in our own empire. When we shall have all become good and steady and wealthy Christians, then will be the time to assist others; and thus, in a few words, I bid adieu to the subject."—Vol. 2d, p. 99—101.

The worthy people who live in these northern regions seem to enjoy the most tremendous appetites ever heard of. We earnestly join in the wish of Macbeth, "may good digestion wait on appetite!" The following, we think, may be considered

SYMPTOMS OF A GOOD APPETITE.

"At Tabalak I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow-grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongousi of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting any thing that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow, a second, and a third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter; this also he immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap;—all went the same road; but as I was convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive any thing, I begged my companion to desist as I had done.

"As to the statement of what a man can or will eat, either as to quality or quantity, I am afraid it would be quite incredible; in fact, there is nothing in the way of fish or meat, from whatever animal, however putrid or unwholesome, but they will devour with impunity, and the quantity only varies from what they have, to what they can get. I have repeatedly seen a Yakut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for, from thin and meagre-looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed from ours, or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea and soup scalding hot, (so hot, at least, that an European would have difficulty in even sipping at it,) without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black puddings.

"For an instance, in confirmation of this, no doubt, extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritcheff. 'No sooner,' he says, 'had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day.' The admiral also says, 'That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person. The labourers,' the admiral says, 'had an allowance of four poods, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds, of fat, and seventy-two pounds of rye-flour; yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuti said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter *of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink.* The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted*, yet did he sit down to it with the greatest eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot; and, except that his stomach betrayed more than ordinary fulness, he showed no sign of inconvenience or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day.' So much for the admiral, on the truth of whose account I place perfect reliance."—Vol. 1, p. 193—5.

We have room left for only a few anecdotes selected from different parts of the work.

"*A Siberian Town.*—Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of a city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate; my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of Canada, or in crossing the Cordilleras or Andes of North America, the Pyrenees or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me! The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place. Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven

habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergymen, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a postmaster, a merchant, and an old widow. I have, during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant ship with sixteen guns, and only fifteen men, but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants."

"*A Siberian Luxury.*—On the 3d of December I quitted the *town* of Zashiversk, not ungrateful for the hospitality of its poor inhabitants, who had supplied me with plenty of fish, here eaten in a raw state, and which to this hour I remember as the greatest delicacy I have ever tasted. Spite of our prejudices, there is nothing to be compared to the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world, is nothing to it; nor is it only a small quantity that may be eaten of this precious commodity. I myself have finished a whole fish, which, in its frozen state, might have weighed two or three pounds, and, with black biscuit, and a glass of rye-brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal. It is cut up or shaved into slices with a sharp knife, from head to tail, and thence derives the name of stroganïna; to complete the luxury only salt and pepper were wanting."

"*French Patriotism.*—At Ustkamenogorsk I again partook of the hospitality of the commandant, a Frenchman; his name is Delancourt, and he has been thirty-five years in Siberia, doing any thing or nothing; being one of those feeble but respectable individuals, of whom there are several, that are supported by the liberality of the Russian government. In him I saw the first instance of a Frenchman's forgetting his own country; he seemed entirely divested of the patriotic affection which that fickle nation are supposed to possess, but which, perhaps, generally exists more in appearance than reality, as wherever a Frenchman can do best, there he will settle. I asked him if he ever intended to return to France? His reply was, that 'France was nothing to him.' I asked him why? He looked at his wife and large family of marriageable daughters, shrugged up his shoulders, and said, 'Que voulez vous que j'y fasse?' and, heaving a sigh, left the room. Yet, in spite of his teeth, he was still a Frenchman, for the first words upon his return were, 'Ma pauvre France!' I had touched a tender string, and, although he is now resigned to his fate, he says that he has been a 'bête' for marrying, and begetting an entail which he cannot quit. His society, during the few hours that I enjoyed it, was very agreeable."

"*Russian Civility.*—Among other proofs of their civility, or rather of the interest which Russians take in foreigners, as well as the means they have of making themselves understood, one very strong one occurred to me in a small village. I had learned so much of the language as to know that *kchorosho* is the Russian word for *well*, but not that *kchudo* was the translation for *bad*. My host, being a good sort of a blunt fellow, was discoursing upon the impropriety of travelling as I did. As I could not comprehend him, I was impatient to go; but he persisted in detaining me till he had made me understand the meaning of *kchudo*. My extreme stupidity offered a powerful barrier to his design; but a smart slap on one cheek and a kiss on the other, followed by the words *kchudo* and *kchorosho*, soon cured my dulness, and I laughed heartily in spite of this mode of instruction."

We are sorry poor Cochrane is dead. If disembodied spirits carry their earthly propensities with them into other spheres, he is at this moment walking at the rate of four and a half miles an hour through some of the comets or fixed stars.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

TRADITIONARY NOTICES OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

Of this venerable lady, who presided over the fashionable world of Edinburgh during the earlier half of the last century, some curious traditionary anecdotes are preserved, which may perhaps amuse the people of an age so different from that in which she flourished.

She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun, and consequently was grand-daughter to that stern old Earl, who acted so important a part in the affairs of the Covenant, and who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublous times of the Civil War. While very young, (about the beginning of the eighteenth century,) she was married to James, first Viscount P——, a nobleman of very dissolute character, and, what was worse, of an extremely unhappy temper. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord P—— was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even occasion to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time when she was labouring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her, with a drawn sword in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and, although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached near enough to execute his bloody purpose, before she was aware, or could have taken any measures to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half-dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord P——'s mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and, it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together.

Lord P—— soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjuror, or fortune-teller, came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady P——, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited, by curiosity, to go with a female friend to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding his motions. It was at night; and the two ladies went, with the tartan *screens* or *plaids* of their servants drawn over their faces, by way of disguise. Lady P—— having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church, with a marriage-party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord P——. The magical scene thus so strangely displayed was not exactly like a picture; or, if so, it was rather like the live pictures of the stage, than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the

lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had, at last, been all made; the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady P—— thought she recognised a brother of her own, then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but, as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short, his face assumed a wrathful expression, he drew his sword, and he rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately after vanished entirely away.

When Lady P—— got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, taking particular care to note the day and hour when she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he had happened to see or hear any thing of Lord P——. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady P——, however, questioned him so closely, that he at last confessed having met his lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the Dutch cities,—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam,—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant, informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days; and, as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape—his own brother-in-law, Lord P——!

Although Lady P—— had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord P——'s attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady P—— had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials, on the very evening they were transacted in reality.

This story, with all its strange and supernatural circumstances, may only excite a smile in the incredulous modern. All that the narrator can say in its favour, is simply this: it fell out in the hands of honourable men and women, who could not be suspected of an intention to impose on the credulity of their friends; it referred to a circumstance which the persons concerned had the least reason in the world for raising a story about; and it was almost universally believed by the contemporaries of the principal personages, and by the generation which succeeded. It was one of the stock traditionary stories of the mother of a distinguished modern novelist; a lady whose rational good sense and strength of mind were only equalled by the irreproachable purity and benevolence of her character.

It will also, no doubt, be known to many of our readers, that the author of "Waverley" has wrought up the incident into a beautiful fictitious tale, intitled "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," which appears in the "Keepsake" for 1829; affording another proof of the slight foundations upon which Sir Walter Scott rears his splendid superstructures of fable, and from what shadowy hints of character he occasionally works out his most noble and most natural portraitures.

It will not be amiss here to mention the following amusing traditionary reminiscence of "Beau Forrester," the gentleman to whose shoulders the author of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" has chosen to transfer all the guilt of the Viscount P——. Beau Forrester, although indulging in the extreme of what is now called dandyism, appears to have been a man of some sense. He evinces considerable gravity, and correctness of thought, in a little tract which he published, and which is now generally attached to the end of the common editions of "Chesterfield's Advice to his Son," intitled, "The Polite Philosopher." That he was, at the time, a despiser, to a certain extent, of the distinction which he acquired as leader of fashions among the young men of his day; and, also, that he held his worshippers in some contempt, seems to be proved by an anecdote which I have heard related by old gentlemen of the last century. In his time, (the reign of George the Second,) gentlemen sometimes wore their natural hair at great length, and nicely dressed; and, at other times, as fashion changed, cut it all away, and assumed prodigious periwigs. Resolving to play a trick upon his herd of imitators, the Beau, one day, suddenly appeared in public with a grand Ramillies, instead of the long-flowing natural ringlets which he had exhibited for a considerable time before. Of course, the barbers were all immediately worried to death for Ramilies wigs; and, in less than a week, there was not a single live hair to be seen in the Parliament Close, the High Street, the Castle-Hill, or any other fashionable promenade about Edinburgh:—from Dan to Beersheba all was barren. Whenever the Beau perceived that the whole crop was fairly cut and *carved*, in the coolest manner imaginable, he doffed his peruke, and, all at once, to the astonishment and mortification of hundreds, reappeared with his own hair, as fresh and long as ever, it having been concealed all the time under his wig. It is unnecessary to describe or even to hint at the extent of ridicule with which this happy piece of waggery overwhelmed the *servum pecus* of Beau Forrester.

Lord P—— died in 1706, leaving a widow who could scarcely be expected to mourn for him. She was still a young and beautiful woman, and might have procured her choice among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state from her first husband, that she made a resolution never again to become a wife. She kept her resolution for many years, and probably would have done so till the day of her death, but for a very singular circumstance. The celebrated Earl of Stair, who resided in Edinburgh during the greater part of twenty years which he spent in retirement from all official employments, fell deeply in love with her ladyship, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have relented in favour of any man, it would have been in favour of one who had acquired so much public honour, and who possessed so much private worth. But she declared also to him her resolution of remaining unmarried. In his desperation, he resolved upon an expedient by which he might obviate her scruples, but which was certainly improper in a moral point of view. By dint of bribes to her domestics, he got himself insinuated, over night, into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers

every morning, and the window of which looked out upon the principal street of the city. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself, *en deshabille*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such a fatal effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for a husband.

She was more happy as Countess of Stair than she had been as Lady P——. Yet her new husband had one failing, which occasioned her much and frequent uneasiness. Like all other gentlemen at that period, he sometimes indulged over much in the bottle. When elevated with liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was by no means improved. Thus, on his reaching home, after any little debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, and sometimes even treated her person with violence. On one particular occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, altogether unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so completely overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter and poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her little wound. She sat down on a sofa near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unusual condition? She answered by detailing to him the whole history of his conduct on the preceding evening; which stung him so deeply with regret,—for he was a nobleman of the most generous feelings,—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of drink, except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company where his lady could not attend to sanction his potations with her permission. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire; after which, he drank only from a certain quantity which she had first laid aside.

The Earl of Stair died in the year 1747, (at Queensberry House, in the Canongate, Edinburgh,) leaving her ladyship again a widow. She lived all the rest of her life, in dotarial state, at Edinburgh; where a close, or alley, in which she resided, still bears her name. She died in the year 1759.

SCIENCE.

POPULAR REMARKS ON COMETS, AND OTHER CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work."

PSALMS OF DAVID.

THE modern theory of comets has pretty clearly established, that these apparently flaming bodies, which were so long believed to be immense balls of fire,* may, on the contrary, be worlds inhabited by beings in every respect like ourselves, possessing vegetables similar to our own, and suffering no sensible change in temperature, on advancing from the distance of 11,200,000,000 miles from the sun, to within a third part of the semi-diameter of that luminary. That the reader may be enabled to form any accurate notion of the weight which ought to be attached to this theory, it will be necessary to make a few preliminary observations on the nature of heat.

Although the sun is the great fountain of light, the heat upon its surface is probably not greater than that of our own globe; for, as caloric is given out when water is poured into acids or alcohol, so the heat of the sun is, in all likelihood, produced by the rays of light mingling with, or passing through, our atmosphere. In proof of this, it will always be found, that as the air increases in rarity, the heat decreases in intensity, and *vice versa*;—that beyond the limits of the atmosphere eternal cold exists in the most brilliant sunshine;—that the denser the air, the greater the heat;—and, finally, that the ocean would be congealed into a solid waste of ice, were there no atmosphere surrounding the world, though the beams of a luminary, a thousand times brighter than our orb of day, shone upon it.

Although the coast of Peru is one of the hottest climates in the world, those who gradually ascend the Cordilleras from it, observe that the heat progressively decreases; so that when they have got to the valley of Quito, at the height of about 1400 toises above the level of the sea, the thermometer, in the course of the whole year, scarcely rises 13 or 14 degrees above Zero. If they ascend still higher, this temperature is succeeded by a severe winter; and when they get to the perpendicular height of about 2400 toises, they meet with nothing, even under the equinoctial line, but eternal ice. Some philosophers, it is true, account for the decrease of temperature, by arguing that the warmth which is experienced at the surface of the earth is not merely the direct heat of the sun, but of several causes united; and in particular, that the heat of the plains and valleys is owing to the reflection and absorption of the sun's rays from, and into, the ground. But this solution of the difficulty does not seem so satisfactory as that which refers it to the comparative rarity or density of the air. To illustrate the subject, let us have recourse to one or two simple experiments:—Place a piece of ice under the receiver of an air-pump; exhaust the atmosphere, and transmit the rays of the sun from a burning mirror or convex lens upon the ice, within the receiver—the brilliant focus will be seen to have no effect upon the congealed mass. Allow the mirror or lens to remain, and admit the air; the ice will then immediately begin to melt. Again, place a piece of ice in a transparent receiver, and let the air be compressed; the frozen matter will be observed to dissolve rapidly, without any other assistance than the beams of day passing through the condensed medium. Again, let us suppose a globe of sand-stone to represent the earth; a flagon, the sun, and a quart of alcohol in it, the light of the sun; pour the spirit from the flagon, (or light from the sun,) upon the ball of sand-stone, until it be quite saturated—still there will be no heat; but suppose this sphere were surrounded by (we shall call it) an atmosphere of water, immediately upon the alcohol mingling with the water, heat would be evolved; the globe would absorb the warmth from its atmosphere; and while the stream of spirit, falling from the flagon upon the sphere, was cold as ice, the water around the ball would be of a pleasant, and even *hot*, temperature.* It is exactly so with the sun and its light, the earth and its atmosphere. As oceans of alcohol alone could afford no warmth to the globe of sand-stone, so we might look in vain for heat without air, though oceans of light enveloped the world a thousand times denser than what is now flowing from the orb of day.

For a similar cause, the planet Mercury, having a

* Sir Isaac Newton computed the heat of the comet, seen by him in 1680, to be 2000 times hotter than red-hot iron.

* Sulphuric acid has such an affinity for water, that they will unite in any proportion; and the combination takes place with the production of an intense heat. When four parts, by weight, of the acid are suddenly mixed with one of water, the temperature of the mixture rises, according to Dr Ure, to 300° F.

less atmosphere, and the Georgium Sidus a much greater, than that which encircles our world, the medium of heat may be alike in both; and it is likely, that the nearer the planets are to the sun, the lesser will be their atmospheres; the further removed, the greater. Our own earth, by losing a part of its surrounding air, might be placed in the system, where Mercury now is, without any inconvenience to its inhabitants; and in like manner, were the atmospheres increased, it might revolve, with the same comfort to mankind, in the orbit of the Georgian planet.

These things being premised, the phenomenon of comets and their tails will be more easily understood.

In considering the eccentric orbits of comets, some such train of thought as the following may be supposed to pass through our minds:—It is not to be believed that a single atom in creation was made in vain; yet what sort of beings can inhabit worlds, that are at one time in regions of the most perishing cold, at another in those of devouring fire? Is it not possible that some means may have been devised to avoid these extremes? Could not the atmospheres of the comets be increased and decreased, as they recede from, and advance towards, the sun? Does the velocity of their motions, as they approach the sun, not cause their atmospheres to stream off from the nucleus, and form a sort of tail behind, which may again surround them as they recede from our system? Are streams, or tails, in point of fact, seen issuing from these luminaries? And if so, are they invariably turned from the sun? Do they increase as the comet approaches that orb, and do they gradually surround it as it recedes from the planetary system? So far as science has yet gone, all these questions may be most satisfactorily answered.

When a comet is in its aphelion, or greatest distance from the sun, it is completely surrounded by its enormous atmosphere; in consequence of which, the beams of the sun, be they ever so feeble, in passing through such a dense medium, will create a sufficient quantity of heat for the support of animal and vegetable life, even at that immeasurable distance. Bailly remarks, (vide Hist. d'Astron. iii, 257.) that were the comet of 1680, in its aphelion, 136 times more remote from the sun than the earth, it would receive five or (taking the refraction occasioned by its dense atmosphere into consideration) six times as much light from the sun as we do from the full moon. As the comet approaches the sun the coma commences streaming from the head, and as the velocity of the motion increases, the tail increases in length also. In so doing, the superabundant atmosphere is thrown off, and the same medium of heat experienced throughout all the comet's orbit. But as light issues from the sun with such inconceivable rapidity, the tail of the comet will be entangled therein, and flow from the sun as a banner does when playing loosely before the wind. Gradually as the comet advances to the verge of the planetary system, its tail will begin to surround it, and as it travels through the chilly depths of space, the more, and yet the more, will it be enveloped in its atmospheric mantle—to compare small things with great—just as a person in travelling from the equator towards the pole would gradually increase his apparel.

It will now appear evident that the periods of the comets might be pretty correctly calculated by observing the length of their tails, and distances from the sun; considering, 1st, That those comets which have the longest trains, and are furthest from the central orb in their perihelions, must also have the greatest orbits, consequently the longest periods. 2dly, That those which advance nearer the luminary, with very long trains, will be the next in order. 3dly, That the comets which have shorter comas and are far from the sun in their perihelions, the third. 4thly, That those which have shorter trains, and are nearest the sun, will have the least orbits and periods.* It appears, moreover, that the planets have atmospheres in proportion to their distances from the sun; and that the sun itself, by having a very rare and thin atmosphere under its phosphorescent mantle, (which will float on the air as oil does on water,) may be the abode of beings in every respect similar to ourselves, with this difference, that as they inhabit the greatest and noblest orb in our system, they are perhaps more worthy of enjoying that blessing.

Before concluding these observations it may further be remarked, that it seems extremely probable, *that every planet in the system was originally a comet; and that every comet will finally become a planet.* As the sun is the largest orb, and moreover the centre of our system, it is natural to conclude that it came into existence first. Before the sun was created, an ethereal medium, like a great mist, may be supposed to have pervaded all space, and that at the will of the Almighty, centres of attraction were pointed out in the embryo of creation, to which the surrounding particles of matter approximated and formed *nebulæ*, which in process of time acquired such a degree of density, as to be capable of being affected by the laws of attraction. The gravitating mass would then move towards the nearest body, with a velocity increasing as the distance decreased, until the more attenuated portion of the nebulous matter streamed off from the denser nucleus in the form of a tail. At their first outset these new bodies would move in straight lines towards their attracting sources; but, as there exists a power of repulsion, as well as of attraction, in all the heavenly bodies, they would be unable to come into actual contact with the suns previously existing, and, like comets, would perform their semicircle round the luminaries, and thence be repelled into the depths of space. When the effect of this action had ceased, (which would take place when they were in their aphelion) they would again be attracted, and again repelled; with this difference, that at every revolution the density of their nucli would be increased—the length of their tails shortened—and the eccentricity of their orbits diminished—in a word, that they would gradually become planets, and move round their respective suns in regular circles. Thus does it seem not unlikely, that every planet in the solar system has originally been a vapour—a nebula—a comet: and that every comet will finally become a planet. To give still greater strength to this hypothesis the following facts may be stated:—*First*, the indefatigable Sir William Herschel has discovered no less than 2000 nebulæ—and since these are visible to the eye of man, how prodigious, how infinite, must be the number scattered throughout the universe! and these nebulæ bear such a resemblance to the distant comets, that they have frequently been confounded. *Secondly*, several comets have been seen with no nucleus whatever, presenting only a slight thickening towards the middle, which was so translucent that the stars were distinctly seen through the very centre; while others have been visible with a solid nucleus of 2000 miles in diameter—nay, history records comets that have appeared as large as the sun, (vide Seneca, N. Q. l. 7, c. 15.) and authors, seeking for a natural cause, have attributed the darkness at our Saviour's crucifixion, to an eclipse of the sun, occasioned by such a comet passing between him and the earth. *Thirdly*, the tails of comets are generally a little concave towards the sun; the fixed stars are always visible through them, and sometimes they are so brilliant that they have been distinguished during full moon, and even after the rising of the sun. *Fourthly*, there are three instances of comets actually revolving within the limits of our planetary system: 1st, the comet of Encke, which never passes

* The diameter of the comet, first seen at Lausanne, in Switzerland, 15th December 1744, was nearly three times that of the earth, and its tail was no less than 23 millions of miles.

the orbit of Jupiter: 2d, the comet of Gambart, which travels but a little way beyond the orbit of the same planet at its greatest distance from the sun; and 3d, the well-known comet of 1770, which in its present movements never goes beyond the orbit of Uranus.*

If these phenomena serve to confirm the hypothesis now advanced, the work of creation may be considered as still going on in the heavens,—and the foundations only of innumerable orbs are yet laid on the bosom of space. The Almighty is still at work in the illimitable fields of ether: in the boundless regions of infinity; and every day, every hour, new worlds are perhaps springing into existence!

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. IV.

[We have pleasure in announcing that these Letters will be continued regularly once a fortnight.]

On Saturday last, I was admitted to the private view of the works of Modern Art at the British Institution. The exhibition is, on the whole, considered superior to that of last year. Many of the pictures, however, have already been before the public, at the Royal Academy and the Suffolk-street Rooms; and what adds to the offence, these are honoured with situations, which, in my opinion, belonged more properly to others shown for the first time. Those who had the direction of the matter, have left themselves no apology, as they have set forth in the catalogue that many creditable pictures were returned for want of room. The number of paintings is 532—there are 9 specimens of sculpture.

From some preparatory announcements, expectation was considerably on tiptoe as to this exhibition, and I confess that I for one have been disappointed. In the highest department of art, there is not a single good feature—scarcely even an attempt of the kind; and of the poetical character, there are but few. Neither is there any overflow of portraits—for which there is scope for gratitude;—but of the Dutch school, the scenes and groups in domestic life, there is a multitude. Whether British genius will gain by descending to the taste of the Belgian swamps, is, to my simple perception, exceedingly problematical. Doubtless, this class of productions is most acceptable to the cash critics who dwell city-wards—and the artists know, and, per force, take advantage of the fact. Perhaps I may hereafter notice some of the best pictures explicitly; at present, from the rapid survey I made of the collection, I could not conscientiously attempt it. There is a promising array of names; and, among the old and the young best entitled to approbation in their works, I considered Collins, Danby, H. Howard, E. Landseer, Morris, Briggs, Roberts, Stanley, Inskipp, Linnell, Pidding, Webster, and Etty. Northcote's "Adoration of the Shepherds" is certainly extraordinary for an artist in his 90th year. The pictures marked *sold*, amounted to twenty-three.

An engraver named Coney, not much known except to antiquaries, is executing a work, from sketches by himself, which has excited considerable interest among the lovers of the monuments of Gothic architecture. It will comprise the best remains of that order in Europe. Such of the specimens as I have seen are finished with a delicacy and precision truly admirable. The work is to be published in numbers, by Messrs Moon, Boys, and Graves, Pall Mall. The Marquiss of Stafford and others of the higher orders, distinguished for taste in the arts, have taken a lively interest in it. The artist was formerly employed upon the Monasticon.

The only thing approaching to literary news is the appearance of the first number of a weekly journal, entitled the Ecclesiastic, edited by the Rev. Henry Stebbing. It professes to be a religious and family paper, and its motto is taken from Matthew, 5th chapter, 44th verse. The Ecclesiastic hath a most slumberous aspect, and like many excellent things, is easier praised than read.

I am just about witnessing the first representation of a comedy, in three acts, at Covent Garden. It is entitled, The Widows Bewitched. If it be half as mirth-inspiring as the Beaux Stratagem at the same theatre, it shall have my voice for a six weeks' repetition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO YOU, ANGLESEA!

By James Sheridan Knowles.

[It is almost unnecessary to state, that in giving a place to the following talented effusion, by one of the most warm-hearted of Erin's sons, we make no avowal of our own political sentiments. Party feeling—whatever that may be—will never be allowed to interfere with our enjoyment of good poetry.—Ed. Lit. Jour.]

FAREWELL to you, Anglesea!—Said you you'd bother
The Papists of Erin with powder and steel?—
And soon as we welcomed, we found you a brother,
Alive to our sores, and as ready to heal!
O never believe but the bosom of spirit
By nature responds to humanity's call;
And where minds are illumined by honour and merit,
The foe that turns friend, is the friend after all.

Sure we thought at that moment your memory slumber'd,
Sure we felt in our hearts 'twas a blunder you made,
As the battles we fought by your side in we number'd,
When with Catholic France at shillelagh we play'd!
You forgot the poor Roman, to treason a stranger,
When he bled by the Protestant banner you bore;
For O, could you believe that the loyal in danger
Would cease to be true when the battle was o'er?

By the ray of that star which no gem ever lighted—
The brightest you wear—brighter mortal ne'er wore!
Have you found us a people by errors benighted,
But fit to be slaves?—Do we merit no more?
By thy high-bounding valour—the fiery courser—
The war-horse, that bore you like flame through the fight!
Were the Nation not vile, could Intolerance force her
To stifle the voice that exclaims for her right?

You have said it! You saw, in the zeal that inspired us,
No wish that your own loyal breast would disown;
Though the loyal with insult and wrong would have fired us
With hatred alike for the law and the throne!
You found us no conclave of traitors, contriving
The downfall of Order, in Liberty's name;

* It is curious to observe, that Apollonius Myndius affirms that the comets were reckoned by the Chaldeans among the planets.

But patriots openly, legally striving
To rescue their race from oppression and shame!

You were look'd for, a cloud, naught but tempest portending—
The visitant still of our storm-riven land!
You came like the sun, out of chaos ascending
Sublime, at his Maker's benignant command!
Our long reign of darkness, unchequer'd!—despairing!
Which each hope of dawn but protracted anew!
You scatter'd with radiance resplendent—repairing
Whole ages of Night with the Day that it threw.

Farewell! From the land that now darkens to lose you,
Your virtue the vouchers that witness it bears—
As they drown the vile laugh with which Faction pursues you—
The blessings of millions invoked 'mid the tears!
Farewell! Ah too short was thy visit, to lighten
So brightly to lighten our land, overcast!
But the ocean's proud crest shall her emerald brighten
No more—when the glow of thy memory is past!

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

By the Author of the "Lament of the Wandering Jew, and other Poems."

Hath he, whose breath first bade the sun to be,
Blown out his light? or, muffled in the robe
Of Night, sleeps he among the fleecy clouds?—
Is the oil of thy everlasting lamp,
Fair Moon, burnt out, not to relume again?
Is thy face changed, to change not any more?—
Ye starry orbs, are ye quench'd in the clouds?—
Ye comets, are ye called up to his throne,
Your home of light,—your early dwelling-place?—
Ye lightnings, is your ammunition done,
Or are your forky arrows laid aside
To sharpen well against the awful day?—
Is Earth's globe blotted from the universe?
Is Nature dead, and is this burial black,
Which all things wear, the world's funeral dress?

Because the Sun shone not, winged with fire,
No waters rose in mists, or fell in rains
And dews upon the gasping lands;—
Because the Moon shone not, the tides forgot
To join the mermaids, singing to their shells;—
Because the stars shone not, the mariner
Had lost his path amid the trackless waves.

The spheres, whose music makes such harmony
To the ear of Philosophy, sung not;
The orchestra of winds, and waves, and woods,
Play'd not, as they were wont, in emulous tones;
Ocean waked not upon her mighty harp
(Touch'd by the fingers of the homeless storms)
A wilderness of spirit-stirring sounds;
The orphan winds cared not to roam the fields,
To kiss the death-like cheeks of hueless flowers;
The babbling brooks, that, as they flow along,
Hum many a pleasing ditty to themselves,
Forgot their wild notes, and in silence lay
Asleep in icy sheets upon their beds;
In the far wilderness the whispering leaves
And birds were mute; and silent Solitude,
With finger on her lip, sat full of fear.

The lower animals were all dismay'd;—
The cock, who counted the unerring hours,
Crowed at his wonted time; the peasant boy
Waked, and he wonder'd why the sun still slept,
And health's breeze play'd not with his curly locks.
The owl tired of the melancholy hours and slept;
The toad had wander'd from his native pool,
And crawl'd into the palace, and he dared
To sit like an usurper on the throne,
And underneath the crown he put his head,
Mocking at royalty, and drank from silver urns;
And in th' unfinish'd bowl of revelry
He dipp'd, and lay intoxicate, and died;
And slimy snakes laid them in beauty's breast,
And twined their forms in her luxuriant curls,
And touch'd her timid cheek sacred to love.

The glow-worm lighted up its lovely lamp,
And worshippers bow'd to the senseless thing;
Volcanoes held aloft their flaming torch,
And multitudes around them howling sat
On mountain tops; and mighty forest-trees
And houses were made watch-fires unto men;—
Fire's eye had slept in every human home.—
Thousands were seen rushing to ruin fast,
Chasing the ignes fatui on the heath,
Which plunged them amid pits and marshy fens.

Some travellers carried in their hand a branch
Of rotten wood;—it shone, but warm'd them not;
But many fell down gulfs and unknown steeps,
High carnival for beast and bird of prey.

The eyes of all men strain'd to compass light:
The shepherd from his mountain eyry look'd;—
The mariner look'd for the morning star;—
The bacchanal, at wassailing and wine,
Had sworn to tire the night and see the sun;
He fell; his laugh was changed into a howl;—
The poet look'd, all nature was a blank;—
The painter look'd, the landscape was a blot;—
The beauty look'd—but dark, as in their grave,
Beneath their fringy lids her starry eyes
Lay viewless, passionless, and uninspired;—
The man of observation dropt his pen,
A cloud obscured the windows of his mind;—
The astronomer, confounded in his views
And speculations, own'd a Mighty Cause;—
The blind man only felt as he had wont—
To walk in darkness was not new to him.

Imagination, too, was at her work,
And conjured up the ghosts of murder'd Time.
The kindlinesses all of man to man,
The interchange of word and speaking look,
The magic of a tear, the sunny smile,
The electric of the touch, when hand shakes hand,
And flies from hand to heart; friendship and love,
The lovely children of the heart, all died,
And melancholy lean'd on his pale brow;
Joy danced not, for his limbs were paralysed,
And Hope saw nothing thro' her telescope.

Glasgow. T. B. J.

LA CHENILLE.

[*The following Fable is from the pen of an accomplished foreigner.*]

Une Chenille aride
Disoit, " Je n'ai plus d'appetit ;
Je sens mon corps devenir plus petit,
Et ma peau se tane et se ride :
C'est fait de moi ; je deviens chrysalide,
De mon espèce destin rigoureuse !
Race infortunée et maudite !
Voila pourtant le sort affreux
Ou chaque Chenille est réduite."
Tout en parlant elle s'endort
De ce profond sommeil qu'elle prend pour la mort.
Par hazard, aupres d'elle,
Un papillon leger, brillant,
Fretilloit, battoit de l'aile,
Et sourcoit en l'écoutant.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

The extensive historical work, so long announced by Sir James Mackintosh, is now likely to appear early in spring. Sir James has also undertaken to prepare for the Cabinet Cyclopædia, a Popular History of England, to form three volumes of that publication.

The lively authoress of the Diary of an Ennuyée announces a new work, to be called, The Loves of the Poets.

A new novel, from the pen, we believe, of Lady Morgan, is about to appear, entitled, The Daverels. The Ettrick Shepherd has expressed a hope that it may not be confounded with The *Haverels*.

Mr Grattan, the author of Highways and Byways, has a new work in the press, Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities. We hope the work may be better than this affected and unmeaning name seems to augur.

The Diary and Correspondence of the celebrated Dr Doddridge are in a forward state at press, under the superintendence of his great-grandson.

We understand that the clever author of the Subaltern is preparing the Chelsea Pensioners, a Series of Military Stories.

The author of To-day in Ireland is about to publish a new Series of Tales, called, Yesterday in Ireland. We shall, doubtless, soon have To-morrow in Ireland, and then, probably, the Day after To-morrow in Ireland.

Mr Valpy is publishing a Series of School and College Greek Classics, with English Notes, in duodecimo. The Medea and Hecuba of Euripides, and the Œdipus of Sophocles, are ready. Thucydides, Herodotus, Xenophon, and others, will follow in succession, on the same plan.

Miss Isabel Hill has in the press a volume called, Holiday Dreams; or, Light Reading in Poetry and Prose.

There is preparing for publication, Rural Recollections; or, The Progress of Improvement in Agriculture and Rural Affairs, by George Robertson, author of The Agricultural Survey of Mid-Lothian.

R. A. Smith.—We are happy to state that the concert which took place, last Wednesday evening, in St George's Church, for the benefit of the family of the late R. A. Smith, was attended by nearly fourteen hundred persons. The arrangements were, on the whole, very judicious; but we regret that neither Miss Noel nor Miss Eliza Paton gave their assistance.

Fine Arts.—We understand that Martin's celebrated painting of the Deluge, together with the Holofernes of Etty, one of the most brilliant of the English colourists, are among the pictures to be exhibited this year at the Scottish Academy. There will be ten or twelve portraits by John Watson Gordon at the Royal Institution; and, having already seen most of them, we feel confident that they will tend to increase, still more, the reputation of that very admirable artist. Among the rest, is a portrait of Professor Wilson, which is by far the best likeness that has yet been taken of him.

Theatrical Gossip.—The London theatres were never better attended than they are at present, whilst, we are sorry to say, exactly the reverse is the case in Edinburgh.—At the *Adelphi*, Mathews, Yates, and T. P. Cooke, seem to be carrying every thing before them, for they scarcely ever bring out a piece that is not eminently successful.—The Italian Opera opened this season with "La Donna del Lago," and a new Prima Donna, called Mademoiselle Monticelli, sustained the principal character.—Kean has relinquished his engagement at Covent Garden, in consequence of some misunderstanding arising out of his recent "sudden indisposition." We wish he would come down here for a fortnight.—Miss Isabella Paton has performed here three or four times to good houses; she appears a pleasant clever actress, and, as a townswoman, ought to be encouraged. She has her benefit on Monday.—A new piece, called "Charles XII." which has had a good run in London, was produced last night, but of course too late for our criticism.—The author of "Virginius" is again at work on a comedy. The failure of his last has only put him on his mettle. He has a feeling that the thing is in him, and is determined that it shall not be for want of perseverance if it does not come out. He has our best wishes for a final triumph.

Weekly List of Performances.

Jan. 31.—Feb. 6.

Sat. *Country Girl, and Lord of the Manor.*
Mon. *Duenna, Noyades, & Free and Easy.*
Tues. *School for Scandal, & Ramah Droog.*
Wed. *Country Girl, & Marriage of Figaro.*
Thur. *The Will, Day after the Wedding, & Lord of the Manor.*
Fri. *Charles XII., He Lies like Truth, & Ramah Droog.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A considerable number of new works lie upon our table for review, all of which we shall notice as soon as possible.

An ingenious scientific correspondent has an article in preparation upon the phrenological developement of Burke and Hare, which we doubt not will be perused with interest.

The paper on "Religious Division" is respectably written, but it does not seem to contain any thing sufficiently striking or original to warrant publication; we shall be glad, however, to hear from the author again.—The "Essay on Italy," "Phrenologus," and "A Sailor's Dream," will not suit us.

The "Sonnets" by a Lady, which we have received from Aberdeen, will appear in an early Number.—"R. S." of Aberdeen is improving, but he is not quite good enough yet.—There are some pretty Lines in "Minstrelsy," but as a whole it is imperfect.—"The Dumb Maid," and the effusions of "G. M. G." and "D. M. D." will not suit us, though there is some merit in all these pieces.—We are not aware what crime we have committed to entitle "Y. A." of Aberdeen to inflict upon us a copy of verses which begin thus,—

"When last we met, we parted cold,
Which to my bosom proved a dart."

"Should the foregoing," adds "Y. A." "meet your approbation, I shall be happy in sending you a little piece occasionally." We have particularly to request of "Y. A." and his brother-rhymesters, not "a little piece," but a little *peace*.—"W. M." and "J. K." are under consideration.—The Song on Burns, though in types, is unavoidably p ostponed till our next.

The communication on the subject of "Ballantyne's Examination of the Human Mind," will appear in our next.—"L. E." and "T. A." have just been received.

TO OUR READERS.

In future, the hot-pressing of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* will be discontinued, the practice having been found not only materially to injure the appearance of the work, from the hurried manner in which the operation was necessarily performed, but also to occasion many vexatious delays. In the Monthly Parts, however, the hot-pressing will be continued as formerly; because there is sufficient time to dry the sheets effectually. The *third* Monthly Part, for January 1829, is now ready for delivery.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 14. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal. A Sacred Poem. London; Longman and Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 179.
The African, a Tale; and other Poems. By D. Moore. Glasgow; Robertson and Atkinson. Pp. 216.
Poems, by Thomas Brydson. Glasgow; John Wylie. 1829. Pp. 136.

There is something particularly pleasant in having put into one's hands a new volume of poetry, moist from the press,—fresh and uncut. Who knows what its future destiny may be? It has not yet gone abroad to the world, and we open it in silent expectation, as if about to look into the secret mechanism of a mind hitherto unexplored. Every one, we suppose, remembers the delightful curiosity and surprise with which, when a child, he first investigated the hidden springs and wheels of a watch, glittering in their golden intricacy, and for ever revolving with a ticking sound, like the voice of a living thing. Somewhat akin to this feeling, is the more matured emotion of the lover of poetry, when he opens the leaves of a book upon which, for aught he can tell, may be written words rife with immortality. The child, it is true, discovers no singing-bird in the chambers of the watch; and rarely indeed are the critic's hopes gratified, if he has ventured to anticipate some higher emanation of the spirit and the energy divine. But, nevertheless, watches will tick, and poets will scribble, to the end of time; and to judge by the number of rhymes we have occasion to see almost every day, there seems to be much less probability of the former going too slow, than of the latter going too quick.

It matters not. Let poets of all shapes and sizes flourish! They are useful members of society, however small. Their lucubrations are the safety-valves by which many a distressed mind is lightened of a thousand idle phantasies. If they did not write, they would die, or go distracted. To them, pen, ink, and paper, afford an intellectual stomach-pump. Nor do we speak it profanely, though perhaps we express it quaintly. There is a substantial relief, and not unfrequently a positive happiness, in being able to embody one's thoughts in words; and of the full extent of this happiness, poets alone are aware. There are poets, no doubt, who exist as poets only to themselves,—whose deep feelings have been shut up, like the winds in the cave of Æolus, in the recesses of their own breast, who have walked among other men—"among them, but not of them"—and knew not that they were formed differently from the beings by whom they were surrounded,—knew not that the sights and sounds of external nature exercised a far deeper power over their senses,—knew not that they possessed the gift of song, and that were the harp whose notes rung harsh beneath the touch of others, but placed in their hands, they could, without an effort, make it discourse most eloquent music. It is seldom, however, that talent lies thus dormant. There seems, in most cases, to be something inherent in its very nature, which incites it to spring into a wide arena, and freely, almost recklessly, to fling its trophies to the crowd. Knowledge is power, but it is power of a certain sort; it is power which is respected more than loved. Genius is power, and power of a higher description; for it commands the affections, while it overawes the mind. Knowledge is something different—something apart, as it were—from the man to whom it belongs; genius is not. We may esteem knowledge, but hate its possessor; with genius this distinction never holds good. Knowledge is to be acquired; and, by industry and perseverance, the merest plodder may attain it; genius is innate, and implies a more delicate physical and mental organization. Genius and poetry are synonymes; and the one can hardly exist without the other. But poetry is not always to be looked for in measured lines, or even in written words. It is like beauty, and may be found under many shapes. It glows upon the canvass,—it breathes over the marble,—it lightens up the eye of the musician,—it goes forth with the young enthusiast to distant lands,—it gazes with the astronomer upon the midnight planets,—it moves abroad into the sunshine with *her* who, in her unpretending purity and loveliness, adds fresh lustre to the morning. Poetry is the only visible part of the immaterial soul—the ray that emanates from the glorious essence it encircles.

But we are generalizing too much; and, with cold-blooded apathy, are keeping all this time three poets anxiously waiting for our opinion on their respective merits. As they are all very unlike each other, except in the single circumstance that each, no doubt, believes himself possessed of a creditable portion of the *divinus afflatus*, we must take the liberty of saying a few words of them, *separatim et seriatim*.

The "Opening of the Sixth Seal" is a poem in blank verse, founded upon a very sublime passage in "Revelations," descriptive of the final dissolution of the globe. The theme which the author particularly undertakes to illustrate, is the Last Judgment,—a theme unquestionably replete with the finest materials of poetry, but which, though frequently attempted, has never been done justice to, because finite capacities must ever strive in vain to describe the doings of Him who is infinite. The author of the present poem informs us, in his preface, that he did not peruse Pollok's "Course of Time" until he had "concluded his own task." This declaration we certainly think was necessary to save him from the charge of having borrowed part of his plan from that poem. Not only is there a pretty close resemblance between certain passages in the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," and certain others in the "Course of Time," but the general tone and style of the former are far from being unlike those of the latter. To the author individually, this circumstance, being accidental, cannot be charged as a fault; but as it brings his production into closer comparison with a more comprehensive and powerful work, it certainly is a misfortune.

As we have already hinted, we are inclined to question much whether the mysteries of a future judgment is a subject within the grasp even of a mind of the very highest order,—a Milton's or a Dante's. Neither do we think that different trains of thought, necessarily arising from a choice of different subjects, constitute different degrees of excellence in poetry. There is nothing which proves, *a priori*, one person to be more of a poet than another, merely because he chooses to write about the sun, moon, and stars, or any of the great convulsions and revolutions of nature, instead of the more familiar and better-understood objects and designs of creation. It is true, that more lofty language must necessarily be used in the one case than in the other; but lofty language is not the proper test of genius, although it is perhaps too often confounded with originality of thought. A thousand powerful emotions must immediately arise, even in the most uninspired bosom, as soon as the idea of a perishing world suggests itself; but as soon as these emotions are put into words, they are found to be almost universal, and consequently are entitled to be considered common-place. In like manner, the sight of a dying flower suggests a train of reflections which nobody would get any credit by claiming as his own, for they are the property of all; and the only distinction between this case and the former is, that dying flowers being more frequently met with than dying worlds, the associations necessarily connected with the one have been more frequently put on paper than those as necessarily connected with the other. But he alone is the true poet to whom associations occur, whether about a flower or a world, which do *not* occur to ordinary minds. The Omnipresence of the Deity is a sublime subject; but magniloquent truisms regarding it no more constitute poetry than the couplets concerning *hearts* and *darts* tacked to a boarding-school girl's love-letter. In short, it is not the subject that makes the poet;—it is the poet who must throw over the subject the mantle of his own genius, by which we mean that he must say something concerning it, which none of the rest of the world would ever have said, but which, as soon as it is said for them, all admit to be true, because it awakens in their own bosoms a chord hitherto untouched.

If we apply this criterion to the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," (and the test though just, is certainly somewhat severe,) we are afraid that in many respects it will be found wanting. The author's abilities are unquestionably respectable, but not of that high and original sort necessary to give a new and unhackneyed character to his theme. We have had, before now, a thousand descriptions of the fallen state of man's nature, of the approach of a final reckoning, of the disentombment of the dead, of the millions congregated around the throne of an almighty judge, of the sentence passed upon them, and of the agony of the wicked and the joy of the good. Among our recent poets Pollok has dwelt upon these topics with most force and success. They are again recurred to in the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," and in it Pollok, so far as we can see, is no where surpassed. It is but justice, however, to this later author to state our opinion, that he in several instances comes very near his prototype. In proof of this statement, we quote the following passages:—

So man, engulphed in sin, from age to age,
Went on his fearful course, and vengeance slept,
By Mercy soothed to rest; unchanging still,
The seasons in their ceaseless dance went round,
And the earth yielded up her increase; man
Restless alone, laboured incessantly
To find a change—for he sought out new lands,
Explored new regions, wandered on the seas,
Encreased in knowledge much, in science much,
And in sin more. Nations arose in might,
Gloried a while above their fellows, waved
The iron sceptre over half the world,
Grew great in arms, in wealth, in luxury,
Then perished; at far distant times came forth
One, above all his race pre-eminent,—
A mighty master spirit that would sway
A moment the frail destinies of man;—
A moment o'er the earth destructive stalk,
Lift his proud head, gem crowned, above the dust
That was around him, and then like a dream
Scared by the day-star, fade away; raged wars,
Flamed fires, gleamed swords, smiled death; from age to age
Slept not the arrow, mouldered not the dart,
Nor was the bow unstrung upon the earth,
For many a rolling year.

The next extract is still better; it describes the unexpected coming of the day of judgement:—

That fatal morn, as it was wont, arose
Cloudless and beautiful; the balmy breath
Of vernal zephyrs, floating o'er the earth,
And mid the flowrets wantoning, with balm
Came laden, stealing on the burning cheek
That rose to look upon its sweetness;—far
And wide the concert melody of birds,
Where in their verdant canopy they sate,
Hymned to the rising sun; bright dew gems stood
On every grassy spear, and leaf, and bough,
And early choristers to Him above
Poured their shrill matins. In the meadows green
The fleecy flock to restless echoes flung
Their murmuring voices, and the lowing herd
Delighted hailed the coming of the day.
And the sun rose in beauty;—not in blood
Deep-dyed, nor half eclipsed, nor blotted o'er
With fearful spots, huge, black, and ominous,
But with unsullied splendour, ardent smiled
On his attendant planets, and his smile
Gladdened all nature; rung the forest shades,
Hills, vales, and mountains, with wild notes of joy;—
The flowret raised its little azure head,
Which night had kissed to sleep, to look on him,
And its pale leaf pictured the blushing hue,
Glowing with lustre not its own; so came
That morn upon one half the world.
And men
From gentle sleep as wont awaking rose,
And to their many labours, with swift step
Went heedlessly; none thought of coming death,
Or thinking, dared believe;—the unsullied sun,
His fervid rays down-scattering, rode on
His course undimmed,—then wherefore coming death?
So they went on their way.
The merchant then,
The figured page revolving o'er and o'er,
Numbered his freighted argosies, and marked
What day they should return. The poet wrapt
In his bright day-dreams, wooed the bashful muse,
Pouring his spirit's energy in song;—
And, as he wove the tale of hapless maid
Blighted in her affections, or the haunts
Of fairy things, satyrs, and rustic elves,
In the pale moon-beam, by the trembling swain
Beheld at dead of night, in his mind's eye,
Gazed he upon his fame in after years
When listening nations should applaud his song,
And millions echo forth his deathless name.
Then on his watch-tower sitting, far up-raised
From earth, the sage astronomer looked up
Where many an eye hath gazed, and many a thought
In its wild wanderings struggled to approach;—
And, with strain'd vision, through the optic tube
Stedfastly gazing, in his pride survey'd
The lamp of day, and many times turn'd he,
And computations strange and intricate
Made frequent, oft rejoicing to unfold
How, on some certain moment, there would be
A great eclipse, how comets would appear
Roaming in ether, and to vulgar souls
Bring doubt, and dread, and fear; oft noted he
The path where planetary orbs would roll

In future years, and glorying in his skill,
Thought he his name immortal.
Then youth and virgin innocence went forth
To look upon the vernal morn, and smile,
Because all nature smiled, and oft rejoiced
In its own loveliness;—with fairy step
Over the meadow green the maiden swept
Heedless and guileless, and her blue eye gazed
Upon the azure vault more deeply dyed,
And for a while drank in the soften'd hue
Of what it look'd upon; o'er her fair cheek,
With many a dimpling smile array'd, the blush
Of morning stole, and yet a deeper glow
Flung on its beauties. In her spirit's joy,
And youth and health delighted she, and breathed
Melodious strains that charm'd the listening ear,
And with the general concert went to Heaven.
But some there were,—a solitary few,
For the last moment waiting, and in prayer,
And watch, and fasting, look'd they for the Lamb
When he should come in Glory; and they saw
The cloudless sun and gladsome morn arise,
With faith unshaken, for believers knew
His word would never fail.—And still they watch'd,
And prayed, and fasted, and with trembling hope
Awaited their Redeemer.

There is considerable power also in the lines which follow on the subject of dreams:—

Oh! have ye never, in the mid-watch hour,
When leaden sleep lies heavy on the brow,
And the blood, fever'd, through the throbbing pulse
Rushes convulsively, some dreary dream
Pictured in the night glooms all dim and dull,
Yet seeming terrible,—when thought hath glanced,
While the frame slumbereth, to another sphere,
But not of bliss, and wandereth up and down
A dark and desolate void, where never light
Speedeth, and where the wanderings never end.
Then the sleep-woven spectre of the soul,
After long struggling, wingeth from the void,
To seek new horrors, and far off ye see
Strange visionary forms, that not of earth
Nor of heaven be, and they all noiseless flit
Before, behind, above, beneath ye there,
A host, innumerable as the ocean-sands;—
Their spectral hues flame-painted, and the glare
Of their fire-flashing eyes, most fearfully
Rack the hag-haunted breast, till from her sleep
Nature upstarteth with the agony,
And, shuddering, ye recall the unearthly forms,
And ponder on their hues, sickening the soul,
Till ye look on them as the things that were.

These specimens will suffice to show that the "Opening of the Sixth Seal" is far from being a very milk-and-water production. Indeed, had Pollok never written, we think it not unlikely that it would have attracted much of that attention which has been bestowed on him; but we are afraid he has pre-occupied the field, and that he deserves to remain in possession of it. Several minor poems are added to the "Opening of the Sixth Seal," which it would have been better if the author had omitted, for they are of an inferior character.

We come now to speak of "The African and other Poems." The "African" is a tale in the Spenserian stanza, and is the production of Mr Dugald Moore of Glasgow. We are beginning to entertain a considerable respect for the genius of Glasgow, for this is neither the first nor the second poet we have already met with since the commencement of our labours, who has started up in that city. The present volume contains, we believe, the *primitiæ* of Mr Moore's pen; and we have formed from them so favourable an opinion of its powers, that we hope its first fruits will not be its last. The leading characteristic of Mr Moore's style is its strength, or a certain hard and forcible manner of expressing the ideas he wishes to convey to his reader. His leading fault is, that he seems scarcely capable of giving softness and polish to his thoughts and versification by the occasional introduction of a more tender and delicate train of ideas. The poem of the "African," which is not so much narrative as descriptive, illustrates the truth of this remark. A bridal party of Africans are surprised one summer evening in the midst of their festival by the unexpected appearance of a troop of Spaniards who have just landed. An affray immediately takes place, (*why* is not explained,) and Zemma, the bride of the African chief, is mortally wounded. She is carried during the night farther into the country, where she dies in the arms of her betrothed. At sunrise, the Africans, headed by their bereaved prince, return to renew the fight with the Spaniards, and inspired by the courage which a desire for vengeance prompts, their foes are massacred to a man. Zarrum then goes back to the grave of Zemma, and puts an end to his existence at the spot where she is buried. These are all the incidents of the three cantos; but meagre as they are, one would think they afforded scope for considerable pathos. It is in the stormier part of the story, however, that our author excels,—in the heat of battle, and in the stern breathings of despair and hate. It may be that we are prejudiced enough not to be able to sympathise so much as we ought to do in the woes of a pair of sable lovers; but we also suspect that Mr Moore does not know exactly how to touch the right chord. The feelings are somewhat different from the passions; and it is with the latter that our author seems principally conversant. Here and there, however, he succeeds even in his appeal to the former. The following stanzas, descriptive of the state of Zarrum's sentiments, after the Spaniards have been defeated, appear to us natural, without being common-place:

Lone, as a shadowy being of the grave,
The chieftain lingered on the uplands gray;
He stood in silence, gazing on the wave
That mingled with the broad sky, far away;
The foe that stemm'd it in their proud array,
Were lying lifeless on its sandy plain;
Nought meets his aching eyeballs, while they stray,
But those dull ranks that ne'er shall wake again,
And his dark warrior host re-mingling with the slain.

Weeds which the vulture in his flight had sown
On the dark cliffs, some thousand years ago,
Nursed now by time, like spectres, waved alone
Their solitary branches to and fro,
They seemed to wail his spirit's overthrow!
Beneath their mournful shade he took his stand;
Yet e'er he parted from this world of woe,
He bent one look upon his fathers' land—
One long, one farewell glance, upon his kindred band.

Some, he saw wandering with restless foot
Among the gory corses of the dead;
While others lean'd upon their falchions, mute,
As if they thought on some dear object fled;
And lovers rush'd, all ecstacy, to shed
Their souls into each other. As he gazed,
He thought upon his virgin's dreary bed;—
His morning shrine, where love's first incense blazed,
Death's desolating hand had to its ashes razed!

Those sights were not for him—he turned away
To worship sorrow in the solitude;
He left the mountain's brink, and moon-lit ray,
And plunged into the darkness of the wood;
Now by that solitary heap he stood,
While o'er the midnight desert of his mind
Crept all the tenderness of woman's mood—
Those tears dissolved the ties that long had joined
His proud but gentle soul to live with human kind.

A page or two farther on, the two lovers are thus spoken of:

Soon will the desert know them not; their home
Is in the narrow house;—yet where they lie

The broad blue heaven is their unsullied dome,
And where is church that with such vault may vie?
The snowy mountains, glittering cold and high,
Will look like marble pillars of the aisles—
The stars, those wanderers of eternity,
The gorgeous lamps to light the arch—the while
Ocean uplifts his voice, like organ, through the pile.

There is a general resemblance, we may observe, between the style of the "African" and Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the day may perhaps come when the author of the former may produce a poem worthy to rank beside the latter.

More than two-thirds of the volume are occupied with miscellaneous poems, none of which are bad, but some not good enough to deserve a place among the rest. Here, also, we find intellectual vigour much more predominant than pathos or sentiment. Take, for example, the following verses

TO THE SUN.

Thou look'st upon the stars as little children
Playing about thy fiery fount of light,
Their silver eye-balls with thy rays bewildering.
When thou putt'st on thy morning garments bright,
Who dares to eye thee boldly sight to sight?.
No! thou alone art monarch of the heaven,
The moon herself but glimmers in thy might!
Unmoved, though storms are round thy temples driven,
Thou stand'st like holy peace, to soothe creation riven.

Thy charms depart not with the night! thy face
To other worlds, when ours is sleeping, gleams;
Time cannot steal from thee one sparkling grace!
No! let me scorn all philosophic dreams
Of comets journeying to restore thy beams;
Thy path is where our thoughts can never go—
Through heaven's far wonders; and each planet seems
Proud of thy beauty, while they round thee bow,
Or crowd about thy breast to share thy deathless glow.

And thou dost wander through the universe,
The tempest sweeping far beneath thy feet;
At thy command, his blackest clouds disperse—
He cannot quench thy bright and living heat;
Methinks the Eternal keeps in thee his seat,
Borne by the whirlwind on thy flaming car,
Rolling athwart the mighty concave fleet,
That he may see each vast and distant star,
And fling his living light o'er all his realms afar.

We are still more pleased with the following poem, which, both in conception and execution, we consider spirited and original:—

IRAD, A SON OF CAIN,

On the summit of Ararat—the flood rising, the Ark seen in the distance.

Flash on, ye lightnings! till ye've wrench'd
Earth's last torn bough away!
Rise, rise, ye waters! till ye've quench'd
The sickly eye of day!
Here, on this parting speck of land,
Defying thee and death, I stand
Life's latest thing of clay,
Whose dust may into darkness fall,
Whose spirit shall survive ye all.

Sun, fare-thee-well! death's rolling haze
Swathes round thy godlike hue;
Ah, how unlike those happy days,
When on the mountains blue,
We worshipp'd thy departing light—
The brave—the beautiful—the bright!
Now to my lonely view,
Thou look'st amid each closing cloud,
Like earth's last spirit in its shroud.—

Hark! from their everlasting thrones,
The giant hills are hurl'd,
While roused creation madly groans
As ruin clasps the world!
The mighty eagles that have flown,
For many a day, now weary grown,
With their strong pinions furl'd,
Fall screaming in that ocean's roar,
Whose billows roll without a shore.

Hell laughs at Heaven, whose lightning scars
The millions such as I,
Who never dream'd, in happier years,
In the wild deep to die!
Their countless forms float past me now,
With faded cheek and ghastly brow,
With dim and blood-shot eye,
Fix'd where is heard Jehovah's voice,
In thunder bidding death rejoice!

Thou ocean! thunder yet, and flash
Above the highest hill;
But there is none to hear thee dash—
The soul of life is still!
None but those dwellers of the Ark
Can list, from their sky-guarded bark,
The Great Eternal's will:
Yet can they lift the voice of praise,
Lone, in the earth of their young days.
(*The Ark passes by.*)

Drift on, proud bark of God!—drift on,
I seek no home in thee;
I could not live when there are none
To taste life's cup with me!
Earth's young and beautiful are dead,
Her glorious millions perished—
Their grave is in the sea:
Then be my home, where death has hurl'd
The joys of an extinguish'd world!
(*He springs off the rock, and the Ark passes on.*)

Mr Moore is one of those who deserves to be better known, and his present volume opens up for him a fair prospect, if he will pay due attention to candid and impartial criticism, and determine to profit by it to the best of his ability.

"Poems by Thomas Brydson" have also come to us from Glasgow. Mr Brydson is, in most respects, entirely the reverse of Mr Moore. He wants the vigour which Moore possesses, and possesses the susceptibility in which Moore is deficient. His great fault is, that he is too often feeble and tame, but this is atoned for, to a certain extent, by frequent touches of poetical feeling, which prove him to be gifted with a soul alive to the finer impulses of our nature. We fear Mr Brydson will never become a great poet, nor will ever be able to turn his poetical effusions to much account; but he will, nevertheless, have his reward, for he is able to look with a more refined vision upon the loveliness of creation, and there is that within him which will whisper consolation in many of the trials and difficulties of life. We do not speak hastily, or without our reckoning, as the unpretending sweetness of the following sonnets will prove—

FALLING LEAVES.

Down fall the leaves; and, o'er them as we tread,
'Tis strange to think they were the buds of spring,
Whose balm-breath met us on the zephyr's wing,
When mirth and melody were round us spread,
And skies in placid brightness overhead,
And streams below with many a dimpled ring!
'Tis strange to think, that when the bee did sing
Her sunny song, on summer's flowery mead,
They were the locks that waved on summer's brow!
But stranger far, to think, that the white bones
We tread upon, among the church-yard stones,
Once moved about, as we are moving now
In youth, in manhood, and in hoary age—
Oh! then, let time and change our thoughts engage!

THE GIPSIES.

It is the night—and ne'er from yonder skies,
High-piled amid the solitudes of time,
And based on all we vainly call sublime,
Did she look lovelier with her starry eyes:—
The music of the mountain-rill comes down,
As if it came from heaven with peace to earth,
And from you ruined tower, where ages gone
Have left their footsteps—hark! the voice of mirth:
The gipsy wanderers, with their little band
Of raven-tressed boys and girls, are there;
And when the song of that far distant land,
From whence they sprung, is wafted through the air,
I dream of scenes where towers the mystic pile—
The Arab and his wastes—the rushings of the Nile!

RETROSPECTION.

We look upon ourselves of other days,
As if we looked on beings that are gone;
For fancy's magic ray hath o'er them thrown
A glory, that grows brighter as we gaze!
Then, then, indeed, was pleasure's mirthful maze
Our own, and happiness no shade as now:
We met her on the mead, and on the brow
Of the unpeopled mountain, and her ways
Were where our footsteps wander'd. Still we see
Her phantom form, that flits as we pursue
O'er the same scenes, where jocund once and free,
And all unsought, she with our young thoughts grew!
So, to the parting sailor, evermore
She seems to linger on his native shore.

A REMEMBERED SPOT.

There is a spot in flowery beauty lying,
Clasp'd in the silver arms of a small stream,
Flowing from hill-tops, where, when day was dying,
I've seen the distant cities like a dream;
That spot was unfrequented, I did deem,
Save by myself, the wild bird, and the bee.
Far off, the ring-dove, from her forest tree,
Told the wide reign of solitude. Here came,
Sweet Shakspeare! first, thy visions, to my mind—
Around me were thy woods—Miranda's isle,
And circling waters were my own the while;
And Juliet's woes would voice the moonlight wind,
Bidding me to my home. That lonely spot,
By me can never—never be forgot!

We now bid adieu to our three poets, with all kindly and uncritic-like feelings. Whatever their success may be, they have dared nobly, and deserve a better fate than Phaeton.

Letters from the Ægean. By James Emerson, Esq. 2 vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

It is right and fitting that works which speak of Greece,—of its ancient glory, its present condition, and its future prospects, should frequently be laid before the British public. Let the political relations of European states be what they may,—let all the plottings and counter-plottings of diplomacy, succeed or fail,—let the Russian triumph over the Turk, or the Turk beat back the Russian even to the gates of St Petersburg,—Greece, if not as a living nation, at least as a dead country, haloed in the memory of its buried greatness, must ever remain an object of deep interest to the enlightened and well-regulated mind. It is a healthy and a generous feeling which prompts a sympathy for its fortunes, and which induces an anxiety to participate in its struggles, and to advance its happiness. It is true, that Greece, like Rome, "non è piu come era prima," and that amidst the rude concussions of mightier dynasties, which a new order of things successively reared and overthrew, her beauty has been trampled in the dust, her noble institutions, her high heroic character, her hereditary genius, have been swept away as rose-leaves before the blast. The earthquake that has torn the mountains from their foundations has choked up the lake that lay sparkling in the valley. But we do not the less love that land from which, as from an intellectual sun, the light of literature and the arts first emanated, because a cloud has come upon its brightness, because the purple bloom of its early summer has faded into the more melancholy tints of autumn, and all the charms that are left suffice but to tell of the beauty that is gone. It may be difficult to love the dead as we have loved the living; but do we not regard them with emotions not less intense, and in all probability far more holy? Oftimes, too, there is a loveliness even in decay, that seems as if it syllabled itself into words, and said audibly—"Lo! she is not dead, but sleepeth."

But even although we were to lay classical associations aside altogether,—although we were to forget (which we trust to Heaven we never shall) that the brightest visions of our boyhood and youth were full of Marathon and Thermopylæ, that the first pulses of exalted ambition vibrated to our heart at the names of Leonidas, Miltiades, and Epaminondas, that poetry awoke within us, and lighted its never-dying lamp with a flame communicated from the Delphian shrine, that Pericles and Aristides first taught us the splendour and the moral excellence of life, and Socrates the triumphant sublimity of a good man's death,—even although we were to forget all these things, there is a still abiding and existing attraction in the "land of the sun," which would win our attention to it even as we find it at present, and though memory were a blank. There is a softness of climate, a blueness of sky, a blushing profusion of all the fairest fruits, odours, and colours of nature, scattered over the "clime of the East," which, of themselves, invest as with a spell the very names of the Cyclades, the Ægean, and all the Archipelago. It may be a delusion, but it is one which may be safely cherished, for it will refine the heart, and can never weaken the intellect. It is delightful to dream of a land for ever smiling in sunshine, and odoriferous with blossoms! It is delightful to let the imagination escape from the drizzling mists and chilling blasts of a less genial latitude, and stray uncontrolled through those gardens of the world where "the voice of the nightingale never is mute!" Where is the ardent spirit who has not, in the heyday and buoyancy of early life, longed, with a deep and impassioned feeling, as he lay upon his sleepless couch, or wandered through the solitary wood, or climbed the breezy hill,—where is he, of finer susceptibilities and higher aspirations than the vulgar crowd, who has not prayed for the wings of the dove, that he might flee away to the golden orient? It is true, that coming life in too many instances, throws her leaden mantle over the joyous enthusiast, and, as years roll on, the pictures that used to glow before his fancy in the brightness of the morning, assume a greyer and more sombre tone;—it is true, that the circle in which he moves,—the limited sphere to which he ultimately finds himself condemned,—the petty paltry cares necessary to the ensuring of his everyday comforts, sadden and distract his thoughts, and like the early mist, or the summer dew, the far-off pageantries he once could conjure into such bright reality, vanish into thin air, or return at long intervals, dimly as the shadow of a dream. But, if philosophy teaches that life's realities are stale and unprofitable, why should not even grey-bearded wisdom cherish, with clinging earnestness, the innocent, though perhaps delusive pictures of imagination? There is surely enough that is mean, and dull, and sorrowful, passing continually before our eyes; and the slender consolation may at least be left to us of believing, that elsewhere humanity is placed under happier influences, and that where the dumb things of creation flourish in

beauty, the heart and the affections of him that was made in the image of the Omnipotent, remain in keeping with all that is around.

We hate the traveller who visits any land of lofty associations, and sees in it nought but what is dark and grovelling; and, above all, we hate him whose jaundiced eye, as it wanders over the "Edens of the eastern wave," lights only on weeds and rubbish. Never shall we believe that the barrenness is in them, bursting into beauty as they at this moment are under the breath of approaching spring, but in his own deadened perception and unintellectual soul. Little superior can he be to the base-born Cockney, who dared to profane the crumbling columns of the ruined Temple on Sunium that look forth from their lofty solitude on the blue hills of Attica, and the purple billows of the "island-gemmed Ægean," by inscribing in conspicuous characters, on one of the pillars, the highly classical sentence—"*Buy Warren's Blacking.*" This man ought to have brushed shoes for the rest of his life. How different are the feelings excited by an anecdote recorded by a French author, of the inhabitants of Santorin, one of the Cyclades,—"une demeure que est regardée par les Santorinois comme le paradis de la terre, et ils n'ont point de plus forte imprecation à faire contre un homme du pais, que de lui dire, '*Va, malheureux, puisse tu mourir hors de Santorin!*'"*

We are glad to perceive that Mr Emerson seems to be inspired with the proper feelings which his subject should excite. He is already favourably known to the public as a Philhellenian, by the interesting work which appeared a year or two ago, entitled "A Picture of Greece in 1825, as exhibited in the narratives of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq." The object of that work was not so much picturesque as political, whereas the present aims principally at presenting a series of characteristic sketches of manners and society; and instead of being confined, as the former was, almost exclusively to the Morea and Roumelia, it embraces a considerable portion of Asia Minor, and almost all the Cyclades. Mr Emerson's style is at once lively and graphic; and without attempting to be very profound, he is always pleasing, and often instructive. He writes, too, in a pleasant manly manner, as if his heart were in his subject, and he despises, consequently, all the fopperies of affectation. We are disposed to think he now and then heightens an anecdote a little by one or two slight touches of his own; but this is a fault we can easily forgive, in matters where minute accuracy is not absolutely necessary, and committed, as it is, not with a desire to alter the general effect, but to make it more vivid. We have, in short, perused the whole of the two volumes with very considerable gratification, and hope, by a few extracts, to enable our readers to share in that gratification.

Mr Emerson sailed, in a delightful season of the year, from Cape Colonna in Attica, and touching at the islands of Zea, Cythnos, Syra, and Scio, arrived, after a pleasant voyage, at Smyrna. One of his fellow-passengers was a young Greek lady of the name of Phrosine, a native of Scio, whose melancholy story added another to the long list of atrocities perpetrated in that island by the Turks in 1823. As the vessel passed Scio, she sat all day upon the deck, watching with wistful eyes the shores of her native island, and straining to recognise some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now-deserted home, that had once been the shelter of her friends. Mr Emerson afterwards learned the particulars of her story, and they were of a very peculiar and touching kind:

* M. Robert, "Histoire des Ducs de l'Archipelago."

A SCENE DURING THE MASSACRE AT SCIO.

"It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish Admiral, that the family of the wretched being who lived to tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death-scream of their butchered townsmen, whilst a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was amongst the first marked out for murder, and ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment.

"From a place of imperfect security, the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, whilst her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, whilst she crept from her hiding-place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropt a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death.

"The Turks entered the apartment, but, finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them, perceiving a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too dearly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work: after in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; when she lay cold and benumbed, surrounded by the clotted streams of her last loved friends.

"Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking. She rose, and, still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her fellow-countrymen."—Vol. I. p. 22—5.

Two chapters are devoted to Smyrna, and anecdotes illustrative of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. The Greek part of the population is kept in entire subjection by the Turks; but though a favourer of the former, our author does not allow himself to be betrayed into unjustifiable prejudices against the latter, of whom he thus speaks:

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE TURKS.

"Taken, *en masse*, the Turks are the finest looking race of men in the world. Their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures, and stately mien, are all set off to full advantage by their ample robes and graceful turbans; all is ease and

proportion about a Turk; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person: in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace.

"It is inconceivable what a miserable figure an Englishman or an European makes beside him. His black unmeaning hat, harlequin pantaloons, and hard-collared, straight-cut coat, (which will one day puzzle those of posterity who shall be antiquaries in costume,) contrast so villainously with the picturesque head-dress, ample trowsers, and floating pelisse of the Ottoman; whilst his glossy beard flings contempt on the effeminate chin of the clipped and docked European. His arms, for 'in the East, all arm,' usually consist of a pair of superbly chased pistols, stuck in the silken sash; a yataghan, with a jewelled handle; a larger and more clumsy knife, called a hanger, and a scymitar swinging in a scabbard, covered with green or crimson velvet, (as the owner, being an Emir, or otherwise, is entitled to carry it,) and ornamented with bosses of gold. The latter is, in general, the most important and valuable portion of his arms, or even of his property. I have seen some blades which were valued at 200 or 300 dollars; many are said to be worth triple that sum; and all retain the name of Damascus, though it is by no means likely that they have been manufactured there. The twisting and intermingling of the fibres of the metal are considered as the tests of excellence; but I have never seen any possessed of the perfume said to be incorporated with the steel in the real Damascus sabres."—Vol. I. p. 85—6.

From Smyrna, Mr Emerson travelled by land to Ephesus, Laodicea, and Sardis, and thence back to Smyrna. He had thus an opportunity of forming pretty accurate notions regarding the present state of Asia Minor. The following short extract supplies some information upon this interesting subject:

STATE OF TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.

"There are few spots of earth, visited by the traveller, calculated to excite emotions more melancholy than those experienced by such as have passed over even the most frequented portions of Asia Minor. Except in the immediate vicinity of its cities, he encounters few traces of life or civilisation; all beyond is 'barren and unprofitable;' his path lies across plains tenanted by the stork and the jackal; or over hills, whence the eye wanders along valleys, blooming in all the luxuriance of neglected nature, or withering in loneliness and sterility. Throughout lands, once adorned with the brightest efforts of genius and of art, and rife with the bustle and activity of a crowded population, his footstep will light upon nothing save the speaking monuments of decay, and his eye meet no living forms except those of his companions, or, by chance, a dim prospect of the weary caravan, that creeps like a centipede across the plain, or winds amidst the mazes of distant hills.

"There are few scattered hamlets, and no straggling abodes of mankind; danger and apprehension have forced the remnant of its inhabitants to herd together in towns for mutual security, and to leave the deserted country to the bandit and the beast of prey. The wandering passenger pursues his listless route, surrounded by privations and difficulties, by fatigue and apprehension, few beaten tracks to guide his course, and few hospitable mansions to shelter his weariness. By night he rests beside his camel in the karavan-serai, and by day he hurries along with no comforts save those which he carries with him, and no companions but his thoughts. But these are sufficient, and they spring up with every breath, and at every turning: his very loneliness is sublimity; his only prospect beauty; he reclines upon earth, whose every clod is a sepulchre of greatness, and he is canopied by a sky

'So cloudless, pure, and beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in Heaven.'"
P. 143—5.

There is also good descriptive writing, and much sound feeling, in the following passage:

MOONLIGHT NEAR SARDIS.

"It would be vain to attempt a description of the splendid scenery of Oriental moonlight. The sky is not, as with us, an ebon concave, gemmed with brilliants, but one calm expanse of saddened blue, so soft that it seems to blend with the outline of the silvery moon, and so bright as to form a scarcely distinguished contrast with the twinkling stars. Every object was as distinct as in a northern twilight: the snowy summit of the mountain, the long sweep of the valley, and the flashing current of the river. I strolled along towards the banks of the Pactolus, and seated myself by the side of the half-exhausted stream.

"There are few individuals who cannot trace on the map of their memory some moments of overpowering emotion, and some scene which once dwelt upon has become its own painter, and left behind it a memorial which time could not efface. I can readily sympathize with the feelings of him who wept at the base of the Pyramids; nor were my own less powerful on that night when I sat beneath the sky of Asia, to gaze upon the ruins of Sardis, from the banks of the golden-sanded Pactolus. Beside me were the cliffs of that Acropolis which, centuries before, the hardy Midian scaled whilst leading on the conquering Persians, whose tents had covered the very spot on which I was reclining. Before me were the vestiges of what had been the palace of the gorgeous Crœsus: within its walls were once congregated the wisest of mankind, Thales, Cleobulus, and Solon: it was here that the wretched father mourned alone the mangled corse of his beloved Atys; and it was here that the same humiliated monarch wept at the feet of the Persian boy who wrung from him his kingdom. Far in the distance were the gigantic tumuli of the Lydian monarchs, Candaules, and Halyattys, and Gyges; and around them spread those very plains once trodden by the countless hosts of Xerxes, when hurrying on to find a sepulchre at Marathon.

"There were more varied and more vivid remembrances associated with the sight of Sardis than could possibly be attached to any other spot of earth; but all were mingled with a feeling of disgust at the littleness of glory—all, all had passed away! There were before me the fanes of a dead religion, the tombs of forgotten monarchs, and the palm-tree that waved in the banquet-hall of kings; whilst the feeling of desolation was doubly heightened by the calm sweet sky above me, which, in its unfading brightness, shone as purely now as when it beamed upon the golden dreams of Crœsus."—Vol. I. p. 205—6.

On his return to Smyrna, our author set off on a cruise through the Archipelago, in the course of which he visited all the principal islands, and in the work before us he has detailed a number of minute and interesting particulars concerning each. We can afford room for only one other quotation, which describes

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CYCLADES.

"The appearance of almost all the Cyclades, on first approaching them, is exceedingly similar; they all present the same rude porous rocks, brown cliffs, and verdureless acclivities, whose uniformity is scarcely broken by a single tree, and whose loneliness is seldom enlivened by a village or a human habitation. The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around their shores, and the rays of the uncloudled sun beam fiercely down on their unsheltered hills,

'Dimm'd with a haze of light.'

"On landing, however, every islet presents a different aspect, and every secluded hamlet a new picture of life, of manners, of costume, and, not unfrequently, of

language. The soil of one is rich, and luxurious, and verdant; that of a second, only a few miles distant, is dry, scorched, and volcanic; the harbour of another is filled with the little trading craft of all the surrounding ports; its quays rife with the hum and hurry of commerce, and its coffee-houses crowded with the varied inhabitants of a hundred trading marts; whilst a fourth, of equal capabilities, and barely an hour's sail beyond it, will be as quiet and noiseless as a city of the plague; its shores unvisited, its streets untrodden, and its fields untilled.

"But such is the result of that tenacity to ancient usages, and that predilection for the pursuits, the habits, and the tastes of their forefathers, which vindicates for the countries of Asia the title of the '*unchanging East.*' From age to age, the natives of these secluded spots have continued to preserve those customs and those manners, whose antiquity is now their greatest charm, and which long association has rendered it almost sacrilegious to alter or abandon; whilst far removed from any later models with which to contrast them, contentment and custom have long since neutralized both their awkwardness and inconvenience.'—Vol II., p. 229—31.

A portion of this work has already appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, under the title of "Letters from the Levant," but we are glad the author has published them in their present extended and improved form.

Sermons on various Important Subjects. By the late Rev. Archibald Gracie. Edinburgh. Adam Black. 1829.

THESE Sermons have no pretensions to originality, or to eloquence of a very high order; but they are, for the most part, very pleasingly written, and full of rational and impressive views of Divine truth. They are remarkable for simplicity and clearness of arrangement,—a great excellence in every sort of didactic composition, but particularly desirable in sermons, of which every reader and hearer should be enabled to carry away as much as possible, without that effort of attention and understanding, which is in the power of not a great many, and in the inclination of a very few. Though for the most part on practical subjects, they are altogether free from the dryness and coldness, for which many very reputable sermons on the same plan are, with great justice, censured. They are almost always animated and vigorous, at the same time that they are seldom found to transgress the rules of a correct taste. We add one recommendation more,—they are reasonably short.

We do not know, after all, that sermons can well receive a higher degree of legitimate praise, than we are disposed to bestow on this modest volume. A sermon is not, we think, the most appropriate vehicle for theological discussion, of a very deep or elaborate character; it is, confessedly, an improper one for bold theories and speculations; and, in the opinion of many, the time of a Christian audience is unprofitably taken up with flourishing declamation and ambitious rhetoric. If a plain, and sensible, and well-composed discourse, is generally thought most appropriate to the pulpit, we cannot, we confess, see why a printed sermon should not be valued as much for these very qualities. Sermons are most usually read, to fill up those portions of the Sabbath, and other days set apart for religious purposes, which are not spent in church, or in employments proper to the time;—why then should we be more reluctant to accept of the plain words of "truth and soberness," as a help to meditation, or as instructive lessons to our families at home, than in the house of God?

There seems to be little, then, in the objection made to almost every new volume of sermons, that it adds nothing to the treasures of theological learning, that it contains no profound views, that it is not enriched with any great splendour of style or illustration. If sermons were ever, or often, read for a different end from that which brings us to hear them; if, instead of being read aloud in families, or taken up to assist our meditations on what is good and profitable, on that day when we are most disposed to let our thoughts flow in the easy and level channel of established truth, without being distracted with what is debateable, or roughly shaken with what is strange and empirical,—if, instead of being thus referred to, it were usual to have recourse to them as food for study, or treasures of Scripture criticism, or models of various style, there might be something in the complaint so perpetually and piteously made of the poverty and mediocrity of published sermons. The sermon has its own province;—commentaries, and disquisitions, and religious fancy-pieces, have theirs. Ought Warburton to have preached his Divine Legation of Moses, or MacKnight his Harmony, or even Hervey his Meditations? Would these works have been endured as sermons, either from the pulpit or the press? And, in point of fact, is not the head of a family often constrained to leave Tillotson and Barrow to the learned, and to instruct his congregation at the fire-side out of plainer and less profound divines?

Let us not be mistaken, however, for admirers or apologists of poorly executed sermons. It is not enough that publications of this class should be harmless, or even serious, and tamely instructive. In the exercise of our proper function as critics, we shall always demand spirit and force, if not novelty of illustration, in the treatment of sacred truths, and at least clearness and accuracy of composition. What we censure is, the appetite for what is novel and exciting, that induces many to throw aside sermons, by which they may be well and soundly, nay, agreeably instructed, with contempt; and what we venture to patronize, as a gift never out of season, is a volume in which divine truth is set forth in a chaste and natural style, enforced with earnestness, and applied with propriety and faithfulness.

To such of our readers as can satisfy themselves with this standard, we can honestly recommend the volume before us. It contains six-and-twenty sermons, of which the fourth, on "Redeeming the Time," the ninth, entitled the "Grave of Christ," and the tenth, on the "Causes of Grief to the Good," are, in our opinion, peculiarly excellent. We have had some difficulty in selecting for our readers a short, and, at the same time, sufficiently characteristic specimen of the author's manner; we should have had much less, if our only care had been to find what is good.

The following, we think, will serve our purpose. It is extracted from the fifteenth sermon.

ON THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

"Consider yourselves in the last judgment, standing before the throne of the Saviour, in the midst of an assembled world—covered with sins which require the forgiveness of your judge, while near you stands one, who never received yours, whom you persecuted through life with unrelenting perseverance, and whose last struggle did not terminate your disposition to revenge. Think of the confusion and dread you must feel, when you behold him looking upon you with pity, when he examines with inquiring eyes if your condemnation be written in the face of your judge, and then passes by you into the joys of his Lord. It is an awful pause while your doom remains undecided. It is a terrifying thought to depend for a decision in your favour upon that very principle which you despised in your conduct, 'you shall have judgment without mercy, if you have showed no mercy!'

"Look now around you and behold, employ your senses and your memory—if there be any in this assembly, whom you would not forgive—any, whose interest you would oppose—whose character you would vilify, and in whose sufferings you would take delight—and then consider the enormity of your guilt! You have entered the temple of God, to join in prayer with those whose doom you would pronounce. You have approached the altar of mercy with a purpose of revenge. You have placed upon it a heart filled with malignity. Pray not to-day, I beseech you, for your enemies—for it is hypocrisy. Pray not for yourselves, for it is in vain. As the minister of Christ and of righteousness, my commission of mercy is as little to you as to that malignant spirit, whose hatred of God, and of his righteous offspring, occasioned the apostacy and ruin of our race."—Pp. 249–50–51.

This is a posthumous volume; but it is only just to add, that this circumstance does not require to be intimated, in order to soften or deprecate verbal criticism; we have detected very few inaccuracies of style.

The Spirit of the Church of Rome; its Principles and Practices, as exhibited in History. By a Layman of the Catholic Church of Christ. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829.

We approve neither of the matter contained in this volume, nor of the spirit in which it is written. We do not see what good it can do to pander to the ignorant prejudices of the multitude, and to set one body of Christians in obstinate opposition to another, by raking up all the exploded and often exaggerated stories of Popish overbearance and cruelty, which are, in many instances, to be attributed more to the darkness of an earlier age, than to the inherent nature of the religion under whose cloak they were committed. A temperate, judicious, and sound exposition of the errors of the Roman Catholic faith, we shall be always happy to listen to. But it is contrary to reason and sound philosophy, and most especially contrary to Christianity, to present to Protestants nothing but the dark side of Popery, blackened still more by the breath of defamation, and hold it up, not only as a rock they ought to shun, but as a gibbetted carcass which they ought to hate, despise, and utterly contemn. We yield to none in our respect for the reformed church of our native land; but we look upon toleration, humility, and forbearance, as three of the noblest doctrines it inculcates. We hold it superior to all other churches; but never shall we believe that the faith so piously held by thousands of sincere Christians in France, and Spain, and Italy, is a mere string upon which to tie an endless series of atrocities, massacres, persecutions, tortures, and all ungodly practices. We do not believe in transubstantiation,—we smile at the Pope's infallibility,—we dislike auricular confessions; but we would not, therefore, recommend the fagot to root out "a church so pestilential, erroneous, and blasphemous." The inflammatory nature of the book before us may be guessed from the very first sentence it contains;—"There never was any age," the author says, "in which the Protestant Church was more truly militant, than in the present, when liberality on the one hand, and every jesuitical art on the other, tend to its subversion; and when the scarlet Jezabel of Rome again rears her haggard countenance, exhibiting her meretricious charms to infatuate British Protestants, and decoy them back to her blood-stained embraces, by the influence of which common-sense is extinguished,—reason and understanding annihilated,—conscience enslaved,—free inquiry checked and suppressed, and genuine freedom totally eradicated." This is mere clap-trap writing *ad captandum vulgus*, and what follows is often still more indecently violent. The work, in short, so far from attempting to soothe or conciliate, to soften or improve, an attempt which, in our estimation, the temper of the times seems particularly to require, is calculated only to add moroseness to bigotry, and to blow into a flame all the scattered embers of polemical division and hatred.

Edmund O'Hara, an Irish Tale. By the Author of "Ellmer Castle." Dublin. William Curry, Jun. and Co. 1829.

In Ireland this will be called one of the Brunswick books. It is a religious work, in the course of which the hero is converted from infidelity, or at least from utter carelessness about religion, to a better mode of thinking. Had the author been a Roman Catholic, the hero would of course have become so too; but as the author is a Protestant, the hero embraces that faith. There are some hits at the Irish priests illustrative of their ignorance, superstition, and intemperance; but on the whole the tone of the book is good, as well as the precepts it inculcates. We should guess it to be the production of a lady.

BALLANTYNE'S "EXAMINATION OF THE HUMAN MIND."

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—I intend to lay before you a few remarks on the review of Ballantyne's "Examination of the Human Mind," which appeared in No. 5 of the "Literary Journal." In glancing his observations over for the first time, I was considerably disappointed to find the reviewer's opinion of the work so different from my own; but on perusing it with more attention, my disappointment was changed into another feeling, when I perceived that the author's meaning was misrepresented.

I am well aware that the review could have produced little effect upon "the few" by whom such works as Ballantyne's are read; but as your Journal is far more widely circulated than his volume, so, among "the many," there must exist an unjust prejudice against the "Examination" and its author. To remove this prejudice is my intention, and I rely upon your candour to second my attempt. It is not my design to notice the gratuitous assertions and extraneous matter with which the review abounds, but to substantiate the charge of misrepresentation which I have preferred against it.

In the application of the "Law of Correspondence" to the sense of touch, the reviewer, as far as I can understand him, seems to have misunderstood the sense in which the word extension is used, representing Ballantyne as speaking of indefinite extension, instead of limited extension or figure, which might be wholly and at once impressed upon the organs of touch, and to have overlooked the difference between length of duration and extension of matter. Be this as it may, he has certainly failed to disprove, that "whatever be the form or magnitude of an impression, we uniformly experience a sensation and an idea of a portion of extension of a corresponding form and magnitude;" and he has not ever denied that Brown himself has admitted every thing for which Ballantyne pleads to establish his law.

But you will be more fully satisfied that the charge of misrepresentation is just, when I lay before you the reviewer's remarks on the application of the law to the sense of smelling. He asks, "whether we have an idea of greater magnitude in smelling with one nostril, with half a nostril, or with both nostrils; or whether a rose of small dimensions suggests its comparative diminutiveness when coming after the fragrance of a bulkier

predecessor." From this, any one would immediately infer, that Ballantyne had asserted that we could determine, whether an odour was emitted by a large or a small magnitude—or that, simply by smelling a rose, we could determine whether it was a large one or a small. Now, let us hear Ballantyne himself, and then let the candid judge whether these conclusions are legitimate. "An impression," says he, "on this organ (of smell) is always accompanied with a sensation and an idea of *the part affected*;" not, as the reviewer asserts, of *the object emitting the odour*. The reviewer observes, that "the theory (the Law of Correspondence) becomes *supremely ridiculous* if we take the most cursory view of sight," &c. Yet other philosophers, high in the critic's esteem, in effect admit this very theory. Stewart says, that the sensation of colour appears to the mind to be "something spread over the surface of bodies." But, as Ballantyne asks, has that which is spread over the surface of bodies no seeming extension? Brown also, in speaking of the ideas of extension afforded by our organs of sense in general, says, "we are apt to forget, in inquiries of this sort, that it is not in our organs of touch merely, that a certain extent of the nervous extremity of our sensorial organ is affected. This occurs, equally, in every other organ." Now, such remarks from these philosophers should certainly have prevented any of their admirers from applying the epithet of *supremely ridiculous* to this theory, as being Ballantyne's.

The reviewer's remark on taste is too trifling to be noticed; and as he has passed over "Duration" with a blank assertion merely, I give it all the attention it merits by simply denying it. But if any part of his review shows the injustice of his remarks, and his incompetency for the task he had undertaken, it is that where he observes that Ballantyne's notions on Association are scarcely less sound than his conceptions of Duration. Association of ideas is a part of our constitution involved in much obscurity. Scarcely any philosopher except Hume has attempted the enumeration of its laws; and who denies that Hume has failed? Ballantyne has shown what inconsistent conclusions may be drawn from the doctrine, that ideas suggest each other according to the various relations among their objects; and in explaining, ramifying, and illustrating his "Law of Precedence," has accounted for numerous phenomena connected with the subject, in a manner far more simple and satisfactory to the candid and competent judge, than any solution that has hitherto appeared.

I intended, Sir, to have proceeded, but I fear I have already intruded too long; and, if you deem my observations correct, enough has been said to answer my design. I shall, therefore, in imitation of our reviewer, conclude by stating my opinion of the work.

If perspicuity and correctness of language, if the efforts of a vigorous mind, characterised by originality and acuteness, if manful grapplings with the greatest difficulties in the science both of mind and theology, deserve attention, the "Examination of the Human Mind" will long enjoy a station far above the works of "mediocre metaphysicians."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. L.

We have given the above letter a place, from a desire to prove our impartiality in all literary matters. All criticism is matter of opinion; and in so far as regards the opinion of the "Examination" expressed in the article alluded to, the reviewer still thinks it was accurate,—he knows it was honest,—and, moreover, he has no objection that "J. L.," or any one else, should conscientiously form a very different judgment, either of the merits of the whole work, or of the validity, and value of its isolated doctrines. As to the charge of misrepresentation,—but for which the above communication would have passed without further comment,—some reply seems to be called for from him, and he offers the following very brief one:—1st, Mr Ballantyne's notions concerning extension, are *not* represented as pertaining to indefinite extension,—without reference to figure or limit; nor could they be so misrepresented, for Mr B. holds, that figure is a modification of extension; and the strictures on the review have reference entirely to figured space or limit. 2d, Mr B.'s doctrine, as to the acquisition of ideas of extension, by, or with sensation, is *not* misrepresented in the remarks upon the olfactory sense. The "Law of Correspondence," which is there applied, is quoted verbatim from the volume itself, so no misrepresentation could be made. That law, if it means any thing, supposes that connately with our sensations, we have ideas of extension, proportioned to the sensorial surface affected. The odour of a rose, therefore, titillating *one* nostril, or a certain portion of nervous expanse, should not suggest, by the one half, such an idea of magnitude, as when inhaled by both nostrils; for then a double portion of the sensorium would be exposed and affected. Again, it is but natural to conclude, that in any odorous body,—such as a rose,—the pungent particles of which impinge on the sense, and constitute smell, they are, *ceteris paribus*, numerous, in proportion to its bulk. A large rose, therefore, should, in its action upon the olfactories, affect a greater portion of the nervous expanse, and thus give an idea of greater extension than a smaller rose, whose particles, being finer, are more confined in their effects. In all this, it will take some ingenuity to discover misrepresentation. The consequences are legitimately deduced from the author's proposition, and if they are anomalous, the blame rests with the propounder of the law, and not with him who applies it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE DEATH OF A PREJUDICE.

A MORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

By Thomas Aird, Esq. Author of "Religious Characteristics," &c.

At a late hour one Saturday evening, as I was proceeding homewards along one of the crowded streets of our metropolis, I felt myself distinctly tapped on the shoulder, and, on looking round, a bareheaded man, dressed in a night-gown, thus abruptly questioned me—"Did you ever, sir, thank God for preserving your reason?" On my answering in the negative—"Then do it now," said he, "for I have lost mine." Notwithstanding the grotesque accompaniments of the man's dress, and his undignified face, disfigured by a large red nose, the above appeal to me was striking and sublimely pathetic; and when he bowed to me with an unsteady fervour and withdrew immediately, I could not resist following him, which I was the more inclined to do, as he seemed to be labouring under some frenzy, and might need to be looked after.

There was another reason for my being particularly interested in him: I had seen him before; and his appearance and interruption had once before given me great disgust. It was thus:—On my return to Scotland, after an absence of five years, which I had passed in the West Indies, I found the one beloved dead, for whom had been all my hopes and all my good behaviour through those long years. When all the world, with the hard severity of truth and prudence, frowned on the quick reckless spirit of my youth, she alone had been my gentle prophetess, and sweetly told that my better heart should one day, and that soon, give the lie to the cold

prudential forebodersː. For her sweet sake, I tried to be as a good man should be; and when I returned to my native land, it was all for her, to bring her, by that one dearest, closest tie, near to the heart which (I speak not from my own vanity, but to her praise) she had won to manly bearing. Oh God! Oh God! I found her in the dust,—in her early grave; no more to love me, no more to give me her sweet approval. It was then my melancholy pleasure to seek the place where last we parted by the burn in the lonely glen. As I approached the place, to throw myself down on the very same green spot on which she had sat when last we met, I found it occupied by a stranger; I withdrew, but to return the following evening. I found the sacred spot again preoccupied by the same stranger, who, independent of his coarse red face, his flattened, ill-shaped bald head, (for he sat looking into his hat,) and the undignified precaution of his coat-skirts carefully drawn aside, to let him sit on his outspread handkerchief, disgusted me by the mere circumstance of his unseasonable appearance in such a place, which had thus twice interrupted the yearning of my heart, to rest me there one hour alone. This second night also I hastily withdrew. I came a third night, and found a continuance of the interruption. The same individual was on the same spot, muttering to himself, and chucking pebbles into a dark pool of the burn immediately before him. I retired, cursing him in my heart, and came no more back to the place.

Now in the phrenzied man who accosted me, as abovementioned, on the street by night, I recognized at once the individual who had so interrupted me some months before, in the lonely glen by the side of the burn; and, in addition to the reason already given for my wish now to follow him, there was the superadded anxiety to be kind to a man in such distress, whom, perhaps in the very beginning of his sorrows, I had heartily and unreasonably cursed. I was still following him, when a woman, advanced in life, rushed past me, and, laying hold of him, cried loudly for assistance. This was easily found in such a place; and the poor man was, without delay, forcibly carried back to her house, where, on my following, I learned that he was a lodger with the woman, that he was sick of a brain fever, and that, during a brief interval in her watching of him, he had made his escape down stairs, and had got upon the street. I was now deeply interested in the poor fellow, and determined to see him again the following morning, which I did, and found him much worse. On making inquiry at the woman of the house respecting him, she told me that he had no relatives in this country, though he was a Scotchman; that he was a half-pay officer in his Majesty's service; that he did not seem to want money; that he was a noble-hearted, generous man. She added, moreover, that he had lodged in her house two months; and that, previous to his illness, he had spoken of a friend whom he expected every day to visit him from a distant part of the country, to make arrangements for their going together to the Continent.

In two days more, poor Lieutenant Crabbe (such, I learned, was his name and commission) died; and, by a curious dispensation of Providence, I ordered the funeral, and laid in the grave the head of the man whom, only a few months before, I had cursed as a disgusting impertinent fellow. The alien-mourners had withdrawn from the sodded grave, and I had just paid the sexton for this last office to poor Crabbe, when the woman in whose house he had died advanced with a young man, apparently an officer, in whose countenance haste and unexpected affliction were strongly working. "That's the gentleman, sir," said the woman, pointing to myself.

"Very well, good woman," said the stranger youth, whose tones bespoke him an Englishman, and whose voice, as he spoke, seemed broken with deep sorrow: "I will see you again, within an hour, at your house, and settle all matters." The woman, who had doubtless come to show him the churchyard, hereupon retired; and the young Englishman, coming up to me, grasped me kindly by the hand, whilst his eyes glistened with tears: "So, sir," said he, "you have kindly fulfilled my office here, which, would to God I had been in time to do myself for poor Crabbe. You did not know him, I believe?"

"No," I answered.

"But I did," returned the youth; "and a braver, nobler heart never beat in the frame of a man. He has been most unhappy, poor fellow, in his relatives."

"I am sorry to hear it," I could only reply.

"If I could honour you in any way, sir," rejoined the youth, "which your heart cares for, beyond its own noble joy, in acting the manly and humane part which you have acted towards my poor friend, I would delight to honour you. You are at least entitled to some information about the deceased, which I may give you in a way which will best show the praise and the heart of poor Crabbe. I have some letters here in my pocket, which I brought with me, alas! that he might explain something to me, which they all, more or less, contain, relative to a piece of special business: from one of them I shall read an extract, relative to his early history, and the miserable occasion on which he found his long-lost father, whom, after long and patient efforts to trace his parents, he was at length directed to seek in one of your villages in the south of Scotland."

The particular letter was selected, and the young Englishman, over the grave of his friend, read as follows:—

"I could have wept tears of blood, on finding things as they are with the unhappy old man who is indeed my father. I shall speak to you now as I would commune with my own heart; but yet it must be in mild terms, lest I be wickedly unfilial: is not this awful? From the very little which I knew of myself ere I came to this country, and from information which I have gathered within these two weeks from the old clergyman of this village, it appears that my mother had died a few days after giving me birth, and that my uncle, who had never been satisfied with the marriage, took me, when very young, from my father, whose unhappy peculiarities led him readily to resign me; gave me my mother's name, and carried me with him to Holland, where he was a merchant. He was very kind to me in my youth; and, when I was of proper age, bought me a commission in the British army, in which I have served, as you know, for nearly ten years, and which, you also know, I was obliged to leave, in consequence of a wound in one of my ankles, which, subject to occasional swelling, has rendered me quite unfit for travel. My uncle died about three years ago, and left me heir to his effects, which were considerable. Nothing in his papers led me to suppose that my father might yet be living, but I learned the fact from a confidential friend of his, who communicated it to me, not very wisely, perhaps, since he could not tell me even my real name. Bitterly condemning my uncle's cruel policy, which had not allowed him to hold any intercourse whatever with my father, and which had cut me off from the natural guardian of my life, I hasted over to this country, with no certain hope of success in finding out whose I was, beyond what my knowledge that I bore my mother's name led me to entertain. I had my own romance connected with the pursuit. I said to myself, that I might have little sisters, who should be glad to own me, unworthy though I was; I might bring comfort to a good old man, whose infirmities of age were canonized by the respect due to his sanctity,—who, in short, had nothing of age but its reverence; and who, like another patriarch, was to fall upon my neck, and weep for joy like a little child. Every night I was on board, hasting to this country, I saw my dream-sisters, so kind, so beau-

tiful: they washed my feet; they looked at the scars of my wounds; they were proud of me, for having been a soldier, and leaned on my arm as we went to church, before all the people, who were lingering in the sunny churchyard;—and the good old man went before, looking oft back to see that we were near behind, accommodating his step to show that he too was one of the party, though he did his best to appear self-denied.

"After getting the clew, as mentioned in my last letter to you, I took a seat in the mail, which I was told would pass at a little distance from the village whither I was bound. Would to God I had set out the day before, that so I might have prevented a horrid thing! The coach was stopped for me at a little bridge, that I might get out; the village, about a mile off, was pointed out to me; and I was advised to follow a small foot-path, which led along by a rivulet, as being the nearest way to the place in question. Twilight was now beginning to deepen among the elms that skirted the path into which I had struck; and in this softest hour of nature, I had no other thought than that I was drawing near a home of peace. I know not whether the glen which I was traversing could have roused such indescribable emotions within me, had I not guessed that scenes were before me which my childhood must have often seen; but every successive revelation of the pass up which I was going,—pool after pool ringed by night insects, and shot athwart on the surface by those unaccountable diverging lines, so fine, so rapid, which may be the sport too of invisible insects,—stream after stream, with its enamelled manes of cool green velvet, which anon twined themselves out of sight beneath the rooted brakes,—one shy green nook in the bank after another, overwaved by the long pensile boughs of trees, and fringed with many a fairy mass of blent wild flowers;—all these made me start, as at the melancholy recurrence of long-forgotten dreams: And when the blue heron rose from the stream where he had been wading, and with slow flagging wing crossed and re-crossed the water, and then went up the darkened valley to seek his lone haunt by the mountain spring, I was sure I had seen the very same scene, and the very same bird, some time in my life before. My dear Stanley, you cannot guess why I dwell so long on these circumstances! For it enters my very heart with anguish, to tell the moral contrast to my hopes, and to these peaceful accompaniments of outward nature. It must be told. Listen to what follows.

"I had not walked more than a quarter of a mile up the valley, when I heard feeble cries for assistance, as of some one in the last extremity, drowning in the stream. I made what haste I could, and, on getting round a sloping headland of the bank, which shot forward to the edge of the rounding water, I found myself close upon a company of fellows, habited like Christmas mummers, apparently amusing themselves with the struggles of a person in the water, who, ever as he secured a footing, and got his head above, was again pushed down by his cruel assailants. I was upon them ere they were aware, and reached one fellow, who seemed particularly active, an excellent thwack with my ratan, from which, however, recovering, he took to his heels, followed by his associates. My next business was to relieve the object of their cruelty: but this was no easy task; for, being probably by this time quite exhausted, he had yielded to the current; and, ere I could reach him, was rolled down into a large black pool. He was on the point of sinking for ever, when I caught hold of him—good God! an old man!—by his grey hair, and hauled him out upon the bank, where he lay to all appearance quite dead. Using such means as were in my power to assist in restoring suspended animation, I succeeded so well, that ere long the poor old man showed symptoms of returning life. I looked round me in this emergency, but there was neither house nor living person to be seen; so what could I do, but take the old bare-headed man on my back, and carry him to the village, which I knew was not far off. And there, God in heaven! who should I find him to be, but my own father!

"To you, Stanley, I can say every thing which I dare whisper to my own heart; but this is a matter which even my own private bosom tries to eschew. It seems—it seems, that the unhappy old man is narrow-hearted—a miser, as they term it here; and that for some low petty thefts he was subjected by some fellows of the village to the above ducking. I know well, Stanley, you will not despise me for all this, nor because I must now wear my own name of Crabbe, which I am determined, in justice to that unhappy old father, henceforth to do. On the contrary, you will only advise me well how to win upon his harder nature, and bring him round to more liberal habits. Listen to the following scheme of my own for the same purpose, which struck me one evening as I sat 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,' beside the pool whence I rescued the poor old man. For indeed—indeed, I must grapple with the realities of the moral evil, however painful or disgusting. That being is my father; and no one can tell how much his nature may have been warped and kept perverse, by the loss of the proper objects of natural affection: Is it not my bounden duty, then, to be found to him, and, by my constant presence, to open his heart, which has been too much constringed by his lonely situation? I shall hedge him round, in the first place, from insults: I shall live with him, in his own house, all at my expense; and our household economy shall be as liberal as my finances will permit: I shall give much money in charity, and make him the dispenser of it; for our best feelings are improved by outward practice: Whenever I may be honoured by an invitation to a good man's table, the slightest hint to bring him with me shall be taken advantage of; and he *shall* go, that the civilities of honourable men may help his self-respect, and thereby his virtue. Now, may God aid me in this moral experiment, to try it with discretion, to make the poor old man doubly mine own!"

"From this extract," said the young Englishman, carefully folding up his deceased friend's letter, "you will see something of the exalted nature of poor Ramsay—Crabbe, I should say, according to his own decided wish. I may here mention, that the death of the old man, which took place not many weeks after the above brutalities were inflicted upon him, and which, in all likelihood, was hastened by the unhappy infliction, never allowed his son to put in practice those noble institutes of moral discipline which he had devised, to repair and beautify the degraded fountain of his life. I doubt not that this miserable end of his old parent, and the sense of his own utter loneliness, in respect of kindred, preyed upon the generous soldier, and helped to bring on that phrenzy of fever, which so soon turned his large—his noble heart, into dust and oblivion. Peace be with his ashes; and everlasting honour wait upon his name!—To-morrow morning, sir," continued the youth, "I set out again for England, and I should like to bear your name along with me, coupled with the memory which shall never leave me, of your disinterested kindness towards my late friend. I talk little of thanks, for I hold you well repaid, by the consciousness of having done the last duties of humanity for a brave and good man."

According to the Englishman's request, I gave him my name, and received his in return; and, shaking hands over the grave of poor Crabbe, we parted.

"Good God!" said I to myself, as I left the churchyard, "it appears, then, that at the very moment when this generous soldier was meditating a wise and moral plan to win his debased parent to honour and salvation,—at that very moment I was allowing my heart to ca-

tertain a groundless feeling of dislike to him." My second more pleasing reflection was, that this unmanly prejudice had easily given way. How could it less, under the awful presence of Death, who is the great apostle of human charity? Moreover, from the course of incidents above-mentioned, I have derived this important lesson for myself,—Never to allow a hasty opinion, drawn from a man's little peculiarities of manner or appearance, particularly from the features of his face, or the shape of his head, as explained by the low quackeries of Lavater and Spurzheim, to decide unfavourably against a man, who, for aught I truly know, may be worthy of unqualified esteem.

FINE ARTS.

THE EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(*First Notice.*)

It gives us much pleasure to be able to assure our readers, that the collection of pictures, opened this season for public inspection at the Gallery of the Royal Institution, is at least equal to that exhibited on any former occasion. Both in portraits and in landscapes, the collection is strong, and calculated to reflect the highest credit on the rapidly advancing taste and talent of the artists of this country. Taking, as we do, a decided interest in the subject of painting, and being confident that it must be felt to be particularly worthy of attention at the present moment, we shall make no attempt to huddle all our opinions, upon two hundred and ninety works of art, into one or two hasty articles, but shall revert to this topic every Saturday for some time to come. We thus hope to avoid the fallacious notions which the first view of pictures is very apt to give, by reserving sufficient time to mature our own sentiments, and to collect those of others. We should wish it also to be borne in mind, that by criticism, we do not mean *fault-finding*, which we consider the least important part of a well-written article on the Fine Arts; for we have always remarked the difference between a *real* judge and a *would-be* judge, to be, that the real judge *points out beauties*,—the would-be judge *seeks for faults*. Besides, there is, after all, no criticism so severe as silence.

Before noticing any of the pictures individually, it is proper to observe, that the principal room at the Royal Institution, from its great size and height, and from the manner in which the light comes into it, is very ill adapted for showing good pictures to the best advantage. This is a circumstance calculated eventually to do great injury to the national school, as pictures must be *painted up* to a glaring effect to stand their ground; and even those artists who would naturally choose to be more simple, chaste, and true in their colouring, will be compelled at last, in self-defence, to make their style more gaudy, lest the whole colour should be taken from their pictures, by the strong contrasts of white and red that surround them. Young artists and unlearned amateurs are too apt to mistake gaudiness of colouring for brilliancy of effect. Rembrandt might read them a lesson on this subject: his effects were magical for strength and richness, but his means were generally a little dirty white and asphaltum. Yet it would appear that the great ambition among our young, and some of our old artists, is to try who can introduce most colours in one canvass. One gentleman this year has as much pure white and red in his pictures, as would paint all the railings in George's street. A picture of this description, hanging alongside of a more chaste production, must of course materially injure it; and the ignorant public are ready to exclaim, "How the first picture *kills* the latter!" No doubt it does kill the latter; but the murderer of a true artist has no more merit than a washerwoman would have were she to hang a white petticoat, with a red night cap pinned on it, alongside of a good picture, whereby the same process of annihilation would be effected. It is on this account that many a picture, which in a private room is replete with simple beauty and truth, is completely lost in an exhibition, and *vice versa*. But to proceed to the paintings themselves.

The first which demands our notice is Wilkie's beautiful picture of the "*Wedding*," (we see no good reason for vulgarising it into the "*Penny* Wedding.") Here Wilkie stands pre-eminent in simple natural beauty, occupying a central station, independent of all around him; injuring none, by contrast, but gaining all by comparison. In gazing on it there is such a universal truth, that the mind becomes lost in a participation of the very feelings of the beings represented. Not only is every figure, and every action, and every detailed part, given with the most beautiful and interesting accuracy, but over the whole scene there is a tone of reality which pervades the very atmosphere. The principal figures which attract the attention are the bride and bridegroom. The latter is an honest, healthy, unassuming young fellow, and he leads forth his bride, who is a perfect specimen of what a Scotch country girl should be, with all the rustic happiness which his situation inspires. The figure of a young female, attached to this group, who is probably bride's-maid, is eminently beautiful. She is in the act of stooping to draw up the heel of her shoe,—thus forming the base of the group—and throwing herself into one of the most perfectly graceful attitudes that can be conceived. How well and faithfully her beautiful arm is painted, possessing the strength which we would expect to find in one accustomed to labour, but retaining the grace and form of perfect symmetry! In the centre of the picture is a group of dancers, beautifully drawn and delicately coloured. Eyeing them with great complacency and self-satisfaction, is a most respectable-looking dame—probably the mother of one of the group; her countenance is quite delightful. A little girl on the left, in a richly-coloured dress, is full of life and nature. Nor must we forget the exquisite country bumpkin, who is pulling on a glove over one of his paws as he prepares to dance, and is, at the same time, gazing, with an expression of countenance no one ever painted but Wilkie—so rich, sly, and peculiar—on the maiden destined to be his partner. In the distance, are a great variety of figures differently occupied—all finely drawn and coloured. The countenances are almost all remarkable for expression; but among them will be found the head of an old piper, which is very striking. To attempt to point out all the beauties of this picture would far exceed our limits; but, before leaving it, we would wish to attract attention to the simple tone of nature which pervades it, hoping that some of the young artists will learn from it, that strength of effect does not require gaudiness of colouring.

The next artist, to whom we turn with great pleasure, is William Allan, R.A., the early companion and fellow-student of Wilkie. The exquisitely beautiful little picture of the death of the Regent Murray, which he has exhibited, is the original sketch, finished up, of the large picture of the same subject purchased by the Duke of Bedford. The subject chosen by the artist is the moment when the Regent is shot from a window by Hamilton of Boswelhaugh. The splendid cavalcade that surrounded the Regent is suddenly arrested by the terrific death of their chief, as he rode before them in almost royal splendour. The noblemen nearest him seem pe-

trified with astonishment; and among them stands, with uplifted hands, a striking figure of the celebrated John Knox. A Highland attendant supports the dying Regent, whilst two more are in the act of approaching to his assistance. On the right, a group of terrified females are rushing up a stair; whilst on the left, in shadow, a group of soldiers are employed in breaking open a door with their halberts, and other weapons; above, is a window hung with a black curtain, which indicates the spot from whence the deed was committed. The story is admirably told; every figure and every countenance strongly indicates its feelings, and the whole scene is full of life and animation. Whether we consider the beauty of this picture as a piece of colouring, or the truth and grace of its drawing and composition, or the admirable representation of a scene so fraught with deep interest,—we may safely pronounce it to be one of the most enviable and beautiful works that ever came from the artist's gifted pencil, and one which is an honour to our national school.—Mr Allan has another very sweetly-painted picture, taken from the Gentle Shepherd. The female is exceedingly beautiful in drawing and colouring; but she is too delicate, too lady-like, and too lovely for a Scotch milk-maid. We can easily forgive the artist, however, for this error, although we cannot help thinking, that one of the principal charms of pastoral painting, like pastoral poetry, is simple truth to nature in its most agreeable form;—and we are disposed to consider Mr Allan's conceptions of female loveliness, which are formed on the beau ideal of Circassian beauty, too vivid and too exquisite for the representation of the more marketable materiel of a Lowland lass.

We rejoice to see the very striking improvement in the portraits of Mr Watson Gordon, an artist whose talents we have always admired, and whom we shall notice more particularly in our next. We shall speak also very soon of some fine pictures by the Rev. Mr Thompson, J. F. Williams, G. Simson, and many others.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG,

Written for Burns's Anniversary, 1829.

THERE's nae bard to charm us now,
Nae bard ava,
Can sing a sang to nature true,
Since Coila's bard's awa.

The simple harp o' earlier days
In silence slumbers now,
And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,
Presumes the Nine to woo.
But nae bard in a' our isle,
Nae bard ava,
Frae pauky Coila wins a smile,
Since Robin gaed awa.

His hamely style let Fashion spurn—
She wants baith taste and skill;
And wiser shou'd she ever turn,
She'll sing his sangs hersell;
For nae sang sic pathos speaks,
Nae sang ava,
And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks
Shou'd a' be drumm'd awa.

Her far-fetch'd figures aye maun fail,
To touch the feeling heart;
Simplicity's direct appeal
Excels sic learned art.
And nae modern minstrel's lay,
Nae lay ava,
Sae powerfully the heart can sway
As Robin's that's awa.

For o'er his numbers Coila's Muse
A magic influence breathed,
And roun' her darling poet's brows,
A peerless crown had wreathed.
And nae wreath that e'er was seen,
Nae wreath ava,
Will bloom sae lang's the holly green
O' Robin that's awa.

Let Erin's minstrel, Tammy Moore,
His solos slyly sing,
'Twad lend his harp a higher power,
Wou'd Coila add a string;
For nae harp has yet been kent,
Nae harp ava,
To match the harp by Coila lent
To Robin that's awa.

And though our Shepherd, Jamie Hogg,
His pipe fu' sweetly plays,
It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
Like ploughman Robin's lays;
For nae pipe will Jamie tune,
Nae pipe ava,
Like that which breathed by "Bonnie Doon,"
Ere Robin gaed awa.

Even Scotland's pride, Sir Walter Scott,
Who boldly strikes the lyre,
Maun yield to Robin's sweet love-note,
His native wit and fire;
For nae bard hath ever sung,
Nae bard ava,
In hamely or in foreign tongue,
Like Robin that's awa.

Frae feeling heart, Tom Campbell's lays
In classic beauty flow;
But Robin's artless sang displays
The soul's impassion'd glow.
For nae bard by classic lore,
Nae bard ava,
Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost core,
Like Robin that's awa.

A powerfu' harp did Byron sweep,
But not wi' happy glee,
And though his tones were strong and deep,
He ne'er could change the key.
For nae bard beneath the lift,
Nae bard ava,
Wi' master-skill the keys cou'd shift,
Like Robin that's awa.

He needs nae monumental stanes,
To keep alive his fame;
Auld Granny Scotland and her weans
Will ever sing his name.
For nae name does fame record,
Nae name ava,
By Caledonia mair adored,
Than Robin's that's awa.

Dalry. J. S.

THE

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Life and Times of William Laud, D. D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By John Parker Lawson, M. A. In Two Volumes. London; C. and F. Rivington. 1829. 8vo, Pp. 592 and 546.

This is a work which will be more popular in England than in Scotland, but which every reader must acknowledge to be remarkable for its research and learning, and justly entitled to claim for its author no small consideration, both from the general scholar and student of history, and more especially from all zealous and faithful members of the Episcopal Church. It is devoted to a very circumstantial account of the life and times of the great champion of Episcopacy, during the troublous period that preceded the establishment of the Commonwealth, when the Church of England was invaded by the machinations of Popery on the one hand, and the still bitterer enmity of Calvinistic bigotry on the other. The storm began to gather shortly after the accession of James VI., but it was not till Charles I. came to the throne that Laud, although his talents had attracted considerable attention during the previous reign, assumed that pre-eminent position in church and state, which drew upon him the regards of the whole nation, and which has indelibly interwoven his name with the history of his country.

The character of Charles involves that of all his ministers; and as that monarch's unhappy fate, together with the extraordinary events which preceded and followed it, have been invariably represented in the most opposite lights according to the different political and religious sentiments of those who have undertaken to write concerning them, so have all those who shared his counsels been either subjected to unlimited obloquy, or vindicated from every reproach, appealed to as patriots, and canonized as martyrs. Questions, so vitally connected both with the theory and practice of the British Constitution, arise out of the memorable occurrences which took place between the years 1625 and 1688, that even to this day it appears impossible to regard them merely as historical incidents, which are now past, and concerning which we can at length reason with calm impartiality. They are felt, on the contrary, to be of that nature, which, in the revolution of years, and considering the mutability of all human affairs, may,—we perhaps should say *must*, occur again; and, this being the case, the questions arising out of them continue to be felt as involving personal rights and privileges even now. According, therefore, to the preconceived opinions we may have formed regarding civil and ecclesiastical government, are our decisions upon the agitating events of the seventeenth century. Hence, instead of appealing to any great and common standard of moral right and wrong, every one's sentiments regarding them are regulated by his own private views, his own party prejudices, and his own limited information. This is an evil which is to be regretted; but in all matters which appear more immediately connected with our own interests it is inevitable.

In intimating that Mr Lawson's work is decidedly of a controversial nature, and professedly written, like all other controversial works, for the purpose of espousing one side of the question in preference to the other, we would by no means be thought to imply that its plan was injudicious, or its object erroneous. Pure history ought probably to be only a simple narration of facts, but wherever either the facts themselves, or the inferences to be drawn from them, are contested, we are glad to see able writers springing up on both sides; and let time ultimately decide which is in the right. Were we to enter at present into even a superficial examination of the numerous doctrines and arguments advanced in the book before us in support of its author's peculiar set of tenets, we should far exceed the space we can command, and be led into discussions altogether foreign from our purpose. We may mention, however, generally, that Mr Lawson throughout is the avowed and determined champion not only of Episcopacy, but of all those high Church and old Tory principles which were so grievously detested by the Puritans, which the Scotch Covenanters hated as they did Popery itself, and to put an end to which, Charles' head was struck off on the scaffold.

The life of Archbishop Laud, if we except its tragical conclusion, was in nowise intrinsically remarkable or materially different from that of any other churchman; but, as that dignitary was the head and organ of a particular party, it may be advantageously used as the peg upon which to hang an account of all the doings of that party. It was with this design that our author entered upon his task, and while he was anxious to rescue the memory of Laud from much of the odium that has been cast upon it, he had also in view the more comprehensive object of defending, in every particular in which they had been attacked, the institutions of the Church of England, as originally established by Cranmer, Latimer, and others. In pursuing this plan, it is not to be concealed that Mr Lawson's zeal occasionally travels faster than his judgment, and that he sometimes attempts to defend error or to palliate injustice, however hopeless that defence may be. We like a sincere partisan, and we can even forgive him for being carried too far; but it would not become us to allow such faults in a work of this description to pass unnoticed. We do not allude to any of the more notable subjects of dispute between the high Church party and the Puritans, or between the cavaliers and the roundheads, for, as w do not at present propose entering the lists ourselves, it would be unfair to pass any sweeping censure either upon one side or the other. But we may, nevertheless, be allowed to remark, that a writer may err in a very obstinate determination to go through thick and thin in support of his own party; and, by an anxiety to carry all points, however doubtful, may throw suspicion even upon

his sounder and far more unexceptionable reasonings. We suspect this is Mr Lawson's predicament in a good many instances. The more violent of the Scotch Presbyterians will tell him that it is his predicament in almost every page of his work; for what mercy can he expect from their hands, after the contemptuous and depreciating manner in which he so boldly talks of the venerated Lords of the Covenant, treating them invariably as rebels, fanatics, and knaves? Some of his English and Episcopalian friends, on the other hand,—and it was their good opinion, of course, that Mr Lawson (being himself an Episcopalian, and aspirant for some of the rich benefices of that church) was most anxious to gain,—will tell him, we doubt not, that they can discover no false colouring any where in his volumes, and that he has only to go on in future works in the same manner as he has commenced in this. Mr Lawson has good sense enough to know that truth commonly lies between two extremes; and as we take to ourselves the credit of being more moderately inclined than either of the parties we have mentioned, he will perhaps allow us simply to name, without engaging in any argument, one or two of those instances in which we think he has gone too far.

Mr Lawson is of opinion, 1st, That Charles "can be justified" for determining to impose a tax upon the nation without the consent of Parliament. He admits that the proceeding was altogether "unconstitutional," and "unquestionably against the principles of the monarchy;" yet he enters into a pretty long argument, to prove that it was justifiable. This to us appears somewhat contradictory.—(See vol. I. p. 331, et seq.) Mr Lawson is of opinion, 2dly, That the sermons delivered by Dr Sibthorpe and Dr Manwaring, in which they inculcated *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*, are justifiable, although contrary to the spirit of the British constitution, because, as he attempts to prove, they have the united voice of antiquity, and of the primitive church, in their favour.—(See vol. I. p. 363, et seq.) Mr Lawson is of opinion, 3dly, That Charles I., so far from having the most distant wish to stretch his prerogatives beyond their due limits, was all "gentleness, clemency, religion, and grateful affection towards his servants;" yet, immediately after making this statement, he informs us that the King resolved to punish Archbishop Abbot for his contumacy, in refusing to license Dr Sibthorpe's sermon, in which that preacher had inculcated passive obedience and non-resistance; and this, with all deference to Mr Lawson, we think another contradiction.—(See vol. I. p. 366 and 368.) Mr Lawson is of opinion, 4thly, That in the elevation of Archbishop Laud to the situation of prime minister, there was nothing incompatible, either with sound constitutional principles, or with the injunctions of Christianity, arguing farther, that a civil administration of so engrossing a kind, by an ecclesiastic, is not incompatible with his spiritual office,—a very comfortable, but surely a very heterodox doctrine.—(See vol. I. p. 484, et seq.) Mr Lawson is of opinion, 5thly, That it is solely to "the amiable and humane disposition" of Charles, that all the disturbances, which attended the introduction of the Solemn League and Covenant into Scotland, are to be attributed; and that, as soon as any religious scruples were started against the liturgy, and the establishment of Episcopacy, severe punishments, supported by a strong military force, should immediately have been inflicted on all such "refractory zealots,"—a very priestly, but not a very tolerant doctrine.—(See vol. II. p. 251.) Mr Lawson is of opinion, 6thly, That the monarch's "generous purposes" towards Scotland were "frustrated by fanatics," and that "no guilt could be greater than that of the Covenanters," whose harangues and writings he denounces as a mixture of "blasphemy, folly, and obscenity,"—thus betraying no small portion of party feeling, in giving such unbounded praise to one side, and denying so entirely all merit to the other.

Many more instances might be adduced, to show the uncompromising spirit in which Mr Lawson has written; but as he doubtless weighed well the consequences before he thus committed himself, and in adopting this very high tone, had his own objects in view, we shall leave him to all the benefits he may derive from promulgating such opinions, and gladly turn to the more agreeable duty of expressing our very favourable conviction of the author's learning, industry, and intellectual vigour. No slight labour was necessary, before all the materials of so voluminous a work could be properly arranged. They who are not altogether ignorant of the careful and extensive research necessary to the production of any historical work, will be at once convinced, by the perusal of that of Mr Lawson, of the time and toil he must have bestowed upon it; whilst the mere general reader will form some more adequate ideas on the subject, when he is informed, in the words of the author, that "besides the MSS. preserved in public libraries, he consulted upwards of *three hundred* works, exclusive of numerous biographies, and general histories of recent date;" and from this number, more than *two hundred* are cited in the volumes. Whatever opinion, therefore, may be entertained of the *soundness* of Mr Lawson's political and theological sentiments, they cannot be regarded as either superficial, or hastily formed, and will, no doubt, be acknowledged in many quarters as carrying with them more than ordinary weight and authority. Nor is Mr Lawson a mere compiler or scholastic bookworm; he thinks boldly and independently, and his style is always plain and distinct—often vigorous and elegant. He is as yet a young author, this being his first avowed production, though his shorter lives of Wishart and of the Regent Murray have previously attracted some attention. We now feel confident of Mr Lawson's future success, from the high station he has at once taken as a controversialist; and we are quite sure that the Church to which he belongs, and for which he has fought so manfully, will not long overlook so able and zealous a defender.

It is time to give our readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment on a few of the more remarkable passages in Mr Lawson's work. Our two first extracts shall be of a theological character; our third political; our fourth somewhat national and local; and our fifth simply descriptive and historical. We suspect not a few of our readers, on this side the Tweed, will peruse the following with considerable surprise:

CALVINISM *versus* EPISCOPACY.

"After the English Reformation of religion, notions had been entertained by many persons in the Church, not only subversive of its constitution, but highly detrimental to the safety and well-being of the state. The discipline of Geneva, and the doctrine of expediency, as laid down by John Calvin, who has the merit, if merit it be, of contriving and introducing a new system of ecclesiastical polity, and who, moreover, has the still more questionable merit of discovering, in the sacred Scriptures, certain doctrines which exhibit the Deity not in the most favourable light, as he himself was forced to confess, when, with grief, he admits it to be an *horribile decretum*:—this discipline had led many astray from the maxims of primitive truth and order; and the notions of expediency as to the Church and its visibility, had engendered a lamentable callousness towards that very Church of which they all professed to be sincere members. Forgetting that the Church *of* Christ is one and undivided,—forgetting that the Saviour himself declared, 'my kingdom is not of this world,'—and forgetting, too, that this union is not solely a spiritual union, composed at the same time of outward heterogeneous masses, but is, in truth, both a spiritual and a

temporal union, no limits were assigned to the extravagancies of fancy, and no safeguard adopted for the preservation of that Church, the doctrines of which Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, had sealed with their blood. But the axiom which Laud subsequently assumed, though doubtless sneered at by Dissenters, is strictly true, that the Church must be guarded both against Rome and Geneva—that a Church founded on the Apostles, and not on Christ, is the Roman and Genevan rock—but that the Church must have a more solid basis, or it has no foundation at all; and that, though it must be built on the foundation of the *apostles* and *prophets*, Jesus Christ himself must be the chief corner stone. There were, therefore, only two positions,—either that the church must be a regularly organized body, which, though a voluntary association, acknowledges Christ for its head, or it must not; there must either be systems of authority and regulation, or there must be anarchy and confusion; it must, in short, be either like a well-governed, well-organized kingdom, to which it is compared in the Holy Scriptures, or it must be so ill regulated as that all its members may literally do that which is right in their own eyes. The former, then, was the position of the well-wishers of the Church of England, the latter that of those who were preparing the way for its overthrow; the former was advocated by those who defended order and primitive truth, the latter by those who were on the point of holding out the right hand of fellowship to novelty and fanaticism. Laud hesitated not for a moment to decide; and his memory does truly deserve well of the Church of England, since he so early avowed himself the bold defender of its constitution."—P. 14-16.

The sentiments contained in the annexed passage are also strongly expressed:

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF PURITANISM.

"On the whole, then, the puritanical objections to the Church of England must evidently appear to be weak and trifling. Indeed, they themselves acknowledged, that the 'common burden of rites and ceremonies,' under which they professed 'to groan,' were in themselves immaterial, and did not affect or endanger salvation. Where, then, was their vantage-ground? Where their justification for that fanatical schism which they were the means of introducing? Where their defence for that alleged spirituality and 'godly reformation,' about which they clamoured so violently? If they were of little consequence, why not adopt them, since they were agreed to by the whole Church?—if there was nothing in the Scriptures against them, why strain the language of Scriptural truth by far-fetched inductions and illustrations to oppose them? They said they were of little consequence; on their own showing, therefore, they could do no harm; but if they could be proved to have been the practice of the Primitive Church, then they must be in themselves not only useful, but laudable, and, if not repugnant to God's holy word, tending to edification. If they were agreed to by the Church in general, ought the greater number to yield to the lesser? The case, in short, stands thus:—The Church, after the Reformation, adopted certain rites and ceremonies, which were practised in the apostolical and primitive times, and certainly what was *then* practised, is at least entitled to some authority;—but a few men start up, and argue that they cannot agree to these things; they find no command for them in the Scriptures; their consciences are wounded; they must be given up. What then? There is no direct authority for the change from the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian; not a single passage is there to support this act of the Church; it is a mere matter of tradition: ought tradition, then, to be rejected because it is so? A Puritan, if he be consistent, must reject it. I could adduce other facts, assented to by the Puritans themselves, which rest merely on tradition, though it is needless; nay, is it not evident, that the ascertaining of the number and extent of the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments is a matter of literary research, there not being a single command in these books as to their direct limitation? If, therefore, the individual consciences of a few men were wounded, is that a sufficient reason to justify schism? Ought they not to have known that the opinions of those whom they opposed were just as much entitled to reverence as their own? And was it lawful for them, who were but few in number, to disturb the peace of the church, and harass the civil power, and, on being defeated, to give utterance to their feelings in foul calumnies and bitter reproaches, when the opinion of the church was, at least, as good as that of the schismatics? But the wildness of their opinions was too well known; and their attachment to the Calvinistic novelties met with a deserved opposition. They had, some years before, been most active instruments in a conspiracy against Elizabeth, and now they were again sowing the seeds of national discontent; they were contending, in a word, for an exercise of religion, which, had it been granted, would have been productive of the most fearful absurdities and extravagances."—P. 03-5.

The Jacobites will be well pleased, and the Whigs very sorely scandalized, on reading our third extract:

A DEFENCE OF JAMES VI. AND CHARLES I.

"I have repeatedly declared my conviction, that a time will yet come when justice will be done to the memory of the Stewarts, especially to James and Charles I. While it can be proved, from undeniable facts, that in many cases they could not act otherwise than they did, it can also be proved that the excesses of the Puritans were the great cause of that licentiousness and irreligion which characterised the court after the monarchy was restored. Too great pretensions to religion in one party of the state generally produce laxity in the other; and hence it was that Puritanism exhibited religion, not as indeed it is, lovely and attractive, admirably adapted to the wants of man, and elevating his soul above the sublunary enjoyments of time and sense, but as gloomy, austere, and forbidding, imposing unwarrantable restraints on the heart, and subjecting it to a tyranny of fallible men, most revolting to human nature. And, driven to desperation by the outrageous fanaticism of the Puritans in this reign, what could those do who were at the helm of power? It was no longer a reluctant obedience, and a mere *verborum prælium*, but it was a struggle, which should obtain the mastery; it was a determination by the Puritans to unsheath the sword; they openly declared against toleration,—they dogmatically said they would not submit. I need not enumerate the consequences. It is enough to know that the sacred name of religion was abused to serve the ambition and hypocrisy of a faction; that murder and bloodshed stalked abroad in the nation; that the reign of enthusiasm was drawing nigh; and that the beautiful and spiritual ritual of the Church was to be supplanted by the fearful revelries of disordered imaginations, by canting phraseology, hypocrisy, and tyrannical ambition.

"In the twenty-fifth year of his age, Charles I. ascended the throne of England. Educated in the doctrines of the Church of England, he justly reckoned that Church the bulwark of the Protestant Reformation, and felt for it that attachment which he was destined to seal with his blood. A lover of his country and of its sacred institutions, he gave an example by his virtue, his integrity, and his generous valour.

"The commencement of a new reign is generally of great importance, according to the state of parties, and the hopes in which they choose to indulge. Had Charles gone over to the Puritans, he might, by uniting with

those dark and gloomy religionists, have perhaps averted many of his future calamities; but he was bound by the constitution and the laws to adhere to Church and State, nor could any alterations be effected without the unanimous consent of the nation. If, at the first, he had made concessions to the Puritans, no limits would have been set to their extravagant demands; and, like the Papists, the more favours they received, the greater would have been their insolence. It was necessary for Charles, therefore, to adhere rigorously to the Constitution as he found it, and not, by a too facile compliance with the demands of faction, afford dangerous precedents for future actions. Perhaps, after all, in whatever way he acted, his fall was inevitable; the designs of the Calvinists had been in part premeditated; and it was better, it was nobler, for the King to remain by the Constitution, and to be buried in its ruins, than to become the sport of a faction who would not reason, who would have established a system of religion, in which there was no safeguard from fanaticism, in which every man would have done that which was right in his own eyes, and who would have set up a Calvinistic Pope in every parish in England."—P. 263–66.

We think it right to give a place in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, for the sake of our Scottish Episcopalian readers, to the following notice of

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"Every sincere member of the Church of England, (I will not say every sincere Christian, lest I be charged with bigotry,) must feel an interest in the annals of Scottish Episcopacy. A flourishing Church, which had to contend with enthusiasts for nearly a century, at the memorable Revolution supplanted by Presbyterianism,—its clergy *rabbled out* (as the Presbyterians expressed it,) from their livings by fanatical mobs, and made the sport and impious mockery of Covenanters, and factious zealots,—while the great names which have adorned its Communion, are now, alas! forgotten, 'unnoticed, and unknown,' by an ungrateful country; these are facts which evince the instability of human affairs, and the misfortunes which attend all national revolutions, even when these are eventually productive of beneficial consequences; where there are a few upright, though it may be mistaken, men, who look upon loyalty to their legitimate sovereign as unworthy to be put in competition with their own private interests. Let me not be misunderstood, in admiring the conduct and disinterestedness of the Scottish prelates in 1688.

"It would require volumes to detail and discuss this interesting subject, which yet, even in this prolific age of literature, remains to be discussed; and did it come within my present plan, I would show that the Episcopal church of Scotland was, from the very first, the legitimate and national church of that kingdom; that Presbytery is consequently a plant of a foreign soil; that *if* the Covenanters were *persecuted*, they were persecuted by the State, and not by the Church; that all along the Episcopal clergy were devoted loyalists; that they were, in general, men of piety and learning; and that the conduct of the prelates, when they were deprived of their dioceses, has entitled those noble and ill-requited men, who endured innumerable privations, sufferings, and hardships, from the Presbyterian victors, to the admiration of every genuine Episcopalian and lover of his country; in short, I would trace the secret history of rebellion, fanaticism, and covenanted treason, dignified as these have been and still are, by the epithets of freedom, religion, and liberty; these would I trace in connexion with the English Puritans, and place in its true light the history of a Church, which has been falsely asserted to have been as persecuting and intolerant as its Popish predecessor. But I must refrain at present, for the subject is too copious and important. That Church has now fallen—fallen, I mean, so far as its rights are concerned; though not fallen from its primitive order and government; and, I must say it, *to the disgrace of England*, its clergy are suffered to languish in neglect, while even the Presbyterian ministers in Ireland are aided by the state."—Vol. II. p. 199—201.

We have already hinted that the work before us does not attempt to give any account of the private life of Laud, but is devoted entirely to the public events in which he took a conspicuous part. The consequence is, that it affords but little insight into his social and domestic dispositions, and supplies few incidents of a strictly personal nature. Our last quotation, however, will be read with interest, as it describes the heroic conduct of this celebrated man upon the scaffold, when about to suffer an ignominious and cruel death:

THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

"On the night before his death, the Archbishop, after refreshing himself with supper, retired to rest, and sank into a profound slumber till the morning, when he was roused by his servant; so little did he fear his approaching fate. He felt that the malevolence of his enemies was at an end; aged and feeble, his days could not at the farthest be many; and to him death was welcome, since the Church had fallen, since learning had been supplanted by the dark fanaticism of revolutionary zealots. Yet he could not fail to mark well that thirst for his blood which his enemies had manifested. Almost verging on the grave, why lead him to the scaffold, when he was under their power, and when imprisonment would soon have released him from their persecuting hatred? Not that he wished to live. To beg his life by humiliating submissions, to drag out an existence, miserable as it must have been to him in that age of sectarian triumph, to have become the sport and mockery of enthusiasts,—his lofty soul disdained the revolting idea. To the brave man death has no terrors; to the innocent no fearful anticipations; to the Christian, harassed by persecution, it is at all times welcome.

"On the fatal morning, the 10th day of January, this heroic prelate, with the utmost composure, proceeded to his devotions at an early hour. Thus he continued till Pennington, Lieutenant of the Tower, and other officers, appointed by his enemies, came to conduct him to the scaffold. It was erected on Tower Hill. He had already prepared himself for death, and its bitterness was past. He had 'committed his cause to him who judgeth righteously.'

"A vast concourse of people assembled to behold the last moments of this great man. The mournful procession left the Tower, and the Archbishop was conducted to the scaffold. On his way, he was exposed to the abuse of the infamous rabble, who indulged in the most indecent invectives, as if wishing to embitter the death of a man whom they hated. Yet there were among that motley assemblage those who pitied his sufferings, and whose sacred prayers were raised in his behalf; who, remembering him in his prosperity, could not unmoved behold this melancholy vicissitude, affected by those feelings which the sight of greatness in distress fails not to excite. The venerable sufferer himself seemed least of all, to feel his own misfortunes. His undaunted courage and cheerful countenance, imputed by his friends to his innocence, by his uncharitable enemies, to his hardihood in guilt, bespoke his inward complacency. With an apparent joy he mounted the scaffold, 'as if,' says Fuller, 'rather to gain a crown than to lose a head; and to say the truth, it was no scaffold, but a throne, a throne whereon he shortly was to receive a crown, even the most glorious crown of martyrdom.'

"The venerable Primate's enemies, however, seemed resolved to annoy him. They had crowded beneath the scaffold, and when he ascended it, they endeavoured to discompose him by looking upwards through the holes and crevices, with the most inhuman and indecent exultation. Yet his wonted humour and presence of mind did not forsake him. He besought the attendants to fill these crevices with clay; for he did not, he said, wish his innocent blood to fall on the heads of those deluded people.

"Before he prepared for death he addressed the multitude in what has been termed a sermon speech, or his funeral sermon, preached by himself; and, as he feared neither the frowns of the vulgar enthusiasts who surrounded him, nor in that situation valued the applauses of his friends, he disdained any attempt to excite the sympathy of the beholders. From a written paper he read this address, commencing with the two first verses of the twelfth chapter of St Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 'Let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' * * * *

"The Archbishop now prepared for the block, and observing the scaffold crowded with people, he said, 'I thought that there would have been an empty scaffold, that I might have had room to die. I beseech you, let me have an end of this misery, for I have endured it long.' When the space was cleared, he said, 'I will pull off my doublet, and God's will be done. I am willing to go out of the world; no man can be more willing to send me out than I am willing to be gone.'

"Yet in this trying moment, when he was displaying a magnanimity not exceeded by the holy martyrs of the primitive ages; he was beset by a furious enthusiast,—one of those revolutionary demagogues who had brought him to this melancholy end. Sir John Clotworthy, a follower of the Earl of Warwick, and an Irishman by birth, irritated because the revilings of the people made no impression on this renowned prelate, propounded to him certain questions, with the hope of exposing him to his associates. 'What special text of Scripture,' asked he, 'is now comfortable to a man in his departure?' 'Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo,' was the Archbishop's meek reply. 'That is a good desire,' said the enthusiast; 'but there must be a foundation for that divine assurance.'—'No man can express it,' replied the Archbishop; 'it is to be found within.'—'It is founded upon a word, nevertheless,' said Clotworthy, 'and that word should be known.'—'That word,' replied the Archbishop, 'is the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and that alone.' Perceiving, however, that there would be no end to this indecent interruption, the Primate turned to the executioner, and giving him some money, said, 'Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and do thine office upon me in mercy.' He was then desired by the executioner to give some sign when he should strike, to which he replied, 'I will, but first let me fit myself.'

"The Archbishop then knelt down before the block, and thus prayed: 'Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to thee; yet it is but *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature, but thou, by thy merits and passion, hast broke through the jaws of death. So, Lord, receive my soul, and have mercy upon me, and bless this kingdom with peace and with plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ's sake, if it be thy will.'

"Having thus prayed, the Archbishop laid his head upon the fatal block, and when he had said, 'Lord, receive my soul,' which was the signal for the executioner, his head was struck off at one blow."—Vol. II. Pp. 498-508.

We must now close these interesting volumes, assuring their author that they have greatly enhanced our respect for his abilities, and that we shall be glad to meet with him again in any work calculated to preserve and increase the honourable distinction to which his varied attainments may be said to have already raised him among the controversial writers of the day.

Reflections suggested by the Murders recently committed at Edinburgh. Being an Epistle to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P. By a Medical Officer in the Royal Navy. Glasgow. W. R. M'Phun. 1829.

This is a spirited, and, on the whole, a sensible, though here and there rather a declamatory production. The author's object is, in the first place, to prove that the present state of the laws regarding anatomy is by no means what it should be,—a proposition which we suppose nobody will deny; and, in the second place, to point out what he conceives would remedy the defects of the existing system. He discusses the first branch of his subject under seven different heads, which he arranges in the following manner:

"I. The present state of the laws affecting that part of medical education which depends on anatomy, makes it impossible to study that science efficiently, without incurring some degree of criminality.—II. It is impossible for a surgeon, or surgeon-apothecary, to practise his profession independent of an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the human frame, and at the same time consistently with the safety of the public, his own comfort, and the security of his property.—III. When the legislature requires one thing, and necessity demands another, not only *must* the enactment of the *former* be disregarded, but, in process of time, temptations will accumulate to supply the wants of the *latter* by unlawful as well as by illegal means.—IV. All laws, whether private or public, the tendency of which is to increase crime, by increasing the temptations thereunto, are unjust, cruel, iniquitous, and non-obligatory.—V. When an actual increase in the crimes of a country may be proved to be a consequence of any of its laws, the guilt incurred belongs as much to that law, or those laws, as to the perpetrators of all the crimes originating therefrom.—VI. The existing legal impediments to the study of anatomy, by dissection of the human frame, are not only opposed to the necessities of the medical profession, but have been the remote causes of increased, and are so still of increasing crime.—VII. The murders committed by Burke and his associates having had a legal origin, the law which divides the guilt with him, ought to share his reproach."

On each of these propositions our author descants at some length, and his remarks we consider satisfactory and conclusive. We shall give one specimen of the manner in which he enforces his opinions, and which, though not new, are put in a strong and good light:

THE MORAL NECESSITY OF ANATOMICAL DISSECTIONS.

"Now, the facts, as they concern the case of the medical student are these;—to acquire anatomy practically, he must have bodies to dissect. Providentially, the number of murderers has never been enough to furnish the lecturer's table, far less to satisfy his pupil's wants. No other class of executed criminals is by law disposed of to the surgeons, nor is there any other legislative provision of the kind. On the contrary, if a grave be opened for the sake of the rotting body it contains, it must be in defiance of popular feeling, and in violation of legal enactments. Are not the necessities of the public, and the requirements of the statute, directly in conflict here? And what, let me ask, can the student do in such

a situation? He must either abandon his profession, or offend the law. He must either turn his thoughts, his talents, and his hopes, towards another calling, for which he is unfitted, alike by his inclination and his previous education; or he must condescend to contribute to the support of gangs of law-breakers, wretches so depraved as not to shudder at the occupation of catering for the anatomist's studies; and withal so vile as to volunteer for the service, though an illegal, as well as a disgusting one, on condition of being paid for their trouble. Can there be any doubt, notwithstanding all the difficulties surrounding his election, as to which line of conduct he will choose? My own opinion has been long decided, that no law is binding, by whomsoever decreed, which is not, at the same time just. And were I commanded by any earthly superior, no matter how exalted his rank or legitimate his right to rule me, to do aught which I knew to be contrary to the laws of my Maker, the essence of all common law, I would refuse obedience, promptly and peremptorily, on the acknowledged principle that no inferior has power of himself to set aside the will of a superior: consequently, no mere creature can be licensed to issue a decree opposed to those of his Creator. Thus thinking, were I to resume my anatomical studies to-morrow, I would unhesitatingly disinter, and concur in disinterring the buried dead, though every Act of Parliament were to denounce me in a separate damnatory clause. I would dare, in such a matter, to disobey all human governors, rather than provoke the one Eternal Governor of the world, by neglecting any means of increasing my usefulness to mankind. I canvass not the cruel tyranny of those laws, by which I am interdicted from the most profitable mode of studying how to avoid error, yet made punishable with fine, imprisonment, and, worse than either, ignominy, if by my error I do a neighbour wrong. As well might a man be hanged for falling on another and causing his death, although himself thrown down by a power he could not resist. But I protest most solemnly against any law, whether Senatorial or not, which, if submitted to, threatens to expose me, at some future time, to all the stings and pangs of a guilty conscience. I care not for fortune—if my country need all mine, to it she shall be thrice welcome. I prize not even health so highly, but that, to benefit my fellow-creatures, I could cheerfully sacrifice it. I cling not to life itself with so great love, as for a moment to hesitate about resigning it, if thereby I might ensure a single benefit to the human race. Life, health, fortune, I consider lent me by my Heavenly Benefactor for the use of mankind; but that which is mine exclusively, to which none but myself has the least title, the repudiation of which could do no man any service,—my peace of mind,—I dare not with suicidal hand put from me. I cannot, I will not, esteem it my duty to lay myself open, for country, kind, nor universe, to the reproaches of conscience, awakened by the dreadful crime of practising an awfully responsible profession in a state of wilful ignorance. Neither prince, nor potentate, nor power, has the smallest right to force me into any situation of which the above may be the consequences; and no law, of which such is the tendency, has any just claim to my fealty. If, through ignorance of some part of the human frame, I commit a serious, though it may not be a fatal mistake in operating, poor satisfaction is it to the injured person should the law, to satisfy the cravings of his vengeance, make me a bankrupt in estate; —poorer satisfaction still is it to me, to give my gold a compensation for the ill I wrought, while unsleeping memory torments me with the reflection that I have maimed a fellow-creature, perhaps rendered him helpless for life: when, had I taken care to be better informed in my profession, I had never done him that irreparable wrong. Whilst, therefore, I connive at the illegal practices of the resurrectionists, I do it, compelled thereto by dire necessity,—I do it to avoid the risk of losing the calm and quiet of my mind here, and to prevent the eternal torture of my soul hereafter."—P. 21—4.

The difficulty, however, is not to show that the present system is defective, but how it is possible to amend it. To us it appears perfectly evident, that the attempt to devise any scheme, by which the necessity for dissection will cease to be considered as an evil, is altogether hopeless. Nay, more, we should be unwilling to see the repugnance, with which dissection is at present regarded, eradicated from the breasts of our countrymen. As long as civilisation continues, and the softer affections and finer susceptibilities of humanity are cultivated, the public cutting up of the body of a fellow-creature on the table of a lecture-room *ought* to be viewed with pain and disgust by all those who are not mere men of science, and who have taught their nature to accommodate itself to the necessities of their profession. We are persuaded, that in permitting the practice of dissection, the great mass of mankind will always feel that they are making a choice of only the least of two evils. It would be an evil to allow ignorant surgeons to go abroad into the world; and it is an evil to be obliged to cure that ignorance by infringing on the reverence we cannot help entertaining for the dead. We detest the vulgar cant of inferior and coarse-minded anatomists, who are continually crying out against what they are pleased to represent as the weak prejudices of the multitude. Every softer feeling that enters the bosom, and throws its benigner influence over the hard realities and grossnesses of life, may in like manner be stigmatised as a prejudice. No; we may submit to a necessity, but we are not to be bullied into a belief that we are conquering an error.

We do not mean to apply these remarks to the author before us, who presumes not to outrage decorum by insinuations so absurd; but we are distinctly of opinion, that of the three sources he proposes from whence to supply the dissecting-rooms, only the two latter are for a moment tenable. They are,—I. Suicides.—II. All persons, no matter what their crime, who suffer the punishment of death.—III. All convicts dying in prison. That our author, who justly condemns the idea of surrendering to the dissecting-knife the deceased inmates of workhouses, or the bodies of aliens and strangers, can reconcile himself to the notion of awarding this fate to suicides, is to us somewhat incomprehensible. True, suicide is held to be a crime, but it is a crime which carries its own punishment along with it, and the full extent of the guilt must lie between the individual and his Creator. Would it not be subversive of almost every rule of civilized society, to see the body of a Londonderry, a Whitbread, or a Romilly, exposed in a public class-room beside that of the vilest felon? What in such a case would be the feelings of the surviving relatives and friends? Besides, is not suicide frequently the result of insanity, and upon what principle of equity would we punish the insane? It is needless to expatiate upon a suggestion equally repugnant to common sense and common humanity. In support of his second proposal, our author's reasoning seems more satisfactory:—

"A second source from which 'subjects' might be obtained, is discoverable in the bodies of all persons, no matter what their crime, who suffer the punishment of death. Why should any of these be spared?—why, if the offences of a Fauntleroy made him worthy of death, should his body, after it was strangled, have been so ceremoniously handed over to his dishonoured family, to be deposited in a sepulchre beside the ashes of those who lived respected, and died lamented? Why not rather have dispatched it (whether in cart or coffin, to be left to his friends,) forthwith to the dissecting-room, where it would have served some more useful purpose

dead, than it was wont to do living? Why should the coiner, the burglar, the highway robber, with a host of others, the penalty of whose crimes is death, be given over, after hanging the appointed time, to their brother knaves, instead of to the public, whom they warred against all their lives? The state derives none other benefit from the death of a citizen, than the supposed deterring effect afforded by the example of his dying, and even that admits of so much doubt, that many good and great men have looked upon capital punishment, except in cases of murder, as worse than useless. So long as capital punishments do exist, however, why should not those that undergo them be afterwards delivered over to the teachers and students of anatomy? The medical profession, the nation, the world, would be the gainers. It is certain, if the bodies of men like these be not so made use of, the remains of those who descended to their graves unstained with guilt, will be disturbed, conveyed away, and dissected. With a choice of evils, supposing (what I do not think) both to be evils, is it not wisdom to take the least? and which is the least cannot be doubtful, any more than whether the family of the honest man, or that of the rogue, is to have priority, when it may become necessary, for the good of the community, to decide upon plans, the execution of which must be attended with pain to some party or other."—P. 44—45.

It is not, however, to be denied, that if murder is a darker crime than forgery, the only mode of making any distinction in the punishment, as the law awards death to both, is by dishonouring the body of the murderer. If the corpse of every felon be sent to the anatomist, this distinction must be sacrificed, and again we shall have to submit to an evil.—The third mode of supply is to be found in all convicts dying in prison; and if the former is justifiable, this is so also.

But will these two modes of supply be sufficient to answer the demand? It is self-evident that they will not; and the difficulty consequently remains almost as great as ever. We are not aware whether it is generally known, that about *two hundred* bodies are required in Edinburgh alone annually; and the plan now proposed would not ensure twenty. The subject, therefore, is one which we suspect will long continue to puzzle and perplex the legislature; and though the "Medical Officer" has said a good number of sensible things regarding it, he has neither cut nor untied the Gordian knot.

The Westminster Review. No. XIX. January, 1829. London. Printed for the Proprietors.

We believe it is generally known that this periodical was started with a view to its becoming the organ of the Reformers, as the Quarterly and Edinburgh were of the Tories and the Whigs. Its contributors are understood to be disciples of Mr Bentham's school; though it must be confessed, that being men of talent, and moreover, men of the world, they have picked up some pieces of information that do not exactly amalgamate with his system. Still, they profess to adhere to it; and this is consistency; and we love consistency even when it is a little caricatured; especially in these days of chopping and changing.

Of course, in our capacity of literary critics, we have nothing to do with the politics of these gentlemen, and shall therefore begin our *catalogue raisonné* of what is to be found in their last number, by setting apart all the articles which bear professedly and exclusively on this topic. Article I. is on the Catholic question; it is intended to be terribly witty. Art. III. is a brief political and statistical account of America, addressed to the people of this country as a "go and do likewise." Art. XV. is on the hackneyed subject of absenteeism.

These set apart, the first disquisitions to which we turn our attention are, Arts. V. and VIII. Both of them are on the subject of professional education, and are powerfully and spiritedly written. The former treats of the system of legal education in England, and although we think the reform it proposes too sweeping to be either practicable or useful, there can be no doubt that a case has been made out which calls for some legislative interference with the education of members of the higher classes of the law in England. We coincide still more heartily with the sentiments and opinions of the latter article, on anatomy. We would recommend it to the attentive perusal of every man in Edinburgh; for the honourable, though in some measure misdirected feelings excited by the late horrible events, kept alive and exaggerated as they have been, by the readiness of the newspaper press to cater to the inordinate appetite of the public for the disgusting details, call for some such sedative. Art. XVI, "Fagging at Public Schools," ought perhaps to be mentioned here, as connected with the subject of Education. It would be an amusing enough specimen of thundering declamation about a perfect trifle, but for the disgusting nature of one of the stories raked up, and the disingenuous application of it. One isolated event in the course of centuries—that event seventy years old—is brought forward as conclusive against a system.

We come now to our own peculiar province—the literary articles. There is one objection to most of them, that they are mere political diatribes under the false colours of critical disquisition. Thus Art. XIII. of the present number, "Beranger's Songs," is a simple statement of the political arrangements and public feeling of France; to which several of the songs of that popular author are appended; but without any account of the author, or of the characteristics or merits of his works—without even an attempt to create a semblance of connexion between the quotations and the preliminary discussion. We admit that this is an extreme case, but, more or less, the practice is to be recognised in all their critiques. Thus, in Art. II. "Living Poets of Holland," we are treated to an essay on the merits of a church establishment; and in Art. VII. "Hungarian Tales," to another on the hollowness of political reforms proceeding from the crown. These discussions may be very learned, ingenious, and just; but they are not criticism.

This political tendency of the Westminster Reviewers has yet a more malign effect on their criticism. They are in the habit of praising or condemning a work, not on the ground of its literary merits, but according as it is favourable or unfavourable to their own moral and political tenets. Thus, in the present number, the "Hungarian Tales," a work of very inconsiderable literary merit, is noticed and lauded because certain speculations therein contained coincide with their own opinions. And thus the author of Pelham narrowly escapes a drubbing, which is bestowed heartily on the rest of that class of novelists, because their sentiments happen to be aristocratical. Some light is thrown on the causes of this style of criticism in an article (IX.) on "Spanish Novels," in the present number. They there give a detailed account of their notions of what an historical romance ought to be; which, being interpreted, means, that it ought to be a history in every respect, but that of strict adherence to truth. The fact is, that "the Gods have not made these gentlemen poetical;" and it is no wonder that they are guilty of blunders when they wander beyond their sphere. One of the freest from this their besetting sin, is Art. IV.—"Illyrian Poems—Feudal Scenes."

There are several miscellaneous articles which we pass over briefly. Art. VI. is a puff direct, of a respectable sermon by Dr Channing.—Art. X. is an angry no-

tice of the learned W. Wadd's "Comments on Corpulency, Lineaments of Leanness, Mems. on Diet and Dietetics." We could not, for some time, imagine any possible cause why they should be so savage on poor Mr Wadd; but remembering the very ponderous attempt at wit made by the critic at the commencement of his review, we obtained an alternative solution of the problem. Either their ill-will is the smple emanation of the rivalry of brother wits; or it is the very proper and natural pique, that all unsuccessful nourish against all successful jokers.—Art. XII. is on "Sir Richard Phillips's Personal Tour." It is worthy of the subject, and has evidently been drawn from the balaam box, for the sheer purpose of filling seven pages.—Art. XIV. is a curious statistical document, containing full and accurate details on the Finance Department of the London Newspaper Press.

On the whole, the Westminster Review contains a very fair proportion of the good and bad things of this earth.

Happiness Found, and other Poems. By John Sanders. Edinburgh. W. Hunter. 1829.

ALL we know of Mr John Sanders is, that he is no poet. This work is in blank verse, which, we doubt not, he considered the easiest species of versification, because he thus escaped the necessity of rhyming; but in excluding rhymes, Mr Sanders has excluded the only external sign by which we could have been induced to believe that he was aiming at poetry. However, Mr Sanders has his own reward, for he assures us that he has "come at the idea, as well as the experience, of happiness;" and if this be the case, the prize gained will render him independent of any opinion which may be pronounced on the subject of his measured prose.

Public Characters.—Biographical and Characteristic Sketches, with Portraits of the most distinguished Personages of the present Age. Vol. II. for 1828. London; Knight and Lacey.

THE Biographical Sketches in this work, of which there are twenty-six, are very respectably written; but the portraits are the most excruciating things we ever saw. They are not very horridly executed, or absolutely unlike; but they are just sufficiently well done to present a faint and glimmering caricature of the original, which is both provoking and ludicrous,—distressing and absurd.

The Lady's Library. Part I. London; Knight and Lacey. 1829.

THIS is a handsome little work, intended exclusively for the use of the fair sex. It proposes to keep pace with the improvements recently introduced in female education, and is to contain "what is valuable in science, elegant in accomplishment, delightful in literature, and useful in domestic life; not cloaked in abstruse technicalities, or shackled by the pedantry of the schools, but in such a garb as will please by its unaffected simplicity, its condensed knowledge, and its agreeable variety." This is promising pretty largely; but as far as we can judge from the First Part, the execution bids fair to correspond with the conception; and we therefore recommend the work to the attention of our fair friends.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

CROSSING THE LINE.

From the Journal of Lieutenant S——.

"First came great Neptune with his three-fork't mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall:
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperiall;
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Fair Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deck't with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.
SPENSER.

DURING our voyage through the tropics in the beautiful evenings, when it was my watch below, I loved to sit at the open port, before the carriage of the great gun, and mark the progress of the vessel through the clear and verdant waters, as the little waves played themselves around her bends, and shoals of fish darted, with the rapidity of lightning, by her sides. On one of these occasions, I was suddenly startled from my meditations by the cry of "A sail a-head! halo! Neptune! Neptune! a-hoy!" and on gaining the deck, perceived a large tar-barrel flaming on the ocean, and gliding past our vessel; which, I was given to understand, was the royal barge of the venerable watery God, who had announced his intention of coming on board next morning, to superintend the shaving such of his children as had not previously crossed the great boundary of his dominions.

Next morning, accordingly, this august personage made his appearance on the quarter-deck, about half-past nine *a.m.*, and advanced to seat himself on a gun-carriage, under a gorgeous canopy of various-coloured flags, and surrounded by innumerable streamers, which kept waving to and fro with every wandering breeze. His dress, consisting of a buffalo's hide, with such other varieties as could be procured on board, added to an iron-crowned, hoary-bearded mask, rendered him a very grotesque figure. By his side was seated a gigantic white-robed mariner, something resembling an old weather-beaten woman, intended to represent Amphitrite. The royal chariot, preceded by a band of music, and drawn by sixteen men, painted from head to foot in the most ludicrous fashion, led the van of the procession, and was followed by the numerous constables, bearing their rods of office, all decorated in a singular manner. Next followed the important barber, with his train of necessary attendants; and his Oceanic Majesty's household brought up the rear.

After parading the quarter-deck with all due ceremony, the procession halted opposite the *caddy* door (that is, the door of the great cabin on the upper deck) where his godhead was welcomed by the officers, and accepted the offer of a glass of spirits; nor had his fair spouse any hesitation in swallowing a potent draught of the same inspiring nectar. When the barber (who did not fail to exhibit his huge iron razor) and several of the other attendants had also paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the car was drawn into the lee waist, where were prepared a deep cistern, (composed of a tarred topsail, supported at the four corners by corresponding stanchions, and filled to the brim with the salt water of the tropical ocean), a covered throne for Neptune and his exquisite consort, a scaffolding for the barber and suite, and a narrow plank across the reservoir, on which were to be seated those unenviable individuals who were destined to undergo the ceremony of "shaving."

At this moment the beating of the drums, the sound of the horns, the shouts of the mariners, and the cries of "Bring forth my sons! bring forth my sons!" indicated to the anxious beings below, on the gun-deck, that all was in readiness to commence the business of the day; and immediately a band of the horrific constables came to lead me, (I was then only a midship-

man,) blindfolded, and with a palpitating heart, to the place of execution. No sooner had I gained the summit of the companion-ladder, than a deluge of salt water, from innumerable buckets, was discharged unceremoniously into my face; and when I attempted to gasp for breath, an unceasing stream from the fire-engine was directed, by some expert hand, right into my mouth. In this state, panting, and almost breathless, I rushed forwards, with much exertion, dragging constables and attendants after me, till I gained the foot of the ladder which led to the plank crossing the cistern. This I ascended, with some difficulty, amid the cheering of a merciless multitude, took my seat on the tottering plank, and awaited, with anxious expectation, the dreadful result of all this ceremony. I had not sat long till a rough brush (every hair of which seemed to be formed of a Porcupine's quill,) saluted my chin; then a sharp-toothed saw (intended to represent a razor,) was passed over my cheeks; then a bucket of water was thrown into my face; then another dense stream from the fire-engine was directed into my mouth; and then the frail plank was withdrawn from under me, and I plunged headlong and breathless into the abyss below! This was not all: in the cistern was a shelf, and on this shelf a man (dressed in a bear's skin, and creeping on all-fours) whose duty it was to hold the subject of their mirth, for some time, under the surface of the water. Struggling, as it were, for my existence, no sooner did I feel the horned clutches of the *great bear*, than I struck him such a blow on the head, as caused him to let go his grasp; and almost insensible, I scrambled up the sides of the cistern, and threw myself down on the deck below. Still no quarter was allowed me; I had yet to make my way through a deluge of water, showered on me from the forecastle, the decks, the booms, and the tops, to the after-part of the vessel; which, had I not immediately accomplished, I verily believe I should have sunk exhausted under the ordeal.

Notwithstanding all this roughing, however, I contrived, on the whole, to preserve my good humour, and I had no sooner recovered, and begun to look about me, than I seized a bucket,—joined the enraptured performers of this busy scene,—and was among the first to salute my hapless messmate, who next made his appearance.

After all the midshipmen had passed through the hands of the barber, the shaving of the seamen commenced: this was a more serious business, for the chins of many bled profusely, and their mouths and eyes were fearfully disfigured by the tarry brush of the barber; while torrents of their favourite element were showered on their hooded heads without sympathy or restraint.

In the meantime, the shaving advanced with great rapidity; and before twelve o'clock, the procession returned, in all its pomp, to the cuddy door, in the same order as formerly; when the captain's health, with that of all the legitimate sons of Neptune, was drunk, with loud and continued cheers, and then the sports of the morning concluded. But towards evening, the Captain ordered a liberal supply of grog to be served out to each of the sailors, and the remainder of that night was spent in—

"Draining the goblet and singing the song."

SQUIRREL HUNTING IN AMERICA.

THERE are four species of the squirrel, with which the peasantry of America are familiar;—there are five with which they are acquainted. The first are known to them under the names of *chippy*, *red*, *black*, and *grey squirrels*;—the last is called the *flying-squirrel*. He is a beautiful little animal. The fur of his tail, in colour and texture, resembles that of a beaver, and in arrangement is uniform as the downy feathers of the turkey. His skin, which is delicately soft, and partially white, on close inspection seems to be a *misfit*. He looks as if put into a bag, wide enough to hold two of him, with apertures in it to disengage his head and claws only. Properly speaking, he does not *fly*. He cannot ascend, except by climbing. When the wind is in his favour, he looks out for the tallest tree, from the top of which he leaps, and by spreading his loose gown, and setting his downy rudder, he "goes on his way rejoicing." His body is about four inches in length. He is generally a favourite, and this, together with his shyness and dexterity of evasion, prevents him from being often molested. He lives in the holes of the forest tree, and loves the *upper tier of berths*. Some affirm that he has power over the quantity of air he carries about him, so as to suit his shape to his mode of "*progressing*."

The chipping squirrel, or "chippy," or "streaky," so called from his peculiarities, is the smallest and least numerous of the species. His voice is like that of a young chicken; his size that of a small rat. He is of a red or dun colour, with black streaks down the back and part of the sides. He loves the orchard, and lives in the stone wall, and is seldom troubled except by the schoolboy.

The red squirrel is about twice the size of the *chippy*. He is altogether of a bright dun colour. His tail is bushy, and large in proportion to his body, being of equal size with it. He lives in the holes of trees. The oak most generally supplies him with a dwelling;—the nut-tree furnishes his winter provender. A small hole will not serve him; for the supply he lays in is great. He frequents the orchard and the wheat-field; plunders the barn, and sometimes intrudes himself into the dwelling-house. Passing through the hickory grove, you occasionally hear him nibbling at his favourite repast—the nut. Sometimes the falling of one from amidst the tree, with a hole in either side of it, *minus* the kernel, will indicate to you his "hall of the feast of shells." If you happen to alarm him, and awaken in him suspicions of an evil design, you will hear him, by the time he gets to the top of the tree, long and loud—chit-chit-chit chur-r-ring—in exulting defiance of you. Sometimes you will see him in the form of a V, his body and tail suggesting the two members of that letter, perched upon the larger limbs of the apple or cherry tree, feeding daintily on the choicest of the fruit. This is his most hazardous situation; for not unfrequently does the chance directed, or skilfully cast missile of some mischievous urchin, hurl him from his festive board to the inhospitable earth. Here, notwithstanding, he has some chance of escape; but woe be to him if his path be encountered by the disgorgement of a school-house. Every pass to the woods is guarded; every stone-heap blockaded, and a sentinel stationed at the foot of every tree. These preparations alarm him; he drops his food; recovers his fore feet; ascends the tree; and chatters. This is soon put an end to, for a good climber mounts the throne of his dominion. Like other kings, under similar circumstances, he becomes panic-struck. He jumps from spray to spray, and attempts to pass his more immediate adversary; but he abandons this attempt, on seeing the trunk of the tree encircled by an host. He is at last driven to the extremity of one of the branches, and from thence shaken to the earth;—

"Now comes the tug of war, and din of arms."

Down he comes, amidst shouts of "fair play! fair play! give him the fence, or he'll take the stone wall,"—"guard the old oak tree,"—"keep him out of the wheat-field,"—"fair play! no dogs"—"the rail fence—there, now—at him, boys—hurra!"—(Rattling of stones—tearing of clothes—misdirected missiles, and bloody noses.)—"The hickory trees!" "keep him out of the tall one." The poor animal gallantly strains every nerve; throws his fortune on the cast of a die, and

bravely dashes through the midst of his enemies for the tall hickory. He is closed upon and grappled for, but woe be to the fingers that seize him,—his dagger teeth are driven to the hilt. He escapes from between their feet, ascends the topmost twig of the tree, and chatters. His ill-judged exultation only instigates his pursuers to carry the war once more into every branch of his dominion. The spirited little animal leaps from bough to bough, dexterously avoiding those that can be shaken by the enemy, till he finds himself manœuvred into a situation which renders his farther exertions vain. He wants not for resolution;—he ascends the highest pinnacle, and leaps headlong to the ground. After this he seldom escapes, owing to the descent bewildering him. He is sometimes sacrificed to the demon of Revenge; but oftener his magnanimous intrepidity rouses the generosity of some "influential" of his adversaries, who rescues him from the lacerated fingers of his premeditating executioners, and gives him back to his silvan recreations.

The black squirrel is nearly double the size of the red, and the grey is, perhaps, quite so. They love the most productive soils, and hence the colonist meets them oftener than chance alone would direct. In new settlements, their numbers and destructiveness are so great, as to command the attention of the minor authorities. A variety of methods have been adopted in order to facilitate their extermination, of which not the least effectual is the "Squirrel Dinner." Don't mistake me; I do not insinuate that these worthies retaliate on their annoyers, by eating them out of existence; although these dinners still obtain in many places where the necessity for them has ceased. And in all probability, in another generation or two, when luxury may more predominate, and when the animal, by growing scarcer, will be considered a rarity, it may become, what its name more directly expresses, a feast on squirrels; broiled, stewed, *pyefied*, and roasted; therein more resembling an oyster-feast, than what at present it is—a challenge from a given number of well-wishers to their settlement, to kill more squirrels, within a certain time, than another specified number, under penalty of forfeiting a dinner to the whole party.

The number of squirrels killed on some of these occasions is immense. The American newspapers, a few years since, contained an account of one, west of the Alleganies, where 17,000 were said to have been destroyed. Another account appeared lately, mentioning 8000. Even this last was bandied about by some of the British journalists as "Yankeeism." It is perhaps excusable on their part, however, seeing that the arrangements of the hunt were not coupled with its amount. These matches sometimes have 200 on each side; two months to hunt; and two townships (perhaps 72 square miles) of specified hunting ground; and, as far as the writer of this recollects, the 17,000 above alluded to was the proceeds of such a match—the contention of two townships. This is about 42½ squirrels to each man for two months, or less than three squirrels every four days, and about 236 squirrels each square mile. No one that is the least acquainted with the interior of America will treat this as impossible. The number killed is counted by scalps, each contender bringing his number on the appointed day. Hawk and crow scalps are sometimes also included.

FINE ARTS.

EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(Second Notice.)

We mentioned our intention last Saturday of noticing, in the first place, the portraits, and especially those of Mr Watson Gordon, and subsequently the works of the principal landscape painters. We have chosen this arrangement of the different branches of art as we conceive portrait-painting, if not the highest, certainly the next important department of the science to historical painting. By portrait-painting we do not mean to include all the miserable representations of men sitting in vulgar importance in a mahogany chair, with a red curtain behind them; but those portraits alone, which, from their intrinsic merit as pictures, are objects of value and admiration. In illustration of the propriety of this classification, we need only call to the recollection of the reader, (and if he cannot bring them to memory, knowing nothing about them, he will perhaps take it for granted,) the portraits of Titian, Reubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Vandyke, besides others we could mention, than which there is nothing more admired or recherché in the whole range of art: and we may also remark, that these distinguished individuals were eminent as historical painters; yet their historical pictures are certainly not more valued as works of art, than their portraits, which at this moment form some of the principal attractions of the finest galleries in Europe.

We have gone a little out of our way to state the above facts, in order to remove the impression that portrait-painting is in itself a secondary branch of art, an impression which we know does prevail among the better circles in Edinburgh, who, we make bold to say, however enlightened on most subjects, have not as yet a very elevated taste in matters connected with the fine arts. No doubt, taste must grow with the art itself: and whilst it must be allowed that art in Scotland is but in its infancy, it is to be feared that her sister taste is altogether still-born. In Modern Athens there is certainly a great affectation of encouraging art. But if this be analysed, it will be found to consist of a compound of vanity, and a love of *lionizing*. For instance, a regular-bred artist, who has studied from the antique, who has painted much from nature, and who has made the works of the old masters a constant source of interest, and improvement, one would naturally expect to rise in his profession;—but no—he won't do; he has been too long before our eyes; his pictures are certainly beautiful, but he has been regularly brought up amongst us—he has lost the charms of novelty. In short, he cannot be made *a lion* of; and, above all, he might not sufficiently appreciate the honour of our patronage. But, let a youngster come hot from Rome—that little monosyllable will cast around his name, however common or plebeian it may be, an air of classic importance, which is quite irresistible, and which no intrinsic merit of his own could ever have acquired for him. It does not signify that he has brought nothing back with him, but some of the hard bad colouring of the Italian school, and a small stock of travelled conceit—still he is from Rome, and that word turns all his faults into beauties. If a sculptor, in like manner, has the substantial claims of a life devoted to science, and undenied talents—still, if he is not new, and cannot well be lionized, he won't do. But let a stone mason come forth, and all the almost insuperable difficulties of the art vanish before him. Never mind what he produces—whether it be a hero apparently under the influence of the lumbago, or a caricature, not superior, if equal, to a Dutch toy—still, like a canonized Catholic saint, he is worshipped forthwith; and his fame is published by the enlightened amateurs of Edinburgh, as a bright star that has come from the desert, to shed a new ray of light on the Modern Athens. We should be sorry to deny these men a fair proportion of praise and patronage; but when we see them pushed far beyond their deserts, to the prejudice of those who are infinitely more entitled to the encouragement and approbation of their fellow-citizens, we consider it the duty of every true friend of art to

we consider it the duty of every true friend of art to come forth, and to claim for them the merit they deserve. We have been unable to resist this digression from the subject immediately before us, to which we now return.

The picture by Watson Gordon, which principally attracts our attention, is his full-length portrait of Colonel Murray of Polmaise. He is represented in his yeomanry uniform; and we believe the picture was painted for his regiment, who have taken this means of testifying their respect for their commander. Nothing can be more manly or dignified than the figure; he is standing with his helmet in one hand, apparently addressing his officers, whilst with the other, he is holding his horse, who is represented in the act of rearing, but in such a gentle way as to proclaim the managed steed. I believe, it has been said, that the figure is too placid to stand alongside of a prancing horse; but only, a timid gentleman, who would feel seriously alarmed if his horse were even to prick his ears, could suppose this remark correct. We beg to assure this gentleman, that such elegant gaiety on the part of a charger, would not only be a matter of perfect indifference to a good horseman, but rather a thing to be desired. Even were it not so, is the painter to be allowed none of the licence, which is so liberally granted to the poet, especially when it is absolutely necessary, to the arrangement of his composition? It appears to us, that over the whole picture, there is a fine chivalrous feeling which is considerably heightened by the attitude of the horse, in itself beautifully drawn and painted. The management of the light is conducted with much science; the principal light is admirably concentrated on the bust of the male figure, and from thence, carried along the arm holding the bridle, and on the neck of the horse, till it reaches the second light, in the extreme distance of the landscape; it is then happily repeated on the hand holding the helmet, and by a light on the lock-joint of the horse, and also in the upper part of the sky. This arrangement of light reminds us of a remark of the excellent and talented Lord Eldin—who, speaking to the Rev. Mr Thompson, said that "a picter, like the heavens, should hae a sun;—without it, it's a blind business." "Very true," said Mr Thompson. "But that's no a' it needs," his lordship added, "it maun hae a moon also, and satellites forby." In these quaint words, we have an admirable lecture on composition.—Mr Thompson, some time after, repeated to Lord Eldin, then Mr Clerk, his own remarks, which, in the multitude of his occupations, he had forgotten. He seemed much pleased with their truth, and could hardly believe he had made them. "Did I say that? Weel it's deevilish weel said; but I canna think that I said it."—Before leaving this picture, we must remark, that Mr Watson Gordon is, generally, extremely happy in his full-length portraits; in proof of this, we need only call to recollection, his pictures of the Right Hon. Lady Gray, the Right Hon. Lady Hampden, Captain Stewart, 15th Hussars, and Dr Hunter, Professor of Humanity, at St Andrews, which latter picture, we learn, is now engraving.

In the present exhibition, Mr Watson Gordon's portrait of Sir John Nasmyth, Bart., is a most Vandyke-like picture. It is well composed, and delicately coloured, and there is a most gentlemanlike air about it; the thing of all others most rarely met with, but yet most essentially requisite, to render a portrait permanently agreeable. The portrait, by the same artist, of Bishop Sandford, is an excellent picture—a very faithful and agreeable likeness. We were also much delighted with a striking representation of Professor Wilson; the head is coloured with so much vigour and truth, that the picture seems to breathe. Amongst his portraits of ladies, his best is No. 118; it has a simple expression of nature about it, which is very fascinating; and it is as beautiful in detail, as it is rich and transparent in colouring. The rest of his portraits are all good; but want of space prevents us taking particular notice of them. In conclusion, however, we must remark generally of Mr Watson Gordon's pictures, that they are quite divested of every thing like trick, and are painted in a true and natural style, which in the end is always the most delightful. It gives us also great pleasure to remark a manifest improvement in their general colour and keeping since last year.

Among the other portraits which call our attention, are some excellent pictures by two very rising artists, Messrs Graham and Colvin Smyth. Of the former, his best seems to be a portrait of a lady, No. 34. The head and hand are delicately painted, and well drawn. His picture also of the love-letter, the property of Baron Hume, is a very beautiful and fascinating production. Among the portraits of Mr Smyth, the most perfect is that of Lord Gillies. As a likeness, it is very faithful; it is coloured in a manly style; and is in excellent keeping. His portrait also of the Lord Commissioner Adam, is very good.—Mr Lauder has a very clever picture of an officer in the French hussars; we believe it is a portrait of a son of the accomplished Madame Catalani. He has also two paintings, the one the death of a Roman soldier; the other Coriolanus and Aufidius, in both of which there is much talent. The figure of Coriolanus is remarkably good, and over the whole picture there is a great deal of excellent colour. The head of his picture of a girl reading, is also delicately and sweetly coloured; but the hands are rather large and masculine.—There are two portraits of a young English artist, Mr Faulkner, representing two of the sons of Sir John Hay, who has kindly sent them to the exhibition. These pictures are particularly worthy of attention, as being simple and faithful representations of nature; they are composed with good taste, and are free from all trick or meretricious effect of colour, which appears to us to be the great curse, which our great glaring exhibition-room has brought on our national school.—We have a portrait also, by Mr Partridge, of Mrs Hastings Anderson, worthy of the greatest admiration; the drawing of the hands and arms is quite beautiful; and throughout, there is a fine tone of harmony that is truly refreshing.—We cannot leave the department of portrait-painting, without mentioning the name of Mr Duncan, a young artist of great modesty and genius. He has long been distinguished as the best drawer in the Academy, and is now fairly entered on the long journey of art, on which, however, he has gone a great way. His small portrait of a lady, No. 73, is remarkably pretty; although we think that he might yet choose a better colour for the dress, which does not harmonize with the general tone of the picture. His Scotch milk-girl, purchased by Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart., is beautiful. We would suggest to this artist, that what should now most occupy his attention, is the study of simple taste and good feeling, especially in his female portraits; for this purpose, he should take every opportunity of observing the air, character, and dress of ladies who really are so, both by birth, and manner, and education. We hardly have the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr Duncan; but, from his pictures and drawings, we expect much from him, and wish him well—No. 1, Lady and Parrot, by Mrs William Carpenter, is a beautiful and ladylike picture, and we believe it has met with the admiration which the fair artist well deserves.

We shall proceed to consider the landscapes next Saturday.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

WE have had much pleasure in paying repeated visits to the Exhibition Rooms of the Scottish Academy, which were opened only a few days ago; and as soon as we have concluded our remarks upon the pictures at

the Royal Institution, we shall proceed to a consideration of those at the Academy. We cannot help regretting the separation of the Academicians from the parent institution; but the encouragement which both Exhibitions receive proves, that so far from injuring, they rather assist each other; and we shall at all times make it a rule to speak of the works of art produced at the Academy with the same kindly feelings as we entertain towards their brother painters at the Institution. Etty's "Judith," and Martin's "Deluge," this year exhibited at the Academy, offer of themselves a treat of no common kind; of these, and many other excellent pictures, we shall speak in due time.

PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA IN EDINBURGH.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Sir,—If there be any weight in the opinion of Robertson, Scotland's favoured historian, that a nation must be considerably advanced in refinement before it acquires a taste for dramatic performances, I should like to ask how the justly reputed intelligence of the Scottish capital is to be reconciled with the measured support the Theatre receives in this city?—support that is always fluctuating, and most commonly meted out inchmeal. Is nature's mirror—the workmanship of mighty minds—bedimmed by the atmosphere on crossing the Tweed? How must the exertions, the power, and the humour of that manager be paralysed, who is sickened, evening after evening, with an account of empty boxes—an emptier pit (if the thing be possible)—and a deserted gallery! Relative magnitude and means considered, is the present company of this city inferior in general talent to that of the first houses of London? If there be aught to admire in varied and effective capabilities—in an almost perfect, winning, and chastened delineation of character, Mrs H. Siddons stands alone, and far from rivalry. It is true, that Miss Noel may not have been the subject of the rank puffery which has followed the heels of an unnameable multitude of *Mademoiselles* and *Madames*, but are her notes less delightful to the ear—less thrilling to the bosom? It is not my intention to notice and to praise every individual of the establishment; there are here, as in every other theatre, some to censure, and others unworthy even of censure. But they who, in the midst of the refined and irresistible humour of Murray—the quaint nationality of Mackay—the unstudied drollery of Stanley—the strong characteristic sense, and always good acting of Denham—the frequent manly touches of Pritchard—and the genteel foppery of Jones, can find nothing to be pleased with, are destitute alike of sound sense and correct feeling.

There has been a great deal said about the *march of intellect*; but the apathy at present existing in this city, on the subject of the drama, reflects but little credit on our public taste or spirit. Shall it be said that Edinburgh—the capital of Scotland—the storehouse of her literature—the centre of her genius—could not support one theatre—one, only one! Will the city which contains the authors of "Waverley," the "Isle of Palms," and the "Man of Feeling,"—the city that gave birth to Miss Paton and to Sinclair,—that possesses a Siddons and a Murray,—that has been justly called the Modern Athens, from other and nobler causes than its local appearances,—will it remain insensible to the power and the interests of the drama? It is surely only the slumber of a moment; yet, upon a subject blended with the amusements, literature, and genius of our country, it becomes the duty of the press to arouse itself, and as soon as this duty is perceived, *you*, I am certain, will not be found silent.—I am, Sir, &c.

J. M. W.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. V.

In every grade of the social circle in this city there is but one topic of conversation—the "eternal Catholics" and their "Question." The artist drops his pallet, and the author his quill, to mingle in the din of "Concessions," "Claims," "O'Connell," "Peel," "The Duke," "Winchelsea," "Protestant ascendency," "The Pope," "The Jesuits," "The Brunswick dynasty, and the glorious Revolution of 1688." The declaration of Ministers, so utterly unexpected, has produced a tremendous impression outside the House—and the party who formerly looked up to Mr Peel as their "heart of hope," express their sense of what they term his apostacy, with execrations both loud and deep. I was in the House of Commons on the first night of the Session, and heard the Home Secretary's attempt at explanation. To judge by his manner, I should have said that the Right Hon. Gentleman was heartily ashamed of himself, for more unequivocal symptoms of secret embarrassment I have rarely seen exhibited by any public speaker. The simultaneousness of the many conversions to his new way of thinking, and the similarity of the causes of change assigned by the various neophytes, were unspeakably ludicrous. Mr Peel's chief defenders were the members on the anti-ministerial benches, and when Brougham opened the congratulatory peal, his look and tone, unused to the complimentary mood, struck me forcibly as the same with which Mephistopheles must have greeted Faust after perfecting the bonds for the transfer of his soul. Whatever honourable members may think of Mr Peel's "painful sacrifices," I have found them, as far as my sphere of observation extends, very lightly estimated by people of all political persuasions. I have heard not a few of the "agitators" themselves declare, in very unmeasured terms, that their confidence in their old opponent was nothing increased by his sudden regeneration. Ministers have placed themselves in a perilous position—for, without canvassing the merits of the question, it may be readily premised, that if, as they profess, their contemplated measure be an endeavour to satisfy both parties, there are ten thousand chances to one that it will be palatable to neither. In the meantime, it cannot be denied that a large and influential portion of the community continue opposed to concession; and, unquestionably their opposition would have been much more energetic had they anticipated the course which Ministers have thought proper to pursue. A man of first-rate senatorial powers would have a fine field for his ambition, by advocating the opinions abandoned by Mr Peel. There is a miserable deficiency of talent and original thinking in the House of Commons among the orators of every denomination. The speeches are generally confined to the use of a sort of newspaper slang, and when one or two of the leaders have expressed their sentiments, the rest sing out to the same note, with the most wearisome monotony. I have witnessed displays of oratory more eloquent, and not less argumentative, from University youths of two years' standing, than the late debates of the Honourable House. When we look to the probability of the throne being, in the ordinary course of nature, occupied by a minor—the distracted state of Ireland—the weight of the national obligations—the total absence of decided genius, and the general clash of interests, civil and ecclesiastical, we may well regard the future with serious apprehension.

To turn from the affairs of the real to those of the mimic world—I went, as I informed you I would, to Covent Garden Theatre, to see the first representation of the Widows Bewitched—a piece of which I shall merely say, that I hope "ne'er to look upon its like again." It had all the extravagance of a pantomime apart from

its humour. Yet it was favourably received—by a packed house, I suppose; and has been since produced several times for Cockney gratification. The management made ample atonement for this atrocious imposition on an enlightened public, by the manner in which they revived Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" on Saturday night. I state but the simple fact in saying, that I could not desire, with the exception of two parts, which were nevertheless respectably filled, to see that play better acted. Long live Charles Kemble! his *Captain Plume* was the very prince of kind-hearted, rakish, recruiting officers. Wrench's *Serjeant Kite* was not less excellent in its way; it was a model of imperturbable audacity. Keeley, a comedian of Tom Thumb dimensions and infinite drollery, and J. Reeve, did all that mortal Thespians could do to banish spleen, as representatives of the genus bumpkin. The full-blown beauty of Miss Chester, and the captivating coquetry of her expressive eyes, gave *Melinda* a charm beyond what she had received from the author of the play. *Sylvia* was well supported by Mrs Chatterley; but the actress of by far the greatest promise and most decided skill, was Miss Nelson, a young lady who but lately made a successful *debut* in the "Country Girl," and who performed *Rose* with a natural simplicity and vivacity unequalled by any fair member of the profession in London. Though the walk of the two ladies is very different, yet it is obvious that Miss Phillips, in native talent, is no more to be compared to Miss Nelson "than I to Hercules." The mode in which the "Beaux Stratagem" and the "Recruiting Officer" have been produced at Covent Garden, is worthy of the best days of the drama; and there is nothing to be regretted except that the great size of the house prevents the audience from fully perceiving the exquisite character of the acting.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FRATRICIDE'S CONFESSION, A FRAGMENT.

By John Malcolm, Author of "The Buccaneer, and other Poems," "Scenes of War," &c.

"My last dread secret wouldst thou hear
Unto this couch of fire draw near.—
While yet my brother walk'd the earth,
To claim the rights of elder birth,
Oft had I sigh'd for his repose
Among our fathers' coffin'd rows;
For, though the sun shone full on him,
My path was ever dark and dim,
And whilst he lived, his presence cursed
The hopes ambition in me nursed.

"Afar on Darien's deadly strand,
We join'd together that bold band
Whom brave Balboa led in quest
Of a great ocean to the west,
Beyond that strait whose mountain chain
Binds close each Trans-atlantic main,—
Rocks of eternity that brave
On either side the assailing wave,
Where everlasting silence broods
Upon the sultry solitudes.
Long days we toil'd through desert woods,
Havannah swamps, and torrent floods;
Where wearied ones, who stoop'd to lave
Their parched lips amid the wave,
O'ercome with toil—were seen to sink
In slumber on the cooling brink,
Where the deep waters' deafening roar
Awoke them from their rest no more.
Ascending from a central dell,
Wall'd in by crag and pinnacle,
We gain'd the heights—ere setting day
Had faded on their tops away—
When all at once such shouts arose
On their primeval deep repose,
From rock to rock in echoes flung,
As if each cliff had found a tongue;—
"The sea, the sea!"—and on the glance
Behold the boundless bright expanse,
The endless ocean, spread below,
All crimson in the sunset glow!
At once the kneeling pilgrims raise
The prayer of thanks—the hymn of praise,*
From each tall mountain minaret—
Like moslem chant when sun is set—
Which died in distance like the lay
That weeps o'er pleasure fled away,
And, heard upon a foreign strand,
Reminds us of our native land,
And strains which there we loved to pour
Beneath our lady's latticed bower.

"I've heard that music can arrest
The dark intentions of the breast,
And oft a casual strain, 'tis said,
Hath come to falling virtue's aid,
When evil purpose, nursed for years,
Hath melted in repentant tears.
I know not,—but it fail'd with me
That magic power of melody;
For while, upon a cliff that stood
All grim in airy solitude,
So high, the brain would reel to think
Upon the gulf beyond its brink—
Far severed from the rest—while there
I mark'd my brother kneel in prayer,
A demon-thought my soul possess'd;—
Just as the sun his fiery crest
Quench'd in the distant sea,
One glance I gave—no eye was near,
Then plunged him from that height of fear
Into Eternity!—

"Descending from each airy steep,
We gain'd at last the mighty deep,
When in a wild enthusiast mood,
Balboa rush'd into the flood,
Arm'd with his gleaming sword,
Which thrice he waved towards the west,
And the great sea that chafed his breast
Claim'd for the king—his lord.

"Such is the tale till now conceal'd,
And with my parting breath reveal'd;
Its memory like a gleam of hell
For ever in my heart doth dwell,
My soul in dreams of night to scare—
In *dreams!*—even now I see him there!—
I see the rock—the floods below,
Not bright as then with Heaven's own glow,

* See Robertson's History of America.

But tossing in a fiery storm;—
He comes—he comes—that ghastly form,
And beckons on me to the steep
At which the shuddering flesh doth creep,
Oh save me from his spectre grasp—
My blood is curdling in his clasp—
I fall—I fall!—with mortal dread!"—
He shriek'd—and sank upon his bed,
With terror printed on the clay
From which his soul had pass'd away.

SONG TO MARIA.

By James Sheridan Knowles.

Ye're my ain, Luve!—ye're my ain!
Forms sae fair I ne'er met mony;
Hearts sae true, so fond, Luve, nane!
Ye're my ain!—my dear!—my bonny!
Years a score—a score amaist
Hae we lo'ed and lived thegither,
Ilk ane sweeter than the last!
Ye're my ain!—I hae nae ither!

Shall we make the ae score twa?
Bounteous is the power that's o'er us;
Bloomy summer's scarce awa,—
Mellow autumn's a' before us;
Long 'tis then till winter, dear!
Comes wi' thoughtfu' smile and greets us;
Far's the close—but, far or near,
Ye're my ain, where'er it meets us!

SERENADE.

By the Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal."

That strain again;—dear Bessy, sing
That melody once more to me;
That magic measure back doth bring
The full-fraught memory of thee:
Those eyes of purest, heavenliest blue,
That shone thy sunny locks among,
That dimpling cheek of rosiest hue,—
Oh! wake again that dulcet song!

Night hath her sullen robe out-flung,
Veiling all beauteous things and bright,—
The heaven-vault with the star-gem hung,
Those eyes that shed a sweeter light;
Then breathe that soft and simple strain,
That memory may recall to me
Those eyes, that cheek,—oh! once again
Dear Bessy! wake thy minstrelsy!

LINES.

Written on visiting the Fall of B——, for the first time since a child.

I remember, when a child,
How oft I crossed thy torrent wild,
With footstep gay and light;
Nor did I tremble on its brink,
Unconfident as now I shrink
With horror at the sight.

No wilder now thy waters leap,
Like drifted clouds from steep to steep,
And rocks by earthquakes riven;
Nor less the arch that spanned the flood,
On which I oft an infant stood,
Half-way 'twixt earth and heaven.

Was danger then so light a thing
That I could sport, with bird-like wing,
O'er what I fear'd to view?
Shall reason, noblest fruit of years,
Bring but a train of hopes and fears,
Which childhood never knew?

Have I not learnt, in riper days,
To look with less confiding gaze
On hearts that loved me then?
Oh that the world were less to me!
I would not feel its treachery,
And be a child again.

Theodora.

STANZAS,

Written on finding withered leaves strewn over me on waking from slumbering at the foot of an old tree.

Ah! you are kind, ye leaves!
Ye know that to the gloomy haunts of men,
Where the heart wildly grieves,
I care not though I ne'er return again.

And therefore, soft ye lie
Upon my breast, that I may slumber here
So deeply, that the sigh
Of my sad heart may not disturb mine ear.

Yes! I am tired and sick
Of the drear world and all her cold delights:
Her days they lie as thick
And heavy on my spirit as her nights.

I wander through her streets,
Woful and lone, while every passer by
My strange appearance greets
With a dull smile of wondering mockery.

So they would look on you,
Ye wither'd leaves, if some unfeeling gust
Would rudely waft ye through
Their bustling places, full of gloom and dust.

Upon my heart ye rest
As softly as the tender rose-leaf bright
Upon the gentle breast
Of some sweet maid, a child of pure delight.

And ye are loved as well;—
She loves the rose-leaf for its bright array
And its delicious smell;—
I love ye for your dark and sure decay.

Oh! sweet, sweet is the sleep
Which falls upon the dim and heavy eye,
When in the bosom deep
Decay is working swift though silently.

My weary head I'll lay
Again beneath this tree so bare and lone,
And slumber still away,
While the dull hours of day move slowly on.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Tales of Passion. By the Author of "Gilbert Earle." 3 vols. London; Henry Colburn. 1829.

We presume that the author of these Tales has not yet reached his thirtieth year;—if he has, he had no business to write them. "Gilbert Earle," his previous work, has been a good deal read, and in certain quarters a good deal bepraised; but its morality was very questionable, or, to speak more plainly, it was positively *bad*; and there is no great reason to be proud of the notoriety of a book founded upon such a basis. "Tales of Passion" are not exactly chargeable with the same fault, but they unquestionably have a tendency pretty much the same way. As far as we can discover, the only passion which the author attempts to illustrate is the passion of love; and of this passion he evidently knows little or nothing in its purer and more exalted form. This is an assertion, the truth of which, we are well aware, he will very stoutly and indignantly refuse to admit; for if there is any attainment he prides himself on more than another, it is his intimate acquaintance with the heart of woman. We beg to assure him, however, that although he has written "Gilbert Earle" and "Tales of Passion," he is nevertheless profoundly ignorant of all the lovelier and more delicate shades of female character. We see, from the style in which he speaks, that he thinks his heroines better drawn than any mortal heroines ever were before, or will be again; and that he has exactly hit upon the due line of distinction between abstract ideal perfection, and the warm, tangible, and blushing charms of gentle and susceptible woman. But he grossly deceives himself; and to prove that he does so, we shall look at his women a little more closely.

His first "Tale of Passion" is entitled "Lord Lovel's Daughter." The Lady Alice is a young and beautiful creature, who is supposed to have lived in the days of Henry VIII. She happens upon one occasion to hear a Monk, yclept Father Hubert, deliver a very eloquent harangue against Luther and all reformers; and as this Monk was in "the prime of manhood," and possesses a "frame of manly strength," together with "rich dark hair," and very "flashing eyes," the Lady Alice thought proper to fall desperately in love with him at first sight. If Lady Alice had been represented as a silly, giddy girl, this might have been quite natural; but she is meant to be held up as a pattern worthy of all example, and there is therefore something dangerous in allowing her conduct to pass without exposure. Her passion increases,—it preys upon her night and day,—she goes to all Hubert's preachings, but it is not to listen to him as a spiritual instructor, it is to gaze upon him as a man. At length the Monk discovers that she loves him, and that for his sake she is willing to brave both heaven and earth; but, as he is fortunately rather of a cool temperament, the discovery does not much affect him, which of course only adds to the misery of the Lady Alice; and the rest of the story details her continued devotedness to this handsome Monk, who is at length hung in chains and burned, for very rebellious and treasonable practices. In all this there is not only most defective morality, but glaring misconception of the manner in which love gains and retains an influence in the truly virtuous female bosom. No modest and delicate girl, such as the Lady Alice is represented to be, ever fell in love with a Monk, "in the prime of manhood," merely on hearing him preach. There must be something radically wrong in the temperament of a damsel who could thus demean herself; and so far from exciting our sympathy or admiration when we find that the excess of her feelings induces her to throw herself in strong hysterics at Hubert's feet, and "flood them with her tears," we can only express our conviction that the repeated administration of the cold bath, followed by blistering, bleeding, and several strong doses of epsom salts, might, in all probability, produce the most salutary effect. Does the author of "Gilbert Earle" really imagine that this is any thing like an accurate delineation of the higher attributes of the passion of love? Does he think that this mere corporeal affection—this intense and oppressive selfishness—this utter disregard of delicacy and dignity—this dissolute abandonment to sentiments which ought never to have found a place in the bosom,—does he think that this is *love*—that golden and purifying passion that enshrines itself within the female heart, and sits upon her bosom's throne, not in solitary and despotic power, but side by side with reason and religion! We pity the ignoble mistake;—it is founded upon a most erroneous estimate of female perfection.

But let us meet him upon his own grounds once more. We pass over the second Tale, entitled "The Bohemian;" for the Gipsy Girl, who is its heroine, is much worse than even the Lady Alice; and surely is never meant, even by the author himself, to be held up as an example, although we suspect there may be registered against him the guilt of having deluded sentimental milliners and others into this mistake. We proceed rather to his third and last Tale, called "Second Love." A young dissipated officer, travelling in Portugal, accidentally sees a very beautiful and interesting nun, who makes a considerable impression on him. This nun, by name Angelica, is meant to be represented as a very model; yet she consents to several private interviews with Captain Saville, throws letters to him over the nunnery wall, tells him all her story, how she has been shut up in a convent by her hard-hearted father, and how much she wishes to get out of it, and finally consents to run away with him, because he suddenly determines to become a good moral Christian and marry her, although he had previously confessed to her that she was only his "second love," he having, several years before, been engaged in a very disgraceful *liaison* with a married woman. Our author, as may be supposed, attempts to put all these circumstances in rather a different light, and

glosses them over, we confess, very skilfully; for if he did not possess abilities, we should not have troubled ourselves so long about him. But though it is true that a great deal of wrong may be done with no bad intent, we do not like to see people coming right at last, as if by accident. It is so far gratifying to know that Captain Saville actually did marry Angelica, and that she was a very faithful and dutiful wife; but why should we ever be asked to take an interest in a man who had previously intrigued with a married woman; and why should we be expected to like our heroine the more because she consented to starlight meetings with a stranger, and at length went over a ladder of ropes into his arms, knowing that he had previously committed adultery? These may be symptoms of the force of "passion," but it is dangerous to trifle with such symptoms in the manner our author presumes to do;—it is dangerous to throw a gloss over the looseness of such principles,—the filmy veil of romance and false sentiment over indelicacy and guilt. Nay, the very intermingling of purer and healthier writing, as is frequently the case in the course of these Tales, tends to increase their danger, by making it more difficult for the inexperienced mind to separate the dross from the ore.

We do not mean to accuse the author of a wilful desire to mislead. We sincerely believe that he is blind to the obnoxious tendency of the doctrines he inculcates; and that, never having been placed in circumstances which enabled him to regulate, by the only true standard, his conceptions of female character,—retiring, proud, modest, dignified, pure, holy, and uncontaminated as that should be,—he has fallen into errors which time may correct, and which soberer judgment will teach him deeply to regret. He may live, perhaps, to paint a better and far chaster portrait of the sex,—devoid of all meretricious glitter, and rendered lovely, not by the soft voluptuousness of external feature, but by the noble thoughts that lighten in the eye, the generous feelings that inspire without agitating the bosom, and the grace of self-respecting virtue, that better becomes the unruffled brow than a diadem of pearls.

We have said that the author of these Tales is clever, and we think we may add that we see in them the seeds of much that is good. We can find room for only one extract; it is the letter of a young and affectionate wife to her absent husband. We think it is pleasingly and naturally written. We shall entitle it

THE PAINS OF ABSENCE.

"'You cannot conceive,' she said in one of her letters to him, 'the eagerness with which I count the days and hours between the coming of your letters, and the sickening anxiety with which I await their arrival. One day the post was delayed, and I immediately crowded my poor heart with the most tragic fears. I thought you had been killed! If he were alive, I said, he would write! there has been a battle, and he has been killed! Oh! the unspeakable joy with which I snatched the letter when it did come! it proved you were alive—and the revulsion of feeling almost choked me. Oh! that peace would come! You seem to be gaining victory after victory; but victory cannot be gained without battles. I shuddered when I read your account of the action on the Adour, which has placed you before Bayonne. I am sure you softened it to me exceedingly; and yet, according to your description, the conflict was terrible. You speak in light and general terms; but I know well that you expose yourself beyond your need, and I am terrified at the thought. You say, I have now nothing to fear, as the division of the army to which you are now attached, is left quietly to besiege Bayonne, while the main body is marching forward in pursuit of the enemy. *Quietly* to besiege Bayonne! Alas! alas! Do I not know that sieges are often the most destructive of military proceedings? Do I not remember well the horrors and bloodshed of the sieges here on our frontiers, of Badajos, and Ciudad Rodrigo; and yet you would fain persuade me there is nothing now to fear! Alas! I must be wretched till there is peace, and you are restored to me.

"I have met with no annoyance or obstruction in the least; indeed I have never heard one word of the Convent since I left it. Thank God! I did leave it. If this constant gnawing anxiety for your safety had fallen upon me there, I could not have supported it. I seldom go beyond the garden, save with Mrs Wentworth, and then we keep away from the town, and I wear a thick veil. But the sensation of being free—the reflection that I am yours—these, these furnish sweet consolation and support, without which my fears would be too much for me. Mrs Wentworth has been most kind to me; she comes and passes hours with me—we read together, and sing together. The dear harp you gave me is my constant solace; and I have regained my touch upon it quite. I am also learning English, and never was there a more eager scholar. I become quite angry at finding my progress so much slower than my desire. Dearest, when you return and take me to England, I trust I shall be able to bid you welcome to your native shore in your native language.

"'I am growing extravagantly impatient for that time. So far from being accustomed to absence, I find it less easy to endure every day. In every thing I read—in every thing I think—I feel the want of you to turn to, to compare my feelings and ideas with yours, and to seek the guidance and the sympathy which you alone can give me, and which from you are so delicious. Thus, you see, I cannot, by reading, divert my thoughts from that one subject of contemplation which engrosses me till I almost grow frightened at its constant presence. Every passage of power or of beauty recalls you in a moment to my mind. I exclaim, 'What would Edward think of this?' and I let fall my book upon my knee, and suffer my whole soul to float along the stream of thought which has *you* for its object. I have sat at night at the window which opens into the garden, the leaves trembling in the night-wind, and the moon glancing on them with brilliancy as they turned in the breeze, till the scene and the hour and the stillness have so vividly recalled our dear meetings in the Convent garden, and my senses have thoroughly become wrapt in the remembrance, that at last I have almost started with surprise at finding that you were not by my side. Then my thoughts have turned, with bitter pain, to the reflection of where you are now—a midnight fight, the shout, the shot, the close struggle, blows and bloodshed, and death! This picture has sprung with horrid distinctness of detail before my vision, and the imagination of present evil has destroyed the memory of past delight. Then have I prayed for you, Edward, with that fervency, that God, to whom my prayers were breathed, alone can tell! and my soul has risen from its prostration before its Maker, calmed, refreshed, comparatively at peace.'"

We trust, when we next meet with this author, that we shall find him employing his natural abilities to better purpose, than in pampering the distempered and feverish fancies of love-sick girls.

A General Medical and Statistical History of the present condition of Public Charity in France; comprising a Detailed Account of all Establishments destined for the sick, the aged, and the infirm, for children and for lunatics; with a View of the extent of Pauperism and Mendicity, and the means now adopted for their relief and repression. By David Johnston, M. D. Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 605.

THIS is a work which contains much important information, to collect and arrange which, must have cost

the author no trifling labour. Dr Johnston is already favourably known by his "General View of the present System of Public Education in France;" and the book now before us will unquestionably tend to increase the reputation he has acquired by the minuteness and accuracy of his statistical researches. He is no theorist, and therefore need not fear to be severely handled in any quarter, being much more anxious to state facts, and to draw from them fair and rational conclusions, than to indulge in any fanciful speculations which might possibly lead to important discoveries, but which would be much more likely to involve in serious error. His work consists of thirteen Chapters, the leading contents of which we shall endeavour briefly to point out.

Chapter I. presents us with a short historical outline of the rise and progress of public charities in France. The Catholic Church always encouraged the establishment of hospitals for the relief of the sick and distressed, and more especially after that frightful malady, the leprosy, was brought into Europe from Asia by the Crusaders. At the close of the thirteenth century, no less than nineteen thousand *Leproseries* and *Maladreries* are said to have existed throughout Europe. It was soon found, however, that the management of all these hospitals was too much in the hands of the priests, and that many abuses had consequently crept into their administration. The civil power felt itself called on to interfere; but it was long before any proper system of laws was established for their management. Even so late as the breaking out of the French Revolution, every charitable institution in that country had its own separate regulations, and much confusion and abuse, therefore, necessarily prevailed. In the Hotel Dieu, in particular, one of the largest hospitals in Paris, two, four, and even six persons were frequently placed in the same bed! and hospitals in general, instead of being looked to as places of refuge and safety, were too often regarded as objects of terror. The Revolution, however, which brought about so many changes, contributed ultimately to introduce great improvements into the system of public charity throughout France.

Chapter II. contains a view of the present state of Hospital-administration in France. All the establishments of charity in Paris are now placed under the charge of a general council of fifteen, and an executory commission of six individuals, appointed by the king, and subject to the superior jurisdiction of the minister of the interior. For the support of all public charities, a certain set of funds are appropriated, of which the principal are these;—1st, Realized and fixed property, either in lands, houses, or public stock; 2d, Legacies and donations; 3d, Money paid by persons received into the hospitals and hospices; 4th, *Monts de piété*, or equitable loan associations, which are allowed to be formed only with the sanction of government, and all the profits of which must be given to the poor; 5th, A tax of 10 per cent levied upon the theatres and all places of public amusement; 6th, The revenue paid into the offices for the verification of weights and measures; 7th, One-fourth of all fines and confiscations; and 8th, Excise dues levied upon articles of local consumption. The sum total derived from all these sources may be estimated at about L.361,000; and the funds thus obtained are entrusted to the charge of the administrative commission, whose business it is to see that the whole charitable contributions of a town or *commune* be distributed, proportionally to their wants, among the various hospital and other establishments of that town or district. In comparing the charitable establishments of France with those of England, there are two points to which particular attention must of course be given,—the nature of the revenues and the system of administration. Dr Johnston is disposed to give the preference, especially in the latter point, to France; and as he discusses the subject at some length, we think it fair to state that he appears to us to have proved his preference to be well-founded.

Chapter III. embraces a very distinct account of the *personnel*, or interior administration and arrangement of the hospitals, in so far as the household-service is concerned, which may be considered one class of the *personnel*—the medical service forming the other. The household-service consists of the governor, the sub-governor, the *sœurs de charité*, the almoner, and the inferior domestics. Of these the *sœurs de charité* are deserving of particular notice and commendation. Possessed of superior education, and, from their religious profession, placed above many of the worldly considerations which must affect nurses in general, the sisters of charity act at once as temporal and spiritual comforters, having quitted the world to devote themselves to the relief of those unfortunate individuals who people the abodes of pain and suffering. Voltaire has paid them a justly-merited compliment in his Essay "*Sur les Mœurs des Nations*," when he says—"Peutétre n'est il rien de plus grand sur la terre que le sacrifice que fait une sexe delicat, de la beauté, de la jeunesse, souvent de la haute naissance, pour soulager dans les hôpitaux cet amas de toutes les miseres humaines, dont la vue est si humiliante pour l'orgueil et si revoltante pour notre delicatesse." The sisters of charity amount to several thousands, and are said to do the service of above three hundred houses of refuge, either hospitals or otherwise, throughout the kingdom. As connected with the household economy of these charitable institutions, Dr Johnston concludes this chapter with an account of four different establishments peculiar to the large towns, and more particularly to the capital. These are, 1st, the *Bureau Centrale d'Admission*, where all applicants for admission into an hospital must first make good their claim; and where they are classed according to the character of the maladies with which they are afflicted; 2d, the *Boulangerie Generale*, a government establishment, where all the bread used in the various hospitals is made, and from which it is distributed every morning at a certain hour, to the different houses in locked waggons; 3d, the *Cave Generale*, where all the wine used both in the hospitals and prisons of Paris is kept; and 4th, the *Pharmacie Centrale*, or general laboratory,—the annual expense of maintaining which is about £8000. Some idea of the extensive scale upon which it is conducted may be formed from the single fact, that the person who furnishes leeches for the *Pharmacie Centrale* is required to keep a constant depot of forty thousand.

Chapter IV. proceeds to the consideration of the medical and surgical service in the French hospitals. This is a highly important subject, and Dr Johnston throws every light upon it that could be desired. This Chapter consists entirely of minute details, all of which will be found so interesting by the professional reader, that it would be unfair to particularize any of its statements as more deserving of attention than the rest. The observations, however, upon clinics, and the information furnished regarding the Parisian system of conducting dissections, should not be passed over in silence. Among other things, it is curious to know, that the number of bodies employed for anatomical purposes in Paris amounts, on an average, to between seven and eight hundred annually.

Chapter V. discusses the causes which affect the increase or decrease in the population of hospitals, and shows, that as the civilization of a country advances, the necessity for hospitals seems to advance also. Some observations follow on the more recent improvements which have been introduced into the construction of hospitals; and the chapter concludes with a number of interesting and curious tables, by which data are furnished for comparing the mortality in the hospitals of France with those of other countries; and the general conclusions to

be drawn from this comparison are ably and distinctly stated.

Chapter VI. is occupied chiefly with diet-tables of the hospitals of France and of other countries, and tables of the daily and annual expense of the inmates. All these will be found exceedingly useful by the practical philanthropist.

Chapter VII. gives a particular account of the Hospices for indigent and incurable persons.

Chapter VIII. introduces to our attention another species of valuable institution, consisting of asylums, into which such persons are admitted as are willing to pay a certain sum of money. The occupants of these asylums are, for the most part, of a highly respectable kind, and retire into them in order to obtain, at a moderate expense, those necessaries and comforts to which they have all their lives been accustomed. It is in Paris alone, however, that establishments of the kind now alluded to are to be found, and it is to be regretted that more hospices do not exist throughout the country, into which the old and infirm might be received on the payment of ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds a-year. Dr Johnston supplies every requisite information regarding the three establishments of this sort in Paris, of which that of St Perine appears to be the best. This chapter concludes with some remarks on the *Maisons de Santé*, and on the asylums for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb.

Chapter IX. has for its subject a consideration of the state of the Lying-in Hospitals in France, and of the present condition of the School of Midwifery in that country, both of which seem to be under very excellent regulations. As naturally connected with this branch of his labours, a minute and lengthened enquiry follows into the condition, number, and mortality of foundlings, and illegitimate children throughout France, accompanied with an account of the Foundling and Orphan Hospitals.

Chapter X., which is one of the most interesting in the book, relates to the condition of Lunatics in France, explaining the improvements lately introduced in their treatment, and the manner of conducting the lunatic establishments.

Chapter XI. enters upon the extensive subject of Mendicity, its gradual increase, and the various projects adopted for its suppression, all of which were found more or less ineffectual. As a specimen of Dr Johnston's style, we shall present our readers with an extract from the commencement of this chapter:

THE PROGRESS OF MENDICITY IN EUROPE.

"The preceding account of public charitable establishments gives a partial view of what has been done to improve the state of the poor in France; but numerous as these establishments are, they can extend only to a small portion of the population of the kingdom standing in need of aid. In every age and country there has existed a large class of persons dependent upon others for the means of subsistence. This is a necessary consequence of the state of society, and, to a certain extent, is requisite to its existence, although, if carried too far, it becomes dangerous and hurtful. Among the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, a great mass of the population was in a state of slavery; but it was at the same time sure of being clothed, fed, and, in general, well treated. Those who were not in a state of slavery were supported by government; and when misery was likely to increase from any unexpected calamity, public works were undertaken to give them employment. It is to this cause that Pliny attributes the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. Herodotus says, that in that country there were judges of police in each canton, whose business it was to receive, from time to time, from the inhabitants, a report of their professions, their means of subsistence, and the condition of their families. The idle were punished as dangerous to the state. Solon, in like manner, made idleness synonymous with infamy, and ordered the Areopagus to enquire how individuals gained a livelihood. All were allowed to exercise some trade; and he who did not bring up his son to a profession, was deprived of his reciprocal claim for assistance in his old age. In Rome, during the republic, and at the period of its highest glory, begging was unknown; and one of the principal duties of the censors was, to make diligent enquiry into the manner in which the citizens lived. As the republic sunk into the empire, and as the empire degenerated from power to weakness, the strict regulations of ancient Rome were forgotten; idleness and debauchery took the place of activity and virtue, and in a short time beggary was established almost as a profession. The *Dolce Farnienti*, so well known among the modern Italians, began to form the enjoyment of the poor as well as the rich. The primitive Christians, supposing they were following the model of their Divine Master, recommended poverty and contemplation as the surest means of pleasing the Divinity. But this poverty and contemplation, at first conscientiously practised, soon degenerated into beggary and idleness; and, in the reign of Constantine, the number of beggars, (for they deserved no other name) professing the religion of Christ, had multiplied so as to be almost a scourge to the state. This prince, in his anxiety to check the increase of so dangerous an evil, and, at the same time, to ensure assistance and relief to the votaries of a religion which he himself had embraced, constructed various hospitals to receive and maintain them; but these were of little avail, as the persons for whom they were designed preferred to wander through the country. The number of paupers increased as Europe became sunk in the darkness of the middle ages, and it was not diminished by the liberal donations which were so common. It became a sort of duty to Heaven to succour the poor and indigent. The Church of Rome forcibly recommended the plentiful distribution of alms; and, whilst the abuses and bigotry of that Church cannot be palliated, it must be allowed that it never failed in charity to the dependent classes of society. In fact, the only establishments of the time which merited the character of magnificence, were founded, in a great measure, for the relief of the poor; and the many religious houses which were so splendidly endowed, served, in many respects, as hospitals and asylums, to which the indigent flocked for assistance. In the early periods of the French monarchy, there was no lack of charitable bounty. Clovis II., who reigned in 638, dissipated all his father's wealth in feeding the poor during a year of scarcity, and in founding, on the instigation of St Lardry, Bishop of Paris, the Hotel Dieu of that city. Charlemagne was no less attentive to the condition of his poorer subjects; but he was more enlightened in the manner in which he displayed his charity. He published an *ordonnance*, enforcing the necessity of each *seigneur* and *abbé* providing for the maintenance of the poor of his own territory, and preventing them from wandering over the country as beggars. He further authorized all private persons, who should detect individuals begging under the pretence of feigned infirmities, to seize them, and reduce them to servitude. But great events soon succeeded in the history of France. The irruption of the Saracens, and subsequently the spirit of the Crusades, occupied the minds of men to the exclusion of every thing else; and the legislature, in consequence, being engrossed with more critical and important matters, the number of the idle and indigent increased in the absence of any attempts to repress them."—P. 447-50.

Chapters XII. & XIII. contain a developement of the present system adopted for the maintenance of the poor throughout France; and, as was to be expected

from the nature of the subject, are full of the most interesting matter. We hesitate not in recommending them to the best attention of the political and civic economist.

It must be at once perceived, even from the very imperfect abstract we have just given of the contents of this work, that it is one of the greatest practical utility, and a highly important addition to the medical and statistical literature of this country.

Hungarian Tales. By the Author of "The Lettre de Cachet." 3 vols. London; Saunders and Otley. 1829.

THE general rule is, that tales meant for Englishmen ought to be about Englishmen. We always entertain some suspicion of an author's original powers, when we find him attempting to excite a kind of fictitious interest, by carrying us away into the heart of a country with whose political existence we may be acquainted, but in whose social and domestic circles we never mingled, and never shall. There will always be something wanting to give effect to the compositions of such an author;—either the pictures he presents will be only meagre outlines; or, if well filled up, they may excite and gratify our curiosity, but can hardly succeed in taking a very strong hold of our feelings, because they are not in unison with our own habits and modes of life. There are some countries, however, to which this objection applies less than to others. France, our nearest continental neighbour, we are all familiar with; it has for many centuries been making a progress nearly similar to our own; and its people, with some small distinctions of temperament, mainly to be attributed to a difference of climate, are in most respects very like ourselves. *La belle France*, therefore, excites our sympathies, because, after those of Great Britain, its customs and manners are understood by us more perfectly than those of any other European nation. Italy, too, both from its contemporaneous refinement and ancient glories, easily wins our attention, associated as it is with all that is most important in our system of classical education. Its men and women are not mere ideal abstractions, but substantial flesh and blood, animated with the passions, and sun-tinted with the mellow beauty of the warm south. Next comes Spain, though less known, yet a land well suited for the pageantries of romance, and by prescriptive right acknowledged as the legitimate scene of chivalry and manly daring. But here we depart from the realities of existing society, and the novelist must make his appeal to our attention upon more shadowy grounds. If, again, we turn to Germany, every thing becomes wild, vague, and wonderful. Among its ancient castles and gloomy forests, all is unsubstantial and unworldly; the echoes of bustling society are lost in the far distance, and superstition wanders abroad uncontrolled.

If the writer of fiction is determined to go from home, these are perhaps the only four countries to which he may, in ordinary cases, carry us with any probability of success. No doubt much intense interest might be called forth elsewhere, but not without some addition to the ordinary resources of imaginative narrative. If historical incident be blended with fiction, or if statistical details fill up the pauses of the story, a value may be given to the work which it would not otherwise have possessed; but a question will naturally arise, whether we are to regard the author as a novelist, an historian, or a student of political economy. It is one thing to "paint the manners, living, as they rise;" and another to investigate the machinery of any particular government, or record the leading events of any particular era. The provinces are distinct; and as we do not approve of a child being taught to read by means of gingerbread, so we do not think it right to be beguiled into a dissertation concerning civil or ecclesiastical polity, when all we wished was to hear something of the remarkable fortunes of a hero and heroine. When these two things are attempted to be conjoined, there must be something feeble and erroneous in the original plan. Tell us, by all means, every thing that it is proper to know concerning the struggles of the Greeks for their independence; but do not at the same time attempt to draw forth our tears for the imaginary sorrows of some Athenian Zoe of the author's own brain. Publish as many Travels as the booksellers will purchase into Sweden, and Norway, and Denmark, and Russia, and Prussia, and Austria, and Turkey, and Syria, and Egypt, and Africa; but do not suddenly permit us to discover, that what we thought a novel is only a series of extracts from a traveller's note-book. Why give us fish, when we asked for flesh, or a strange mixture of both, which no one can determine upon calling either fish or flesh.

We confess that, for reasons somewhat like those at which we have now hinted, we were not very greatly prepossessed in favour of the title of "Hungarian Tales." Hungary, we said to ourselves, is a country in which we do not feel inclined to take any immediate interest; it is a country which has long laboured under many disadvantages; and subservient as it has been for nearly two centuries to the Austrian dominion, it has never had an opportunity of distinguishing itself as other independent states have done, and is at this moment far behind most other European nations in all that contributes to the elegancies and comforts of life. We were aware, at the same time, that Hungary possessed many picturesque and strongly-marked features, and that many parts of the national character were worthy of attention. We were aware that, in the words of Mr Bowring, "the fierce pride and condensed nationality of the Magyar, the less presuming, yet not less distinct peculiarity and self-esteem of the Slovakian, the dull and heavy oppression of all that is Austrian upon both, the wild and wandering gipsies affording materials for all that is rude and grotesque," offer opportunities of throwing together "masses of national character, whose comparisons and contrasts have an imposing effect." But then the question naturally recurred, why should an author, with all these materials to work upon, find it necessary to weave them into fiction? If a residence in the country, and other circumstances, have enabled him to give us any information regarding Hungary, we shall listen to it most willingly, provided it comes to us in no masquerade dress, but precisely as what it pretends to be. If, on the contrary, we are to have pure fiction, comprehending, of course, the developement of individual passion, in reference to such characters as may be supposed to be formed by particular trains of events, we do not see why examples to point the moral, or adorn the tale, should be drawn from a distance. To a regularly-built historical novel we do not mean positively to object, merely because the scene is not laid in Great Britain; but in all ordinary tales we like to find ourselves at home, so that the author may not be tempted into descriptions foreign to his purpose, and encouraged to rest one-half of his hope of success upon them,—dull, vague, and unsatisfactory as they in general are.

Some objections such as these seem almost to have been anticipated by the author before us, or rather authoress, for the tales are from the pen of a lady. She seems to have feared that some critic, like ourselves, might ask, "What's Hungary to us, or we to Hungary?" and she has accordingly attempted, in her preface, to bespeak the reader's favour for the country she has chosen to patronise. She says as much in its behalf as, we believe, can be said; and as we think it right that she should be allowed to plead her own cause, we shall quote her words:

THE PRESENT STATE OF HUNGARY.

"The Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterized as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely an European country in which the Anglo-mania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land.

"The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel: but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become familiar in their mouths as household words. The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are among their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities,—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation.

"At the University of Pesth, there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman,—a soldier of Napoleon's army, who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Göttingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the Vicar of Wakefield and Shakspeare's Comedies! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation; and I had the gratification of finding, in January last, the Keepsake and Forget-me-Not of the new year on the counter of a bookseller at Pesth; where, as the last fashionable novel, I was presented with Lord Normanby's 'Matilda.'

"Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *bobinée*, or English bobbinet, was lavishly distributed upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *mun*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of 'the English Lord,' adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital,—typified by the effigy of 'a fine, gay, bold-faced villain,' in top boots, a hunting frock, and a brown beaver, or in an imitation of Werther's costume.

"I venture to record these unimportant circumstances, to show that, while our sole or chief acquaintance with Hungary is derived from Dr Bright's excellent volume, there is scarcely an event of English life,—a folly of London fashion,—or an invention of British industry, which does not find admirers, and commentators, and imitators, among the Hungarians of respectable degree.

"Since the publication of the work to which I have alluded, fourteen years of peace and tranquillity have done much towards the amelioration and advancement of a nation, which can scarcely claim more than to be considered as a connecting link between the barbaresque and civilized Europe. Pesth—the modern capital—is extending its Regent-streets and Waterloo-places along the banks of the Danube; and requires only a permanent bridge, to form, in its union with Buda, one of the finest cities of the Austrian States: a city exhibiting, in the ancient walls of Ofen, the dignity of historical interest; and in the opulence and activity of her modern rival, a cheering instance of commercial prosperity. It seems probable, indeed, that should some change occur in the policy of the Austrian cabinet,—Hungary, with an amended constitution, may claim that place among the nations of Europe from which she has been so long degraded. Were I to describe more fully the condition of this unhappy land, and the oppression by which it is daily polluted, I might create feelings of very painful interest in its favour; but I am aware that my limited acquaintance with the language of the people, and my ignorance of the classic tongue far more familiarly in use among them, might betray me into exaggeration."

All these things being premised, both *pro* and *con*, on the propriety of writing "Hungarian Tales," we shall now say a very few words of the Tales themselves. They are, on the whole, considerably above par; and although in no one instance so surpassingly excellent as to ensure their authoress a great and lasting reputation, yet they possess quite enough of talent to entitle her to a respectable rank among the other female writers of the day. The first and longest story, to which she has given the name of "Cassian," contains a great deal of good composition; but it is a little too didactic, and would have gained considerably in strength had it been diminished considerably in length. This is a fault into which we have observed that female writers in general are particularly apt to fall;—they have too many words, and too few incidents; and whenever this is the case, the interest of the tale is sure to flag, unless, indeed, the writing be *ponderibus librata suis*,—sustained by a rich vein of noble thought that runs through it, and bears it up, as the vivifying sap bears up the young tree. The second tale, "The Tzigany, or Hungarian Gipsy," though much shorter than "Cassian," is one of our chief favourites. It is full of delicate, fresh, and feminine sentiment, and the shade of melancholy which pervades it only adds to its interest. The other tales are all more or less deserving of attention; but it is not our design to give any analysis of them. They are called, "The Tavernicus," (one of the principal officers of the Hungarian Treasury;) "The Elizabethines," an order of nuns so named; "The Ferry on the Danube," "The Balsam-seller of Thurotzer," "The Festival of the Three Kings," and "The Infanta at Presburg." With our peculiar notions regarding the impropriety of laying the scene of fictitious narratives in "far countries," we have read these "Hungarian Tales" with as much pleasure as we could any other to which a similar objection applied.

A Cure for Pauperism; proposed in a Letter to the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D. and recommended to Public attention by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. By the Rev. Adam Thomson, Coldstream. Edinburgh; John Lothian. 1829.

We have perused this pamphlet with very considerable satisfaction. Our readers are of course well aware of the advantages which have been found to accrue from the institution in parishes of what are called "Benefit Clubs," or "Friendly Societies." Mr Thomson's object is to give these societies a yet more certain and extended influence, by prevailing upon every Christian congregation in the kingdom to form itself into an association of this kind, including among its members both male and female, young and old, rich and poor. He is inclined to think, that were this plan generally adopted, pauperism would be nearly eradicated from every parish. A scheme that has so laudable an object in view, is at least deserving of consideration; and we think we do Mr Thomson only justice, in enabling our readers to judge of its merits for themselves, by laying before them the laws adopted by what may be considered the expe-

rimental Congregational Society, formed under his own immediate superintendence at Coldstream:

ARTICLES AND REGULATIONS OF THE COLDSTREAM CONGREGATIONAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

"I. That this Society shall be denominated THE COLDSTREAM CONGREGATIONAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY, for the mutual support of its members, when visited with trouble, or the infirmities of age.—II. That all members of the congregation, of whatever age, and all regular sitters, of good character, together with the children of both classes, shall be admissible into this Society; but after one year from its formation, none shall be admitted above forty years of age.—III. That each member shall contribute to the funds at the rate of *one penny* per week, or four shillings and fourpence per year, to be paid quarterly, on the last Tuesday of January, April, July, and October, each year.*—IV. That the sum, paid quarterly to the Treasurer, shall be by him deposited in the bank, while the sum is under £50, after which, it shall be lent to the best advantage by the committee.—V. That no person shall be entitled to receive any benefit from the society till after having contributed to the funds for five years.—VI. That the sum collected during the first five years shall form a permanent fund, of which the interest only shall be payable, in part of the weekly aliment, to be given to the sick and superannuated members; and that the money subsequently to be paid, by every new member during the first five years of his or her admission, shall be disposed of in the same manner, until the fund thus raised be deemed sufficiently large to answer every purpose.—VII. That members, after having paid into the funds for five years, shall, in the case of sickness, be entitled, *provided the funds allow it*, to at least 5s. per week for the first three months during which his or her trouble may continue; and, if its continuance be longer, to 2s. 6d. till the period of recovery or of death. These sums shall be augmented if ever it be found that the receipts of the society will justify the measure; but no member, who has, within one year, received for three months the larger sum allowed by the society, shall be again entitled to that sum, till twelve calendar months after his or her recovery.—VIII. That any member requiring the weekly aliment must, if within the bounds of the congregation, give notice of his or her intention to one of the office-bearers in the course of four days after being seized with illness.—IX. That when members of the society remove to other congregations, they shall still be members of this society, on continuing to send the sum payable to the funds, at least once a-year; and that, in the event of such members becoming sick or infirm, an application on the part of the minister and session-clerk of the congregation to which they belong, shall entitle them to receive the same aliment allowed to resident members; it being understood, that such application be made, free of expense to the society, within eight days after the individual is seized with trouble.—X. That no member shall be entitled to any benefit from the society while that member is deficient in the stipulated payments for one year.—XI. That the business of the society shall be conducted by a standing committee, consisting of the minister, the elders, and managers of the congregation, together with a treasurer and clerk, to be chosen by the members of the society.—XII. That there shall be two general meetings of the society in the year, to be holden immediately after public worship on the Monday of each Sacrament in summer and winter, when a statement of the funds, and of the society's affairs generally, shall be laid before the meeting, and such alterations made on the rules as experience and particular exigencies may render expedient.—XIII. That, on the death of any member, the surviving members shall each pay twopence towards funeral expenses.—XIV. That, if any of the members shall feel themselves aggrieved by any deed of the committee, they shall have the right of appeal to the general meeting; whose decision in the case shall be final."—P. 25-8.

* Arrangements may easily be made for receiving the payment weekly, when this may best suit the convenience of individual members of the society.

So far these regulations seem to be exceedingly equitable, and, we doubt not, will be found highly useful; but there are two points upon which we should wish to be better informed, before we can too implicitly believe that they would effect the desired object. To the first of these points,—which is, whether the payment of one penny per week would be sufficient to ensure to each sick member five shillings per week for the first three months of his indisposition, and two shillings and sixpence afterwards, till the period of recovery or death,—Mr Thomson has himself adverted. He has gone a considerable way towards proving that this condition could in all probability be fulfilled; but we should like to see the fact still more clearly established, upon more extensive deductions. The other point appears to us of yet greater consequence, but Mr Thomson has not touched upon it. It is this;—will these Congregational Societies strike at the root of the evil? Will they not only tend to discourage pauperism, but will they furnish a fair plea for refusing to administer any relief to the pauper? It will be observed, that they propose giving assistance only to their own members; and for five years previous to obtaining that assistance, these members must have been in a certain degree of independence, in order to be able to contribute their proportion towards the funds. But what is to become of all those whom unforeseen calamities, or idle and dissipated habits, have reduced to abject want? Paupers are not regular working people, who can save a penny a-week for five years out of their wages. Is it not the case, that Friendly Societies, having been almost always formed by the working classes, have had a more direct tendency to increase the comforts of these classes, than to diminish the wants of a still lower class, that cannot or will not work? We should be glad to hear Mr Thomson's answers to these queries, which we throw out not with a view to argue the matter, but to discover the truth.

As to the decided benefits to be derived from connecting Friendly Societies with Christian Congregations, we fully agree with all that Mr Thomson has advanced; and shall, upon this subject, allow him to speak in his own words:

ADVANTAGES OF CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETIES.

"I have already adverted to the advantages to be expected from having such societies connected with Christian congregations. Nor shall I dwell at much greater length on this topic now; yet, as it is the distinguishing feature of the proposed institutions, I may be allowed to recur to it so as to state here what could not so properly have been introduced before.

"One obvious advantage in addition to those formerly mentioned is, that besides being managed by an organized body, already in active operation, and whose interest it must be to manage well, they have insured to them all the influence of the minister and his coadjutors for promoting their prosperity. It is not, indeed, too much to say, that the people generally would consider the prosperity of the society as connected in some degree with the prosperity and the honour of the congregation; a beneficent and powerful rivalry would thus be excited in neighbouring congregations, as to which should provide best for their sick and necessitous friends; and, instead of those unhallowed feuds, and that kind of provocation, which, resulting perhaps from low and bigoted views about matters of doubtful disputation, have so often disgraced their Christian profes-

sion, it will be their grand strife, in the way referred to, how ' to provoke one another unto love and to good works.'

" Another peculiar advantage of *Congregational Friendly* Societies over those already in existence, is, that the number of *honorary* members, though not so called, will be much greater in proportion to the number composing each species of societies. With very few exceptions, indeed, the Friendly Societies common in the country are formed and maintained only, or almost only, by those whose object it is to take from them all that they can get in the time of need. But if the great body of persons connected with every Christian congregation were to support the society formed in that congregation, it may well be presumed that, while the *right* of all to receive the stipulated aliment during sickness continued to be distinctly recognized, a great proportion of those whom God had prospered would, in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, forego a claim which the plea of necessity did not enforce, the better to provide for their less favoured brethren, whose dwellings might be at once the scene of sickness and of poverty.

" I have only to add here, as another reason for connecting Friendly Societies with Christian congregations of all persuasions, that, besides the natural tendency of such institutions to destroy *pauperism* in the manner before adverted to, there would, in another way not quite so obvious, be an effectual blow given to that most wretched system, were these societies to become universal. It would, at length, be found, that few had to apply for parochial aid but the very outcasts of Christian society; persons who, for their abandoned character, and their idle and dissolute habits, were denied all Christian communion. This, I am persuaded, would bring the system into deeper disgrace with the great body of the people, and thus give it a more deadly wound than all the fanciful reasonings and fearful vituperations ever yet employed to bear it down, and accelerate the doom which certainly awaits it, and which it so richly merits."—P. 44-7.

Sir John Sinclair, whose authority is of much weight in matters of this kind, has remarked, in reference to Mr Thomson's suggestions,—" The plan of having *Congregational Friendly Societies* seems to me highly judicious, and greatly preferable to that of having them of *a professional description*, by which many would be excluded from the benefit of such institutions. Indeed, the larger the scale, the more likely are Friendly Societies to answer the important purposes contemplated and to have the object for which they are constituted carefully and successfully attended to."

The Library of Religious Knowledge. No. I. Natural Theology. Part I. Small 8vo, pp. 40. London, J. A. Hessey. 1829.

CERTES, this is the age of and for Libraries, in every sense of the word. Imprimis, we have *Constable's Miscellany*, which every body knows is of itself a library both for rich and poor;—we have the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, the hobby which Brougham manages so gracefully;—the *Library of the People*, an excellent work for the winter fireside, or the window recess in the summer evening;—the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, on the eve of being brought out by that autocrat of all the publishers, Murray of Albemarle-street, and which promises a great fund of knowledge and amusement, both to young and old, grave and gay;—and lastly, though in all probability not the *last*, we have here the *Library of Religious Knowledge*, the title of which appears at the head of this article.

Thus we are presented, through the medium of these meritorious and cheap productions, with food for the mind of every class of readers. The work which more particularly solicits our attention at present, is got up with great regard to neatness, both in external and internal appearances. It consists of three sheets of excellent paper, very handsomely printed in small octavo, with about half a dozen well-executed engravings, and a suitable cover, and all to be had at the very moderate price of sixpence per number; and eight of these will form a volume. Number I. consists of the first part of Natural Theology, or Evidences of the existence and attributes of the Deity, collected and deduced from the various appearances of Nature: the whole of this department of the work is intended to be a judicious selection from Paley's great and excellent work on that subject. The study of Natural Theology has been, and will ever be, a never-failing source of the highest pleasure to the man of science, the philosopher, and the Christian, and is one which Paley has made peculiarly his own by the aptitude of his remarks, and the unanswerable nature of his arguments. On the whole, we consider this work justly entitled to a claim on the British public, as one which will do much in the way of leading the mass of the people to a pure and useful study, whilst it will at the same time accustom them to raise their thoughts to the great Author of all things in heaven and on earth.

True Stories from the History of Ireland. By John James M'Gregor. Dublin; William Curry, jun. and Co. 1829.

THIS is an excellent compendium of Irish History, from the earliest periods down to the reign of Richard III. It is intended principally for the use of the young, and is a work which ought to be put into their hands, in conjunction with the other popular volumes which have lately issued from the press, containing Histories of England and Scotland, similarly digested and arranged.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MORAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

No. I.

[WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the first of a series of papers under the above title, which we propose to continue regularly once a-fortnight, and all of which, though for obvious reasons given anonymously, will be furnished by authors of established reputation. They will, for the most part, be written in a simple didactic style, affecting neither the flippancy nor the false glitter of so many of the fugitive compositions of the present day, but hoping to merit attention by the sound sense and pure morality which the experience of those who are not new to life is best able to teach.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY—THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

" Invidus, iracundus, iners, *vinosus*, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem."
Hor. *Epist. I. Lib. I.*

THERE cannot be a more animating and exhilarating prospect than to look upon an improving age. To see the minds of men opening to knowledge, their manners softening and humanizing, and the genuine sources of happiness becoming daily better felt and understood, must be extremely grateful to every one who takes an interest in the progress of his species. It is not to be denied, that the age in which we live presents us with many such appearances. The wonderful improvements in the sciences and the arts have greatly increased the accommodations of human life—a much wider and more

general cultivation has taken place from the universal diffusion of education—and, if we do not at once see all the moral fruits which we might hope would spring from these advantages, perhaps we are only too rapid in our calculations, and do not sufficiently take into the account other thwarting and impeding causes. It is a great point gained to find things in a distinct state of advancement, especially when this arises from intellectual progress. When men are capable of listening to reason, and are habituated to examine the principles of their conduct, there is much more ground for hope that they will get rid of their reigning vices and follies, than when these are fixed by blind custom or unquestioned prejudices. It is probable, indeed, that a people, whose minds are loosened from the trammels of authority and habit, will be apt to lose likewise some of those sturdy virtues which are so often perpetuated in rude times from the mere force of example, and from the glow of domestic and patriotic affections. In a word, in the cultivated people, every thing being left rather to the operation of intellect than of feeling, virtue may be more frequently sophisticated away, if vice is less maintained by mere violence and unbridled passion. There may accordingly appear, perhaps, greater fluctuation to the one side and the other in a society of this kind, than in one which is more under the influence of instinct, or of outward circumstances; yet, in the midst of this seeming fluctuation, a steadier progress is still going on, because intelligence is a mighty opening of good, when it can be reached and elicited; and it is only in the cultivated people that this principle is regularly to be found.

Whatever qualities of genuine goodness may seem to disappear with the simplicity of untutored times, or whatever unlooked-for forms of vice may start up amidst the culture of civilized life, yet human nature, with all its native and original principles, remains; and these can surely be much more easily touched to the production of the purest morality, or to the eradication of baneful disorders, when a ready communication takes place between one mind and another, and where there is so prevailing a spirit of mutual intercourse throughout the whole society, that even those in the lowest walks of life can be made to receive the impressions of more trained and regulated orders of intellect. This is exactly the state in which society is at present, or to which, at least, it is fast advancing. There is scarcely a village or hamlet throughout this island in which there are not readers, and men capable of benefiting from what they read. Each of these individuals, whatever may be his vices or his prejudices, has the means of communication within his reach, with all the noblest and the wisest spirits that have ever appeared to adorn or to bless humanity; and why should we despair of the influence being exerted, or that, if the right chords be touched, there may not be called forth, from this apparently chaotic and disunited multitude, the grand tones of a rich and corresponding harmony? In every human heart, the foundation is prepared on which the fabric of religion and moral wisdom may be reared—and the great advantage which an age, such as the present, possesses, is, that they who are qualified to commence or to complete the building, have in all directions roads opened for the conveyance of their materials. Whatever, then, may be the seemingly hopeless appearances of vice or disorder prevailing in any rank or condition of society, the truly enlightened philanthropist will never permit himself to despond. He will only be the more eager to trace out the causes of the evil, and to apply himself to their removal, in full confidence that human nature, when it is fairly appealed to, will bring its reason and conscience into play, for its own purification and amendment.

Notwithstanding the great efforts that have been made in the present times, for the improvement of the lower orders, it is apt occasionally to create a melancholy emotion, when we observe that there seems to be no abatement of crime and profligacy in that class of our people. But it is not fair to try, by such a scale, the true efficacy of education and intellectual culture. We have no reason to suppose that those who have imbibed it most effectually, are the corrupt and debased part of the population,—those who waste their means in intemperance, and are ready to commit any outrage for the supply of their wants. They who have really improved their minds, are not likely to be the same individuals who are most frequent in the alehouse, or who come to figure on the scaffold. Talents, indeed, and knowledge, may no doubt be perverted to detestable purposes; but it is more commonly the idle and unreflecting who fall into the worst and most fatal practices—and they did so before there was one reader among their order. But now that so many of the common people have learned to read and write, education being one of the most prominent peculiarities of their present condition as compared with their former, it brings the whole class more distinctly into view; and whenever we hear of any prevailing vice among them, or any instances of remarkable guilt and atrocity, a cry is set up amongst the prejudiced sticklers for ignorance or abuses—This comes of your reading and writing! It might, with equal reason, be maintained, that the commonalty of a nation are wicked in the same proportion that they go to church; and when we see a village swarming with drunkards, who probably are the last people to darken the sacred doors, some sage philosopher might exclaim—This comes of your church-goers! But, notwithstanding the weight of such an unanswerable aphorism, it would still remain true that the doctrines inculcated in church were powerful both to maintain the sobriety of the pious, and to reclaim the intemperate from their disorders; and, in like manner, the press is a powerful engine, both to strengthen the abhorrence of all vice and profligacy throughout the virtuous members of a people, and to recall to better and wiser conduct such of the wandering as are capable of being reformed.

There can be no doubt that there is at this moment in the nation, perhaps more especially in this northern division of it, a most unfortunate tendency to habits of low and brutal intoxication. Whether this has been increased by an injudicious attention on the part of Government more to the sources of revenue than to the preservation of the morals of the people; whether, too, there may not be some defect of internal regulation in the facility with which places of debauch are permitted to be multiplied;—still the blame of the vice must rest chiefly with the populace themselves, and if they do not surmount it, notwithstanding these temptations to its indulgence, it will not quit its hold of them, in any change of circumstances, but will be ever ready to draw them into its vortex. It is quite unnecessary to declaim upon the wretched consequences of this vice; the ruin which it produces to the health, wealth, and respectability of individuals and families—all this is quite apparent—and we would rather wish to awaken the sense of their own honour and dignity in the lower orders, and to show them that if they indulge in this shameful propensity, it is utterly in vain to hope that they can reach that station of importance which they would undoubtedly attain in the present train of improvement which is opening upon them, if to intellectual acquisitions they were to add the grace of sober and correct manners. Not a year would pass over their heads in which they would not make some advance to an equality with their superiors in all the real advantages and respectability of human life. But if they go on to brutify, and degrade themselves by the prostration of all their faculties and moral feelings before the demon of debauch—whatever noble examples of individuals there may be rising above their station by honest industry, and the virtuous use of the manifold advantages so liberally placed within their reach, the people, as a body, must sink, instead of rising,

and will be unable to turn to any good account their shallow and imperfect acquirements, if they do not gain that solidity of character and of conduct which can alone build upon these rudiments of knowledge, the fabric of thoughtful and enduring wisdom. No class of men can acquire any weight or importance if they are habitually in the practice of rendering themselves contemptible; and if it is very general for the poorer classes to spend the fruits of their daily labour, upon which they might support and rear their families, and acquire in time something like independence, in the shocking practice of reducing themselves to a level with the brutes,—they must at that rate expect, instead of coming nearer the station of the higher orders, which they have it now in their power to do, in whatever is most valuable and desirable,—to be accounted merely as "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Some late tragical occurrences have exhibited the degrading results of this unmanly vice in a light in which they had never heretofore appeared in the world; but we are sorry to say, the moral of these awful events does not seem yet to be duly drawn and applied. It was natural, no doubt, in the first instance, to regard the perpetrators of the crimes alluded to with sole and undivided abhorrence, not to trace their guilt to any remoter cause, and to look upon their victims with no emotion but that of pity. A little farther reflection, however, must evince, that with whatever detestation we must regard the one, we can yet not acquit the other. Not one of these victims would have suffered, had they not previously been rendered the victims of their own vices. The only individual who showed any moral dignity amongst them was the poor betrayed innocent; almost all the others were in a state of willing inebriety when their murderers rushed upon them; and it must be owned, that it is a page in the history of our country which we should naturally be anxious to have expunged; but it will carry down to the latest posterity this story of national shame—that a few despicable strangers had calculated so certainly upon the prevalence of the love of dram-drinking among the populace of this city and surrounding country, that they could coolly lay a plot to murder one drunken wretch after another, for an indefinite period of time, and had actually accomplished their design to a large amount, for the mere purpose of obtaining their carcasses, to be sold, like those of beasts in the shambles. The murderers were more flagitious, perhaps, than any other human beings ever were in this world. Yet they, too, could scarcely have reached the capability of their gigantic crime, had they not in part used as a stimulus what was an opiate to their victims;—what made these drunk made those bold; and they even pretended to have lost the recollection of their deeds in their intoxication. It is here that the true moral arises from this monstrous exhibition. It is the most awful warning that ever yet was read to a people since the world began, of the extreme brutality of drunkenness in every aspect and result; and if, instead of shouting and hallooing during the execution of the grand agent of the villainy, the populace had a little taken to heart, that morning—the origin of the guilt in the criminals, and of the miserable defencelessness of the sufferers, and had uttered a prayer for grace and resolution to be saved from such temptations and disorders in their own persons, they would have shown a better understanding of the meaning of the mysterious ways of Providence, and would have better met the dread and solemnity of the occasion on which they were assembled.

It rests with the people of this country now to wipe off this stigma, for it is one, upon the national character. We were glad of shaking off from ourselves the disgrace of having engendered the murderers; but, alas! every day sees fostered in the lanes of our cities, in the nooks of our villages, and almost at every mile upon our highways, the nurseries of the poison which inflamed their ferocity, and which betrayed the murdered to their destruction. We have no doubt that a reflecting and calculating people like our countrymen, will be able to rouse themselves from so base and irrational a practice if they will only lay it seriously to heart. Other nations do not require this stimulus. The English grow fat and sometimes muddy upon ale; but they do not drink themselves into the condition of brutes. The French are the gayest people in nature, and have fifty ways of amusing themselves without getting so much as elevated with wine from one year's end to another. The theatre in cities, or rural games in the country, would be an infinitely better way of spending such hours of leisure as the people can command. Or if intoxication come to be regarded as a disgrace, men might have liquor before them, and indulge in it, as far as mere sociality required, without any baneful consequences. Gentlemen in this country very seldom, now-a-days, intoxicate themselves, and to go into the company of ladies in a state of drunken irrationality or abominations, would be utterly disgraceful. Not so forty years ago. Gentlemen then not unusually reeled through the dance in the ball-room, and almost overturned their delicate partners, as they wheeled them round, or sate babbling, in a corner, ineffable nonsense into their ears, or—but we shall desist from heightening the picture. Why may not a greater refinement of manners find its way in like manner into the lower ranks, and why may it not become something like a spirit of honour with them to refrain from defacing the human image and sinking it into the bestial? It is only when this happy consummation takes effect, that we can look forward with any hope to a steady national improvement.

R. M.

SCHILLER'S POETRY.

By William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," the "Thane of Fife," &c.

BESIDE the poetry contained in his metrical dramas, Schiller has left two volumes of verses, written under various complexions of mind, in various metres, and on various subjects. His reputation, however, like that of our Shakspeare, (who also wrote poems,) rests more securely on his metrical plays, than on his other productions. His poems, nevertheless, unequal as they are to his greater works, show a diversity and sweep of talent, from which a reader may, more readily than from a perusal of Shakspeare's miscellaneous verses, infer his peculiar capabilities for the higher sphere of the drama. His earlier poems, like his earlier plays, are unquestionably of least merit:* the impenetrable mysticism and sense-defying idealities of Kant's transcendental philosophy seem to have overclouded and vitiated his mind and all its productions, till he completed his Don Carlos,—the first in time, but the last in value, of his metrical dramas. His study of the Greek authors, which commenced seriously about this time, acted as a purifier to his intense, deeply-feeling, yet too subtilizing and aberrant spirit. He now, as he himself describes it, *put on the new man in poetry*; and all his subsequent productions display more purity, simplicity, and classical propriety of language and sentiment. Of his poems, that on the Bell (Das Lied von der Gloche) has been much commended; the conception of the subject is original, and many ingenious images are wrought out of it; but

* As the Robbers was Schiller's first production, it is generally the favourite of youthful readers. It is surely an extraordinary performance; but it bears, in every page, the marks of juvenility, of a mind over-straining and racking itself in a tumultuous effort for effect; it has too little of the simplicity of nature, and far too much of the turgid and false sublime.

it is far too long, rambling, and excursory; the digressions (as that of the burning of the industrious burgher's house) bearing no imaginable relation whatever to the theme of the poem. He has written no less than eight Ballads; at least, he has inscribed them so; but they are rather Tales, or petty romances in verse. He engaged in that sort of writing, not from any spontaneous impulse of mind, but from a concerted competition with Goethe, and very probably incited by the jealousy of Burger's reputation, which he very harshly and injudiciously attacked, at a time when the latter writer was suffering under the complicated pangs of mental and bodily anguish. Neither he, however, nor the universal Goethe himself, has any thing to boast of in that department, equal to the masterpieces of Burger, which may fairly bid defiance to them both, and do entitle him to rank first in that quaint species of composition. Of the Ballads of Schiller, *Riotter Toggenburg* is the best, as it approaches nearest to the strength and simplicity of the ballad style; but there is also much poetical description in *Der Taucher*, *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, and one or two more. Of his other poems, the best are, the *Spaziergang*, (though that is spoiled by its ear-racking hexameters and pentameters,) *Erwartung*, *Die Gotter Griechenlandes*, *Kassandra*, *Kampf mit der Dragon*. In his *Kindersmorderin* we have much of the feeling and elegant sensibility that characterize the tenderer productions of our Robert Burns. But to form a just estimate of Schiller's highly-gifted muse, we must resort, not to his scattered poems, into which the peculiar potency of his mind was not infused, but to his better, more studied, and more polished dramas,—his Maid of Orleans, Wallenstein, William Tell, Mary Stewart, and Bride of Messina;—these are his immortal compositions;—these, next to the finest plays of our Shakspeare, contain more passionate, spirited, and elegant poetry, than is to be found in any dramatic productions since the days of Æschylus and Euripides:—

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

" I love thee, gentle knight, but 'tis
  Such love as sisters bear;
O ask my heart no more than this;
  That heart no more may spare;
In peace I see thy form appear;
  In peace I see thee go;
But check that sigh, and stop that tear—
  Their cause I may not know!"

In grief he heard her soft rebuke;
  Mute from her arms he flung;
Gave one farewell, one last fond look,
  Then on his steed him swung;
He to his vassals orders gave
  Through all his Switzer land,
To hie them to the holy grave,
  Christ's banner in their hand.

Deeds there were done of force and fame
  By every hero's arm;
Their tufted helms did wave and flame
  Amid Mohammed's swarm;
And Toggenburg's land-filling name
  Fill'd Pagans with alarm;
Yet in his heart love's gloomy flame
  Burn'd on with hidden harm.

One year he hath endured the grief;
  Nor longer can it bear;
Abandon'd to unrest, the chief
  Leaves Jewry and the war:
He sees a ship on Joppa's strand
  Just bound for Europe's seas,
Embarks for home, and that loved land
  Rich with *her* breath's sweet breeze.

And at her castle's silent gate,
  The pilgrim knocks in fear;
'Twas open'd; and a voice like fate
  Came dreadful on his ear;
" She whom you seek is now Heaven's bride,
  In Cloister's still abode;
'Twas yesterday the bond was tied,
  That spoused her to her God."

Ah! now he leaves, full sad and sore,
  His halls, built fair and high;
His arms, his true steed, never more
  Rejoice that warrior's eye.
From Toggenburg, his sire's domain,
  He to the vale comes down,
Enwrapt and hid from fellows' ken,
  By hairy hood and gown.

And there a little hut he rears,
  Near to the linden-grove,
Where holy in the midst appears
  The Cloister of his love:
All day, from morning's earliest beam,
  Till evening chill and late,
Still fondling Hope's delirious dream,
  There, there alone he sate.

And, on the Cloister's casement hung
  All day untired his look,
Until the lattice clank'd and rung
  Beneath her finger's stroke;
Till the dear damsel, angel mild,
  Th' espoused to her God,
Down on the valley look'd, and smiled,
  And bless'd him with a nod.

And then in peace he, in his bower,
  Lay down, and slumber'd fain;
And rose rejoiced at morning hour,
  To feast his eyes again;—
And so, for many a day he sate,
  And many a year and long,—
Patient, withouten plaint, to wait
  Until her lattice rung;—

Till the dear damsel, angel mild,
  Th' espoused to her God,
Look'd on his little hut, and smiled,
  And bless'd him with a nod:
And so, one morn, he in the vale,
  A corpse sate livid there,
As tow'rd the lattice, still his pale
  Eye turn'd its lifeless glare!

FINE ARTS.

EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(*Third Notice.*)

In proceeding to speak of the landscapes at this Exhibition, there can be no doubt that those by the Rev. John Thomson command the preference, as, indeed, they have done for several years. It may be remarked of this artist, that, like all the great masters of antiquity, he has struck out an entirely new line for himself.

This is, after all, the great, and perhaps the only true test of genius in every different department of intellectual exertion. No doubt, Mr Thomson is a manner-ist; but then his manner is all his own; he stands by himself—he copies no one. There are faults in his style, as there is in every thing earthly; but it is vigorous and decided, and his colouring is laid on with an energy and depth of tone which none of our other Scottish painters can equal. He has contributed six landscapes, all of which are excellent;—his largest picture is exceedingly grand; and there is a smaller moonlight scene, which, we understand, has been purchased by the Lady Ruthven, quite equal to Titian. We trust Mr Thomson will long continue to paint.

Mr William Simson has seven pictures. He is a remarkably clever artist. His "Twelfth of August, a scene in the Highlands," is full of life and spirit. We may mention, however, in corroboration of what we formerly stated regarding the necessity of *painting up*, in order to suit the glaring lights of this room, that Mr Simson has introduced a good deal of gaudy colouring into the foreground of this picture since it was sent to the Exhibition, which we trust he will remove as soon as it is again restored to a more favourable position. "A view on the Esk at Auchindinny Bridge," by the same artist, is a fine fresh picture, and in looking at it, one almost feels the breeze which is crisping and dimpling the surface of the river.—Mr George Simson, though not equal to his namesake, is nevertheless a very meritorious painter. His pictures of St Abb's Head, and of the Dutch Galliot, do him great credit.

We may next mention H. W. and J. F. Williams. The former is better known by the apellation of *Grecian Williams*. We regret that ill-health and other circumstances have limited the number of his pictures to three, which, however, will not detract from his former reputation. J. F. Williams is more prolific. He has eight pictures, of which the best unquestionably is his view on the Clyde, painted for, and purchased by, the Royal Institution. It is a capital picture; the shipping is remarkably true to nature, and the grouping and colouring very unexceptionable.

The Nasmyth family muster as usual in great force. They all paint pleasingly; but, with the exception of Miss Ann Nasmyth, we cannot say that any one of them pleases us much more than the other. This lady, however, possesses a great deal of genius, and some of her small wood pieces would not have disgraced Hobbima. We recommend attention to the two pictures she exhibits this year; they are Nos. 102 and 133.

Robert Gibb is an artist of much ability and modesty. He has twelve beautiful pictures; and had it been generally known that the largest and best of these was estimated by him at only £30, we are certain that it would long ere this have found a purchaser. Mr Gibb's road scenes and mode of managing the perspective are remarkably delicate and true to nature.

Of the few remaining artists whom we think it necessary to name, we must talk more rapidly. We are much pleased with Mr Scrope's view of Tivoli, which is a fine classical painting, and not too close an imitation of the style of Salvator Rosa—an error into which we feared Mr Scrope might have fallen.—Mr Dyce is a young artist, of great genius and promise. We particularly admire the feeling displayed in his "Moonlight," and the originality and cleverness of his "Puck." We understand, he has been studying at Rome; and, if he will only guard against the error of falling into an imitation of the ancient school of Leonardo da Vinci, to which we can discover a slight tendency, we venture to prognosticate his future attainment of no ordinary distinction in his profession. At all events, he is an *alumnus* of which Aberdeen has every reason to be proud.—Mr Charles Lees exhibits several pictures of considerable merit. His largest picture, "Mary Queen of Scots, and her Secretary David Rizzio," is clever; the colouring is rich, and much of the execution is good. Its chief fault is in the figure of Mary, to which no modern artist, with which we are acquainted, has ever been able to do justice; it has, indeed, been long acknowledged, that failure is the very common result of an over-anxiety to do well, and it seems to be next to impossible to transfer to canvass the *beau ideal* of a lovely woman. "A Corner in the study of an Antiquary," by Mr Lees, is a clever picture.—The "View of the Cathedral at Antwerp," by Mr Roberts, formerly of Edinburgh, and now attached to one of the London Theatres, is very exquisitely finished, and much and justly admired.—Mr J. V. Barber of Birmingham, has two very soft and beautiful landscapes, painted in a style of great delicacy, not unlike that of Andrew Wilson, warm, glowing, and delightful, but perhaps just a little too transparent and unreal.—William Bonner's "Roger, Jenny, and Peggy," deserves much praise. The figures and expression in particular of Roger and Jenny are excellent, full of nature, and indicative of much more genius than one might, at first sight, be inclined to suspect.—Our favourite, Carse, has not distinguished himself this year so much as usual.—Kenneth Macleay, by far the best of our miniature painters, exhibits only one specimen of his talents.—It would be easy to speak of many more artists and pictures; but the compliment which we mean to pay to merit, by singling out only the best would cease to be of any value, did we admit into our pages a promiscuous multitude of names. Neither are we disposed to enter upon the invidious task of pointing out faults, for where all have attempted to do their best, the severest and most legitimate criticism is silence.

In Sculpture, besides the excellent busts of Macdonald, especially the very beautiful one of Miss Macdonald, we are glad to perceive, that two new candidates have entered the lists—Mr Angus Fletcher, and Mr John Steele. Both possess excellent abilities. We are inclined at present to direct attention in particular to Mr Steele, because we know him to be nearly self-taught, and attracted to the profession of a sculptor, entirely by a natural genius for it. We have nowhere seen any notice taken of the large statue of St Andrew, carved in oak, but painted so as to resemble stone, which has been recently erected on a portico, at the foot of Hanover Street. We have been surprised at this, for it is a striking and spirited production, and are happy to be able to inform Mr Steele (whose work it is) that this is the opinion of some of the best judges in Edinburgh, whose praises we have frequently heard bestowed upon it, and we think not undeservedly. Let Mr Steele persevere, as he has begun, and he is sure of making good progress.

We shall proceed to a consideration of the pictures, of the Scottish Academy next Saturday.

MUSIC.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

THE only Concert which the Edinburgh Professional Musicians have had the courage to give this season, (so dull have all things been in the musical and fashionable world,) took place in the Assembly Rooms last Tuesday evening. It was well, though not crowdedly, attended. The pieces selected, though not so brilliant or varied as we could have wished, were, on the whole, calculated to reflect credit on the judgment and talent of the performers. Besides Beethoven's Grand Symphony, with which the Concert opened, and which is not one of the most effective of that great Master's compositions, we had three Overtures, which took in, of course, the full strength of the orchestra. The first of these was Mozart's Overture to the "Zauberflote,"

which contains a number of beautiful passages, and was very favourably received. The second was Weber's Overture to the Freischütz, of which it might almost be supposed that the public would be by this time tired; but the public will probably *never* tire of one of the noblest productions of modern genius. We have seldom heard this exquisite composition better given. The wind instruments struck us as being on one or two occasions a *little* too loud; but with this exception, the execution of the whole was very nearly perfect. The third Overture we heard for the first time in this city;—it was Boieldieu's, to the Opera of "La Dame Blanche." It is pretty and scientific, but somewhat French withal, and indicates nothing like the reach of originality and vigour of conception displayed by Weber. The other instrumental pieces were a *fantasia* on the flute by Mr Platt, and a *capriccio* on the violoncello by Mr Hancox—both ingenious and clever. Mr Murray led in admirable style; but we were grievously disappointed that he did not honour us with any detached specimen of his abilities,—a condescension which we think we had a right to expect.

The vocal musicians were four, Miss Noel and Miss E. Paton, and Messrs Thorne and Wilson. Miss Noel's *solo* was one of Moore's Irish Melodies, "Come, rest in this bosom." The music is simple and beautiful, and was simply and beautifully sung. Miss Paton's ambition soared a higher flight; she sung Madame Pasta's exquisite aria, "Ah! come rapida," in a style which justified all the commendations it received. Mr Thorne did all he could for a curious composition, entitled "An Invocation to Bacchus;" but he could make nothing of it, and neither could we. Mr Wilson has a good tenor voice, which he is cultivating diligently. His style of singing, however, scarcely did justice to the very spirited air of Mr John Thomson, with which he was entrusted, and for which its own intrinsic merits secured an encore. There were two duets, neither of which we very much admired. We do not see, by the by, why one sheet of music should be made to serve two persons in a duet, who are thus forced to stand in a crowded and awkward position. We advise an alteration in this practice at our concerts in future.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NATURE.

By Henry G. Bell.

I HEARD a voice, as 'twere of one cast down
By bitter agony,—and thus he spake:—

"I do impeach thee, Nature! that thou hast
In causeless malice made me woe-begone.
Thou gavest mind to torture me;—the hopes,
By thee first taught to bloom, bloom'd but to fade;—
The feelings that, like honey in the flower,
Imparted to my heart its fragrance, turn
To bitterness;—and, haply to keep pace
With this vile sinking of my nobler part,
My very energies of limb decay,
And sadder—feebler than my fellow-men—
I grope my way through life,—a friendless ghost,
That sits on graves, or stalks among the tombs.
Therefore, my voice is raised,—I stand erect—
And ere I die, I do impeach thee, Nature!"

He spoke, and there was silence. Then I heard
The merry voices of ten thousand birds
Who sang their morning pæans to the sun;
And through the forest glades the deer awoke,
And shook the dew-drops from their antler'd brows;
And glorious flowers upon the mountain side
Drank in the daylight; and in silver streams
Gold-mantled fish went darting everywhere;
The mighty ocean murmur'd as a child
Its mother lulls to rest; the skies look'd down
In blue serenity, as if they smiled;—
And to the dark impeachment of that man
No other answer mighty Nature made.

I LOVED THEE.

By Henry G. Bell.

I LOVED thee till I knew
That thou had'st loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beamed as beautiful.

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,—
'Tis worthless in my eyes;
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask,
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering;—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last;—
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bid'st—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong.

MY NATIVE BAY.

By Robert Chambers, author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," &c.

MY native bay is calm and bright,
As e'er it was of yore,
When, in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore;
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt,
Since then, upon its breast;
The sea—how oft have storms convulsed
Its gentle dream of rest!
So oft hath darker woe come o'er
The lustre of my thought;
And passion's storms a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, pass'd
In wretchedness and pain,
I come and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless pass'd away;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem'st, my native bay!

Oh, that, like thee, when toil is o'er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last!
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure unruffled sleep,
Oh, might a heaven as bright as this
Be mirror'd in its deep!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

An interesting volume of Dramatic Sketches may be expected soon from the Edinburgh press,—founded, we understand, on what may be termed the *romance* of the pastoral poetry of Scotland, the incidents embodied in each sketch having been suggested by the catastrophe of some popular national song.

We learn with pleasure, that Mr Upham's long-expected History of Budhism has at length appeared. This splendid volume contains 13 plates on Elephant 4to, and is patronised, we understand, by the Hon. the East India Company, and by the President of the Asiatic Society.

A Literary Gazette is about to be published at Oxford. We do not see why it should not be made to pay, though its circulation can never be expected to equal that of similar works which issue from the metropolitan press. England naturally looks to London for its Literary Gazettes, and Scotland, we hope, as naturally looks to Edinburgh for its Literary Journal.

Organs and Presbyterians.—We learn that a pamphlet on this subject may be expected in a few days; and from what we are told regarding the author, we think it likely that this question, which will probably soon become one of general discussion, will be smartly and ably treated.

Mr Upham, author of "The History of Budhism," "Rameses," and "Karmath," has nearly finished his "History of the Ottoman Empire," which is to form two early volumes in Constable's Miscellany.

Mr Samuel Walter Burgess has in the press, the Votive Wreath, and other Poems.

A monument is about to be erected to the celebrated Italian poet, Vincenzo Monti, in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city of Milan, the place of his residence for thirty years.

The new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, preparing for the press, by Mr Southey, is to contain a Life of the Author, and explanatory Notes on the work. This is probably a higher compliment than honest John Bunyan ever expected would be paid to him.

A second edition of The Opening of the Sixth Seal is already announced.

Herculaneum and Pompeii.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that the most brilliant discoveries are daily being made at Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the excavations at the former, a magnificent mansion is gradually making its appearance, the garden of which, surrounded by colonnades, is the grandest which has hitherto been found. At Pompeii, in one of the public buildings discovered lately, some ancient paintings have been found, which are considered of inestimable value. Among these, the following are mentioned as particularly remarkable:—1st, Medea meditating the murder of her children, who are innocently playing at dice, while their tutor, at a short distance, conscious of Medea's intention, is lamenting the fate which impends over them. 2d, The sons and daughters of Niobe assailed with the Arrows of Apollo and Diana. This is said to be a picture full of pathos. 3d, Meleager departing for the chase of the wild boar of Calydon. 4th, Perseus delivering Andromeda. 5th, A Bacchante. 6th, The Muses. Many other curious ancient relics have also been recently discovered.

Theatrical Gossip.—Mademoiselle Sontag, who is understood, however, to be no longer a *mademoiselle*, has again made her appearance at the Italian Opera at Paris, and has been received with the most distinguished applause.—Pisaroni appears to be rapidly gaining ground at the King's Theatre in London; the critics are even beginning to think her pretty. Velluti is expected to join the company about the middle of March.—The revival of the "Recruiting Officer" at Covent Garden, a new piece at Drury Lane, the joint production of two very successful dramatic writers, Morton and Kenney, and the "Red Rover" at the Adelphi, have kept the play-going citizens of the modern Babylon in good humour for the last ten days.—Another dull week has passed over the Theatre here; there was a good house last Saturday, and there will probably be another to-night, but all the intermediate evenings have flagged wofully. Why does not the manager bring down some theatrical comet to rouse us from our lethargy, since all other means have failed? We are glad to perceive he is to revive, on Monday, Farquhar's delightful comedy of the "Recruiting Officer," which has been so successful in London. This is spirited and as it should be; and we trust the attempt will be attended with good success.—There was a Grand Fancy Ball the other evening at Glasgow, for the benefit of Mr Seymour, who was lately burned out of the Theatre Royal there. We hope it was productive of something considerable.

Weekly List of Performances.

Feb. 21—Feb. 27.

Sat. *Wild Oats, & Free and Easy.*
Mon. *Charles XII., Youth, Love, and Folly, & Carron Side.*
Tues. *George Heriot, & Heart of Mid-Lothian.*
Wed. *Charles XII., 'Twou'd Puzzle a Conjurer, & Cramond Brig.*
Thur. *Rob Roy, & The Miller and his Men.*
Fri. *Paul Pry, Youth, Love, and Folly, & Carron Side.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not lost sight of the Autographs we promised: they are in the hands of the engraver.

"Crito" complains that it is not fair to postpone the consideration of the pictures at the Scottish Academy, till we have discussed those at the Institution. We have to remark, in reply, that the Institution opened first, and that we cannot afford room for articles on both in the same Number; neither did we like to break in upon the continuity of our criticisms by taking them alternately. This, however, we willingly promise, that if the Academy opens first next year, the Academy shall be noticed first; for "Crito" is mistaken in supposing that we wish to show the slightest preference to the one over the other.—Our Glasgow correspondent may rest assured, that he will meet occasionally in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* with "short familiar papers on interesting and curious departments of science."—We shall be glad to receive some prose contributions from "D. A." of Cupar Fife; his poetical communications will meet with our best attention.—The "Remarks on the Astronomical Chair" have scarcely been digested with sufficient care.—"An Albumite" will find "Stanzas for Albums," by Montgomery and others, in several of the Annuals for 1829.

"Bonny wee Lily," by "T. V. D." of Glasgow, is good; but, before publishing it, we should like to receive something else from the same quarter.—We have too much original poetry on our hands, to think of reprinting any selections from the old authors.—We are afraid that none of the pieces by "C. J." of Glasgow will exactly suit us.—The song from Aberdeen, tune, "The meeting of the waters,"—"Sonnet," by "A. B."—"Love and Friendship," by "J."—and "The Jews," by "Beta," are inadmissible.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Twelve Years' Military Adventure in Three Quarters of the Globe; or Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of his Majesty and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 *and* 1814, *in which are contained the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France.* In two volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 403 and 381.

These military adventures seem all to be amazingly pleasant things, and the military adventurers exceedingly good sort of fellows. They all tell us in the preface, that, being soldiers, they must not be criticised very severely for what they write; and then they go on to spin a yarn of two or three volumes' length, and, by the time we come to the conclusion, we rise perfectly satisfied that the hero of the story, who performed so many exploits "i' the eminent deadly breach," ought to have been a generalissimo, though hard fate may have fixed him only a captain, and put him on the half-pay list. But if the reader be satisfied that the half-pay captain conducted himself gallantly, we presume that the main purpose for which he wrote his book is answered. We are no great patrons of these personal military narratives. We suspect they tend to nourish conceit, and to engender Munchausenism; whilst it is altogether impossible that they should ever be able to convey any comprehensive and useful knowledge. An inferior officer in the army is like a fly on the spoke of a wheel; he sees that the machine is in motion, but he does not know why or wherefore. He may write in a lively, agreeable, anecdotal sort of style, and his book may be made to bear a considerable resemblance to a novel; but if we look for any thing deeper than this mere surface-work, we shall invariably be disappointed. One such book, therefore, is as good as a thousand; for they must all necessarily bear a very close resemblance to each other, seeing that the duties, battles, marches, and counter-marches of all our young military friends must be as like each other as possible.

It is true, no doubt, that some dull rogues have published their Memoirs, and some clever ones have done the same thing; and this makes a variety. Our present author we rank among the latter class. He is a good-humoured, slashing, dashing, hop-step-and-leap kind of writer. His general stock of knowledge seems to be as limited as could well be desired; but all he needed was a good memory and a tolerable flow of language to set down his own reminiscences. He went out to India at an early age as a cadet, remained a short time at Madras, and then joined the army under General Wellesley. He there, of course, proceeds to recount a number of minute incidents with which he himself was personally connected, amusing enough in their way, but very little calculated to make us much wiser than we were before we heard them. He was present at the battle of Assaye, and a variety of other smaller affairs. As soon as peace was concluded with the Mahratta powers he returned to Madras, and was afterwards present at the mutiny at Vellore. He subsequently accompanied different expeditions to the Islands of Bourbon and Java; and at length, getting tired of India, he returned to England in time to share the glories of Wellington's victorious campaigns in Spain and the south of France. He does not appear to have been present at Waterloo; and the peace which succeeded having rendered his sword useless, he has betaken himself to his pen.

The best way of conveying an idea of the nature of this book, is to select some of the most amusing stories it contains, and string them together. Its value seems to us principally to depend upon its anecdotes, and the lively manner in which they are for the most part told. Without farther preface, therefore, we present our readers with the following:—

A joke on board ship.—"I shall not dwell upon the manner in which we passed our time on board ship—how we panted under the line—how we rolled round the Cape, frequently with more soup in our laps than we could keep on our stomachs—how the backgammon-board rattled from morning till night—how we paced the quarter-deck, when the judge and general did not take it all to themselves—how we fished for sharks—how we speared dolphins, porpoises, and albacores;—nor shall I attempt to paint the pictured agonies of the dying dolphins, already so beautifully described by Falconer; nor the nobler and more potent struggles of the greedy, daring shark, to do justice to which would require the pen of a Homer. Neither shall I swell my pages with an account of the visit we received from Father Neptune on crossing the line, with the ceremonial attending it, as the subject is stale; nor detail all the jokes, practical and verbal, which we played upon each other, except one of the former; and, if it amuses the reader half as much as it did me, I shall be content. There was a lazy fat fellow amongst us, who was always lolling or sleeping on the hen-coops, upon whom we resolved to play a trick; so, seizing an opportunity when he was snug on his customary roost, we planted ourselves with buckets of water just over him. At a signal given, he was jerked off the coop, and soused from head to foot with such a full and successive torrent of the briny fluid, accompanied by a cry of 'Man overboard! Rope! rope! Down with the helm!' &c., that he actually struck out, as if swimming for his life; till a failure in the supply of water, succeeded by peals of laughter, brought him to a sense of his situation."—Vol. I. p. 23-5.

Something rather difficult to swallow.—"Here I cannot omit mentioning a curious circumstance which I witnessed about this time, a consequence of the privation undergone by these unfortunate bullocks. Lolling one day in my tent, ruminating on the hardships of a soldier's life, and on the shifts to which he is

often reduced, my eyes and my thoughts were naturally attracted to my poor cattle, who stood picketed at a short distance, with nothing to chew but the cud of disappointment, having waited since morning in eager expectation of the return of a foraging party. I observed one of these, whose well-defined ribs bore testimony to the scantiness of his fare, gradually stretching out his head to a turban, belonging to one of my servants, which happened to be within the length of his tether. After giving it a turn or two with his nose, I suppose to ascertain the possibility of its being masticated, he seized the loose end in his mouth, and actually began to swallow it. He swallowed, and swallowed; and, as the voluminous folds of the turban unrolled, so fast did they disappear down the throat of the bullock, until, of at least ten yards of stuff, there remained only a small bit pendent from his jaws. I was so amused with the whole process, that I could not find it in my heart to stop him; but lay on my couch observing his operations for at least an hour. Another minute, and the turban, which had nearly reached its latter end, would have been safely deposited in the stomach of the bullock, to be brought up for examination at a favourable opportunity. Just at this critical moment the owner returned, when, looking about for his turban, he beheld the end dangling from the mouth of the animal. With an oath he flew at the bullock, and, seizing the only visible portion of his garment, pulled and pulled, hand over hand, and oath upon oath, while the tattered but still connected cloth came forth, like a measuring tape out of its case. The man's rage and gestures at the destruction of his turban, the beast's astonishment at the novel kind of emetic he was undergoing, and the attitudes of both, formed a scene absolutely irresistible."—Vol. I. p. 93-5.

MILITARY MUSIC.—"This was the first time I had ever heard the whistling of balls. The reader will perhaps expect that I should exultingly exclaim, with Charles the Twelfth, 'Henceforth this shall be my music!' But candour obliges me to confess that such a noble idea did not enter my thoughts; for, however harmonious the balls may have sounded in the ears of the Swedish hero, to me they certainly did not convey the same degree of pleasure that I have since experienced from the voice of a Catalani, or from the bow of a Linley; on the contrary, the noise which they made, as they glanced past my head, raised about the precincts of my heart a kind of awkward sensation, not at all allied to pleasure, and partaking more of what is vulgarly called fear, but which, as a military man, I dare not designate by that name."—Vol. I. p. 130-1.

A RESURRECTIONIST.—"As a set-off to this affecting circumstance, I must describe a ludicrous scene which occurred about the same time, and which for a moment caused a ray of hilarity to cheer the gloom of the battle field. A surgeon, whose bandages had been exhausted by the number of patients, espying one of the enemy's horsemen lying, as he supposed, dead on the ground, with a fine long girdle of cotton cloth round his waist, seized the end of it, and, rolling over the body, began to loose the folds. Just as he had nearly accomplished his purpose, up sprang the dead man, and away ran the doctor, both taking to their heels on the opposite tacks, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. This extraordinary instance of a doctor bringing a man to life, so opposite to the usual practice of the faculty, became the subject of a caricature; while the story, as may be supposed, long clung to this unfortunate son of Galen, who afterwards went by the name of 'the resurrection doctor.'"—Vol. I. p. 180-1.

A DREADFUL ALTERNATIVE.—"A horrid scene which I witnessed at this time, made such a lively impression on my youthful mind, that the very recollection of it, even at this distance of time, makes my blood run cold. When the fort was completely in our possession, and all firing had ceased, I was, in company with another officer, strolling among some buildings, which, from their superior order, appeared to have belonged to the Killedar, or some functionary of note in the garrison; when some groans, proceeding from some of the houses, caught our ears. We entered, and to our astonishment beheld a large room full of women, many of them young and beautiful, dreadfully mangled, most of them dead, but some of them still in the agonies of dissolution. Every tender, every manly feeling of the heart, was shocked at such a sight. It could not be our soldiers that had done such a deed. No! the suspicion could not be harboured an instant. No human motive alone could have urged such an act. And so it proved; for, on questioning the survivors, we learned that the Rajpoots composing the garrison, who had their families with them, finding all hopes of saving the place to be vain, had collected their wives and daughters, and having butchered them in the manner above described, sallied forth, with no earthly hope left, but that of selling their lives dearly. Although so completely in opposition to christian principles, we cannot blame the deed; horrid and barbarous as it was, still it had in it something of a noble character. It was in consonance with their religious principles; and it was to save their wives and daughters from pollution. The men who perpetrated this deed of horror, were the same who afterwards precipitated themselves with such desperation on our Europeans, and not one of whom would accept quarter."—Vol. I. p. 230-1.

POWERS OF THE TELESCOPE.—"It may amuse the reader to be informed, that among my mathematical instruments, I had an inverting telescope, which I used sometimes to let my servants look through, that I might enjoy their surprise at seeing the world turned upside down, and, in particular, the astonishment they expressed, when they saw men and women walking on their heads, without their clothes falling down. It got about in the cantonment, that the engineer *sahcb*, had a telescope which could turn people upside down; without the latter part of the phenomenon being generally known, so I used sometimes to amuse myself by pointing my glass at the women as they passed my window; upon which they would run as fast as they could, holding their clothes down with both their hands."—Vol. I. p. 327.

A DUELLIST.—"He used to tell a story of one of his affairs, which, though not at all creditable to himself, was the best satire on the practice of duelling that can well be imagined. 'I was in the theatre one night,' said he, 'and seeing a fellow eating apples in the box where there were some ladies, I took the liberty of poking one into his throat with my finger. The man struck me—I knocked him down, and gave him a sound drubbing,' (for the Colonel was a famous bruiser.) 'He called me out, I shot him through the arm; and the fool called that *satisfaction*.' One of the few instances in which he was known to have been right, was on the occasion which proved fatal to him. On receiving his antagonist's shot, which took effect in his body, he staggered a few paces; then, recovering himself, he presented his pistol deliberately at his opponent, and said, 'I could kill him,' (for he was a capital shot;) 'but the last act of my life shall not be an act of revenge!' Words sufficient to redeem a life of error!"—Vol. I. p. 336-7.

COME UP.—"Having passed a pleasant evening with our friends of the artillery, we retired to rest in a room situated over one of the stables of the gun-horses. Here, owing to a little over-indulgence at table, not feeling readily disposed to sleep, we amused ourselves with counting the number of '*Come ups!*' which reached our ears through the crevices of the floor. Whenever a horse stirred, so as to disturb the slumbers of his not much more human bed-fellow, it was 'Come up!' If the beast snorted, it was 'Come up!' If he lay down, it was 'Come up!' If he rose on his legs, it was equal-

ly 'Come up!' This 'Come up' is almost the only phrase which an English groom addresses to his horse. Though generally used as a term of rebuke, it is an unmeaning expression; and I do not see in what it could have originated, unless in the frequent necessity of cautioning the animal against that too great propensity of English horses to *come down*."—Vol. II. p. 155.

A Spanish priest.—"He was a ruffian-looking fellow, whose chief occupation with the army was that of a mule-dealer, buying those animals in the country, and selling them in the camp at a great profit. I was told by our Colonel, that in the preceding campaign, he was sitting one day at table with his Padre, when the *Patron* of the house came to beg that Senhor Padré would go up stairs immediately, to render the last offices of religion to a dying Spanish officer. He looked sulky on being disturbed at his meal, but could not refuse. The Colonel followed; but, instead of a solemn ceremonial, as he expected, he saw the Padré take a crucifix out of his pocket, and thrust it into the face of the dying man, vociferating at the same time, 'Jesus! Jesus!' Perceiving no signs of acknowledgment from the poor officer, whose glazed eye and quick respiration denoted his speedy dissolution, he pocketed his swammy, and descended to finish his beef-steak and his bottle."—Vol. II. p. 278-9.

French and English appetites.—"On returning to my billet in the morning, as hungry as a hawk, I requested my landlady to prepare me some breakfast. She asked what I should like—I replied, 'Some eggs and bacon.' So forthwith she prepared a dish, containing full two dozen of the former, with a due proportion of the latter; a pretty good proof of the abundance of the land, and of her opinion of an Englishman's appetite. These French imagine, that because we dine off large joints, we must be great eaters, when, in fact, we do not eat half so much as they do. In France, the providing for the stomach is much more of an *affaire* than it is in England. When, in French, you talk of a man's having spent his fortune, you say, '*Il a mangé son bien*;' and the first question a Frenchman asks you, on visiting his country, is, how you like their *cuisine*. This latter observation reminds me of an answer made to me by an English traveller, to whom, on his expressing his dislike of the French mode of living, I remarked, that I supposed he did not relish their *cuisine*. 'Quizzing, sir!' said he, rather tartly; 'you don't suppose I allowed the fellows to quiz me!'"—Vol. II. p. 352—3.

Light reading, spiced *à la militaire*, will now be perceived to form the staple commodity of the "Twelve Years' Military Adventure."

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, for Plain People. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A. M.R.S.L., &c. London; John Murray. 1829. Pp. 303.

At first sight the title of this volume, by the Reverend author of the Subaltern, struck us as savouring not a little of affectation. Much, in these days of literary rivalship, depends on the title of a book; and the public have too often found, to their cost, that the title was the best and only readable part of the volume. We are far, however, from insinuating that this is the case with Mr Gleig's Sermons; on the contrary, they will, in our opinion, add to the literary reputation which he has already so deservedly acquired. But, from the innumerable shoals of sermons which have been, and still are, ushered into the world, which nobody reads, and which it is not likely ever will be read, we have been accustomed to look upon a preacher as more than ordinarily courageous, and a reader as having a more than ordinary stock of patience, who ventures on a new publication of this kind. Sermons, like other compositions, have appeared under various titles. Some have merely "Sermons;" others, "Sermons on Important Subjects;" others, again, "Discourses," preached at some particular place, and so on *ad infinitum*. Mr Gleig has had the ingenuity to discover a new cognomen, and his are "Sermons for *Plain People*."

But there is no affectation in the volume before us. They are truly what their author entitles them, *doctrinal and practical*, on most important subjects; and we completely agree with Mr Gleig, "that though the shelves of every book-shop in the kingdom groan under the weight of theological publications, very few have been found in all respects fit for domestic use." We have no lack of Sermons; but, unfortunately, too many of them, after being "weighed in the balance," have been "found wanting." Many of them, doubtless, are pious enough and well-meaning, but of such a nature as not to suit exactly the meridian of the parlour circle. Some are loose declamations; others have neither unity nor design; others are mystical and uninstructive. From one preacher we have a dull formal essay, to which the text is a motto; from another we have high-flying fanaticism, visionary speculations, or ranting, unintelligible "orations." Few comparatively are the exceptions; and we are, therefore, glad to find Mr Gleig's Sermons of that description that they will "suit the capacities of the very lowest," whilst they will give "no offence to the taste of the highest circles."

The Rev. Edward Irving, who is one of the great apostles of Millennarianism, would have entitled this volume "*Orations* for Plain People." We would recommend the work to his careful perusal, for we can assure him, that this style of preaching will prove a thousand times more beneficial than weekly mystical harangues on the Millennium. It cannot, of course, be expected that we can afford space to investigate at length Mr Gleig's admirable discourses; but few, we are persuaded, whether learned or ignorant, will rise from their perusal without feeling wiser and better. They contain faithful and eloquent expositions of our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, and as such, they ought to be possessed by every family. They are the productions of a man who is, we doubt not, a faithful parish priest.

The first Discourse is on "The Redemption of Mankind," and contains a clear and concise statement of the truth, that, as Mr Gleig observes, "it is in the sacred Scriptures of God alone that we may look, not for the assurance, but for the remotest hint or reference to a resurrection of the body." The Sermons on "Caution in forming Judgments," on "The Divine origin of Christianity," and on "Religious Differences," we would especially recommend. We shall, however, lay before our readers an extract from the Sermon on "The object of Public Preaching;" a subject which is greatly misunderstood by too many preachers and sermon-hunting hearers, and to which we would call their special attention:

The object of public preaching.

"No one who has mixed at all in society can be ignorant that the fashion of the present times runs greatly in opposition to what are termed moral discourses. A plain straight-forward list of directions how they are to behave in all stations of life, goes not well down with either of two classes of persons: it displeases both those who affect more than an ordinary degree of reverence for religion, and those who are habitually profligate and vicious. The former turn away from such moral harangues with contempt and scorn. They assert that these are nothing more than heathen admonitions; that they have in them none of the spirit of the Gospel, nothing relative to faith, or grace, or regeneration, or I know not how many terms, with which men are too often

in love, without at all comprehending their real import. The others, again, I mean the profligates, equally dislike such a style of preaching. It comes too home to them; it sounds as if every allusion were personal, every attack meant to apply peculiarly to themselves. They will not, therefore, come and listen to rebukes so pointed and so direct. What they desire to hear at church are pleasing discourses, declarations of God's goodness and mercy, of the readiness with which he receives back sinners, whenever they choose to turn to him, and the benevolence of his nature, which leads him to think lightly of those natural failings into which they, alas! are too apt to be led. Such preaching as this is at all seasons acceptable. It keeps all quiet and easy within; it puts to sleep the worm, whose gnawing is so painful; and quenches, for a time, the fire whose burning shall be everlasting. Neither have these men any objection to doctrinal disquisitions. Such topics are interesting; they lay hold of the attention, and, carrying it away in the flood of various arguments, they serve exceedingly well to kill twenty or five-and-twenty minutes every week. Is it not singular that the *very* good and the *very* bad should both prefer the same style of preaching?

The truth, however, is, that any style of preaching which harps continually upon one string must be bad. The Gospel, though in its main points plain and perspicuous, is, nevertheless, of very extended signification; and cannot, therefore, be properly expounded by a preacher who constantly confines himself to one or two topics. But of all modes of preaching, that which ties itself down to the exposition of doctrines only, is by far the most unprofitable, as well to the speaker as to the hearer. The doctrines of the Gospel must indeed be explained; but the genuine doctrines of the Gospel are few in number. A general belief in the being and attributes of God, in the blessed Trinity, and in each of the persons of the Godhead individually; a full expectation of a future life, in which we shall receive the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad,—these comprise, in fact, a complete abridgement of a Christian's faith. Of course, I allude not, at present, to the necessity under which all thinking men feel that they, and every other servant of Christ, lie, to receive the sacraments; the first of which, indeed, forms the sign, or badge, by which the disciples of Christ are distinguished from those who are not his disciples. I am speaking now only of such points as do, and indeed ought, to form the subjects of what are termed doctrinal discourses, inasmuch as almost all others contain more of human than of divine philosophy. Now, to explain these to a congregation, whose Bibles are within their reach, is surely a task which may soon be accomplished. Is the preacher, then, to become idle, and to revert again and again to his old topics? No, you will say; but are there not such doctrines as those of grace and election, and regeneration and saving faith? My friends and brethren, rest assured that these phrases, though in very frequent use, are not rarely misinterpreted, even by such as appear most warmly attached to them. For what is grace? Grace is neither more nor less than the goodness of our Almighty Father. The word itself signifies favour—a favour or feeling of good-will towards any one, which prompts him who experiences it to do to that person a kindness, without looking for any thing in return. When we apply it then to God, I confess that I, for one, know not within what bounds we are to enclose it. It is through God's grace that we live, and move, and breathe, and think. It is through God's grace that we are not hurried off to our graves, in the midst of our sins, by any one of the numerous accidents and calamities to which we are every moment liable. It is by God's grace that our Saviour has come into the world, has died for us upon the cross, has given us his Gospel, and promised us eternal life, if we only obey that Gospel. Nay, but is there not a something connected with human life, which, more than all this, deserves to be called grace? Is there no principle,—no principle which lays hold on some, and not on others,—leading the first to worship God in the beauty of holiness, and to believe in his name, to their own salvation and acceptance? Now, then, we come nearer to the point. Unquestionably there is such a principle; but it is very different from what those regard it, who are the fondest of hearing that principle discussed from the pulpit. The grace of God, which leads to repentance, is continually within the reach of every living person. It operates on different persons in different ways; but assuredly it operates upon none to any good effect, unless it be aided by their own co-operation. The grace of God will never take captive the will of any man, or turn a sinner to repentance in spite of himself; but it is always at hand to assist his weak endeavours, and to bring to perfection the feeble efforts which would certainly be useless without it. But what is there in this, which demands that it should be the constant subject of a preacher's discourses?"—P. 46—50.

We would willingly quote farther from Mr Gleig's Sermons, which our readers will perceive are very superior to the ordinary run of such productions. We must, however, pause, only observing, that Mr Gleig deserves well of the public in this his appearance before them, as an earnest and faithful minister; and, as the work is most moderate in price, we cannot do better than earnestly recommend the "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, for *Plain People*."

A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark. By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands." Edinburgh; Constable's Miscellany, vol. XXXVIII. 1829.

This is a very interesting and clever volume, full of picturesque descriptions and pleasant narratives. We opened it with rather a prejudice against the subject of which it treats; for though we had read a considerable number of books about Norway, they had all failed to inspire us with any great liking for that cold and out-of-the-way country. Neither did they give us any very distinct notions of its scenery, or of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. We knew very well that there was something peculiar about Norway, but wherein that peculiarity consisted we could never precisely find out. We have often closed large tomes in a most unsatisfactory state of mind, for though they *told* us a great deal, they *showed* us nothing, and this we take to be the leading difference betwixt a matter-of-fact and a picturesque traveller. Derwent Conway ranks among the latter. When we accompany him on his rambles, he makes us *see* the very scenes which he himself saw, and we rise from a perusal of his work with a more distinct impression of what Norway really is, than it was ever our lot to possess before. There is a great deal of excellent and powerful writing throughout the volume; and though we are somewhat hackneyed in these matters, such was the interest it excited, that we went through the whole, from beginning to end, without stopping.

Our author has divided his work into three parts;—the first of which embraces an account of an inland journey, performed for the most part on foot and alone, through a solitary and unfrequented part of the country, from the Naze at the western extremity of Norway, to Christiania the capital;—the second part describes his residence at Christiania, and journey farther north to Osterdalen, where he remained some time with a native family, and enjoyed opportunities of becoming familiarly acquainted with the national character and do-

mestic habits of the people, their mode of living, their occupations, their superstitions, their literature, and a thousand other things;—part third gives us a short glimpse of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark; but it is written more hurriedly, and extends only to forty-five pages.

Disposed, as we are, to bestow very high praise upon this work, we think the best mode of testifying that approbation, and of proving it to be well-grounded, will be to introduce Derwent Conway in his own person to our readers. As an appropriate opening extract, we select the following passage upon the subject of

NORWEGIAN PATRIOTISM.

"It has been my lot to visit many lands,—some of them celebrated for nationality,—but in that enthusiastic love of country which is irrestrainable when countrymen are assembled together, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres all that belongs to, and distinguishes his native land,—his mountains, his rocks, his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* (old Norway), have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus, '*For Norgé!*' the national song of Norway. Here, and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose, for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom. The northern nations are accused of being cold; but there is, at least, no evidence of this in their feelings of patriotism. I speak, however, of Norway only; the same cannot, I think, be said of Sweden; and as to Russia, I have had no opportunities of making personal observations. In Norway, love of country is the same enthusiastic passion that love of music is in Italy. In England, there is no toast which stands in the place of *Gamlé Norgé*, unless perhaps it be the Wooden Walls of Old England; but this is rather the defence of England, than England herself. In Scotland, 'the Land of Cakes' is nearly an equivalent to *Gamlé Norgé;* but then, how do Scotsmen drink it? they drain their glasses indeed, but they remain upon their seats if they be sober; but let *Gamlé Norgé* be the toast in Norway, and every Norwegian starts to his feet, and a burst of enthusiasm follows, which no circumstances have power to restrain. The same feeling is indeed, less or more, the patrimony of the inhabitants of all mountainous countries; but there are reasons why Norway should be more distinguished for this virtue than others. Norway is more isolated than any other country in Europe; and her political history, too, is less interwoven with that of other nations. Incorporated, by its own act, with Denmark, since the middle of the fourteenth century, she yet retained the name, and many of the privileges, of an independent kingdom; and has a right to consider the long line of her hereditary monarchs unbroken. Her population has remained unmixed; her language, in the interior, untainted; her soil has never been the theatre of war; nor has it ever been trodden, save rarely, by the feet of strangers; her laws are almost coeval with her mountains. On three sides, she is surrounded by a boisterous ocean, and girded, too, by a barrier of rocks; and, on the other, mountains, rugged, and snow-capt, shut her out, like the valley of Rasselas, from the rest of the world; and add to this the legends of a mystic and stupendous system of religious belief, which are handed down by tradition, and which tend to preserve in the minds of the people a veneration for all that ever belonged to them, and to nourish a pride in the antiquity of their nation; and it is not difficult to credit the assertion, that, to a Norwegian, his country is the object almost of his worship. Recent events have, indeed, cast a damp upon the enthusiasm which *Gamlé Norgé* inspires; and I have been told, that, for some time after the annexation of Norway to Sweden, the toast was rarely drunk; but, if so, the feeling has subsided. Norway is *Gamlé Norgé* still; and so attentively has the new sovereign cultivated the esteem of his subjects; and, by all accounts, so fully does he merit it, that, as far as my observation entitles me to speak, Bernadotte is never named but in terms of respect."

The above will be aptly succeeded by our author's account of

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF NORWAY.

"It was here that I heard, for the first time, that ancient national music, of which Norway, like all other mountainous countries, can boast. The mountain airs of Norway are, however, of a wilder and more uncommon character, than those of any other of the mountainous countries which I have visited; some of them, in their sudden transitions, and strange melody, reminded me of the breathings of the Eolian harp. The character of these airs is, with but few exceptions, that of melancholy. They are simple in their construction, but ranging over a compass of notes, occasionally even of two octaves. The poetry to which they are sung is also of a melancholy cast, chiefly legendary, and often verging upon the terrific. Some of it is, however, apparently the mere poetry of imagination, though still preserving the same character. Several of the airs have a martial effect; and a few hunting and drinking songs are of a gayer cast, both in their music and poetry.

"The lady who sung these airs did them great justice, and seemed often to feel their power; and was well able to communicate that feeling to the listener. The words were in high Norse, not Danish. Both at this time, and subsequently, I have been at some pains in collecting the airs, and the words to which they are sung. Some of these are in manuscript, others I learned by ear, and have had set since returning to England, in the idea of publishing the whole, with English translations of the words, as Scandinavian melodies.

"The poetry of which I have been speaking, as coupled with the ancient mountain airs, forms part of that body of chivalrous poetry, once the only literature of the European nations; and which we may still look to as a curious interpreter of ancient habits and feelings. The minstrel songs of former days, although they may possibly have had one common origin, have been modified by the character of the different nations among which they have been found. Those relics of chivalrous poetry which we find in the North, possess a character, in some respects unlike that which is impressed upon the poetry that sprung up among the Southern nations; and I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for advancing an opinion which, although, as far as I know, it involves a new doctrine, appears to me to be nevertheless a sound one; it is, that we ought to refer the distinctive mythology, character, and poesy, of every nation, to its geographical position. This opinion, I think, receives strong confirmation from the character of the mythology and poetry of Scandinavia.

"The terrific imagery of the mythology of Odin, one cannot conceive to have been engendered elsewhere than amid the sterile mountains, the dark valleys, the gloomy forests, and the desolate and dreary coasts of the Northern Continent. There is *there*, a pervading spirit of sadness and desolation, that embodies in imagination images of majesty, terror, and power: and these are again expressed in histories and legends, accordant with the tone of nature. There seem to be certain hidden

sympathies, which mysteriously connect the soul of man with the external world. So perfect an accordance is there between the mythology of Scandinavia and its external aspect, that in travelling through the gloomy valleys, or by the sea-beaten shores of Norway, so irresistibly are associations with the mythology of Odin awakened, that I have fancied I heard, in some deep dell, the departed heroes at their work of death; and have paused beneath some gigantic ruin, as night began to shadow it, to listen for the sound of their ghostly revelry. Accordant with these images, and with the character of the mythology of Scandinavia, is the poetry which has there originated; but the legendary songs of southern lands are impressed with a very opposite character. Those of the most southern nations are imbued with the spirit of luxury, which accords with the burning soil whence they sprung; while the minstrel songs of France are full of grace, gaiety, and gallantry; suiting well the smiling skies, and the bright earth, that fostered and ripened them."

In connexion with these judicious remarks, peruse the following on

NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

"It was now, that, for the first time, I felt I was in Norway; it was now that I knew the land of my early visions; I had gained the summit of the ridge, which on one side bounded the valley, and Norway, with all her attributes of sublimity, burst upon me. Forests, whose vastness and shade, and solitude and silence, banished in an instant from the mind all associations with song of bird, and bower, and gay silvan scene,—lakes, whose deep seclusion put to flight images of mere grace and beauty,—valleys, which from their depth and gloom, we might fancy to be the avenues to abodes of a more mysterious creation,—mountains, whose dim and rugged, and gigantic forms, seemed like the images of a world that we might dream of, but never behold. Could any man, gazing upon such a scene, refer his emotions to the origin pointed out by Burke? Burke, had he looked more upon the face of nature, and less upon that of society, would never have promulgated his doctrine, —or if he had, he would have published his recantation. But I cannot dismiss the doctrine of Edmund Burke in a single sentence, nor can it be considered out of place, to devote a moment to the origin of the sublime, in a journey through a country in which the emotion is excited at every step.

"I cannot believe that terror is the source of the sublime, because experience teaches me otherwise. Many objects inspire terror, which do not produce the emotion of sublimity, and a thousand in which there is nothing terrible, produce that emotion. If this be true, the doctrine of Burke is disproved by the most satisfactory evidence—the evidence of feeling. If terror be the source of the sublime, then a venomous reptile, a mad dog, a nest of hornets, a man roused by passion, on the first twinge of the gout, are all sublime; while, on the contrary, the starry heavens on a winter's night,—the rainbow spanning the sky,—the calm ocean,—a vast Gothic cathedral, or the ruins of former ages, are not just objects of sublimity, because they have nothing terrible in them. It has always seemed to me more rational to refer the source of the sublime to POWER,—power either active or passive. Wherever an object awakens the emotion of sublimity, it will be found, either that the object *can itself exert power*, or that *it bears the impress of power*. All those objects which inspire sublimity through the medium of terror,—those, in short, which Mr Burke seems to have had in view when he propounded his doctrine, are referable to the first of these kinds of power; such as, the stormy sea, lightning, a great hostile army;—but to those objects which awaken sublimity without inspiring terror, and which Mr Burke seems to have overlooked, the latter definition may be applied—*they bear the impress of power*. The starry sky bears the impress of power, even that of Omnipotence; so does the rainbow; for though it be the result of the laws of nature, we mount from nature "up to nature's God." The vast temple of devotion, or any gigantic work, such as the Pyramids of Egypt, bear upon them the impress of the power of man, who has reared them; while the ruins of former ages tell of the power of time, the destroyer. It was while looking upon the midnight scene, described in the last chapter, that I first suspected the soundness of Edmund Burke's theory; and every subsequent day in which I pursued my journey, more and more confirmed me in the belief, that power is the more true and universal source of the sublime."

We were a good deal struck and pleased with the passage which we subjoin:—

SUNSET AND SUNRISE IN NORWAY.

"I went to bed a little after nine, but was unable to sleep. I therefore got up about ten, and opened the window of my little chamber, which was upon the ground floor. The sun was shining brightly on the neighbouring heights; and, as I knew there was not much more than two hours' interval between his setting and his reappearing, I resolved upon walking to the summit of a neighbouring hill, which, as far as I could judge, might be about 1500 feet high, to witness both his setting and his rising. I therefore leaped from my window into the little garden beneath, and made my way towards the hill that seemed the most accessible. I passed through some small fields of rye, some patches of oats, and some scanty pasturage, clear of the houses, and immediately found myself commencing the ascent of the mountain. It was then not quite eleven; the sun hung trembling on the verge of the horizon, which, to my vision, was a bounded horizon, owing to the mountains which rose to the north and west, so that the summit was illuminated a considerable time after the steep I ascended was left in gloom. It was a laborious ascent, more so than I had anticipated; but I was in no disposition to rest; and, anxious to have a view over Norwegian wilds, in the twilight of a northern midnight, I proceeded vigorously on my way, now and then pausing to look back upon the difficulties of the ascent. It was a few minutes after midnight when I reached the summit of the hill, the height of which I had not duly estimated. It was a solemn and impressive scene. The dead stillness of midnight was over all; earth and air were reposing in it. No living thing was visible; no bird was on the wing; there was no cry of any animal. The sky was unclouded, but curtained by a pale film, through which the larger stars were faintly glimmering. The dark pine forests, darker in the shadows of the hills, threw a deeper shade over the sombre scene. The grey mountains, dun and majestic, were piled against the calm midnight sky; silence and solitude sat on the hills, and all the pulses of nature were at rest. Long, very long, I could have remained lost in the contemplation of the solemn scene; but soon the mountains and the valleys and the woods were disrobed; their twilight veil dissolved in air; warm tints of light streamed up the sky; and earth stood revealed in the rosy garniture of morning. At length a rim of glory emerged from the horizon, and the broad sun sprung up into the clear azure. In a few moments the seeming of night was no longer visible; it was morning; and, as I descended from my elevation, I heard the chirping of the early bird, and saw the goats rise up and begin to crop the herbage."

Leaving those sublimer and more impressive speculations and scenes, our author carries us to Christiania, his description of which is lively and graphic:—

DESCRIPTION OF CHRISTIANIA.

"I have said, that Norway has in truth three capitals; but Christiania, partly because it is the seat of government, and partly because it lies in the best peopled and most fruitful part of Norway, is generally considered the metropolis. Christiania, although the smallest of the capitals of Europe, is certainly one of the most interesting to a stranger; and, in situation, far exceeds them all in the romantic beauties by which it is surrounded. The *Fiord*, upon which it stands, is so dotted with wooded islands, and forms so many curves and indentures, that it has more the appearance of a fresh-water lake than an arm of the sea, especially as the heights, which enclose four-fifths of its circumference, preserve its surface unruffled. When large vessels in full sail are seen threading their way among these islets, it may easily be supposed that the effect is singularly novel and beautiful. I have never seen, nor do I believe there exists, a happier combination of images than that which is presented on a summer's day from the heights above Christiania. If a stranger could be conveyed by magic, and placed on the height of Egeberg on an evening in July, and were asked in what part of the world he supposed himself to be, he would more probably name Italy or Greece, than the icy region of Scandinavia. The bay itself, with its romantic promontories and wooded isles, may vie with Como; and in the country which stretches on every side of the town, we are struck with the extraordinary combination of rich, *riante*, and picturesque beauty. Cornfields, copses, gardens, lawns, cottages, and villas, lie beautifully blended beneath as warm a sky as canopies more southern lands. Below lie the blue waters of the Fiord, reflecting the fantastic and wood-crowned heights that environ it; while, every now and then, tall masts and white sails appear and disappear among its leafy isles; and beyond, to the north and west, heights rise into hills, and hills into mountains; while, overtopping them all, ridges of snow, purpled in the light of evening, form the majestic boundary of this wondrous amphitheatre. I am the more minute in my description of the environs of Christiania, because they have not been sufficiently eulogized by the traveller, and because, therefore, the extraordinary beauty of this part of Europe is not generally known. For my own part, I went to Norway, prepared to worship its sublimity and grandeur; but I was not prepared to expect that picture of charming variety, and gay and laughing fertility, which is spread around the capital of Norway."

To this may be added the following passage on the

EXPENSE OF LIVING AT CHRISTIANIA.

"There are not many places in which one may live cheaper or better than in Christiania. The only article of luxury that will be found expensive, is the keep of a horse: but every kind of edible is abundant and cheap. The following are the prices of some of the most common articles of food. Mutton from 3d. to 4d. per lb. Beef 4d. to 5d.; butter 8d.; a capon 8d.; a hare 4d.; a pheasant 1s.; a wild duck 6d.; a cock of the north 2s. 6d. or 3s.; eggs three dozen 1s.; but the price of these necessarily varies with the season; salmon 1d. and 1½d. per lb.; sea fish still less; apples of the best quality 8d. per 100; 5d. for those of an inferior quality. French brandy 1s. per bottle; common brandy 6d. The game in the markets (for they have no game laws in Norway) is always abundant, and one of the cheapest articles of food. They have many kinds of game which I have not mentioned above, because I am ignorant of their prices, such as woodcock, partridge, snipe, ptarmigan, &c. The varieties of wild duck are very great, and these are often so plentiful as to be sold at 6d. per pair. Vegetables, while in season, are as cheap as every other article of food; but during eight months in the year, the vegetable calendar is reduced to the roots, which are capable of being stored. House-rent is also reasonable, though, for the most part, persons reside in their own houses. An English gentleman holding an official situation, rented a house in Christiania, as large as one of those in Harley Street, London, for which he paid about £20. There was also attached to it a large stable, a coach or gig-house, and a garden of at least half an acre."

We must here stop for the present, but as there are several other passages in this lively and entertaining volume, which we wish to lay before our readers, we shall return to it again next week.

Blackwood's Magazine for March 1829.
The New Monthly Magazine for March 1829.

BLACKWOOD is very good this month; the first and the last articles are the best. The first is a distinct and able statement of political opinions, rendered necessary at the present crisis, in which Peel is taken severely to task for his late change of sentiments; and Wellington himself does not escape scatheless. The last is a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and all the world knows that these are always excellent; the present is in its delightful author's happiest style. The only piece of original poetry in this number are some stanzas by "Delta;" but we cannot conscientiously praise them, nor do we think Delta ever destined to excel greatly as a poet. There is something that puts us too much in mind of Musselburgh, the Salt Pans, and Fisherrow, in all his effusions. He is an amiable, but not a talented writer. Blackwood "should be made of sterner stuff."

The New Monthly has come forth in considerable strength. There is something inherently respectable and gentlemanly in the New Monthly that must always please. There is a clever paper in the present number about the "Great Agitator," from which we make the following extract, knowing that our readers will peruse it with interest under existing circumstances:

O'CONNELL'S ORATORICAL POWERS.

"Were O'Connell addressing a mixed assembly where the lower orders predominated, I scarcely know any one who would have such a power of wielding the passions. He has a knack of speaking to a mob, which I have never heard exceeded. His manner has at times the rodomontade of Hunt; but he is infinitely superior, of course, to this well-known democrat in choice of language and power of expression. The same remark may apply, were I to draw any comparison between him and another well-known mob-speaker, Cobbett. Were he opposed to these two persons in any assembly of the people, he would infallibly prove himself the victor. A balcony outside a high window; and a large mob beneath him, is the very spot for O'Connell. There he would be best seen, and his powers and person best observed; but were he in the House of Commons, I do not think I am incorrect when I say, that he would make little impression on the House, supposing he were heard with every prepossession in his favour. His action wants grace and suavity,—qualities so eminently fascinating in an elegant and classical speaker, but which, perhaps, are overlooked in an orator of the people. The motions of his body are often sharp and angular. His arms swing about ungracefully; and at times the right hand plays slovenly with his watch-chain.

"Though I shall not, perhaps, find many to agree with me, yet I am free to confess that he does not appear to me to possess that very rare gift—*genuine* satire. He wants the cultivated grace of language which his compeer, Shiel, possesses, and the brilliancy of metaphor. None is there else, however, peer or commoner, who can compete with him in the Catholic Association.

His language is often coarse, and seldom elegant. Strong, fierce, and perhaps bold, it often is; but vituperation and personality make up too much of the *materiel*. His voice is sometimes harsh and dissonant; and I could wish more of that round, full, mellow tone, which is essential to a good delivery, and which so captivates the ear. 'The voice is the key which unlocks the heart,' says Madame Roland,—I believe it. Let the reader listen to the fine round voice of Lord Chief Justice Bushe, and let him hear the sometimes grating tones of O'Connell, and he will soon perceive the difference. The voice of the latter much reminds me of the harsh thinness of Mr J. D. Latouche's (whose *conversational* tone, by the by, is far beyond his *oratorical* one;) and yet the coolness and the astuteness which the latter gentleman possesses in an argument would be no bad substitute for the headlong impetuosity and violent sarcasm in which O'Connell sometimes indulges.

"As he cannot clothe his language in the same elegance as Shiel, he, consequently, cannot give the same insinuation to his discourses. In this respect, his contemporary has greatly the advantage. Shiel gives us the poetry of elegance—O'Connell gives us the prose. The attempts of the latter at wit are clumsy, while the former can bring both that and metaphor to his aid; and he often uses them with much effect. O'Connell, however, can attempt humour with effect, and he has a peculiar tact of suiting this humour to the Irish people. I have not often seen a good exordium from O'Connell—an integral portion of a discourse which it is extremely difficult to make; and I think his perorations want grace, point, and force, and that which the Italians would denominate 'espressivo.'"

To this we shall add a short poetical piece, by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," pretty, but perhaps scarcely worthy of his early reputation:

SONG,

By T. Campbell.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine;
Now whilst our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit, and wine;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight?—*She* is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That Love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell—
Though Love has fill'd my chequer'd doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom.

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day:
That hour of hours, beloved, will be,
The hour that gives *thee* back to me!

The Female Medical Adviser, with Observations on the Treatment of the Diseases of Children. By Alexander Maxwell Adams, M.D., Practitioner of Obstetric Surgery, &c. Edinburgh. Daniel Lizars. 8vo. Pp. 339.

GENERALLY speaking, we do not approve of medical works "for the use of families." We look upon such books as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," "Reece's Medical Guide to Health," and so on, as calculated to do much more harm than good. It is a great mistake in economical fathers and mothers of families to suppose, that, by having recourse to these and similar volumes, they may save the doctor's fee, as if the practice of Medicine could be learned otherwise than by patient study, diligent investigation, and extensive experience. They who think life worth preserving, and health a blessing, ought to eschew trifling with themselves or families, by making empirical experiments, which may induce a train of evils that will subsequently baffle the power of the most skilful practitioner, and make existence a curse. We detest the whole tribe of Lady Bountifuls, who are perpetually pouring "bodies, of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less." When the young or the old of either sex are really ill, let a regular doctor be sent for; but why should men or women file their minds with all the minutiæ of a subject in which they are not professionally interested?

There are exceptions, however, to all general rules. Situations may occur, where some knowledge of the proper *ratio medendi* may be found of the highest utility and importance. The heads of families may be at a distance from medical aid, or their children may be taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and in all common cases of this kind, it is proper that parents should know what ought to be done. We have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending, to those who may find themselves thus situated, the work of Dr Adams now before us, which is intended principally for the use of females, and contains much useful and judicious information. His object has been, in as plain and familiar language as the subject would admit, to direct their judgment in the due regulation of their constitution, and "to instruct them how to detect the approach of disease, and to obviate its consequences by the timely application of suitable remedies." This object, we think, he has very successfully attained.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE POPE LEO XII.—ANECDOTES—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, &c.

YOU ask me to give you some particulars regarding the private life and history of Pope Leo the Twelfth; but, although I have been here several weeks, I have not had a moment's leisure to satisfy your curiosity until now. It is surprising how little is known of his present Holiness, even in his own capital;* but having, from peculiar circumstances, been able to gather every authentic particular of his early history, they are at your service. I may, in the first place, however, introduce you to this venerable personage *propria persona*.

A sunbeam in November is an exotic in our dingy climate, but in this bright atmosphere it is indigenous, and a finer day than last Sunday I never saw in the month of July in England. When passing through one of the cross streets near the Corso, on my return from the Church of *St Maria sopra la Minerva*, I was attracted by the sight of an immense crowd, collected at the gate of a Palazzo, which was guarded by a piquet of Dragoons (the *guardia nobile*), in their dark green uniforms, cocked hats, and plumes of black feathers. Just as I approached, an old-fashioned state coach, gaudily gilded, drawn by six black steeds, drew up to the door. Every individual amongst the gaping crowd immediately knelt down, calling out "*Benedictione, Sancto Padre!*" A tall venerable-looking man, apparently about seventy, in clerical robes, raising his right

* This letter was written before the decease of Leo XII.

hand, made the sign of the cross, and, in the most dignified manner, bestowed his blessing on the kneeling multitude. It was Pope Leo the Twelfth, who had been visiting his private palace, previous to its undergoing some projected repairs. His unwieldy vehicle, followed by half a dozen others, equally antiquated, filled with cardinals and officers of his household, drove off, escorted by the guard of honour, amidst the respectful silence of the spectators; but not until one of them (a widow by her dress) had thrown a large folded paper, a petition probably, into the coach. The old man took it up, bowed to her with a benignant smile, and handed it to one of his attendants.

It is our own feelings which give their tone to the objects we behold; and I acknowledge that the Pope appeared to me much more like what an ecclesiastical prince ought to be on that occasion, than if I had first seen him presiding over the whole *sacro collegio*, surrounded by all the splendour of the Roman court, or even during holy week, with its many ceremonies, gorgeous, glittering, or lactiferous; its interminable processions, aided by the unequalled *miserere*, allowed, by the most musical people in the world, to be the acme of human melody.

Last evening, I accompanied an Irish Franciscan, who has resided upwards of thirty years in Rome, to the Vatican, to witness the imposing ceremony of Pontifical vespers, in the splendid Sixtine Chapel, where, stationing ourselves within the railing which ungallantly excludes the fair sex, I again beheld the Pope, seated on an elevated throne, his brow adorned with the triple tiara, clothed in gorgeous robes of white and gold, attended by a motley assemblage of Roman clergy, nobility, and foreign ambassadors, dressed in the most glaring style of magnificence, and decked out in all colours, from the sober grey of the anchorites and mendicants to the sombre black of the Monks;—from the purple of the monsignore to the crimson of the canon; and from the dazzling scarlet of the cardinal to the sovereign white of the supreme pontiff. If you imagine, however, that I am going to enter into a prolix detail of church ceremonies, I must beg leave to dispel the error, and to assure you, that I paid very little attention to them, amidst the superior attractions of the unrivalled frescoes of Michael Angelo, which cover the walls of the Sixtine Chapel; and listening to the heavenly music of its full choir, for the great effect of the fine evening service of the Catholic Church is produced by the perfect training of the band of singers, who practise constantly together, without any accompaniment. The Sopranos, I am sorry to say, are unfortunate *castrati*, sacrificed for the sake of sweet sounds. The Italian voice, though not always pleasing in conversation, soars in its higher tones into the richest and boldest musical expression. The person who chiefly attracted my attention, (and fortunately my Hibernian cicerone knew every person of distinction), was the Cardinal della Sommaglia, from his strong resemblance to a well-known *ex*-Lord Chancellor. They are about the same advanced age, both possessing the *sauviter in modo*, the same penetrating eyes, still lighted up with an almost youthful fire, when directing a keen piercing glance, or occasionally the play of iron features relaxed into a Sardonic smile. The cardinal was formerly gifted with considerable skill and address in the management of affairs, but now (unlike his British prototype) incapacitated for business, owing to a loss of memory, a strange negative quality for a minister of state, which office he yet holds. Nor is it only physically that he resembles the venerable peer I have alluded to, for their minds seem to have been similarly constituted; they are equally attached to religion, Roman or Anglican, in all its exclusive spirit, and to all ancient institutions; they are equally opposed to innovations, and to the too hasty spread of knowledge, or to what is vulgarly called the "march of intellect."

During our walk home by the *Ponte di S. Angelo*, I asked my reverend Irish friend if he never intended to return to his own country? "Yes," he said; "I should like to leave my bones in the land of my fathers; but what pleasure can I have in witnessing the majority of my countrymen deprived of their civil rights?" I told him that I did not see how he could be affected by any change, as Catholics enjoyed toleration, and the free exercise of their religion, whilst there were many Protestants in Ireland who were the principal proprietors, and that it was necessary to support the established church there, as well as in England. The Friar indignantly exclaimed, "No! Catholicism is the religion of the Irish people; it is the ancient, indigenous plant of our fertile but neglected land: Orangeism is but an exotic, more recently implanted by a foreign hand in the green fields of Erin,—alas! too often watered by the blood of her sons, until it has attained its present rank and luxuriant growth. When England has the wisdom to wipe off the foul and opprobrious stain attached to the professors of our holy faith, (so long retained, after the shadow of a pretext for such narrow and exclusive policy has ceased to exist,) then, and not till then, will Ireland be happy, and England just." You can have but a faint idea of the impression the old Milesian wished to convey, without seeing his dark pallid countenance, his venerable locks, and the sparkling of his still intelligent eye; you should have heard his sonorous voice agitated by the earnest energy of his manner, and listened to his enthusiastic patriotism, warmed by religious zeal. I endeavoured to soothe his aroused feelings, saying, that the evils he complained of, when investigated dispassionately, would appear to proceed from causes very different from what many supposed; but his opinions were fixed,—the time and place were equally unsuited for a lengthened discussion; and therefore, shaking me cordially by the hand, the worthy old man wished me good-night at the door of my hotel, and disappeared, afraid, no doubt, of arriving too late at his convent. I have wandered a long way from the Pope's history, which I took up my pen to give you a hasty sketch of.

Count Annibale della Genga was born in the year 1760, near the town of Spoletto; and as there is only one road to fortune or fame in the States of the Church, at an early age he repaired to Rome, to commence his ecclesiastical studies. When about four-and-twenty, his handsome person and the elegance of his manners attracted the notice of Pius the 6th, the immediate predecessor of the last Pope, who was so much struck with the noble and prepossessing appearance of the Abate della Genga, then just entered into holy orders, that he was immediately summoned to his Holiness's apartments, at the Quirinal palace. The Pope's object was, not only to form his court of the best-looking young aspirants for ecclesiastical dignities, but also to put their talents to the test, by employing them in his private correspondence, historical researches, or any secret proceedings he saw fit. It happened at that time, that some new arrangements were framing for the government and discipline of the church in Germany, which it was necessary to keep secret from the court. The Pope, relying on the discretion and zeal of his young protegé, employed him confidentially for many months, writing under his dictation upon ecclesiastical affairs, chiefly at night, with much precaution and mystery; until, by a series of skilful manœuvres, Cardinal Colnacci, one of the most ambitious men at the Papal court, discovered the nocturnal occupations of his Holiness, and intrigued successfully to have his young amanuensis discarded, having pumped the secret of the proposed reforms in the German bishopricks from the unsuspecting youth; who, from the height of the most brilliant hopes, founded on the Pope's predilection for him, as suddenly fell into the undistinguished ranks of the ordinary pre-

lacy, without appointment or consideration, except that of Monsignore, a class from which those destined to fill the highest offices are generally selected.

Monsignore della Genga was afterwards restored to favour, and continued for years private secretary to Pius the 6th, during which period scandal, and the tittle-tattle of Rome, did not spare the young favourite, who was much admired by the fair sex, particularly by the beautiful wife of an old officer in the Swiss guards; indeed, she was considered as his avowed mistress. He was at length, however, obliged to quit all the attractions of the Roman court, as his patron thought it more for his interest to appoint his confidential secretary to a foreign mission, than to retain him any longer in his cabinet. The legation of Munich becoming vacant, he was named to it, and soon became a decided favourite at the Electoral Court—an honour to which his amiable manners, elegant person, and highly-cultivated mind, justly entitled him.

In the year 1793, Count della Genga was promoted to the honorary title of Archbishop of Tyre, *in partibus infidelium;* and on the death of his patron, in 1800, he was recalled to Rome from his post of legate, where he found his enemy, Cardinal Gonsalvi, (nephew of the ambitious old Colnacci,) in power; for, on the election of Pius the 7th at Venice, he appointed the former secretary of state, an office he retained during the whole of that Pope's Pontificate. Della Genga retired for a while from public life, and his chief occupation and amusement was the chase, to the pleasures of which he devoted most of his time.

During the fifteen years that Italy was governed by the French, the Pope's temporal sovereignty was in abeyance; and in retribution for the long period that Gaul was ruled by a Roman Prefect, when the Imperial Cæsars were masters of the world, the Roman states, reduced to a province of the new empire, were obliged to submit to the degradation of receiving laws from a French Prefect, who resided in the Eternal City. He relieved the Papal court from the troubles and anxiety attendant on worldly concerns; and Cardinal Gonsalvi, the honorary *secretario di stato*, had a complete sinecure, or rather his functions were limited to the *cure* of souls, having only the responsibility of those spiritual matters which the Pope, as head of the Catholic church, could not be divested of.

The restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France was so important an event for his Holiness, that he immediately sent Archbishop della Genga, to congratulate Louis the 18th on his return to Paris; and in order not to relinquish an opportunity of obtaining as much influence for the Holy See, by negotiation with the restored monarch, as it had lost through the imperial usurper who preceded him, the Nuncio was instructed by the crafty and politic Gonsalvi, to endeavour to prevail upon Louis to renounce those advantages which had been secured to the Gallican church, by the famous concordat, and which even the powerful Louis the 14th could not obtain, although claimed originally by him. It may be imagined that it was not from pure regard or friendship for the Nuncio della Genga, that his rival charged him with a supposed impossible mission; on the contrary, it was more with a view to give a death-blow to his reputation as a negotiator, for he was not without pretensions, and his diplomatic skill and address were highly vaunted in the Papal coteries. The result proved that he enjoyed a reputation in this respect he did not deserve; for, soon after his arrival in Paris, in 1814, discovering, to his great astonishment, that the Bourbon ministry was by no means averse to granting his demand, he quite lost his character as a dissimulating, clever diplomatist, by dispatching a courier at once to Rome, acquainting Cardinal Gonsalvi with his *candid* opinion on the subject, and his well-founded hopes of immediate success in the object of his mission. This error was one of the greatest he could have been guilty of, and in most courts is never excused or forgotten. It nearly proved fatal, not only to his reputation, but to his life. Had he written vaguely, exaggerated the difficulties that obstructed him, and abstained from dispatching a courier until the arrangement was concluded or formally signed, his skill, talents, and finesse would have been extolled, and a Cardinal's hat and some rich benefice would have been his reward. Instead of this, Gonsalvi informed the Pope that the affairs of the church absolutely required his immediate presence at Paris, to counteract the awkward position in which the inconsiderate Nuncio had placed the negotiations on the tapis; and as France stands higher than any power in the estimation of the Holy See, from the importance which her adherence reflects on the head of the Catholic church, Cardinal Gonsalvi was very soon on his road across the Alps. A fortnight after writing his unfortunate dispatch, affairs having gone on most prosperously in the meantime, Della Genga was stepping into his carriage to wait upon the French minister, to give the finishing hand to the concordat, when he was surprised by the unwelcome arrival of Gonsalvi; who, in an hour afterwards, receiving the necessary documents from his thunderstruck rival, got into his carriage, and drove to the Tuileries in his place. The distress produced by this untimely interference in the mind of Della Genga was such, that for many months he never left his bed, an hemorrhage having immediately declared itself, which reduced him to the point of death. Grief, disappointment, and mortification preyed on his health; and this malady has never since ceased to afflict him at intervals. It is said he has received the *viaticum*, or extreme unction, no less than a dozen times since this revolution in his system.

At the last conclave, Cardinal della Sommaglia, from his advanced age, from his being Dean of the *Sacro Collegio*, and other circumstances, had great hopes of being elected to succeed Pius the 7th. A young man seldom succeeds, fifty-five being the *minimum;* and Della Genga, who had some years before been appointed a Cardinal, was at that time not much more than sixty, quite a youth in their council of ancients. But, it is said, that he dexterously made an arrangement with his old friend Della Sommaglia, to promote the interests of one another, on condition that if either were elected Pope, the other should have the office of Secretary of State. This is the only plausible manner of accounting for the result of the election in favour of the young Pope, and the nomination of the old Ultra-Minister of State. Leo the 12th, however, certainly owes his present elevated station in some measure to his pleasing elegance of manner, and his handsome, graceful person, which secured him many friends; and although a man of pleasure in early life, like Charles the 10th, the present king of France, he is not only reformed, but more strait-laced and rigid in his conduct, than if he had been equally exemplary in his youth; in this respect they resemble all converts, who affect greater austerity, and make less allowance for the faults of others, than those who have never strayed from the path of propriety.

Since the accession of his present Holiness, the Vatican has been indebted to him for a vast increase to its treasures in antiquities, literature, and the arts. Several collections of books, antiques, and curiosities, have been lately purchased; such as the Verentini, and Ranandini, and part of the Aldobrandini statues and relievi. Leo is a liberal and enlightened patron of the arts; he has also continued the different public works commenced by Gonsalvi, added a cabinet of Mosaics to the Vatican Museum, and augmented the number of Theological Colleges. Although an effort was made by the ultra party to prohibit public Protestant worship in Rome, it still is protected by the Court, and even a

guard allowed to sanction the English service; an inestimable advantage to the many foreign residents here.

The Pope has, however, made himself unpopular, by restoring sanctuaries for assassins at Ostia, and another unhealthy town, with a view of increasing their population, but, it is to be feared, at the imminent risk of travellers passing near them. Such asylums had been abolished for many years, and are now only partially restored,—for a short time, it is to be hoped.

To the influence of Cardinal della Sommaglia* may be attributed the measures now in contemplation, for founding a college on the same footing as the Sorbonne, a philological establishment, charged with the examination of all literary works before they are printed. There can be little apprehension of any liberal works escaping the vigilant eyes of ecclesiastical censors. I believe his Holiness owes his unpopularity solely to his unfortunate choice of a minister, as the recollection of the beneficent and conciliatory Gonsalvi is still cherished by the Romans with a sentiment of grateful affection, which the less congenial and intolerant government of his antiquated successor has deepened and confirmed.

POETRY OF GONZALO DI BERCEO.

NOTHING can be more humiliating to the pride of authorship, than to reflect how many names, that once seemed graven imperishably on the tablet of Fame, and were familiar as household words, are now almost totally obliterated and forgotten. Surely it might teach a lesson of humility to many living writers, to witness the unavailing efforts of the Antiquary to buoy above the waters of oblivion some "frail memorial" of individuals, who, in their own belief, and that of their contemporaries, stood high and dry beyond the most presumptuous swellings of its flood.

The author, whose name is prefixed to this notice, appears to be one of those at whose expense this disagreeable lesson is furnished. Gonzalo di Berceo was born in the latter end of the twelfth century, and his writings rank next, in the order of time, to the ancient poem of the Cid. Even at this early period he displayed no small share of that fecundity for which his countrymen afterwards became proverbial. Thirty thousand of his verses are still preserved; and although the materials of his history are scanty, an opinion may be formed of his popularity, and of the influence he exerted on the literature of his country, from the fact, that he originated a style of versification called "*Versos de arte mayor*," which was esteemed the most lofty then known, and continued in use for two centuries. It is true that later critics, who have noticed the productions of this author, have been exceedingly niggard of praise; but we have the testimony of Don Tomas Sanchez, who has done much for the ancient poetry of Spain, besides the obvious improvement of the language in Di Berceo's hands, to set off against their opinion. Sismondi, in particular, might perhaps have spoken with less severity of our poet, had he considered that it was scarcely fair to try the merits of productions of the thirteenth century by the standard of the nineteenth. We have endeavoured to render the following short poem as nearly as possible in the spirit and manner of the original, and have only to beg the reader to bear in mind, that it was not composed in an age when poetical epithets and images were all cut and dry, requiring only to be arranged in rows of a certain length to produce a poem. We may also state, that our poet was a monk; and this circumstance probably accounts for the chief omission discoverable in the following lines; for, had the rules of his order permitted his introducing a "help meet for him" into the paradise he describes, few would be disposed to sneer at his picture:

It fell upon ane tyme, as I, Gonzale di Berceo hight,
Wals wendyng on my wearye wayes in pilgrimme guyse ydight,
That I espyde ane fayre grene mead, wi' lustye flouris ycladde,
Ane place, I trow, that weel mot mak ane heavye harte right gladde.

The littel flouris evrichone, o' parfume redolente,
Zieldit grit plesaunce to the ee, an' to the harte contente;
On evrich syde elere chrystelle fountes in streims were wellin' out,
Quhoes waters mylde in winter were, and cool in summer's droughte.

The meid enamelet sae fayre, the odoures passing sweit,
An' the shadows of grit trees, that made ane sheltere mylde and meit,
Solacet me, that I forgat my greifs and travaille sore,
Och! mid soche balmie fragrancie mot ane man live evermore!

Ane haunte o' soche delyte to see, 'twas ne'er my lot, I wis,
Wi' odoures saft an' savourie, an' shades sae calme as this:—
My cloake I cast asyde, intente to loll luxuriously
Upon the grassie velvet 'neath ane goodlie spreadand tree.

An' there as I wals lyand my cares didde alle forleit,
For divers birddes were carolyng in harmonie most swete;
No instrument of manne's ingyne mot mate that melodie,
Soche dulce concorde no nevir wals thy worke, humanitye!

An' men an' birdis als manie as hither chancit straye
Toke o' the floures als manie as they mot tak awaye;
But nevir o' that meid coulde they spulzie the glore or sheen,
For evir anone sprang three or four for one that plucket had beene.

R. F. R.

* This superannuated politician has since been dismissed from office.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. VI.

[When politics are incidentally alluded to in these letters, it is not the writer's wish to indicate any party bias, but merely to state facts which come under his own observation.]

THE war of politics continues to rage, and with increased violence. The sacred pale of friendship is beginning to be invaded here, even here, in reflecting, dispassionate England, and the Catholic Question bids fair to become as fruitful a source of social discord as the memorable case of Queen Caroline. The very men who have hitherto taken pride in displaying a philosophic indifference to all discussions connected with modes of belief, are gradually doffing their neutrality, and ranging themselves around the banner dearest to the sympathies and recollections that in early life found their way to the hea- It is quite surprising to me, that any two sensible mortals of opposite opinions should think of wasting argument upon the matter; for of the innumerable disputations which I have had the misfortune to witness, I never knew an instance of conviction being produced, or any thing but more obstinate assertion, wider disagreement, and a fiercer form of advocacy. My curiosity was gratified last week by seeing the effect of an election with its most anti-classical attendants, upon the University of Oxford—the "holy, stedfast, and demure" Alma Mater of so many august names, that, like the bright embellishments of an illuminated MS., lend lustre to the records of British literature. Alas! for learning, the Oxford election was much like every other, with the exception that a great proportion of the voters seemed to act from a fixed political principle, though not a few were guided by motives, such as are supposed to influence the independent electors of the boroughs, under the special patronage of that upright Anglo-Israelite, Sir Manasseh Massch Lopez. One fact is as certain as any fact can be, that the preceptress of his scho-

lastic hours has dissolved the ties that bound her to Robert Peel. Nothing could surpass the bitterness with which he was mentioned during the contest with Sir R. H. Inglis, and the persons who voted for his return shrunk from his defence. No man cried, "God bless him!"—His reputation as a public character seems equally to have fallen on the tranquil margin of the Isis, as on the populous banks of the Thames.

During my stay in Oxford, I had the pleasure of hearing that a spirit of reformation in literary matters was gaining ground in the University. It is said, that "old things will be done away," and though all things will not become new, still it is expected that much of the cumbrousness of ancient notions will be thrown off, and be superseded by modern ideas of elegance and utility. In despite of the horror entertained for the lighter publications by the sages of the classics, Oriel has produced a Quarterly Review, and the Oxford Literary Gazette is announced for the 13th of March. I grieve to find that the first number of the Review does no credit to Blanco White nor his contributors. It is of a verity a most pithless and pointless periodical. Its first paper especially, would disgrace an Etonian, as an experiment of skill in essay-writing. Blanco must abandon politics and polemics, and look to his editorial duties, if he cares for the success of the work under his charge. Of the Oxford Literary Gazette, I am inclined to augur most auspiciously. Its editor is a scholar and a gentleman, with solid and extensive acquirements, and totally free from prejudice of any kind. He is to be supported by the flower of the University, and a part of the accredited authorship of the metropolis. One fair and ample field lies before him in the treasures of literature, that are buried in the unsunned recesses of the magnificent Bodleian library, and other great collections. To explore these, and to make a tasteful and judicious use of the fruit of research, would go far to command the prosperity essential to the continuance of the undertaking.—A highly competent Oxonian from your side of the Tweed has taken Sir Philip Sidney under his protection, and his work, which is about to issue from the press, promises to form a valuable addition to the list of good old English books. It contains much that is new and interesting.

The Theatres are inexpressibly infelicitous in their dramatic novelties.—"Monsieur Mallet," owing to the finished acting of Matthews, is the most attractive of all the late productions.—A play, in three acts, by Kenney and Morton, has been produced at Drury-Lane, supported by the strength of the company in every department. Its chief characteristics are obscenity and stupidity. Its name is the "Battle of Pultowa," and a piece under the same title was brought out almost at the same time at Covent-Garden. I leave to other critics to say which deserves the palm of excellence. The genius of Burke—the inventor of a new crime—has been commemorated at the Surrey Theatre. Pitch plasters are expected to extinguish cigars, and I understand, from good authority, that Mr Joseph Hume never quits Bryanstone-square for St Stephens, without adopting the precautionary measure of wrapping a sevenfold fence of silk or fleecy hosiery—I cannot exactly say which—around the seat of financial eloquence.

FINE ARTS.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

(*First Notice.*)

THE picture which above all others arrests and retains the attention in this Exhibition is Etty's "Judith." It is a bold and noble production, full of the fire and spirit of genius. Most of those who have written about this picture have called it "Judith and Holofernes;" but by a reference to the catalogue they would have found that the artist himself entitles it simply "Judith." This he has not done unadvisedly, for though every one must admire the painting as a whole, there can be no doubt that Judith is the object of leading interest, and that upon her the painter has been most anxious to exhaust all his powers. Judith, it is evident, would make a splendid picture by herself, but Holofernes would not; for he only serves to illustrate the heroine. We look upon the head, neck, and bust, together with the extended right arm of Judith, as a piece of painting which makes as near an approach to perfection as we believe the art to be capable of. We find it difficult to express as we wish our deep admiration of the skill with which Etty has succeeded in attaching to his heroine a feeling of moral beauty and sublimity which no inferior mind could have cast round a female who was about to sever a human head from the body to which it belonged. He has done this in a manner so triumphant, the conception is so dignified, and the execution is so fearless and magnificent, that all the small critics who go about the rooms poking their noses into the little groups of green trees, or the cattle pieces, or the family scenes, and who are very eloquent and learned upon such matters, look quite bewildered and silly the moment they are talked to regarding what is probably the *only* picture really painted for immortality now exhibiting in Edinburgh. Etty soars an inconceivably loftier flight than such persons can comprehend. They know a good deal about the technicalities of the art, but they are profoundly ignorant of all its higher attributes, its moral power, its poetry, its inspiration. Many little objections have been started to the details of this picture, some of them perhaps correct, and others most absurd. But who would stop to inquire whether or not Judith's leg was a shade too masculine, or the drapery over Holofernes a shade too glaring, when he felt the effect produced by the *tout ensemble* pouring itself into his soul, and carrying away the feeble barrier of critical conceit, as the winter torrent carries away the straws and herbage lying in its course. This picture is a study for many a solitary hour. The upturned face of Judith, praying silently and fervently, ere she ventures to thrust the sword into the tabernacle of life,—those breathing lips upon which the sunlight falls, and from which we almost hear the words, "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day"—that queenlike form, radiant with the beauty and the strength of the luxuriant East,—and then the tyrant by her side, wrapt in an uneasy slumber full of wild dreams, his dark strong hair flowing on the couch behind, and already entwined in Judith's left hand, that her aim may be the surer,—the whole arrangements, so simple, yet so complete,—only two figures, yet those two figures telling in themselves a history,—these are circumstances which mark the master, and which he who does not perceive, and appreciate, and *feel*, may forever renounce all hope of rising to eminence, either as a painter, poet, sculptor, or musician, destitute as he must be of those finer susceptibilities, which from the enjoyment lead one to the execution of what is great, beautiful, and sublime. We are glad to hear that the Academy have purchased this picture, and that they have bespoken two others from the same artist.

The picture which, after "Judith," is most spoken of, is Martin's "Deluge," but it is no more to be compared to the Judith, than a tailor to Hercules. It is painted in a different style of art altogether, and both the style and the conception are as inferior as can well be conceived. The Deluge, it will be observed, is a subject which possesses an inherent sublimity in itself, and the painter therefore must be an arrant ninny, who does not at least make something out of it. But Martin's notions of the cause why the Deluge is sublime,

appear to us very apocryphal, or at least much more adapted for vulgar and commonplace minds, than for those of higher cultivation, and gifted with more intellectual discernment. He attempts to produce sublimity solely through the influence of terror, and terror too of the lowest and most unworthy kind—a mere dread of physical suffering. We have all heard of a puddle in a storm, and we must say, that Mr Martin's "Deluge" reminds us a little of this phenomenon. There is a terrible deal of blustering, and melodramatic stamping and roaring in it, a tremendous quantity of thunder and lightning, a very blood-red sun, a particularly curious-looking comet, and a moon evidently dying of fright; then there are waves lashing and splashing in all directions, water-spouts tumbling and grumbling, clouds of a most portentous blackness, and last of all, millions of people congregated together on rocks, and in caves, squeezing and cramming, like flocks of sheep at a cattle-market; and then over the whole is thrown a glimmering unearthly light, such as may be found in coal-pits, but which, in the present case, must be supposed to be the joint production of the aforesaid sun, moon, and comet. Now, Mr Martin should have known, that all this did not constitute sublimity, or at least, not that kind of sublimity which we look for in a representation of the Deluge—the most awful calamity which ever has overtaken, or ever will overtake, the habitable globe. All this, however, it may perhaps be said, is matter of opinion, or rather of feeling, regarding what is most likely to excite emotions of sublimity. No doubt it is; but we will go farther, and undertake to show, that nobody *can* feel greatly awe-struck on viewing this production. In the first place, it requires two distinct points of sight. When we stand at the proper distance for seeing the landscape part of the picture, the figures, which are very numerous, and very minute, cannot be recognised or distinguished; and on the other hand, when we go near enough to examine the living multitude, the mountains and the waters become one black mass of confusion. Thus the general effect is divided, as it were, into two halves, and at least materially weakened, if not altogether destroyed. In the next place, there are far too many human beings still surviving. The statement may appear somewhat paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that it is impossible to sympathise with a great crowd, so much as with a few individuals. A companionship in misery, takes off from its bitterness. The catastrophe of a piece, which we once saw performed in a provincial theatre, was the blowing up of a mine, by which about two dozen persons, upon the stage at the time, were supposed to be killed, and they fell down accordingly; but the effect, so far from being tragic, was positively ludicrous. So it is in real life. Thousands are cut down on the day of battle, for whom we do not feel so much, as we do for the one solitary traveller murdered on the heath. Hence, with true taste, Poussin, in his fine quiet picture of the Deluge, which is now in the gallery of the Louvre, introduces only one or two human beings, on the top of what is evidently the last peak that still has its head above the waters. The attention is thus riveted on one object, and imagination is left to do the rest. But Martin is particularly anxious not to leave any thing for the imagination, and he therefore brings millions together, all of whom are about to be swallowed up very speedily; but as death is to be divided among so many, we have no engrossing feeling of its terrors in any individual instance. In the third place, the painter has chosen to represent only one passion, as pervading the whole of this multitude, and that passion is terror,—either terror of the most abject and crouching kind, or terror which has sunk into despair, or terror which has produced madness. This is not true to nature. Among so many thousands, there must have been some courageous spirits who could defy death,—there must have been not a few, to whom it was indifferent, perhaps welcome,—and surely there must have been a portion, who, in the fervour of the love that filled their human bosoms, could forget its presence, and think only of each other, at least until the struggle came. It is a humiliating and unfair representation of mankind, to suppose that the prospect of dissolution, in whatever shape it might come, would have the effect of so entirely unhinging mental and moral energy. We do not like to see a vast mob of our fellow-creatures dying like the beasts who perish. In the fourth place, to convey any distinct idea of a flood that is to bury a whole earth in water, it appears to us necessary, that we should be placed upon a level, as it were, with the highest points of refuge, to which the inhabitants of that earth could fly. Mr Martin has not done this. We are by no means so high up as we might be, for he shows us mountains and rocks which do not seem to be inaccessible, yet which far overtop the ridge where he has placed the *dramatis personæ* of his picture. This is unskilful, for the spectator feels as if an attempt were made to cheat him into unnecessary sympathy, seeing that the artist might at least have given the people a better chance than he has chosen to do. This error, too, has the effect of making the whole scene appear more contracted than it should, or, in other words, of giving the storm too much of a mere local influence. It would not be difficult to point out several other defects in this painting, particularly the dreadful bad drawing of all the figures; so bad, indeed, that they are monsters and not men; and the heterogeneous mass of wild beasts huddled together among the human beings—But we have said enough to prove that, though a clever, it is an over-ambitious picture, and that from a misconception of the mode of treating it, the genius of the artist has not been able to cope with the magnitude of the subject.

We shall proceed to a consideration of the other paintings next Saturday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A REMEMBRANCE OF EIGHT YEARS.

By Thomas Atkinson.

A voice comes o'er the waves of Time,
A sunbeam from behind the past;
Around my heart old feelings climb
With tendrils fast;
While through the rainbow drops of tears,
Half bright, half sad—I scan eight years.

Eight years!—but little more than thrice
That sum of time my life hath told;
And yet my heart, as with a voice,
Says I am old.
For o'er it crowding joys have stept,
And griefs their trailing length have swept.

Eight years!—if by emotions strong
We measured out the march of time,
Then I can never live as long,
Though seventy times the chime
Of birth-day bells ring in my ear,—
As that throng'd space of joy and fear.

Yet 'tis but yesterday, 'twould seem,
Since first I saw the queen-like form,
Which, like the memory of a dream,
In calm or storm,
Hath haunted, ay, and bless'd me too,
And given my web of life its hue.

Then from the prison of my breast
My heart first wing'd, and upon you
At parting took its earliest rest;
And if it flew
A moment thence, in pleasure's search,
It gladly sought again its perch.

And there 'twill bide, if shelter meet
And cloudless kindness keep it warm;
Till love hath left no pulse to beat,
Or friendship can no longer charm:
It rests 'twixt you and Death; and Fate
May make that *eighty* years, or *eight!*

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A NEW work, connected with that important branch of the Fine Arts, Gastronomy, is announced by Messrs. Cadell & Co. It is to be entitled, The Practice of Cookery, by Mrs Dalgairns; and will contain a complete system of practical cookery, expressly adapted to the business of every-day life.

We observe that the first volume of Mr Murray's new Work, The Family Library, is to make its appearance on the 21st of this month. The two first volumes are to contain a Life of Napoleon, and they will be followed, during the present year, with Lives of General Wolfe, by Southey; Cervantes, by Lockhart; General the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott; Sir Isaac Newton, by Dr Brewster; Reginald Heber, Marlborough, British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, and the Life and Reign of George III. Mr Murray also announces, for the same Work, a History of the Jews, a History of the English Reformers, Lives of the English Philosophers, a History of the British Empire in India, Elements of Botany, and the Life of Alexander the Great, by the Rev. John Williams.

Mr Murray is likewise about to publish a series of volumes under the title of Family Poets and Family Dramatists,—another series under the title of the Farmer's Library, the first part of which will contain a History of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of British Agriculture,—and in a separate form, Lives of Belisarius, by Lord Mahon, and of Sir Thomas Monro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig,—the Plays of Shirley, with Notes by the late William Gifford,—A Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, by the indefatigable Robert Southey,—Lectures on Sculpture, by John Flaxman,—the Ancient Geography of Asia, as connected with the route of the Ten Thousand and the expedition of Alexander, by the Rev. John Williams,—a Botanical Miscellany by Professor Hooker, to be published in quarterly parts,—Travels in the Morea, by Colonel Leake,—the Descent into Hell, a poem,—and many other works, which Mr Murray seems to have greater facilities for publishing than we have for enumerating.

A novel, entitled Ecarté, is to appear in a few days. The story is chiefly confined to the dangers which assail young Englishmen in the Saloons of Paris.

Mr Bucke, author of that very pleasing and instructive work, (these epithets are of our own choosing, and therefore not mere humbug,) the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, is about to publish a Tragedy, entitled Julio Romano.

Mr Mill's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, on which he has been employed for several years, is now nearly ready for the press.

The Casket, a Miscellany consisting of original Poems, is announced for early appearance. It is to be published by subscription, for the relief of a family that has seen better days, and is to contain contributions from Joanna Baillie, Bowles, Crabbe, the Ettrick Shepherd, Hemans, Hook, L. E. L., Milman, Mitford, Montgomery, Moore, Opie, Praed, Rogers, Southey, Wordsworth, &c., and also some unpublished Poems of Barbauld, Byron, Canning, and Heber.

Mr W. Carpenter, author of the Scientia Biblica, &c., has in the press, in one large volume 8vo, Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation.

Mr W. Jones, author of the History of the Waldenses, &c. has in the press a Christian Biographical Dictionary, comprising the lives of such persons in every country, and in every age, since the revival of literature, as have distinguished themselves by their talents, their sufferings, or their virtues. The work may be expected to appear in the course of next month.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—We have been favoured with an early copy of the Second Edition of Professor Pillans' Letters on Elementary Education. We are happy to perceive that amongst other additions, it contains a postscript, in which are given additional illustrations of the subject, and answers, of a most conclusive kind, to the different objections which have been stated to the sentiments contained in the letters. We may one long have occasion to allude to this work again.

FINE ARTS.—Turner, the accomplished landscape painter, has just returned from a long visit to Rome, and has brought with him, it is said, some fine specimens of his own talents, which many consider at present unrivalled in a mixture of the imaginative with the real in landscape painting.

Theatrical Gossip.—Miss Paton, the English "Queen of Song," as she is called, has returned to Covent Garden, and has, as usual, been received with great applause.—We understand that Miss Isabella Paton, now in Edinburgh, is shortly to commence an engagement at Dublin.—Macready has been playing to crowded houses at Newcastle.—Some information on the subject of Theatricals will be found in the letter of our London Correspondent.—We are happy to announce the return of more auspicious days, or rather nights, to the Theatre Royal here. "The Recruiting Officer" has been revived in excellent style. The *Sergeant Kite* of Murray, and the *Thomas Appletree* of Stanley, are treats of an ordinary kind. The house is now in general much better filled. This is greatly to be attributed to the ear which the fashionable circles have given to the strong appeal that has been made to them through the medium of the press. We hope the manager will spare no exertions to merit the patronage he is now receiving. We are glad to perceive that the "Beaux Stratagem," one of the most delightful of all comedies, is in preparation.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Feb. 28—March 6.

SAT. *Charles XII., Mr Tomkins, & The Noyades.*
MON. *The Recruiting Officer, & The Critic.*
TUES. *Charles XII., Youth, Love, and Folly, & The Negotiation.*
WED. *The Recruiting Officer, & Cartouche Side.*
THUR. *Charles XII., The Lancers, & Three and Easy.*
FRI. *The Recruiting Officer, & Bottle Imp.*

TO OUR READERS.

THE distinguished success which has attended the Edinburgh LITERARY JOURNAL has made it necessary to print a Second Edition of the whole of the First Part, which is now ready, and may be had at the Publishers. To those who wish for complete sets to be made up into volumes every half-year, an early application is recommended.

Part Fourth of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, for February 1829, is now ready.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be glad to receive from "A. C. R.," a paper on the Institution of an Astronomical Chair in Edinburgh.—We still continue unwilling to enter into any controversy on the subject of Ossian's Poems, more especially as the work to which our correspondent alludes, although printed, appears never to have been published at all.—We return our best thanks to "R. C." of Inverness, for his attention; his communications are in types.

We like the two old airs sent us from the "Banks of the Carron;" "The Lass of Carron Side" shall have a place in the Literary Journal.—"The Ruined Merchant" is not one of the most successful of its author's efforts; we shall be glad to hear from him soon again. Does he ever try prose?—We shall be happy to receive, from "Siam" of Glasgow, the prose sketches he offers.—"M. N." of Glasgow, "C. H." of Aberdeen, the song beginning, "We're Scotia's sons," and the song by "B." will not suit us.—"Bonny wee Lily" shall have a place.

We have been amused by observing that a *rejected contributor* to the Edinburgh Literary Journal has been making use of the columns of a provincial newspaper to point out what he conceives to be one or two chronological inaccuracies in our review of Koch's "Revolutions of Europe." The same motive which has made him anxious to find an opportunity for venting his spleen, has made him willing to overlook the distinction between the spirit and the letter of the passage to which he alludes. We have not at present time to explain this distinction to him, nor do we think it necessary, well knowing that rejected contributors are rarely the most impartial judges.

We observe among our advertisements of this day, the prospectus of a new literary periodical, on which we shall take the liberty of making a few observations next week.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 18. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829. Price 6d.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

Our readers would observe among the Advertisements in the Edinburgh Literary Journal of last Saturday, the Prospectus of a periodical work, which, it is said, is to commence soon, on a plan somewhat similar to our own. To any thing like a fair, manly, and straight-forward competition, coming from a respectable and efficient quarter, we could have no objection; but, on the contrary, would rather rejoice in it, as it would be the means of keeping us constantly on the alert, and of exciting us to still higher exertion. We are sorry to say that, from all we can perceive, this is not the nature of the opposition now announced. The success which has attended the Edinburgh Literary Journal since its commencement is well known. The circulation of *every* number has considerably exceeded fifteen hundred copies, whilst that of several has extended to upwards of twenty-five hundred. It enjoys this wide and established circulation among a great proportion of the most respectable families both in Edinburgh and throughout the country; and its present prosperity cannot but be considered an evidence that the promises held out in the Prospectus, both with regard to the contributions of authors of celebrity, and the neat and classical appearance of the work in all its typographical details, have not been belied. It may indeed be confidently affirmed, that in none of the periodicals of the day will so many eminent names be found conjoined as have already graced the pages of the Literary Journal. The public have not allowed this fact to pass unobserved or unrewarded; and a weekly increase of subscribers has been the result.

It is disagreeable to speak thus pointedly of our own success; but we have been induced to do so in order to vindicate our readers, our contributors, and ourselves, from the expressly erroneous and most unjustifiable insinuation of the Prospectus to which we have alluded. The first evidence in that Prospectus is the following;—"The purpose and value of a Journal conducted on the extensive plan of the *London Literary Gazette*, containing critical notices of New Works, and forming a compend of general literature, are so universally understood, as to render exposition superfluous." A few lines farther on it is said,—"It must be considered rather extraordinary, that in a city so distinguished, no work of the kind now projected should have hitherto existed." The end meant to be gained by this statement is sufficiently obvious; but the hopes of success must be slender indeed, when it is thought necessary by the conductors of a new work to have recourse at the very outset to so glaring an attempt to delude the public. Had they chosen to say boldly at once, that, though the Edinburgh Literary Journal no doubt existed,—though its circulation was said to be extensive,—though the reception it had met with had been unusually favourable,—and though its contributors had been so numerous and respectable, yet that they—the Proprietors and Editor of the projected Literary Gazette—looked upon it as a very weak and trashy publication, or as a very dull and heavy one, or as a very superficial and trifling one, or as a very uncandid and ungentlemanly one,—the statement would have been straight-forward and distinct; and though we should of course have smiled at its absurdity, we should not have felt contempt for its cunning. We augur nothing generous, or manly, or talented,—we anticipate no honest rivalry and fair emulation from persons thus attempting to deny the existence of the only periodical in Scotland which really stands in the way of their new design, and the established success of which renders theirs comparatively useless.

We have afforded their prospectus, however, the best circulation it could have, by giving it a place in our own columns, and as most of our readers have, no doubt, perused it, we think it right to say a few words concerning it, with the avowed and express purpose of showing that the projected Gazette will be a feeble copy of the Literary Journal, which has had the merit of overcoming all the difficulties attending the introduction of such a work into Scotland, and which, having preoccupied the ground, will not be easily driven from its position.

The Prospectus of the projected Gazette is evidently founded on the Prospectus of the Literary Journal, which was issued some months ago, and noticed in very laudatory terms by the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* for November. The present composition is divided into nearly the same heads, and several of the phrases used are precisely similar. This is of little consequence, did it not serve as an additional proof that nothing is to be attempted in the Gazette which has not been previously done in the Literary Journal. There is no novelty whatever in the plan; and the only question which remains is, how far the resources of the Gazette may be expected to be at all comparable with those of the Journal. This question is very soon answered, and in a manner which puts the projected Gazette in a particularly ludicrous point of view. Though the present be only our eighteenth Number, the Literary Journal can already boast of contributions from Professor Wilson—J. G. Lockhart—The Ettrick Shepherd—William Tennant—Professor Gillespie—Allan Cunningham—James Sheridan Knowles—Dr Morehead—Dr Memes—Robert Chambers—William Kennedy—The Author of "Tales of a Pilgrim"—John Paterson—Thomas Atkinson—Thomas Aird—Francis Grant of Kilgraston—Dr Ainslie, Author of "Materia Indica"—Alexander Balfour, Author of "Contemplation," and "Charac-

ters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register—JOHN PARKER LAWSON, Author of the "Life and Times of Archbishop Laud—THE AUTHOR OF "THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL"—MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN—and the AUTHORESSES OF THE "ODD VOLUME," "TALES AND LEGENDS," &c. To these might be added several highly respectable members of the Church, the Bar, and of the Medical Profession, but whose names, as they prefer to write anonymously, it is unnecessary to mention. Such are the persons who have supported, and who *do* support, the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL; yet, the Prospectus under consideration pretends ignorance of its very existence, and, of course, an equal ignorance of the contents of *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, in which is to be found the passage we have copied in the note below.*

But, passing over this very lamentable attempt at ignorance on the part of the conductors of the projected Gazette, it becomes a subject of rather curious inquiry who *their* contributors are to be? The Prospectus informs us, very properly, that they will affect no "boastful pretensions of ways or means," and make no "empty parade of names;" but unfortunately it goes on immediately to betray the secret, that their troops, being mustered, amount to THREE! There is "a rush of three," as they say, in the green-room when the house is particularly thin. The names of this formidable trio are,—Thomas De Quincey, *Delta*, and MR CRICHTON! Against Mr De Quincey we have nothing whatever to say; he is a scholar and a gentleman; *but how many columns will he write in the Gazette monthly, and how long will he continue to write at all?* Delta at times produces very sweet verses. As to Mr Crichton, it will be necessary to inform our readers that his lucubrations appear occasionally in a newspaper called, "The Saturday Evening Post," that he is the translator from the French (not a very difficult language) of Koch's Revolutions of Europe, and that he is the author of Lives of Converts from Infidelity, a work which was so universally disliked, that it wellnigh terminated the existence altogether of that excellent publication, Constable's Miscellany, in which it appeared. It may farther be added, that this Mr Crichton is to be the *Editor* of the projected Gazette, and that he has thought it prudent, (notwithstanding his modesty,) to allow his own name to be introduced into the Prospectus along with those of his two contributors. The sum total, thus obtained, is a list of *three*; but casting his eyes from the pages of the LITERARY JOURNAL to the yet unborn columns of the Gazette, Mr Crichton probably felt the full force of the poet's prayer—

> "Of the THREE HUNDRED grant but *three*
> To make a new Thermopylæ."

In the play of "Caius Gracchus," Vettius is defended from an unjust accusation by Gracchus, who thus speaks of his accusers:—

"But, say they, 'We have witnesses against him.'
Name them!—Who stands the first upon the list?
A Client.—I'll oppose to him a Senator.
Who next? A Slave.—Set down a Roman Knight.
Who follows last? *The servant of a Questor.*
I'll place a Tribune opposite to him!
How stand we now? Which weighs the heavier?
Their Questor's servant, or my Tribune?—Their
Slave, or my Roman Knight?—Their Client, or
My Senator?—Now, call your witnesses!"

We shall favour Mr Crichton with a new version of this passage:—

"But, says he, 'We have witnesses against him.'
Name them!—Who stands the first upon the list?
The Opium-Eater.—I'll oppose to him
Wilson, Gillespie, Lockhart, and Morehead.
Who next? Delta of Blackwood's Magazine.—
Set down the Ettrick Shepherd, Tennant, Knowles,
Malcolm, Park, Kennedy, and Cunningham.
Who follows last? One Crichton, who has done
Koch into English, and wrote Lives of Converts.—
I'll put a cipher opposite to him!
How stand we now? Which weighs the heavier?
Their Opium-liker, or my opium-haters?
Their single Delta, or my band of poets?
Their Koch-translating Crichton, or my cipher?
Now call your witnesses!"

We recommend this parody to the attentive and serious perusal of the conductors and proprietors of the projected Gazette.

In thus exposing the impertinence of these scribblers, we are happy to carry the reflection along with us, that we are making no wanton or ungenerous attack, but only repelling, with what we know will be felt by the public to be proper spirit, an insult they have attempted to cast upon our contributors and ourselves, and indirectly upon our readers. We eschew personality of any sort; but we have a pleasure in stifling in the very birth all unprovoked aggression; whilst we know that, throughout the country, it will only have the effect of making our numerous readers stand the firmer by us. We hope we have as yet gone on together not unpleasantly: and we can assure them that, notwithstanding the exertions we have already made for their gratification, we consider our labours as comparatively only commencing, and are every day strengthening our resources, and preparing to bring new reinforcements into the field.

In the Prospectus of the projected Gazette we are informed that opinions on books will, in all cases, be pronounced with freedom and impartiality, "founded exclusively on the merits of the author." This is a highly proper principle; how far it will be acted on has yet to be proved. Our readers will perhaps recollect that, in the Prospectus of the LITERARY JOURNAL, a similar promise of the "strictest impartiality" was made, "which would give way to no private interests whatever." We venture, without hesitation, to appeal to the critical notices which have already appeared in our pages, as affording undeniable proof that this promise has been kept. We are also able to mention another circumstance which strongly corroborates the fact, that we are, and, we trust, ever shall be, superior to "those influential or mercenary considerations which occasionally bias and degrade the spirit of periodical criticism." On applying, through our publishers, a few days ago, (as is usual with us when a new work makes its appearance,) to Mr Blackwood, for a copy of the "Shepherd's Calendar," by Hogg, we were not a little surprised to receive from that bookseller an intimation, in writing, that he could not comply with the request, and that he declined sending any more of his publications, "*on account of the use which*

* "NORTH.—Here, James, is one of the best, because most business-like Prospectuses I ever read—of a new Weekly Periodical, about to be published in Edinburgh, in the middle of November—THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL. From what I know of the Editor, a gentleman of talent, spirit, and perseverance, I foretell the book will prosper.

SHEPHERD.—I shall be glad o' that, for ane gets tired o' that eternal soun'—Blackwood's Magazeen—Blackwood's Magazeen—dinnin' in ane's lugs, day and night, a' life-long.

NORTH.—One does indeed."—*Noctes Ambrosianæ in Blackwood's Magazine for November* 1828.

was made of Mr Ballantyne's work." It is unnecessary to make any comment upon this conduct. Its evident meaning is, that unless we consent to praise every one of Mr Blackwood's publications, we shall receive no support from him! Whether correct or not, our strictures upon Mr Ballantyne's book were made honestly and conscientiously; and surely Mr Blackwood must perceive, that praise would very soon cease to possess any value, were it to be lavished indiscriminately. Mr Blackwood himself will ultimately come to confess, that a laudatory notice of any of his publications in the LITERARY JOURNAL is of infinitely more value than it would have been had we sacrificed for his favour the independence of our own judgment. We feel confident, that publishers in future will not misinterpret our motives, when we deem it necessary to speak severely of any work. Towards them we have the most friendly feelings; and the principles upon which we act are those which, in the long run, must redound most to their advantage. Of course, we shall notice Mr Blackwood's publications as usual, and speak of them invariably as we think they deserve.

There is only one other matter to which we wish to allude, before ceasing to talk of our own affairs. The projected Gazette is to be "printed on a sheet equal in size to the largest literary paper in Britain;" and the price of each Number is to be 8d. unstamped, or 1s. stamped. This is injudicious, for two reasons. In the first place, Edinburgh is not the head-quarters of British Literature, and therefore does not supply an editor with the same quantity of interesting and really valuable materials for a work of this sort as London. If a certain size of sheet, therefore, be found sufficiently large in London, a size somewhat smaller will be found equally so in Edinburgh. It is true that any extent of paper may be covered; but some regard ought to be had to the quality as well as to the quantity; and a careful selection of what is good is much to be preferred to a careless profusion of what is *mediocre*. But, in the next place, the projected Gazette will have much more the appearance of a newspaper, than of a work like the LITERARY JOURNAL, which is to be bound every half-year into handsome volumes. In a newspaper, every thing must be of ephemeral interest; and consequently men of talent rarely choose to entomb their compositions in its columns. It has, on the contrary, been all along one of the leading objects of the proprietors of the LITERARY JOURNAL, to give the contents of their work a standing value and importance, by throwing them into a form, which combines a facility of weekly circulation with the half-yearly publication of a handsome volume, rendered valuable by containing articles of permanent interest, from a considerable proportion of the most celebrated men of the day. An exceedingly convenient shape and price are the result of this arrangement; and if the size is somewhat less than the London periodicals of a similar kind, the rate of charge is comparatively lower. The *London Literary Gazette* contains, in 14 pages, (allowing the remaining 2 pages to go for advertisements,) 25,200 words, which, divided by 8d., (the price of the Gazette,) gives 3150 words for each penny. The EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL contains, in 14 pages, (allowing the remaining 2 pages to go for advertisements,) 19,600 words, which, divided by 6d., (the price of the Journal,) gives 3266 words for each penny, or 116 words more for each penny than the London Literary Gazette. It should also be noticed, that although only two pages of advertisements are set aside in each of these above statements, the London Literary Gazette contains frequently three or four pages, which, of course, reduces the quantity of literary matter; whereas, the advertising department of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL is distinctly limited to two pages.

All these things being considered, we feel ourselves most unapproachably secure in the position we have already taken; and having now frankly and fearlessly developed the system upon which we are determined to proceed, we leave the projected Gazette in the hands of Mr Crichton, and the worthy Converts who may like to range themselves under his banner; while, keeping far aloof, we pursue our way

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

LITERARY CRITICISM.

The Shepherd's Calendar. By James Hogg, Author of "The Queen's Wake," &c. Two volumes. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

THIS book is exactly what it pretends to be. It is a Shepherd's Calendar, or register of all the remarkable scenes and events of agricultural and rural life, set down in plain and homely language, without the most distant attempt at fine writing or fashionable decorations. Every thing in these volumes is invested with the real, substantial, and existing attributes of a shepherd's condition. The picture may not be altogether so pleasing or classical as others into which a more sentimental and poetical tone is introduced; but it is a thousand times truer to nature, and is, on that account, more vivid and graphic. Hogg has *seen* what he describes, and might safely add *magna pars fui*. He enjoys, therefore, a double advantage. The man of genius may, no doubt, sit down in his closet, and conjure up to his mind's eye a thousand beautiful traits of pastoral society and manners,—a thousand lovely valleys and green hill sides, alive with the bleatings of a thousand flocks;—he may see the maiden trip forth over the morning dew, with the freshness of the dawn upon her cheek; or, in the holier sunset hour, he may hear her singing like a bird to the stream, that makes a melody as innocent as her own; and, giving his thoughts a local habitation and a name, he may send them forth over the land, to win the applause of many a gentle heart, and to beguile the delighted reader into a momentary forgetfulness of the numerous frailties and imperfections that cling round humanity, whether in the cottage or the palace. But the Ettrick Shepherd, and they who, like him, are personally acquainted with all the phases of a shepherd's life, perceive at once that these are only the dreaming visions of a willing enthusiast. They are tales to be told, but they are not things to be seen. Hogg's strong mind, and more accurate knowledge, reject such illusive colouring; he refuses to dip his pencil in the rainbow, when about to paint the common shapes of earth. Not that he is backward in perceiving many of those finer lights and shades, that are cognizable only to the eye of genius. Throughout the whole of these two volumes we are continually meeting with touches of nature, and little accidental pieces of pathos, and sentiment, and sublimity, and piety, which prove that the writer has a soul within him, and which lift his pages far out of the ranks of the vulgar and the uninspired.

The leading characteristic of the work is a strong and racy delineation of all the cares, pleasures, anxieties, comforts, occupations, amusements, and superstitions of the shepherd life. In many of the sketches there is a great deal of dry broad humour; and the chief merit of all of them is, that the reader is made to feel that in every page is set down, forcibly and well, what

shepherds actually do, say, think, and believe. It is true, that there is occasionally a good deal of vulgarity and coarseness in the style, which, by fastidious critics, will, perhaps, be considered excessively disagreeable; but to us it seems to be a natural part of the subject, for the Ettrick Shepherd has no idea of putting white kid gloves on a swain who has been holding the plough all day, or of sending for some of Gianetti's rouge, or Clireheugh's French fronts, for the behoof of those sturdy damsels who officiate as ewe-milkers, hay-workers, and harvest-shearers. The Shepherd is not afraid to call things by their right names. He disdains the fopperies of fashionable society, but he is not indelicate;—vulgar he may be, if vulgarity is to be judged of by the standard established at Almack's. It strikes us, indeed, that Hogg has a much greater respect for a man, than for a gentleman, which is, to be sure, a terribly democratical notion, but in a shepherd and a poet may, perhaps, be forgiven. In one word, if all the young ladies who read "Kilmeny," take up the "Shepherd's Calendar," in the ardent hope of hearing of nothing but purling streams and shady groves, they will be most grievously disappointed. The book is made of sterner stuff; it has more of the Shakspearian quality of reality about it,—the good and the evil,—the prose and the poetry of life. There is no such thing as any purely ideal character in the whole, or any high-sounding attempt at magnificent conceptions or lofty thoughts which may dazzle weaker intellects, but have no practical tendency or result. There is the vigour of Allan Ramsay, with scarcely any of the didactic tediousness of Thomson, or the Arcadian mawkishness of Shenstone. Men who like to see character developed, without caring much for the conventional rank which circumstances may have allotted to God's creatures, will peruse this book with no mean interest, and will find that, like the oak under the rude and unpolished bark, there is far more valuable stuff in it than at first sight meets the eye.

The "Shepherd's Calendar" is divided into chapters, of which there are eleven in the first volume and ten in the second, every chapter containing some distinct tale, sketch, or subject. Although no particular arrangement is observed, they may be appropriately classed under three heads, the *first* of which treats of the pastoral concerns of the shepherds and their out-of-door life,—the *second*, of their domestic affairs, the internal economy of their families, their likings and dislikings, friendships, feuds, courtships, marriages, sick-beds, and burials,—and the *third*, of their superstitions, remarkable as these are,—often highly poetical, and as often prodigiously ludicrous. These subjects are not illustrated by dry disquisitions, but by placing the actors themselves before us, and introducing them to us *propriis personis*. Under the first head we have mentioned, we would particularly direct attention to the powerfully written sketch entitled "Mr Adamson of Laverhope," and also to the exceedingly interesting and entertaining chapters on the habits of "Sheep," on "the Shepherd's Dog," and on "Snow-storms." In the second class we were much pleased with "Window Wat's Courtship," and the chapter on "Odd Characters." The former, more especially, is a sketch of rustic manners, drawn with a strength, and a breadth, and an accuracy, which no man living but Hogg could infuse into it. It is like a canto of "Anster Fair," in prose. We are sorry it is in our power to present our readers only with the opening scene, which we shall entitle

LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

"'Wat, what was the matter wi' you that you never keepit your face to the minister the last Sabbath day? Yon's an unco unreverend gate in a kirk, man. I hae seen you keep a good ee on the preacher, and take good tent to what was gaun, too; and troth, I'm wae to see you altered to the waur.'

"'I kenna how I might chance to be lookin', but I hope I was listening as weel as you, or ony that was there!—Heighow!—It's a weary warld this!'

"'What has made it siccan a weary warld, Wat? I'm sure it wasna about the ills o' life that the minister was preaching that day that has gart ye change sae sair? Now, Wat, I tented ye weel a' the day, and I'll be in your debt o' a toop lamb at Michaelmas, gin ye'll just tell me ae distinct sentence o' the sermon on Sabbath last.'

"'Hout, Jock, man! ye ken I dinna want to make a jest about ony saucred thing; and as for your paulie toop lamb, what care I for't?'

"'Ye needna think to win aff that gate, callant. Just confess the truth, that ye never heard a word the good man said, and that baith your heart and your ee were fixed on some object in the contrair direction. And I may be mistaken, but I think I could guess what it was.'

"'Whisht, lad, and let us alane o' your sinfu' surmeeses. I might turn my back on the minister during the time o' the prayer, but that was for getting a lean on the seat; and what ill was in that?'

"'Ay, and ye might likewise hirsell yoursell up to the corner o' the seat a' the time o' baith the sermons, and lean your head on your hand, and look through your fingers too. Can ye deny this? or that your een were fixed the haill day in ae particular place.'

"'Aweel, I winna gie a friend the lee to his face. But this I will say, that an you had been geeing a' the attention to the minister that ane should do wha takes it upon him to lecture his neighbours at this rate, ye wadna hae been sae well aveesed with respect to my behaviour in the kirk. Take that for your share o' blame. And mair than that, if I'm nae waur than you, neither am I waur than other folk; for an ye had lookit as weel at a' the rest as it seems you did at me, ye wad hae seen that a' the men in the kirk were looking the same gait.'

"'An' a' at the same object too? An' a' as deeply interested in it as you? Isna that what ye're thinkin'? Ah, Wat, Wat, love winna hide! I saw a pair o' slae-black een that threw some geyan saucy disdainfu' looks up the kirk, and I soon saw the havoc they were making, and had made, in your simple honest heart. Wow, man! but I fear me, you are in a bad predickiment.'

"'Weel, weel, murder will out, and I confess, between twa friends, Jock, there never was a lad in sic a predickiment as I am. I needna keep aught frae you, but for the life that's i' your buik, dinna let a pater about it escape frae atween your twa lips. I wadna that it were kenned how deeply I am in love, and how little it is like to be requited, for the haill warld; but I am this day as miserable a man as breathes the breath o' life. For I like yon lass as man never likit another, and a' that I get is scorn, and gibes, and mockery in return. O Jock, I wish I was dead in an honest natural way, and that my burial day were the morn!'

"'Weel, after a', I daresay that is the best way o' winding up a hopeless love concern; but only it ought surely to be the last resource. Now, will ye be candid, and tell me gin ye have made all lawful endeavours to preserve your own life, as the commandment requires us to do, ye ken? Hae ye courted the lass, as a man ought to court her, who is in every respect her equal.'

"'Oh yes, I have! I have told her all my love, and a' my sufferings; but it has been only to be mockit, and dismissed about my business.'

"'And for that ye whine and make wry faces, as you are doing just now?—Na, na, Wat, that's no the gate o't; a maid must just be wooed in the same spirit she shows; and when she shows sauciness, there's naething for it, but taking a step higher than her in the same

humour, letting her always ken, and always see, that you are naturally her superior, and that you havena forgotten that you are even stooping from your dignity, when you condescend to ask her to become your equal. If she refuse to be your joe at the fair, never either whine or look disappointed, but be sure to wale the bonniest lass you can get in the market, and lead her to the same party where your saucy dame is. Take her to the top o' the dance, the top o' the table at dinner, and laugh and sing, and aye between hauns whisper to your bonny partner; and if your ain lass disna happen to be unco weel buckled, it is ten to ane she will find an opportunity of offering you her company afore night. If she look angry or offended at you attending to others, you are sure o' her. They are queer creatures the lasses, Wat, and I rather dread ye haena muckle skill or experience in their bits o' silly gates. For to tell you the truth, there's naething pleases me sae weel, as to see them begin to pout and prim their bits o' gabs, and look sulky out frae the wick o' their ee, and gar ilka feather and flower-knot quiver in their angry capers; for let me tell you, it is a great matter to get them to take offence,—it lets a man see they are vexed for the loss o' him.'

"'If you had ever loved as I do, Jock, ye wad hae found little comfort in their offence. For my part, every disdainfu' word that yon dear lovely lassie says, gangs to my heart like a red-hot spindle. My life is bound up in her favour. It is only on it that I can live, move, or breathe; and whenever she says a severe or cutting word to me, I feel as if ane o' my members were torn away, and am glad to escape, as lang as I am ony thing ava; for I find, if I were to remain, a few mae siccan sentences wad soon annihilate me.'

"'Ou ay, ou ay, you're a buirdly chield to be sure; but I hae nae doubt ye wad melt away like snaw aff a dike, or a dead sheep weel picket by the corbies! Wow, man, but it makes me wae to think o't! and sae, to save ye frae sic a melancholy end, I shall take in hand to bring her to your ain terms, in three months' time, if you will take my advice.'

"'O man, speak; for ye are garring a' the blood in my veins rin up to my head, as gin it were a thousand ants galloping like mad, running races.'"—Vol. II. p. 4—8.

Proceeding to the Shepherd's stories, illustrative of the superstitions prevalent among that class which he is describing, we hesitate not to say, that we know of none who could impart to them so thrilling an air of authenticity and truth. Hogg has an admirable notion of the best mode of treating the marvellous and the supernatural; and there are stories in these volumes which we certainly would not advise persons with weak nerves to read alone at midnight. "George Dobson's Expedition to Hell" is a splendid piece of diablerie, and so is "The Brownie of the Black Haggs." In "Mary Burnet," there are many passages not unequal to "Kilmeny," of a wild unearthly interest, yet of a sorrowful and gentle kind. "The Laird of Cassway," and "Tibby Hyslop's Dream," are scarcely inferior. "The Witches of Traquair" delighted us much; and "The Marvellous Doctor," with his elixir of love, is one of the absurdest, yet most exquisite things, we have read for a long while. We had marked for quotation the splendid passage where he is pursued by the cow and the mad bull, on which occasion he made one of the narrowest escapes ever made by man, but we find we can only refer to it. As a specimen, however, of Hogg's quieter and more serious style, we subjoin a short extract on a very interesting subject:

THE PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

"There is no phenomenon in nature less understood, and about which greater nonsense is written, than dreaming. It is a strange thing. For my part, I do not understand it, nor have I any desire to do so; and I firmly believe that no philosopher that ever wrote, knows a particle more about it than I do, however elaborate and subtle the theories he may advance concerning it. He knows not even what sleep is, nor can he define its nature, so as to enable any common mind to comprehend him; and how, then, can he define that ethereal part of it, wherein the soul holds intercourse with the external world? how, in that state of abstraction, some ideas force themselves upon us, in spite of all our efforts to get rid of them; while others, which we have resolved to bear about with us by night as well as by day, refuse us their fellowship, even at periods when we most require their aid?

No, no, the philosopher knows nothing about either; and if he says he does, I entreat you not to believe him. He does not know what mind is; even his own mind, to which one would think he has the most direct access; far less can he estimate the operations and powers of that of any other intelligent being. He does not even know, with all his subtlety, whether it be a power distinct from his body, or essentially the same, and only incidentally and temporarily endowed with different qualities. He sets himself to discover at what period of his existence the union was established. He is baffled, for Consciousness refuses the intelligence, declaring, that she cannot carry him far enough back to ascertain it. He tries to discover the precise moment when it is dissolved, but on this Consciousness is altogether silent; and all is darkness and mystery; for the origin, the manner of continuance, and the time and mode of breaking up the union between soul and body, are in reality undiscoverable by our natural faculties—are not patent beyond the possibility of mistake; but whosoever can read his Bible, and solve a dream, can do either, without being subjected to any material error.

"It is on this ground that I like to contemplate, not the theory of dreams, but the dreams themselves; because they prove to the unlettered man, in a very forcible manner, a distinct existence of the soul, and its lively and rapid intelligence with external nature, as well as with a world of spirits with which it has no acquaintance, when the body is lying dormant, and the same to the soul as if sleeping in death.

"I account nothing of any dream that relates to the actions of the day; the person is not sound asleep who dreams about these things; there is no division between matter and mind, but they are mingled together in a sort of chaos, what a farmer would call compost, fermenting and disturbing one another. I find that in all dreams of that kind, men of every profession have dreams peculiar to their own occupations; and, in the country at least, their import is generally understood. Every man's body is a barometer. A thing made up of the elements must be affected by their various changes and convulsions; and so the body assuredly is. When I was a shepherd, and all the comforts of my life depended so much on good and bad weather, the first thing I did every morning was strictly to overhaul the dreams of the night; and I found that I could calculate better from them than from the appearance and changes of the sky. I know a keen sportsman, who pretends that his dreams never deceive him. If he dream of angling, or pursuing salmon in deep waters, he is sure of rain; but if fishing on dry ground or in waters so shallow that the fish cannot get from him, it forbodes drought; hunting or shooting hares, is snow, and moorfowl, wind, &c." Vol. I. p. 131-3.

On the whole, we have gone through these volumes with much pleasure. Their strong good sense,—their clear perception of the weak and the ridiculous, and of the manly and the praiseworthy, in rural life,—their many admirable specimens of national humour and acuteness,—their very blunders, arising as these frequently do from a goodness of heart and a certain simplicity of dis-

position,—their vivid and impressive glimpses of an unseen world, and of beings in an unknown state of existence,—all these things have afforded us gratification, and, to use a hackneyed but not unmeaning word, have been felt by us to be *refreshing*, after much of the miserable trash we have been condemned to wade through, purporting to contain pictures of the drivelling inanities of fashionable life, and a set of *dramatis personæ*, whose constitutions have been shattered by a course of vicious dissipation, in a manner that even the breezes of Yarrow, or the invigorating waters of St Mary's Loch, could not repair.

Thoughts concerning Man's Condition and Duties in this Life, and his Hopes in the World to Come. By Alexander Lord Pitsligo. To which is prefixed, *A Biographical Sketch of the Author.* Edinburgh; Whyte and Co. 1829.

We have seldom perused a more interesting little volume than this. Whether as it respects the biographical sketch, or the "Thoughts" of the venerable nobleman, few productions of the kind have issued from the press which have greater claims on the public attention.

Alexander, fourth Lord Pitsligo, was born on the 22d of May 1678. He was of illustrious descent. His father was third Lord Pitsligo, and his mother was Lady Sophia Erskine, a daughter of the noble and ancient house of Mar. In 1691, while yet a minor, he succeeded to the estates, and in the nineteenth year of his age he was sent to France, to complete his education. Of a pious and amiable disposition, he became, in France, the friend of the illustrious Fenelon, Abbé of Cambray. At this time the sect of the Quietists had attracted some notice, and Fenelon himself was strongly infected with their enthusiasm. The example of Fenelon was enough to influence young Pitsligo, and he accordingly adopted their opinions. After meeting with many of the distinguished characters of the court of Louis XIV., Lord Pitsligo returned to his native country. He took the oaths, and his seat, in the Scottish Parliament in 1700. From this time forward he was a zealous but conscientious Jacobite, and continued firmly attached to the unfortunate House of Stuart. He accordingly opposed the measures of that party at Court who wished to exclude the illustrious exiles from the throne. He was also one of the Scottish nobles who opposed the Union.

In 1715 Lord Pitsligo joined the standard of the Earl of Mar, his relation, and was in the battle of Sheriffmuir. Every one knows how that insurrection terminated. Various attainders followed, but Lord Pitsligo was not among the number. He was compelled, however, to retire to the Continent, where he remained for some time. In 1720 he returned home, and found himself engaged in some litigious proceedings, which greatly harassed him, and compelled him to dispose of a good part of his estate. These adversities did not lessen his virtue. At Pitsligo Castle, in the remote district of Aberdeenshire, called Buchan, he resided in the most retired manner, devoting himself to literature, and cultivating the study of the mystic writings with which he had become acquainted in France.

In this manner did Lord Pitsligo occupy himself till 1745. Although then aged and in ill health, his zeal for the fortunes of a fallen house induced him to join the Prince's standard. He was *out*, as it is called, in that chivalrous but vain attempt; and being now considered as an inveterate offender, he was not only attainted, but a large reward offered for his apprehension. Probably, had he been taken, he would have been another victim to the too atrocious revenge of the government. It is here that the memoirs of his Lordship's life become most interesting, and from the many anecdotes which his biographer gives of his narrow escape, we find a difficulty in making a selection. We shall, however, lay the following before our readers, as a specimen of what the loyal Jacobites suffered in those days.

THE NARROW ESCAPES OF LORD PITSLIGO.

"After the battle of Culloden, Lord Pitsligo concealed himself for some time in the mountainous district of the country, and a second time experienced the kindly dispositions of the country people, even the lowest, to misfortune. The country had been much exhausted for the supply of the Prince's army, and the people who gave him shelter and protection were extremely poor; yet they freely shared their humble and scanty fare with the unknown stranger. This fare was what is called *water-brose*, that is, oatmeal moistened with hot water, on which he chiefly subsisted for some time; and when, on one occasion, he remarked that its taste would be much improved by a little salt, the reply was, 'Ay, man, but sa't 's touchy,' meaning it was too expensive an indulgence for them. However, he was not always in such bad quarters; for he was concealed for some days at the house of New Miln, near Elgin, along with his friends, Mr Cummine of Pittulie, Mr Irvine of Drum, and Mr Mercer of Aberdeen, where Mrs King, Pittulie's sister, herself made their beds, and waited upon them."

"It was known in London, that about the end of April, 1746, he was lurking about the coast of Buchan, as it was supposed with the view of finding an opportunity of making his escape to France; and it required the utmost caution on his part to elude the search that was made for him. To such an extremity was he reduced, that he was actually obliged, on one occasion, to conceal himself in a hollow place in the earth, under the arch of a small bridge at Craigmaud, upon his own estate, about nine miles up into the country from Fraserburgh, and about two and a half from where New Pitsligo now is, which was scarcely large enough to contain him; and this most uncomfortable place seems to have been selected for his retreat, just because there was little chance of detection, as no one could conceive it possible that a human being could be concealed in it. At this time he lay sometimes in the daytime concealed in the mosses near Craigmaud, and was much annoyed by the lapwings flying about the place, lest this should attract notice to the spot, and direct those who were in search of him in their pursuit.

"As yet the estate of Pitsligo was not taken possession of by government, and Lady Pitsligo continued to reside at the castle. Lord Pitsligo occasionally paid secret visits to it in disguise. The disguise that he assumed was that of a mendicant, and Lady Pitsligo's maid was employed to provide him with two bags to put under his arms, after the fashion of the *Edie Ochiltree* of those days. He sat beside her while she made them, and she long related with wonder how cheerful he was, while thus superintending this work, which betokened the ruin of his fortune, and the forfeiture of his life."

"When walking out in his disguise one day, he was suddenly overtaken by a party of dragoons scouring the country in pursuit of him. The increased exertion, from his desire to elude them, brought on a fit of asthmatic coughing, which completely overpowered him. He could proceed no farther, and was obliged to sit down by the road-side, where he calmly waited their approach. The idea suggested by his disguise and infirmity was acted upon, and, in his character of a mendicant, he begged alms of the dragoons who came to apprehend him. His calmness and resignation did not forsake him, no perturbation betrayed him, and one of the dragoons stopped, and, with great kindness of heart, actually bestowed a mite on the venerable old man, condoling with him at the same time on the severity of his cough.

"On another occasion, Lord Pitsligo had sought and

obtained shelter in a shoemaker's house, and shortly after a party of dragoons were seen approaching. Their errand was not doubtful; and the shoemaker, who had recognised the stranger, was in the greatest trepidation, and advised him to put on one of the workmen's aprons and some more of his clothes, and to sit down on one of the stools, and pretend to be mending a shoe. The party came into the shop in the course of their search; and the shoemaker, observing that the soldiers looked as if they thought the hands of this workman were not very like those of a practised son of King Crispin, and fearing that a narrower inspection would betray him, with great presence of mind, gave orders to Lord Pitsligo as if he had been one of his workmen, to go to the door and hold one of the horses, which he did accordingly. His own composure and entire absence of hurry allayed suspicion, and he escaped this danger. He used afterwards jocularly to say, he had been at one time a Buchan cobbler."

"One of the narrowest escapes which he made from discovery, when met in his mendicant's dress by those who were in search of him, was attended with circumstances which made the adventure singularly romantic and interesting. At that time there lived in that district of the country, a fool called Sandy Annand, a well-known character. The kindly feelings of the peasantry of Scotland to persons of weak intellect are well known, and are strongly marked by the name of "the Innocent," which is given to them. They are generally harmless creatures, contented with the enjoyment of the sun and air as their highest luxuries, and privileged to the hospitality of every house, so far as their humble wants require. There is often, too, a mixture of shrewdness with their folly, and they are always singularly attached to those who are kind to them. Lord Pitsligo, disguised as usual, had gone into a house where the fool happened to be at the time. He immediately recognized him, and did not restrain his feelings, as others did in the same situation, but was busily employed in showing his respect for his Lordship, in his own peculiar and grotesque manner, expressing his great grief at seeing him in such a fallen state, when a party entered the house to search for him. They asked the fool who was the person that he was lamenting thus. What a moment of intense anxiety both to Lord Pitsligo and the inmates of the house! It was impossible to expect any other answer from the poor weak creature, but one which would betray the unfortunate nobleman. Sandy, however, with that shrewdness which men of his intellect often exhibit on the most trying occasions, said, 'He kent him since a muckle farmer, but his sheep a' dee'd in the 40.' It was looked upon as a special interposition of Providence, which put such an answer into the mouth of the fool."

"In March 1756, and, of course, long after all apprehension of a search had ceased, information having been given to the commanding officer at Fraserburgh, that Lord Pitsligo was at that moment in the house of Auchiries, it was acted upon with so much promptness and secrecy, that the search must have proved successful, but for a very singular occurrence. Mrs Sophia Donaldson, a lady who lived much with the family, repeatedly dreamt on that particular night, that the house was surrounded by soldiers. Her mind became so haunted with the idea, that she got out of bed, and was walking through the room in hopes of giving a different current to her thoughts before she lay down again; when day beginning to dawn, she accidentally looked out at the window as she passed it in traversing the room, and was astonished at actually observing the figures of soldiers among some trees near the house. So completely had all idea of a search been by that time laid asleep, that she supposed they had come to steal poultry,—Jacobite poultry-yards affording a safe object of pillage for the English soldiers in those days. Under this impression, Mrs Sophia was proceeding to rouse the servants, when her sister having awakened, and enquired what was the matter, and being told of soldiers near the house, exclaimed in great alarm that she feared they wanted something more than hens. She begged Mrs Sophia to look out at a window on the other side of the house, when not only soldiers were seen in that direction, but also an officer giving instructions by signals, and frequently putting his fingers on his lips, as if enjoining silence. There was now no time to be lost in rousing the family; and all the haste that could be made was scarcely sufficient to hurry the venerable man from his bed, into a small recess behind the wainscot of an adjoining room, which was concealed by a bed, in which a lady, Miss Gordon of Towie, who was there on a visit, lay, before the soldiers obtained admission. A most minute search took place. The room in which Lord Pitsligo was concealed did not escape. Miss Gordon's bed was carefully examined, and she was obliged to suffer the rude scrutiny of one of the party, by feeling her chin, to ascertain that it was not a man in a lady's night-dress. Before the soldiers had finished their examination in this room, the confinement and anxiety increased Lord Pitsligo's asthma so much, and his breathing became so loud, that it cost Miss Gordon, lying in bed, much and violent coughing, which she counterfeited, in order to prevent the high breathings behind the wainscot from being heard. It may easily be conceived what agony she would suffer, lest, by overdoing her part, she should increase suspicion, and in fact lead to a discovery. The *ruse* was fortunately successful. On the search through the house being given over, Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his confined situation, and again replaced in bed; and as soon as he was able to speak, his accustomed kindness of heart made him say to his servant, 'James, go and see that these poor fellows get some breakfast, and a drink of warm ale, for this is a cold morning; they are only doing their duty, and cannot bear me any ill-will.' When the family were felicitating each other on his escape, he pleasantly observed, 'A poor prize, had they obtained it—an old dying man!'"

Reduced to indigence, degraded, and forfeited, this venerable nobleman at length found a retreat unmolested in the house of Auchiries, where he died on the 21st of December 1762, in the 85th year of his age. His death was peaceful and affecting, the result of a life of piety and virtue. "His son," observes the author of this sketch, "had the misfortune to be indebted to a stranger, now the proprietor of his ancient inheritance by purchase from the crown, for permission to lay his father's honoured remains in the vault which contained the ashes of his family for many generations."

After saying so much respecting this venerable peer, it is impossible for us to give any extracts from his work. We therefore refer our readers to this relic of a noble mind, assuring them that they will find *all* Lord Pitsligo's "Thoughts," worthy of serious consideration. The Editor who has so ably delineated Lord Pitsligo's life, deserves much praise for the interesting narrative he has given, and the opportunity he has afforded of placing a most excellent little volume in the hands both of young and old.

Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean. Second Series. In 3 vols. London. Colburn. 1829.

We must confess that we, in this northern metropolis, are somewhat fastidious with respect to novels. Whether it be that we have dwelt with enthusiasm on the pages of the author of Waverley, or on the different, but no less brilliant productions of the author of "Lights and Shadows,"—whether it be from an honest pride that

Scott and Wilson reside among us, or from what cause soever it be, we confess that we are not disposed to be too patient when we meet with a fourth or fifth-rate production of this class. Not that we are exclusively partial. We can admire the eastern imagery of "Zillah," the wild but genius-bespeaking extravagance of "Salathiel," the clever satire of "Pelham," and the highly interesting "Adventures of a Kuzzilbash;" but we would no more think of ranking the "Tales of a Voyager" with these, than we would think of classing Zillah and the rest with the works of the two other authors we have named.

The "Tales of a Voyager," second series, we are disposed to think a failure, and we are sorry for it; but, like their predecessors of the first series, they possess neither interest, unity, nor design. The author is evidently a man of imagination, but he lacks greatly the faculty of invention. The Tales are supposed to be told by various of the voyagers, to guile away the *tædium vitæ* of the Arctic regions, and, most assuredly, they are fit for no other meridian. They partake of the coldness of the climate to a great degree; and they must have been listened to, just because our hero or heroes had nothing else to do. We prove what we say from the first tale in the book, entitled, "Bernard Hyde," which is one of the most puerile, absurd, and ridiculous stories we have ever read. Bernard Hyde himself, who is the hero, though a bold smuggler, is below contempt; and as to the heroines, we (being gallant men) shall leave Bernard's worthy mothers and the Misses Wrangham to divide that honour between them without comment. There is an attempt at a plot, which fails; there is an attempt at wit, but so far from exciting a laugh, it never raises even the shadow of a smile. In short, Bernard and the other worthies of this tale are the most brainless and insipid of mortals.

The grand design of novel-writing, we presume, is to delineate life and manners, to introduce fictitious characters as they would exist in real life, yet to preserve throughout a regular succession of interesting incidents which do not contradict the well-known unities of time, place, and action. Let the author of the "Tales of a Voyager" look to this. It is a pity he did not burn "Bernard Hyde," for it is literally a piece of nonsense. "Letitia" is prosing, and scarcely better; while the story of the "I.-Man" appears to us of a nature which no Christian reader will be able to comprehend or tolerate. We are neither cynical nor hypercritical; but we shall never compromise our critical dignity by unmerited praise, or shrink, in the discharge of our literary duty, from bestowing censure where it appears to be deserved. The work now before us consists of three volumes, in so far as the paper and printing are concerned; but if all that is worthless were separated from all that is good in them, the three volumes would dwindle down into an amazingly small duodecimo.

While we thus censure the "Tales," we do not deny that there is some very fair writing in the book; and it is, indeed, only when our author attempts to tell a "Tale," that he decidedly fails. When the "Voyager" tells no "Tales" in the "Arctic regions," the connecting link is supplied by a personal narrative, entitled, "The Voyage," which is the best part of the work. We shall leave such of our readers as choose to the free enjoyment of the "Tales," and shall, in the meantime, introduce into our pages a short extract from "The Voyage." Our author had gone on shore, when he was doomed to experience

A SUMMER DAY IN GREENLAND.

"It may appear paradoxical to speak of the warmth of the atmosphere in the superlative degree, while I am describing the lamentations of our crew at being frozen up in the midst of ice; yet I am unable to avoid the contradictory appearances of my statements, without infringing the rules of veracity, to which, as a voyage narrator, I am bound. For the last seventy or eighty hours, the weather had been extremely hot, and this day, the 18th of June, was still more sultry. During the morning, I made a long excursion with my usual companion, and some visitors from the neighbouring ships, over the field, in quest of amusement and game; for I thought it incumbent on me to contribute my exertions towards filling sea-pies, since I assisted very efficiently in disposing of their contents. A little advance soon convinced me that summer asserts her powers as triumphantly in Greenland, as in climes more celebrated for her sovereignty. We took our course at first along the flaw edge, to enjoy the varied prospects in the vicinity of the sea, and to obtain more chances of shooting birds, than were afforded by an inland ramble. The water was like glass, clear and smooth, and reflecting the heavens, and the images of a thousand elevations and grotesque variations of the marble shore. Not a breeze played over its brilliant surface, nor did a wave ripple beneath the hollow margin of the floe. We could perceive medusæ trailing their scarlet fibrils deep within the transparent element, while the tongues, or jutting bases of the ice, were seen extending out from the main body in magnificent expansions, 'full fathoms five' below the spectator. The awful depth to which the sight can penetrate, by the assistance of these irregular projections, is a source of the sublime, to be found only in these regions of grandeur and peculiar beauty. Under a bright clear sky, the alabaster whiteness of the tongues reflects the light, though buried far beneath the surface of the water; and the visual faculty seems to acquire power, as it descends from shelf to shelf, and from point to point, into the profound abyss of the ocean. A stupendous cliff appears reversed, and hanging in dusky air, while the eye glides down its craggy sides, and investigates its obscure recesses. At length it reaches a spot faintly perceptible through the deepening fluid, and remains for a time fixed in wondering contemplation; but, as it gazes intently on the distant object, an indistinct speck attracts its notice, plunged still deeper in the vast chasms of liquid gloom over which the beholder floats; and the mind becomes wrapped in feelings inexpressible by words.

"This view of icy precipices, and crystal grottoes, amid the depths of the sea, though correct to some extent, is greatly increased by the irregularly refractive and reflective qualities of the medium through which it is seen. In addition to the steep tenement of the floe, sunk deeply beneath the surface, and spread out into broad shelves and fantastic buttresses, the images of the upper edge, and the impending hummocks of the floating mass, are mingled with the vision, while all beyond appears a wide chasm of ethereal blue, checquered with fleecy clouds, the counterpart of the heavens above. Abstracting his mind from his real situation, and gazing at the scene before him, the spectator, while hanging over the edge of a floe, may fancy himself at times floating beyond the verge of the earth, and looking down into the unfathomable wastes of space. Observing more closely, he perceives white crags of ice projecting out beneath him, and can faintly trace their connexion to the fabric on which he rests, while yet they seem to form part of the fictitious prospect of sky and clouds over which he seems suspended. But when he places his face almost in contact with the water, and excludes the mirrored picture from his sight, he beholds nothing but the sparry side of the floe sinking into the blue obscurity of the ocean, till only its most prominent reefs are visible, like mighty ruined columns and shattered pyramids, half hidden among the ooze."—Vol. I. p. 29—32.

There are some other passages in the "Voyage" which we would quote, did our limits permit; for, al-

though we do not recommend the "Tales," we rather like the descriptions in the "Voyage." We have read the work with great care; but from what we have now said, it will be gathered that we do not think the "second series" an improvement on the "first," and that we sincerely trust the author will not think of publishing a "third series," which would indeed be a very *serious* business.

Address delivered to the Relief Congregation Kelso, (on Sunday, 22d Feb. 1829,) after the Funeral of the Rev. John Pitcairn. By the Rev. John Johnston, Edinburgh. Edinburgh. Macredie. 1829.

ALTHOUGH this address, which, we are informed is part of the Funeral Sermon delivered by the Rev. author, can have only a local interest, we can assure our readers that it is well worthy of a perusal. The clergyman whose character it delineates, was a truly amiable man, and Mr Johnston, in this deserved tribute to a departed friend, has done honour to himself by the pious and eloquent delineation he has given of Mr Pitcairn's character. To our readers, especially in that quarter of the country where Mr Pitcairn was known, we have little doubt that Mr Johnston's tribute will be peculiarly gratifying; while they who are personally acquainted with the reverend author cannot fail to have their respect and esteem for him increased by this spontaneous testimony to the worth of a departed friend.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MORAL & MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

No. 2.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.—A VISION.

Και γαρ τ'ονειρ εκ Διος εστιν.

Hom. Iliad. Lib. 1.

I WAS meditating nearly a year ago on the great measure of National Policy at present before the two Houses of Parliament, the consideration of the Catholic claims, and on the good results which might be expected from some wise and amicable adjustment, when I gradually fell into a sleep amidst the variety of thoughts which were coursing one another through my mind. The subject, however, of my waking reflections, did not quit its hold upon me in the midst of my slumbers, but formed itself into a dream, which I wrote down at the time, and now venture to lay before my readers. I do not pretend, indeed, to say with Homer, that dreams are from Jove; but this one which I am now going to relate was so minute in its particulars, and had so soothing an effect upon my own spirit, that I am half disposed, especially as matters have now turned out, to consider it as prophetic, and, at all events, am willing that your readers should partake with me in the benefit of my vision.

The conference of the two Houses, at that time projected, running, I suppose, in my head, methought the Lords and Commons of the United Kingdoms were seen advancing to meet each other from the opposite sides of a green valley,—a spacious amphitheatre, for my imagination did not confine itself, it seems, within the walls of the Painted Chamber. On one side were mountains rugged and lofty, and covered in many places by groups of mountaineers, who looked down with thoughtful, but somewhat indifferent countenances on the scene which was to be transacted in the valley. On another side the country spread out into extensive plains, rich in cultivation and woods, with noble mansion-houses, clean white hamlets, and church towers, peeping in all directions through the foliage. There too, multitudes of good-humoured ruddy faces were beheld stretching forward as far as could be seen, with a more anxious expression as to the result of the projected meeting. At a distance, beyond a narrow arm of the sea, another land was visible, of a bright emerald green, crowded with a disorderly-looking ragged population, their shifting features marked with keen and vehement emotion, and sometimes their hands clutching, with ill-dissembled fury, at some implements of violence half-seen under their tattered raiment.

The Lords and Commons took their seats on their respective sides of the open space; but the discussion of the point at issue did not commence till the arrival of some other personages, for whom thrones, I saw, were erected. These were three in number, placed at the head of the assembly—the one in the middle resembling the throne on which his Majesty meets his Parliament; and the two others of equal magnificence, one on each side. In a short time, to the sound of warlike instruments, a stately female figure advanced to the throne on the left, and, seating herself, looked round upon the legislative bodies and on the vast concourse of spectators with an eye in which resolution and benevolence were mingled. She held a spear in one hand, the Magna Charta in the other; a chained lion reposed at her feet, and over her waved a banner, on which were embroidered, in large characters—THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. Sacred music, intermingling the sound of an organ with human voices, was now heard stealing along the windings of the valleys; and another female form, of a grave matronly aspect, but of a cheerful benign air, came forward, and occupied the throne on the right. She had a crosier in one hand, a bible in the other, and the banner which was spread over her head displayed these words—THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHED CHURCH. The two ladies had not long been seated, when the firing of cannon announced the approach of the Sovereign himself. It was easy to distinguish, when he came into sight, the form and features of our present King, and his dignified and royal demeanour. There appeared, however, to be a light of undecaying youth in his aspect, and a permanent elasticity in his limbs, that indicated less the existing monarch than the personification of his dynasty, and the words upon his banner expressed as much—THE HOUSE OF HANOVER. He bowed to the Peers and to the Commons as he passed through their ranks—made a still profounder obeisance to the female personages on each side; and sitting down on the throne between theirs, remained in expectation of the proceedings which were now to open.

There first stepped forth from the side of the Peers a person of august presence, with a keen flashing eye, and a countenance animated with the highest fervour of eloquence. He began to speak, and on my asking his name from one of the people near me, I was given to understand that he was called, PATRIOTISM. "I appear (said he) as the advocate for the injured Lady on the left of the throne, and to guard her against those perils which are threatening to assail her. Why should she for ever be exposed to the dangers which novelties must carry along with them? And why should we not be satisfied with her known and tried excellence, without running the hazard of destroying, where we aim at improving? She has already weathered many a storm, and I trust she will be yet able to stand out against the unauthorized operations of the innovators of the age. Liberty and Protestantism have always been united in these kingdoms, and God forbid that we should ever see other than a Protestant Church, a Protestant King, and a Protestant Parliament. Can we forget the deadly blows which were struck at that Lady, whom we so much love and revere, by those whom it is now attempted to introduce into all the privileges of her family? Is it right then to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs?

Enough for them if they gather up the crumbs which fall from her table. I am ever suspicious of changes when they are made without evident necessity. I love too well the guardian of my country's rights and freedom, to consent that she should again unwittingly risk calamities like those from which in former times she so providentially escaped."

While Patriotism was speaking, I observed from the greater proportion of the inhabitants of the rich and champaign land signs of approbation and applause—while fury was depicted in the countenances and the gestures of those who on the opposite shores were crowding to the sea beach, and endeavouring to catch his words. The mountaineers were neither kindled by his eloquence nor stung by his bitter expressions, but looked down upon the scene with countenances that assumed a deeper interest as it proceeded. When Patriotism sat down, there advanced from the ranks of the Commons another orator, whose well-known symbol, a pair of scales in one hand, marked the Genius of JUSTICE.—"I am as great a friend (said he) to that Lady, who is indeed injured, but perhaps by those who least think they are injuring her, as the eloquent orator who preceded me can be, and whom, though I have risen to oppose his present conclusion, I yet admire, and most commonly support. Is it not to be injured to be made injurious? Are those true friends, who encourage us in doing wrong? How should it be deemed innovation to desist from tyranny? Can that endanger which will procure additional defenders? Are millions to be kept out of their just rights because their fathers committed a wrong? Are the crimes of the fathers for ever to be visited upon the children? You say their spirit is the same that it ever was. Give it then no just cause for provocation, and it will be transformed to a milder mood. Shame that so noble a lady should not trust to her own worth for her protection!" When Justice sat down all eyes were turned to watch the demeanour of the lady on the left. She rose, and with a firm countenance said, "I have indeed no terrors. I thank Patriotism for his gallant defence; but I thank Justice still more for showing that there is no cause of alarm—let all my family be gathered around me as my true children. I wish not to be a stepdame to any of them. There is only one ground on which I can demur—Should my sister on the right think herself in danger—if she trembles, I cannot be quite bold."

When the illustrious lady had concluded, the countenances of those who crowded the distant shores might be seen glowing with animation and delight. They dropt their offensive weapons, and knelt down as in token of homage and devotion. The good-natured inhabitants of the plains shed tears of sympathy, that seemed to dispel the clouds that had hung upon their brows, and even the colder population of the hills waved their bonnets in testimony of their approbation. The Monarch entered warmly into the feelings of his people, but his face again was overcast when he turned to the matron, on his right, and beheld her pensive and doubtful expression. Another orator stepped from the side of the Lords, with the dress of the holy order. His sable robes, his snowy sleeves, and the heavenly composure of his aspect, marked him to be PIETY. He sighed as he began to speak, and drew a contrast between the present distempered times and those when the church concentrated to herself the affections of her sons, and they did not in a fancied liberality stray out of her maternal fold, and seek to connect themselves with a wider circle. "It is now forgot, I am afraid, (said he,) that humility is the constant adjunct of true Piety; and quitting our own sphere, and our own duties, we are but too apt to rush into the field which the great Shepherd alone can occupy. Let us have charity for all—but leave it to him to unite in his own way the scattered flocks, nor ever consort with those that in their present diseased state will only bring their own murrain among us."

These sentiments threw a damp over the whole assembly, when from the side of the Commons TRUTH advanced into the fore ground, and holding up her mirror which represented every object in its genuine form and colour,—thus addressed the Lady on the right. "Every one (said this orator) must feel the impressions left by Piety to be just; but is there no weak prejudice connected with them? Piety is humble—but is it not also bold, and when it has discernment to distinguish between truth and error, why should there be any alarm or doubt respecting the ultimate prevalence of the former? Holy Lady, fear not, while I am on thy side, that any harm can happen to thee; permit civil rights to be awarded, without the slightest suspicion that divine truth will be obscured by the arts or superstition of the claimants; doubt not rather that the diffusion of Charity and Justice will open hearts that are now darkened, to the light which beams from this mirror." So saying, she presented it to the lady herself, who saw that all apprehension of danger was at an end; she then turned it to Piety, who immediately stepped forward and kissed Truth with grateful emotion. At the same moment Patriotism and Justice embraced in the midst of the arena. The two sisters of the Church and State bowed to each other with cordial eyes, from which all fears and jealousies were dispelled, and in this auspicious moment the Sovereign began to speak. "I am the sworn guardian of the ladies between whom I sit, and the oath which I have taken I have conscientiously kept, and, so help me God, never shall depart from; but its import may safely be interpreted by their own inclinations and views. They alike approve of the measure of universal rights and unshackled consciences. Be it so,—LE ROI LE VEULT."

Scarce were these words pronounced, when an universal shout, as from numbers without number, burst upon mine ear. The hill sides echoed with the shrill voices of the mountaineers, whose continually kindling sympathy now burst forth into rapture. The kindly inhabitants of the plains bent forward with looks of friendship, and sent forth their jovial greetings to the farther shores, whose population had almost rushed into the sea to meet them with outstretched and fraternal arms. *Their* loud bursts of exultation rent the heavens; and it is no wonder that in such a tumult of noise and triumphant acclamations my sleep should have left me; I awoke, and lo! it was a dream!

SCOTTISH LACONICS.

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," &c.

IT was not inconsistent with the simple and picturesque style of historical composition, adopted by the old chroniclers, to record, along with a great event, the words and bearing of the actors, which were often remarkable for pith, brevity, and fitness. The advantage of giving such minute particulars, is to be ascertained from the effect which they usually have upon the mind of a reader—an effect often much greater than that of the most striking narrative. We shall present the reader with a few specimens of the kind of sayings to which we allude.

At the Raid of Stirling, in 1585, when King James the Sixth, then a youth of nineteen, was pressing forward to the gate, in order to meet the lords who had come to take him, Thomas, master of Glammis, put his foot to the gate, and held the king in. James burst into tears at this rude but prudent and conscientious conduct on the part of his guardian, who sternly observed, "Better that bairns weep, than bearded men."

Sir Gideon Murray, ancestor of Lord Elibank, held the office of treasurer-depute of Scotland under King James the Sixth, with whom he was a great favourite.

Once when upon a visit to the king at London, happening to drop his glove in the bedchamber, and no other person being present, James, though old and stiff, stooped and lifted it up, saying, "My predecessor Queen Elizabeth thought she did a favour to any man who was speaking with her, when she let her glove fall, that he might take it up and give it to her again; but, sir, you may say that a king lifted up your glove."

A poor Ayrshire woman, who was blind, one day, in bringing home an earthen vessel containing some liquor, which she designed to serve as her comfort during the ensuing winter, was so unfortunate as to drop it, when, though not broken, it was almost equally lost to her, by rolling away down a bank which skirted the way-side, and settling beyond her reach. To add to her distress, the bung proved unfaithful to its charge; and the poor woman, as she groped along the bank, endeavouring to discover the place where the vessel had finally rested, had the mortification of hearing the precious contents playing deliberately out of the hole, with that peculiar pulsatory sound caused by the alternate emission of the liquor and admission of the air. A person who happened to be by heard the woman, in her dilemma, pronounce a sort of apostrophe to her lost *grey-beard*, in which the ridiculous and the pathetic seem to be successfully mingled:—"Oh, wae's my heart," cried she, "for that bowk-bowk-bowk o' thine; for weel do I hear thee; but what signifies that, if I canna see thee!"

William, eighth Earl of Douglas, in 1451, having been invited by King James the Second to Stirling Castle, and splendidly entertained, the monarch, after supper, took him aside into a secret chamber, and there proceeded to remonstrate with him concerning a rebellious league he had entered into with the Earls of Crawford and Ross. The haughty Douglas positively refused to break the confederacy; when the king drew a short sword and stabbed him, exclaiming, "If you will not break this league, I shall."

The exclamation of James the Fifth, when, on his death-bed, he heard the news of his queen having been delivered of a female child, was long remembered by his people. He turned his face to the wall, and was heard to mutter, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass—devil go with it!" These, his last words, referred to the circumstance of his family having acquired the crown by marriage.

Bocce was the first to record the following remarkable expression, which has latterly been rendered classical as well as credible, by being admitted into the pure pages of Robertson. Robert Bruce, though he perhaps did more to the advancement of the nobles than any other king, by the immense grants which he gave to his friends, is said to have called a parliament of his barons, in order to enquire into the nature of their tenures; when they started forward, and, laying their hands upon their swords, exclaimed, "By these we acquired our rights, and with these we shall maintain them."

Lindsay, in his Chronicles, records a remarkable saying of Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, the elegant Scottish poet. In 1515, when party spirit ran high between the Earls of Arran and Angus, the two most powerful noblemen in the kingdom, and who both aimed at the powers of regency, the accomplished bishop went, in behalf of his nephew Angus, to the Blackfriars' Kirk at Edinburgh, in order to beseech that prelate to attempt a reconciliation of the hostile factions. Beatoun, who designed to take an active share in the expected contentions, and had armour concealed under his rochet, falsely swore, by his soul, striking his breast at the same time with his hand, that he knew nothing of the matter. His emphatic gesture caused the plaits of his jack to sound, when Douglas observed, with a poignant sneer, "My lord, your conscience is not guid, for I hear it clatterand." This bore a double meaning—the word *clatter* at once implying the idea of unsoundness, and the disclosure of a secret.

The Gaelic language is said, by its admirers, to be peculiarly calculated for emphatic expression. It is for this reason that so many of the names of families and places throughout the country took their rise from occasional sayings, such as those we are now collecting. An instance of what we mean is found in the popular tradition of the origin of the name Douglas. The first of this family came to distinction on account of his achievements in one of Bruce's battles. When the conflict had ceased, Bruce enquired after the hero whose feats he had such particular occasion to admire; and, in doing so, described him as the *dhu-glas*—that is, "the dark-grey man." This supplied him with a name.

Some years ago, an instance of very emphatic Gaelic occurred in the saying of a man in Kintyre. He had been summoned by the collector of excise before a justice of the peace, for having been concerned in the great Highland sin of smuggling. The name of the justice was Campbell; and his local designation (that of his estate) was a composition of two Gaelic words, signifying "the wood of sighs." The poor old man was fined so severely, that he considerd himself perfectly ruined, and of course felt very disconsolate. When the trial was over, and all the people had left the court-room, he came up to his judge, and said in Gaelic, "Laird, I have this day divided your title with you."—"How so?" said the Justice.—"Because," quoth the old man, with a most dolorous shake of the head, "I am become lord of the sighs, while you remain lord of the woods." This has a much more affecting poignancy in the original language.

Some very remarkable expressions occurred at the taking by King James V. of the unfortunate Johnnie Armstrong. Though this hero was what an old historian calls "ane lous leivand man," and maintained a band of twenty-eight well-horsed able gentleman, whose sole duty was plunder, his death was greatly lamented by the people, on account of his being the boldest man on the border, and his never harming any one but "the auld enemies of England." Armstrong came to pay his obeisance to the king at a hunting match, and was so unfortunate as to excite the royal displeasure by the splendour of his apparel and the number of his train. "What wants yon knave," said the monarch, turning away his face, "that a king should have?" The borderer, perceiving that the king desired to take his life, attempted to avert his fate by offering to maintain forty men constantly in the royal service, and to be ever ready to bring any subject in England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, within a given day, to his majesty's feet. Seeing, however, that James treated all his offers with contempt, he exclaimed with vehemence, "I am but ane fule to seek grace at ane graceless face. But had I knawin, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have leeved upon the borders in despite of King Harie and you baith; for I know King Harie would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned this day." He was immediately led to the scaffold and executed, along with all his "gallant companie."

One of the numerous popular stories told in ridicule of the Scottish Highlanders, is pointed by a very droll and laconic expression. A north-country man travelling one day upon a road met a black snail, which, under the mistaken idea that it was a dried plum, he took up and proceeded to eat. On biting off and swallowing a part of the body, he discovered what it was; whereupon, being unwilling to acknowledge his disgust, and wishing rather to conceal if possible from himself the real sentiment under an affected one, he threw away the remainder of the creature, with this angry ejaculation, "Cot tam—tak you tat for bein sae like a plhumtaimas!"

The perfection of contemptuous indifference was expressed by Mary of Guise, Queen-Regent of Scotland, when, on receiving a letter from John Knox, containing some severe animadversions on her conduct, and especially on her attachment to the Catholic faith, she handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the words, "Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil."

Acts of heroism have sometimes been accompanied by very brief and very emphatic expressions. The Scottish sirname Dalyell is said to have originated in one of such. King Kenneth the Second, upon one occasion, having expressed a regret that the body of a near and favourite kinsman was ignominiously exposed upon a gibbet by his enemies, and having made offer of a great reward to any one who would rescue it and bring it to him, none of his barons could be found possessed of sufficient hardihood to undertake so hazardous an enterprise, till at length an obscure man started forward, exclaiming, "Dal yell," that is, in the old Scots language, I dare. This hero performed the exploit to the king's complete satisfaction, and afterwards was honoured with a permission to bear in his armorial coat the figure of a man hanging on a gibbet, together with the words *I dare* for a motto; both of which the Dalyells still assume.

Of a similar character is the spirit-stirring anecdote related of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. This brave gentleman, having rescued Kinmonth Willie, the celebrated reiver, from his place of confinement at Carlisle, was summoned by Elizabeth, to answer for his misdeed at her court. On being introduced to the presence of her majesty, she upbraided him with great bitterness, and concluded by saying, that she wondered how he dared to do what he had done. "Madam," said the high-spirited borderer, turning away from her with contempt, "what is there that a man dare not do?"

A legendary story told in Tweeddale, traces the origin of the name Horseburgh, to one of those accidental phrases to which so much attention seems to have been paid at the period of the creation of sirnames. A Scottish king, when on a hunting visit to Peebles,* was one day enjoying the sport of hawking along the valley of the Tweed, about two miles below the town. The hawk happening to pursue its prey across the river, which was then at flood, the king and all his nobles experienced a mortification similar to that of being thrown out in the chase. What increased the distress of the royal party was the impossibility, under these circumstances, of reclaiming the hawk, which was a valuable one, and a favourite with his majesty. An husbandman, who was ploughing his field on the opposite side, observing their dilemma, exerted himself to recall the lost bird, and, when he had succeeded, adopted the resolution of taking it across the water at all hazards, in order to restore it to the king's own hands. He, therefore, unyoked his horse from the plough, and plunged into the stream, with the hawk upon his hand. The king admired, of course, the courage of the man, and felt an interest in him, over and above what was thereby excited, on account of his precious charge. Seeing the danger which he ran from the stream, and anxious that the horse should prove sufficient to sustain him under its impetuosity, the monarch cried out, "Horse, bruik weel!" which was as much as to say, "May the horse bear well up against the current." The sturdy animal did succeed in bearing its master across, and the hawk was duly delivered. The grateful monarch immediately conferred upon the restorer all the land within sight of his plough, upon the north side of the Tweed, and at the same time applied to him the name "Horse bruik," the principal part of his emphatic exclamation, which, however, succeeding tongues have corrupted into Horseburgh. The ruins of Horseburgh Castle, which this man or his posterity had built and inhabited, still stand upon a rising ground near the river, as a sort of memorial of this curious tradition. It was one of a chain of towers along the banks of the Tweed, used in former times as the means of communicating with telegraphic despatch the news of invasion throughout a district, at least eighty miles in extent, Horseburgh corresponding on one hand with Cardrona, and on the other with the castle of Peebles.

We may enumerate more of these Scottish Laconics at a future opportunity.

* The monastery of Red Friars attached to the Cross Church of Peebles is said to have been the usual residence of at least "the Jameses," if not earlier sovereigns, when it was the royal pleasure to hunt in the forests which then abounded in this district. The place called King's Meadows, about a mile from Peebles, where the beautiful seat and plantations of Sir John Hay, of Hayston and Smithfield, bart., have of late years succeeded to aboriginal sterility and desolation, is supposed to have derived its name from this circumstance.

MR HUME AND MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

(From an Aberdeen Correspondent.)

Mr Hume, M. P., as Lord Rector of the Marischal College of Aberdeen, has been pleased, at the conclusion of his Rectorship, to offer to the students two prizes, (each consisting of a gold medal, and five sovereigns,) for the best English Essays on the two following subjects:—

1st. "On the evils of intolerance towards those who differ from us in religious opinions."

2d. "On the comparative importance of scientific and classical instruction in the general education of mankind; and how far the curriculum in the universities of the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe, is suited to effect these objects."

To me it appears that Mr Hume has acted in this matter unwisely and improperly, manifesting not only inexperience in things which require taste and literary skill, but also such an eager desire to press his own modes of thinking upon the attention of others as leads him to sacrifice sound sense and proper feeling in the attempt. First, Mr Hume prescribes for Essay the subject of *religious toleration*, and to whom? Not to the student of theology alone, not to any one class of students, but to all the students attending college, from the boy who has hardly mastered the Greek rudiments, up to the learned Theologue, to whom the history of the church from the persecutions of Nero downwards is familiar. If it was, as it ought to have been, the Lord Rector's object, in offering prizes, to reward and give encouragement to talent, industry, and distinguished progress among the students generally, surely he ought to have proposed trials suited to the respective stages of progress of the students in the different classes. There can be no doubt that prizes given upon this principle, (which was that adopted last year by Mr Hume's predecessor, Sir James M'Gregor,) are eminently calculated to promote the interests of learning. But Mr Hume gravely proposes a prize to the students at large, towards which it would be utter presumption for the vast majority of them even to cast an eye.

I am strongly disposed to think that nothing but an excessive anxiety to press the subject of religious toleration upon the attention of the students, could have blinded Mr Hume to the impropriety of the course he has taken; an idea which is not a little confirmed by the manner in which the subject is proposed,—viz. "On *the evils* of intolerance," &c. Who that knows Mr Hume's sentiments on religious toleration, can fail to see that the choice of this subject, thus expressed, was not so much the result of an impartial and enlightened consideration of the method best fitted to promote the academical improvement of the students, as of a desire, honest and upright, no doubt, on Mr Hume's part, that the youth at our universities should early imbibe the same spirit of political indifference towards re-

ligious distinctions, the same all-embracing liberalism of principle as Mr Hume and his friends have long manifested and gloried in? I am not finding fault with Mr Hume's political opinions; but I do object to his taking the advantage of his rectorship in order to force these opinions upon our youth, both out of season and out of place. Mr Hume ought to know that most of the young men at a college are so far from being able to judge of "the evils of intolerance towards those who differ from us in religious opinions," that they can scarcely be said to have religious opinions at all. It is easy for any body, especially for one who has no fixed religious opinions, to talk and declaim against bigotry and intolerance. But, before a man can be fitted to form an impartial and enlightened judgment on the intricate question of religious toleration, it is necessary that he be convinced that there is truth in religion, and that the truth is but one; and, moreover, that he be cordially persuaded what the truth is, in opposition to the many forms of error.

But if the first subject of Essay is unfit for most of the students, the second (as above) is unfit for all of them. Where could Mr Hume have found a subject on which the information requisite for its discussion was more certainly placed without the reach of young men quietly pursuing their studies at a Scotch college, than that of the respective curricula of the Continental and British universities? Did Mr Hume intend that betwixt this time and the first of May, (when the Essays must be given in,) the young men should open a correspondence with Paris, Berlin, Goettingen, Vienna, Copenhagen, Upsal, Madrid, &c., in all of which universities the curriculum is different? Or, supposing this difficulty got over, and information obtained, did Mr Hume suppose that it was as easy to decide between the respective merits of the curricula in the different universities of Europe as to calculate the army and navy estimates for the year? And lastly, did Mr Hume contemplate the absurdity of setting down a young man, learning his daily tasks under masters according to a certain curriculum, to pronounce upon the merits of that course of study which is prescribed to him—prescribed without consulting him, for this reason, no doubt, among others, that he is too raw and inexperienced to judge of the matter for himself?

The election of a successor to Mr Hume took place on Monday last. Of the four *nations* into which the students (electors) are on these occasions divided, two voted for the re-election of Mr Hume, and two for Sir James M'Gregor. It appears that the Charter does not, as at Glasgow, give the casting vote to the last Rector; and as no similar case, strange to say, has before occurred, the Senatus Academicus, I understand, are to place the matter before the Royal Commission.

Aberdeen, 4th March, 1829.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

KING OBERON'S VOYAGE.

By Jonathan A. Bell.

Hail! hail! from mountain and vale,
All ye who come, with murmur and hum,
Round Oberon the King, to sail
Upon the salt sea scum.

Blow the shells! ding dong the foam bells!
Crabs, hiss out! limpets, raise a shout!
Periwinkles, issue from your cells,
For Oberon holds a merry bout!

Here we stand on the flashing sand,
While prawns and shrimps, those frolicsome imps,
Hop round us on every hand,
And after them little Puck limps.

Now make a rattle, ye marine cattle,
For the King hath mounted a ling!
Riding forth like a warrior to battle,
With his bridle of a long tangle string.

On a cod, whose shoulders broad
Cleave the deep, with a rushing sweep,
Sits one with a huge coral rod,
Up-lashing the waves in a heap.

A tiny brat belabours a sprat
With a lobster's whisker, to make him go brisker;
Five others have caught a sea-cat,
And here about, there about whisk her.

Land grows dim:—in merry trim
Joyfully we dance out to sea,
Whilst round us the fire-flies skim,
And the little waves ripple with glee.

Now here, now there, in ocean, in air,
We flutter about a joyous rout,
Till morning beginneth to stare,
And the star-lights are twinkling out.

"Silence all!" King Ob. doth call;
"Stay the speed of each finny steed,
And to the wind closer haul;—
To the landward sounds take heed.

Hark! hark! the squirrel's bark
Soundeth sweet, and the bleat
Of a lambkin awake in the dark,
Who listeth a sly fox's feet.

Hark! the owl, that spirit foul,
Asketh a boon of the fading moon;
Whilst in cloister dim he of the cowl
Is raising his matin tune.

Hush! the cock—the village clock—
Croweth shrill, and from the hill
Sly Echo replies from her rock,
Commix'd with the hum of the rill.

The playful breeze, like distant bees,
Soundeth his horn, as if in scorn
Of the tears which he shakes from the trees,
And the leaves from the violets torn.

Far i' the west, by labour oppress'd,
The moon hath gone, with her stars every one,
In the measureless ocean to rest,
Till sinketh the wide blazing sun.

And lo! on high, the rosy eye
Of wild'ring day, over the bay
Beginneth to peep through the sky;
Ha! ha! spirits vanish!—away! away!"

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have received the third edition of Mr Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness, which, we are informed, has undergone great improvement since the appearance of the former edition, and contains about a sheet of new matter. We shall probably speak of it at greater length soon.

We observe that an Essay on Moral Freedom, by the Rev. Thomas Tully Cribbace, A. M., has just appeared. It forms a handsome octavo volume, and is published by Waugh and Innes.

The Rev. Dr Wait of Cambridge is about to commence a Repertorium Theologicum, or Critical Record of Theological Literature, in which Dissertations on Theological Antiquities, the state of the Text, and other subjects of necessary inquiry, will be contained; and in which also foreign works on Divinity will be condensed, so as to form a complete work of reference to the Biblical scholar.

A Treatise on the Varieties of Deafness, and Diseases of the Ear, with Methods of relieving them, by William Wright, Esq. is in the press.

Mr Robert M'William makes the following rather miscellaneous announcement;—Patriotism, Essays on Love, Truth, Self, &c., by Robert M'William, author of an Essay on Dry Rot and Forest Trees.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes 8vo, The History of the Huguenots during the sixteenth century, by W. S. Browning, Esq. The work will contain a concise narrative of the sufferings of the French Protestants.

The author of the Village Pastor has in the press a volume of serious tales, entitled, Clouds and Sunshine, which, we understand, will very soon appear.

Mr Vignoles, civil engineer, is preparing for publication Observations on Rail Roads and Railway Carriages.

A second edition of the clever novel, The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, is published.

A great number of pamphlets on the Catholic Question have issued, and are issuing, from the metropolitan press. They will live their day, and then be heard of no more.

NIMMO'S LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS.—We have looked over this series of prints illustrative of the circumstances connected with the Burke and Hare murders, and particularly of the part which Dr Knox performed in that tragic drama. We think it highly proper that such a series of prints should exist. We have been most pleased with the delineation of the piece of plate which, we understand, his students have it in contemplation to present to that eminent man. It is a silver cup, supported by a thigh bone, and surmounted with a death's head; the chasings, which are rich, represent portraits of Burke, Hare, Macdougal, and others, together with the infamous transactions which took place in the Grass Market; and the inscription below is in these words,—"This cup, originating from, and in commemoration of, the West Port Murders, is, as a mark of their great personal regard, and as the expression of their high contempt of public feeling, presented to Dr Knox, by his enthusiastic pupils, session 1828-9." We cannot help regarding it as a curious fact in the natural history of man, that of the 400 students *at present attending Dr Knox's class*, 150 have set their names to a subscription list for a piece of plate to that individual. We hope this list will be printed for the benefit of the future prospects in life of the subscribers.

THEFT IN THE FINE ARTS.—A recent occurrence in Paris has caused great interest among artists, and created consternation at the Louvre. It is ascertained beyond a doubt that the original picture painted by Raphael, of Christ and the Disciple, or, as others say, Raphael and Poutalmo, his fencing-master, a picture valued at £20,000, actually has been cut out of the frame, and a modern picture substituted for it. How long it has been so removed is not known, but it is generally believed in Paris that the original picture has found its way to England.

NOVELTIES IN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR MARCH 1829.—The hair is dyed of a brighter sea-green than last month, and combed up in front *d-la-cockatoo*. It is cut quite close at the sides. The coat is of Bourbon white, made long in the waist, and buttoning all down in front with buttons of about the size of breakfast saucers, which give it a very handsome appearance. The buttons are not of the sugar-loaf form, but flat, like the wearers. The sleeves are nearly two feet longer than the hands, which they entirely cover, flapping about in an easy *degage* manner, which is highly becoming. The cravat is superseded by a frill thirty inches wide, which falls down over the vest. Many gentlemen of fashion in the evening wear half-moons painted on their cheeks in fancy colours. The *culottes* are made rather wide, tying with scarlet strings at the knee, which is now worn at precisely the middle of the calf. The pockets are extraordinarily capacious, and the holes extend from the hip all down the thigh. The stockings are generally white, with green clocks, of a very large and showy pattern. The shoes are red, and turn up at the toe about two inches, with a gay flourish. The style of *parure*, which is extremely fashionable, is called the mode *d-la-Grimaldi*, after the name of a celebrated exquisite, once well known in the gay neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and at the Wells of Sadler.

Theatrical Gossip.—A Mr Pemberton has made his *debut* at Covent Garden, in the character of *Virginius*; great things had been augured of him, but, from all we can gather, we suspect he is milk-and-watery. He is to play *Shylock* soon, and may improve.—Miss Phillips has performed *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure," which has been revived at Drury Lane.—We must say, that were we to judge of the taste of the times by the recent revivals, at the metropolitan Theatres—Farquhar's comedies, and "Measure for Measure"—we should pronounce it not of the most moral description, especially as these productions are not nearly so much purified in London as they should be.—The King's Theatre seems to be getting on very heavily this season; the performers are quarrelling among themselves, and the pieces are but indifferently supported.—Abbot has announced an entertainment in Paris, *a la* Mathews, in which he is to sustain all the characters.—Our theatrical friends here are once more enjoying something like their old *Saturnia Regna*. Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" has drawn several excellent houses; and "The Beaux Stratagem," which was revived on Tuesday, bids fair to be equally successful. Murray's *Scrub* is a splendid piece of humour.—Some London engagements are to commence soon; but we regret exceedingly that we shall probably be deprived of the pleasure of seeing Kean here, as he has recently gone to Dublin.—We observe that Miss Noel's benefit is fixed for Wednesday next. We trust that this accomplished vocalist, who for several years has done so much for the national melodies of Scotland, and has indeed been one great means of preventing them from sinking altogether into that oblivion which *fashion* seemed anxious to prepare for them, will meet, upon the present occasion, with all the encouragement and support to which she is every way so well entitled.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 7—March 13.

SAT. *The Recruiting Officer, & The Two Friends.*
MON. *Do, & The Noyades.*
TUES. *Beaux Stratagem, & Carron Side.*
WED. *Rob Roy, & Gilderoy.*
THUR. *Beaux Stratagem, & Charles XII.*
FRI. *The Recruiting Officer, & Charles XII.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A PRESS of matter obliges us to postpone many interesting articles, among which are several Reviews of New Works,—a second notice of Derwent Conway's "Personal Narrative,"—a second notice of the "Scottish Academy,"—a Sketch, by the Editor of the Inverness Courier,—a Tale from the Danish, by one of the authors of the "Odd Volume,"—"A Day in Rome,"—and some poetical communications.

We return our thanks to "A. M." of Dundee; his communication will appear next week;—we accept his challenge.—We shall be glad to receive from "Mechanicus" an outline of the History of Anderson's Institution.—A packet lies at our Publisher's for Cato.—We like the spirit of the article sent to us by "Siam" of Glasgow, but it is rather meagre in point of incident; we shall be glad to receive another from him at his earliest convenience, for there is genius in his writings.

The author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," which we are glad to hear has already gone to a second edition, has our best thanks for his poetical contributions;—they will appear soon.—The Lines "To Delia" are clever, but we have some doubts as to their morality.—"She Wakes to Weep," by "S." of Aberdeen, shall have a place as soon as we can find room.—"Marion's Lullaby" and "My Home," will not suit us.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 19. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Socatoo. By the late Commander Clapperton, of the Royal Navy; to which is added, *The Journal of Richard Lander, from Kano to the Sea Coast, partly by a more Eastern route.* With a portrait and map. 4to. Murray. London. 1829.

It may be recollected by our readers, that in the course of Clapperton's first expedition into Africa, in 1824, he received the most flattering attentions from Bello, the powerful Sultan of the Fellatahs, a nation of great extent on the northern confines of that vast continent. At that time a mutual understanding took place between Clapperton and Bello relative to the establishment of a commercial intercourse between Great Britain and the African Sultan's dominions; and in furtherance of this plan, Bello directed that there should be sent to him certain articles of English manufacture, to be deposited at a place called Funda, on the sea coast; and it was besides agreed, that an English consul and physician should be permitted to reside at another seaport called Raka. The advantages held out to the English by these measures consisted of the total suppression of the trade in slaves, and the facilities they afforded for commercial intercourse. Acting under impressions suggested by these agreeable prospects, Clapperton, almost immediately on his return to England, was again dispatched by Lord Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and invested with further powers to treat with Bello. There were also joined to this new expedition, Captain Pearce of the navy, and Dr Morrison, a naval surgeon, for the purpose of taking draughts of remarkable objects, and collecting portions of natural productions; but, unhappily, both these gentlemen fell martyrs to the pestilential climate ere the mission had proceeded far from the coast. After losing his companions, Clapperton was attended only by his personal servant, an intelligent young man, named Richard Lander, to whose exertions is entirely to be attributed the preservation of the papers connected with the journey.

At the very outset, our travellers met with disappointments of a grievous nature. Either owing to the ignorance or duplicity of Bello, they found that the places mentioned by him as depots, instead of being on the shores of the Bight of Benin, where the party were landed, were far inland, and not even under the government of that Sultan. It also turned out that the place to which it had been agreed that Bello should send his messengers to receive the goods and travellers, was never visited by these messengers, and, indeed, its inhabitants did not seem to be aware that such a person as Bello existed, or that such a place as Socatoo, his capital, was on the face of the earth. Clapperton was, therefore, thrown upon his own resources, and traversing much the same track pursued on a former occasion, and settling many important points of geographical positions of towns and rivers lying between Badagry on the bay of Benin and Lake Tchad, he at length arrived safely at Socatoo. Here, however, owing to several untoward circumstances, the grand object of the mission was frustrated, and all similar hopes of opening an intercourse with the savage and treacherous chiefs who possess the interior of Africa, almost utterly extinguished. The petty jealousies which are continually subsisting between these rival chiefs, are one great obstacle to successful negotiation. In the present instance, Clapperton had taken out with him presents for the Shiek of Bornou, which were wrested from him by Bello; and thence sprung much mischievous discontent. Exasperated by such usage, at enmity with the Sultan, and treated by him in the light of a spy, there is little wonder that the honest and straight-forward officer should have exclaimed—"There is no faith in you; you are worse than highway robbers;" a sentiment which he uttered in the hearing of his tormentors, while lying stretched on his death-bed.

The mutilated Journal of Clapperton which has now been published, bears the evident marks of great carelessness, want of arrangement, and a total absence of all knowledge of composition. In the introduction we are told that in many places it was altogether unintelligible, that in others it was full of tautology, and that orthography and grammar were equally disregarded throughout. By the care of its editors, it has been deterged of many of these peculiarities; yet the dry manner in which often the most remarkable facts are mentioned, still leaves the reader much reason to be dissatisfied. But as the author, had he survived, would probably have arranged and filled up his papers, we should treat the existing deficiencies with leniency, always remembering that he possessed the most undaunted courage and fearless integrity in the execution of his task. Nor can his countrymen cease to lament that the hardihood of his frame, which made him disregard at first the proper precautions for the security of his health, lulled him into a reliance on its strength, which proved the cause of his subsequent death. The part added by Lauder is every way better written, and more interesting.

The route followed by Clapperton seems to have been more tracked by misfortunes than that of almost any other African traveller. Every day brought upon him and his company distresses, which to us, who live amidst the comforts of a civilized community, appear altogether insurmountable. For days and weeks, the little party, sometimes walking, and at other times mounted on camels, or wretched bullocks "bad with the itch," or asses and ponies without saddles, floundered amidst dreary swamps and morasses, subjected to the scorching rays of a blazing sun, and a heat of 90 degrees, without shelter, proper raiment, or even the coarsest food. Strong indeed must be that feeling of enterprise which can carry a solitary foreigner through a constant succession of such deplorable miseries. In passing among the

continuous chain of lakes which extend through the greater part of the plains of Gadania, and approach nearly to Socatoo, our author describes, in a style a little more elevated than is usual with him, the effect of the scenery, enlivened by the scattered groups of the predatory troops of Bello, among whom he was constrained to march:

"The borders of these lakes are the resort of numbers of elephants and other wild beasts. The appearance at this season, and at the spot where I saw it, was very beautiful; all the acacia trees were in blossom, some with white flowers, others with yellow, forming a contrast with the small dusky leaves, like gold and silver tassels on a cloak of dark green velvet. I observed some fine large fish leaping in the lake. Some of the troops were bathing; others watering their horses, bullocks, camels, and asses; the lake smooth as glass and flowing round the roots of the trees. The sun, on its approach to the horizon, throws the shadows of the flowery acacias along its surface, like sheets of burnished gold and silver. The smoking fires on its banks, the sounding of horns, the beating of the gongs and drums, the braying of brass and tin trumpets, the rude tents of grass or branches of trees, rising as if by magic, every where the calls on Mahomed, Abdo, Mustafa, &c. with the neighing of horses and the braying of asses, gave animation to the beautiful scenery of the lake, and its sloping green and woody banks. The only regulation that appears in the rude feudal armies is, that they take up their ground according to the situation of the provinces, east, west, north, and south; but all are otherwise huddled together, without the least regularity. The man next in rank to the governor of each province has his tent placed nearest to him, and so on."

It appears to be a part of the tactics of all the petty African princes towards European travellers, to endeavour to prevent their progress, and attach them to their own court, on account of their skill—real or supposed—in the mechanical arts. Thus, if they betray any symptoms of a knowledge of shoeing horses, mending muskets or watches, or of any other similar accomplishment, of which the natives are ignorant, there are immediate attempts made to put a period to their journey, by inducing them, either by flattering promises or by open constraint, to establish themselves permanently in the royal household. English travellers in Central Africa are in a particular manner singled out as the objects of this too flattering kindness, on account of the reputation which the natives of our manufacturing island have acquired even there for their knowledge of the arts. The British traveller may now occasionally meet with some solitary specimen of our articles of commerce, even far in the interior. We have been told by former travellers, that once, when overpowered by sickness, and lying under the shade of a rude hut amidst squalor and wretchedness, they accidentally saw a fragment of an earthen vessel on which was impressed the name of *Wedgewood*, and that the effect was such that they actually burst into tears! In the work before us we are likewise told of Clapperton's attendant having seen in the hands of a savage a fowling-piece with the words, *Arnold, maker, London*, engraved on the lock; and such minute traits of feeling or observation are valuable in books of this description.

On arriving at Socatoo, Clapperton paid the Sultan and his court an early visit, for the purpose of delivering his majesty's letters and presents. He dressed in his uniform, and took with him the presents which were ready packed in separate parcels, and all just as they had left the maker's hands. These presents consisted of a red silk umbrella, silver mounted; a message cane, silver mounted; twelve yards red damask; twelve yards sky blue; twelve yards red silk; twelve yards blue silk; twenty-four yards cambric; two pounds cloves; a fowling piece, brass mountings, single barrel; a plain fowling-piece, double barrel; a pair of pistols for Bello's eldest son; two short swords; two boxes of rockets; a quantity of powder, balls, flints, and small shot; one ream of English foolscap paper; two bundles of black lead pencils; coloured prints of the royal family, and of some celebrated battles; two plain journal books; a dozen pair white cotton stockings; a dozen pair white cotton gloves; a time-piece and gold watch by Rigby; together with chains, knives, looking-glasses, bridles, trunks, a new testament in Arabic; part of the old testament; the Koran in Arabic; Euclid's Elements in ditto; History of the Tartars under Tamerlane; Psalms of David, and some other books in Arabic. All these gifts were received most graciously, especially the Arabic copy of Euclid, for Bello said, that the only copy which had ever been in his possession, and which had been procured by one of his relations at Mecca, had been destroyed by fire. He said, therefore, that he could not but feel very much obliged to the King of England for sending him so valuable a present.

It was not very long after this, that in rather an unaccountable manner a considerable change took place in the feelings and conduct of this capricious despot towards Clapperton. The change was produced, as he himself declared, by the receipt of a letter from the Shiek of Bornou, wherein it was pretended that the English traveller came in the capacity of a spy from the government of Great Britain, and advising that he should be put to death; for that, if the English met with too great encouragement, they would come into Soudan, one after another, until they got strong enough to seize on the country, as they had done on India; which, it was said, they had basely wrested from the hands of the Mahometans. These insinuations were repelled indignantly by Clapperton; but they took a strong hold of the mind of the Sultan. All things considered, we are not quite sure that this shrewd savage acted far wrong, at least in a selfish point of view.

Socatoo is described by Clapperton as being the largest and most populous town which he had seen in the interior. It stands on the top of a low hill, having its northern wall bounded by a beautiful river, formed of the united branches of several streams, which take their rise to the south of Kushna, and flow past Zirmie. After passing Socatoo, this river proceeds in a southwesterly direction, and enters the large river Quorra at the distance of four days' journey. It is well stored with fish, and supplies abundant food to the neighbourhood. In speaking of the manners of the inhabitants of this part of Africa, they are described as possessing rather a pleasing exterior, with a softened degree of barbarism, which betokens inward qualities capable of being well cultivated. There still prevail among them, however, the most frightful notions on various points of morals, with far too general a disregard of modesty and virtue. Of their religion our author speaks in the most cutting terms of reproach; their whole ritual consisting of praying, or appearing to pray, five times a-day, without understanding one word they say, and in going through some unmeaning ceremonies. Of the real value or uses of religion they have not the most distant idea; and it seems, in short, to be nothing more or less than the firm belief that the goods and chattels, wives and children, of all those who differ from them in matters of faith, ought to be their property; "and that it is quite lawful in any way to abuse, rob, or kill an unbeliever." The Fellatahs, indeed, from the highest chief to the veriest beggar, are one indiscriminate mass of thieves, pilferers, and robbers. They scarcely punish murder with the most simple reprehension. Marriage they hardly comprehend; and licentiousness, in the last degree abhorrent to the feelings, universally prevails. Their own wives—if wives they can be called—and children, they part with like cattle, without the slightest sentiment of compunction. And the worst part of all

this scene of degradation consists in the very slender prospect that it holds out to the introduction of any sure and permanent system of improvement. Europeans can hardly ever hope to establish themselves, except on the sea-coast; and without European aid, there cannot take place any sensible revolution in the moral features of the country. Africa must, in all probability, remain for ages the same polluted country which it now is; and there must still be sacrificed on its inhospitable deserts many enterprising travellers, before there can be insinuated that wedge which is destined to move the ungainly heap, and lift it from its present "slough of despond."

We must now touch on the melancholy catastrophe which terminated this expedition—the death of the only surviving traveller. While at Socatoo, Clapperton was taken seriously ill;—his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, "and, indeed, was little better than a skeleton." His narrative or journal ceases at this point, and is taken up by the young man Richard Lauder, whose indefatigable exertions in the service of his master merit the highest encomium. The closing scene of poor Clapperton is drawn up with the most affecting interest, and we cannot forbear inserting it in the words of Lauder, slightly abridged:—

THE DEATH OF CLAPPERTON.

"His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the ninety-fifth psalm, which he was never weary of listening to; and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention. I fanned him for hours together, and this seemed to cool the burning heat of his body, of which he repeatedly complained. Almost the whole of his conversation turned on his country and friends, but I never heard him regret his leaving them; indeed, he was patient and resigned to the last, and a murmur of disappointment never escaped his lips. On the first of April he became suddenly worse, and his sleep was more and more disturbed. He then took some medicines, which did him no good. About twelve o'clock of the day he said, 'Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying.' Almost choked with grief, I replied, 'God forbid, my dear master; you will live many years yet.' 'Don't be so much affected, my dear boy, I entreat you,' said he: 'it is the will of the Almighty; it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death.' He then took my hand between his, and looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low, but deeply-affecting tone, 'My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago: I can only thank you with my latest breath.' The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard, with much distinctness, the tolling of an English funeral bell. About six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, on asking how he did, he answered he was much better, and requested me to shave him. He had not sufficient strength to lift his head from the pillow; and after finishing one side of the face, I was obliged to turn his head in order to shave the other. As soon as it was done, he desired me to fetch him a looking-glass which hung on the other side of the hut. On seeing himself in it, he observed, that he looked quite as ill at Bornou, on his former journey; and as he had borne his disorder so long a time, he might yet recover. On the following day, he still fancied himself getting better. He ate a bit of hashed guinea fowl in the day, which he had not done before since his illness, deriving his sole sustenance from a little fowl-soup and milk and water. On the morning of the 13th, however, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult; at the same instant he called out 'Richard!' in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished to see him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms, and, placing his head gently on my left shoulder, gazed a moment on his pale and altered features; some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very ill, I called out, with all my strength, 'O God, my master is dying!' which brought Pascoe and Mudey (the two black servants) into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left the body, I desired them to fetch water, with which I washed the corpse. I then got them to assist me in taking it outside the hut; laid it in a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned, with the Sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent, by Bello, to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly, I saddled the camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing an union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we halted at Ingavie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Socatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shade, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony—the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth; and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master. All the trying evils I had endured never affected me half so much as the bitter reflection of this distressing period."

Thus died Captain Clapperton, on the 13th day of April 1827, in, we believe, the thirty-ninth year of his age, a victim to an inflammatory disease, which originated in that which sends too many equally strong Scotchmen to the grave,—a regardlessness of the baneful consequences of damp on the constitution. Lauder found his way in nine months to Cape Coast, notwithstanding the invidiousness of certain villainous Portuguese, who endeavoured to molest him and prevent his communication with his countrymen. He sailed in the Esk sloop of war, and disembarked in England on the 30th of April 1828.

With regard to the settlement of that singular problem respecting the rise, the course, and the disemboguement of the Niger, we are, in this work, furnished with absolutely no observations on which any distinct conclusions could be satisfactorily founded. It appears that the large river, which agrees with the Niger of Park, is not known by that title to the Fellatahs, (or Foulahs,) but receives from them, as well as from the natives of the other provinces through which the mission proceeded, the name of Quorra. This stream, which, in some parts, is as wide as the Thames at London, runs in a direction from Socatoo to the coast, or from north to south, with a slight curvature towards the east. At the town of Funda, however, there is a break in the river, and between this and the town of Benin, a dis-

tance, we should suppose, of upwards of seventy miles, there is a hiatus, which will require to be supplied by future travellers. At this inland town of Benin, a river, increased in magnitude, again commences, but under the altered name of Formosa, which flows still in a southerly direction until it is emptied into the sea, several degrees to the west of Fernando Po. But this nether fragment of the river, strongly supposed to be the Niger, is supplied from the apocryphal charts of natives, and the whole, therefore, remains almost as much a matter of doubt as ever. Into Lake Tchad, an inland fresh-water sea, there are poured the waters of another large river, called the Yeou, which has been also supposed to be the inferior limb of the Niger; but this, on fully comparing the various excellent diagrams contained in this and preceding works, seems to be more distant from the truth; for, between this lake and Socatoo and the country in which one part of the Niger is situated, there runs a chain of high mountains, which must necessarily form the "water-shed" in this district of the country. There is another river, the Shary, of equal magnitude, which is emptied into Lake Tchad, on the southern side; but it cannot by any hypothesis be reconciled with the Niger.

Before concluding, there is one other subject of some interest to which we would wish to allude. All the particulars which Clapperton could gather regarding the death of Park, served to establish the truth of the accounts previously circulated in this country. Clapperton was informed that Park arrived at Sego with forty attendants; that he there obtained permission to build a vessel, but that, before it was ready, thirty-five of his followers had died; that he nevertheless embarked with the remnant, with the intention of following the course of the river; and that, having shortly afterwards been attacked by the Tuaricks, all in the boat were killed. It is interesting, however, to know that, in consequence of the calamities which afterwards overtook the perpetrators of this attack, the natives of the district to which they belonged treat the affair very seriously, look upon the spot where the murders were committed with superstitious awe, and now consider it a very dangerous matter to meddle with a white man. It is to be regretted, that Clapperton did not obtain the property of the unfortunate Mungo Park, which has been preserved at Boussa. It is to be hoped, however, that it may yet be sent home; for the King of that country seems willing to dispose of it to a properly accredited agent of the British government.

In closing our remarks on this interesting volume, we can heartily recommend it to the perusal of readers who take a pleasure in descriptions of savage life and manners, of which the work contains an ample variety. Nor would we willingly withhold a modified degree of praise from the blunt officer, who may be said to have sacrificed himself for his country.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

[We give a variety to the contents of this week's Literary Journal, by the introduction of only one critical notice, and by devoting the rest of our space to miscellaneous literature. Being anxious to avoid monotony, we shall occasionally follow this plan. —Ed. Lit. Jour.]

NOCTES BENGERIANÆ.

No. II.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Present—Wat, Collins, Donald, Nancy, *and* Jean.

Wat. Sit down an' sing out the sang wiselike, ye glaikit jaud. What signifies bizzing up an' down the house that gate, i' the time of a good sang, and letting folk just hear a screed now and then?

Nancy. Time about wi' ye, Wat, either for tale or sang, as lang as ye like.

Wat. Fient a sang ever I could sing in my life but auld John Nicol o' Whun, an' I darna for my life sing it, for fear the master hear me.

Nancy. Na—na—he'll no hear us the night; he's ower thrang making poets, to heed what we are doing.

Wat. Eh? What's the gowk saying?

Donald. Hersell no pe hafing great mooch deal to lippen to she's mhaster. Him have nothing to do but lay him's lug to te hole in te wa', and ten she pe hearing te whole *gnothac*.

Collins. Ay, and then he will be after putting it all in the papers, that the whole country may be put upon taking it out again, and making an exposition of us. I have many songs of my own dear country, but the devil a one of them dare I be after singing, for fear of an exposition.

Nancy. I never thought ony shame o' aught I ever said or sang yet, an' I carena if it were a' put in black an' white. An' sae, if nane o' you will begin, I'll gie ye a sang that a sweetheart o' mine made about mysell, and sent me it in a Valentine.

Nancy *sings.*

1.

O saw ye this sweet bonny lassie o' mine,
Or saw ye the smile on her cheek sae divine;
Or saw ye the kind love that speaks in her ee?
Sure naebody e'er was sae happy as me!

2.

It's no that she dances sae light on the green,
It's no the simplicity mark'd in her mien;
But O, it's the kind love that speaks in her ee,
That makes me as happy as happy can be.

3.

To meet her alane 'mang the green leafy trees,
When naebody kens, an' when naebody sees;
To breathe out the soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth here there's naething is equal to this.

4.

I have felt every bliss which the soul can enjoy,
When friends circled round me, and nought to annoy;
I have felt every joy that illumines the breast,
When the full flowing bowl is most warmly caress'd;—

5.

But O, there's a sweet and a heavenly charm
In life's early day, when the bosom is warm;
When soul meets wi' soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth sure there's naething is equal to this!

Wat. Od, you women are aye singing about kissing. Fient haet ye can sing about but kissing! I wish ye were a' kissed blind.

Donald. She pe a very cood and a very lhoving song.

Collins. Why, now, Nancy, 'pon my shoul that was no lover of yours at all—at all—who made that song; for the fellow who made it has been as good a poeter as my own dare beloved Paddy Whack. And so, if it was a lover of yours, you must be after telling us his name.

Nancy. I will not tell his name, for he is a very modest young man; and if he heard me singing it, he wad be fit to sink down through the ground. But a J and a H stand for his name.

Collins. A J and a H? Why, then, that stands for Robie Burns, and to be sure it does.

Wat. The man's a gowk; for that stands for our master's name.

Collins. The devil it does? Why, and to be sure, I knew it stood for somebody.

Nancy. But it is not a song o' our master's, for the lad that wrote it is a diker to his business, and a very good an' amiable lad he is, though I say it that shoudna say it. But come now, Wat, ye promised us Auld John Nicol.

Omnes. O, Auld John Nicol! Auld John Nicol!

Wat. I maun gang an' look what thae deevils o' beasts are doing first.

Omnes. No, no! If you gang to the beasts, we'll no see you the night again. Auld John Nicol! Auld John Nicol! and sing him without the owerword.

Wat. Nah! It winna sing for man alive without the owerword.

AULD JOHN NICOL.

I'll sing of an auld forbear o' my ain,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
A man that for fun was never outdone,
And his name it was Auld John Nicol o' Whun.
Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
An' weel he likit the toasts to pass,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Auld John Nicol gaed out to fight, &c.
But a' gaed wrang that should hae gane right, &c.
Then auld John Nicol kneel'd down to pray,
But never a word John Nicol could say.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
But I darena tell you what came to pass;
For the beadle came up in an unco haste,
An' summon'd him down to speak wi' the priest.

Then auld John Nicol he changed his hue,
For his face it grew red, an' his face it grew blue.
John Nicol gaed out, John Nicol gaed in,
An' he wish'd he had been in the well to the chin.

"Shame fa' it!" quo' John, "I often hae thought
Wha wins at women will lose at nought;
But I hae heart to do ill to nane,
Sae I will e'en mak the lassie my ain."

Then auld John Nicol he got a wife,
And he never got siccan fun in his life;—
Now, John Nicol he sings frae morn till e'en,
Tweeddlum twaddlum, twenty-one,
The happiest man that ever was seen,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Donald. It was peing te very pest ting te ould fellow could doo to pe taking the pretty mhaids altogether.

Nancy. What for have you never taken a pretty maid a'thegither, then, Donald? could ye no get ane i' your ain country?

Donald. Hut, ay, hersell could have peen ketting one petter enough, and she was very creat in lhove with te minister's mhaid of Assint, and was very sorry when she had to go and left her. Put it is te love story—Who sings now?

Collins. Why, I'll sing you a song, that I will, and a genuine one of my own dare country too, maide be that blessed fellow, Paddy Whack, the poet of Tipperary.

DENNIS DELANY.

In sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,
I have danced a good jig, and have sung a good song;
On the green, as I caper'd, I scarce bent the grass—
To a bottle a friend—and no foe to a lass.
At hurling, my fellow could never be found,
For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground;
And the girls all swore that they ne'er could meet any
Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany.

Chorus.

With my whack about, see it out, Dennis my jewel,
Och! why will you leave us? How can you be cruel?
Paddy Whack may go trudge it, and Murtoch O'Blaney,
We'll part with them all for dear Dennis Delany.

Young Sheelah O'Shannon was so fond of me,
That whenever we met we could never agree;
Says I, "My dear Sheelah, we'll soon end the fray,
For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay."
When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
They swore that from death the world could not save them:
"O we'll leave all our friends, though ever so many,
If you'll let us go with you, swaite Dennis Delany!"
With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudged it along,
And, by way of being silent, I lilted a song;
"Hey for Dublin!" says I, "where I'll see the fine lasses,
Get married, and drink, and ne'er mind how time passes."
But when I arrived, and found every lady
Short-waisted—thinks I, They are married already.
"By my shoul, now," says I, "marriage here is the fashion,
To breed young recruits for defence of the nation."
With my whack about, &c.

To the grand panorama, that every one talks of,
Away then I goes and immediately walks off;
But I were astonished, as much as e'er man was,
To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvass.
But some were a-weeping, and some were a-wailing,
Where Dublin once stood to see ships now a-sailing;
But what in my mind made it still seem the stranger,
Though I stood in the midst, I stood out of all danger.
With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,
To Crow Street I went, without three or four more;
And up stairs I walk'd, for to see things the better,
And bought a play-bill, though I knew not a letter.
But the crowd was so great, and the players so funny,
I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money;
But the boys went all mad, and I maddest of any,
When all the musicians play'd Dennis Delany.
With their whack about, &c.

Donald. She be a very nonsensical bhaist of a song, and not half so good as a fine Scottish song. There is not a little girl in all my native country of Assint, who will not pe mhaking a bettermost song tan tat whenever she pe coing into lhove.

Collins. 'Pon my shoul and body, but you are out of your reckoning there, old buckeen! for there never was a man or maid among you all could make a song with Mr Paddy Whack.

Nancy. I'll wager our ain little Jeannie there has made as good a sang sin' she fell in love as ony in a' Ireland.

Donald. Ha, ha, ha! She would be liking to hear it, just to put town te Erisher wit his crhaund songs, ha, ha, ha! She would pe liking very great to hear it.

JEAN *sings.*

1.

There's a bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!
There's a bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!
And although he be but young,
He has a sweet wooing tongue,
The bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!

2.

He has waled me for his ain, an' I trow him, O!
For it's needless to deny that I loe him, O!
When I see his face come ben,
Than a' the lads I ken,
I think them nae far far below him, O!

3.

There is Annie, the demure cunning fairy, O!
Our Nancy, an' Burn's bonny Mary, O!
They may set their caps at him,
An' greet till they gae blin',
But his love frae his Jean will never vary, O!

4.

He'll come to me at e'en though he's weary, O!
An' the way be baith darksome an' eiry, O!
An' he'll tirl at the pin,
An' cry, "Jeannie, let me in,
For my bosom it burns to be near ye, O!"

5.

He's a queer bonny laddie that I ken o'!
He's a dear bonny laddie that I ken o'!
For he'll tak me on his knee,
An' he'll reave a kiss frae me,
The bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!

Wat. Gude forgie us, on o' kissing again! *No thing* do they think about, frae morning till night, I believe, thae lasses, but kiss—kissing! Shame fa' me gin ever I heard aught like it!

Nancy. Wat, what was your sang about?

Wat. Hem!—I maun away see what thae plaguit beasts are doing.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Donald. Ha, ha, ha! te Erisher pe peat creat much by a *cailiag og.*

Shepherd (*behind the celling.*) Ye hae done verra weel for ae night, bairns, an' ye may gie ower now when you like, for my sheet's filled up, an' I hae down every word that you have either said or sung. What are ye feared for?—an' what are ye skirling at? Tell tale about the next week, and whoever tells the best ane, my friend Harry and I will baith gie a good fairing to.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

(*Translated from the Danish of Elmquist, and the German of Döring, by one of the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.*)

ON leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborasso's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopt. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning,—flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From every thing I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a"—— He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the en-

trance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without—and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever! He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner—then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived, by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighbouring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stept forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up: the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we pre-

cipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trode with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended, for a moment, in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude;—he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it, to rise no more!

We gave vent to a shriek of horror, and then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton fainting upon the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn in a dreadful manner, and the blood flowed incessantly from the wide and deep gash. The Indians collected some plants and herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding; and we then bound up the mangled limb, while poor Wharton lay perfectly insensible. His breathing was thick and heavy, and his pulse beat feverishly. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians lighted a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; and, having gathered some fruit, I partook of a meal that was the most sorrowful of my life. No sleep visited my eyes that night. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became always more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning, the Indians thought it would be best to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination, and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learnt poor Lincoln's unhappy fate. Yanna, the fair maiden whose heart he had won, burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay apparently insensible to every thing that passed around him. Towards morning sleep overpowered me. A song of lamentation and mourning aroused me. It was the Indians returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was at the head of the procession. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot. "There it stands!" and, on saying these words, he fell back and died.

A NIGHT SCENE IN IRELAND.

By the Editor of the Inverness Courier.

It is scarcely possible for the imagination even of a poet to paint a more beautiful landscape than that which stretches between the bay of Dundalk, on the north-east coast of Ireland, and the deep secluded vale of Ravensdale. The characteristic charms, both of soft and of Alpine scenery, are here combined. Woods of luxuriant growth and foliage—vales girdled by rocks and ocean—the wildness and sublimity of primitive nature, and the social joy and fertility of inland cultivation, are

blended together in careless beauty and magnificence. On the east rises a ridge of lofty mountains, their sides covered in summer with blossomed heath, furze, and moss, which afford shelter for abundance of game, wild bees, and singing birds, besides scenting the air with a peculiar and delightful fragrance. Numberless rivulets burst from fissures in the rocks, their clear waters sparkling in the sun, and mingling in their descent with the green and crimson hues of the various plants which it is the business and delight of many a fair hand to gather and arrange. Mineral waters also abound in the valleys—sainted wells, canopied by rude and broken arches of stone, and shaded by solitary fan-like trees, where at sunrise and sunset the superstitious peasantry still repair, to partake of the blessed waters, and relate legends of miraculous faith and power. Scattered along the shores and hills, numerous cairns, or tumuli, point out the graves of Ireland's ancient warriors; and in many of the secluded pastoral enclosures, fragments of old halls and convents—ruined walls and mouldering arches—lend interest and solemnity to the wild landscape, and still wilder tale and ballad, of the Irish mountains.

But I wander from my theme. Happening one evening in spring to be traversing the hills to which I have alluded, I insensibly rambled on till I had gone too far to retrace my steps before nightfall. Knowing, however, the path I was pursuing, I resolved to proceed in the direction of Carlingford bay, and, reposing for the night in a glen at no great distance, return on the following morning. The moon soon rose above the craggy tops of the Morne mountains, six miles to the east of that on which I stood, and I perceived that the intervening glen or valley was filled with a huge dense fog, that, spreading in the uncertain moonlight, bore no inapt resemblance to a wide agitated sea. In crossing these mountains at night, travellers are often so completely enveloped in the mist, that, after vainly endeavouring to make their way over bog and precipice, they are fain to take shelter in some nook or cavern, till morning dissipate the vapours. Impressed with this fact, and seeing a light issue from a hut at no great distance, on the south side of the mountain, I determined to take refuge under its roof, rather than incur the probable risk of seeking better quarters farther onward. Diverging from the beaten track, I therefore made up to the spot; but before reaching it, I heard the moving accents of a female voice, evidently engaged in the task of wailing or lamentation. I rapped gently at the door. It was opened by an old woman, bent and withered by toil and age, yet retaining a keen sparkling glance, and considerable vivacity in her demeanour. She was evidently a true denizen of the mountains, hale and cheerful, in spite of years and misfortune, and equally alive to mirth and sorrow. The latter, however, seemed now to be the predominant feeling. Making known to the ancient dame the circumstances that had brought me to her door, I solicited shelter for the night. "Shelter," said she, with the true indigenous zest and cordiality—"O yes, and welcome; but it's no place for any one. The man of the house is dead, and his poor wife is here breaking her heart for him; and good reason she has, for it's himself was the fine husband to her."

I stooped and entered the cabin, and, at one glance, saw that the shadow of death had indeed descended on the humble cottage. On a table, in the midst of the house, lay the corpse of a tall man, covered with a sheet, the head resting on a bundle of straw, partially covered with linen. From the roof were hung sheets that nearly encircled the table, and gave it the appearance of a bed with curtains. Above the head of the corpse were pinned some paltry prints of the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, &c., and the different corners of the rude temporary bier were decorated with ribands, each bunch being formed in the shape of a cross. From this touching display of funereal poverty and finery, I turned to survey the interior of the cottage. One end was boarded off for keeping the potatoes, and in the other was a hanging *dresser*, containing a few wooden noggins and trenchers. Underneath was the iron pot, the peasant's sole cooking utensil, accompanied by a red earthen pitcher for holding water. Several home-made candles, composed of strings of tow dipped in rosin, were suspended from the wall; and two of them, inserted in cleft sticks, served, with the aid of a good turf fire, to illuminate the dwelling. On a stool, by the side of the corpse, sat the mistress of the house, a stout robust woman, apparently about thirty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and motioning me to a seat near the fire, resumed her former place. The old woman having latched the door, also approached the fire, and, sitting down in a corner, pulled out a *dhudeen*, or pipe, from behind a large stone which served for a hob, and began smoking, equally silent and sorrowful.

After a short pause, I ventured to ask if there were no other persons to be at the wake, when the grandmother replied, that there were plenty of friends and *cleveens* too, but that they were all gone to buy things for the wake and funeral. "I'll warrant," added she, "we shall have a good wake, for poor Larry himself was the boy that was never backward at going to one; and I'll go bail that some of the boys from the Glen will come to help the *baste* with the car up the mountain."

The conjecture was soon proved to be correct, for, in a few moments, the noise of a car rattling up the rocky path that led to the cabin announced the approach of the cavalcade from "the town." Their arrival was greeted by both the females with violent clapping of hands, and the most vociferous screams—a proceeding which, I afterwards learned, was of no small importance, for, by its strict observance, it is believed that all the relations of the deceased are preserved, for at least twelve months, from a calamity similar to that they had met to deplore.

The party having reached the door, two stout men entered, one bearing a keg of whisky, and the other a sack filled with loaves of bread, which they deposited in a corner near the fire. Two others then brought in a large basket, containing tea, sugar, tobacco, and pipes, with the deal boards of which the coffin was to be made, and the pall with which it was to be covered. A brother of the deceased, hight "Jack MacShane," now approached the fire, and saluting me with a low bow, said he supposed I was "a stranger in those parts." I answered in the affirmative, and mentioned that, in coming over the mountain, I was induced, by the fog, which he must have seen below, to solicit shelter for the night. "Then you are heartily welcome," said the warm-hearted Irishman; "and if you don't like to stop at the wake, one of us will go down to the Glen with you after supper." I thanked him cordially for his kind offer; but, my curiosity being excited to witness a genuine unsophisticated Irish wake, expressed my desire to remain and be present at the ceremony.

The scene now took a different turn. The handy lads of the Glen, *maugre* the presence of the still cold corpse, which haunted me like a spell, were evidently ripe for mirth and good fellowship; the old grandmother seemed nothing loath—and Molchy Murphy, the widow, looked up and smiled through her tears. We, good Protestants, are taught in infancy to believe that every sign of rejoicing evinced on Christmas day is another pang planted in the breast of the great enemy of mankind; and our mercurial neighbours of the "green isle" seem to think, that every burst of merriment at a wake is another mark of respect paid to the manes of the deceased. Both traditions are no doubt equally fallacious, and neither is much to be lauded; but we may well pardon the poor oppressed Irish peasantry, if their mirth and sadness be closely intermingled, and change as fast as the lights

and shadows that cross each other on their sunny mountains.

"Arrah, Sheelah Murphy!" exclaimed a "tight boy," named Bryan Rooney, "I wish you would make us a bit of a *faste*. There's plenty of good tea, white bread, and whisky in the house, and there's not another woman in the barony that can do it better than yourself, when you have got the things to do it with."

"Good luck to you, Bryan," rejoined the old woman, touched with his courtier-like language, "you've got a tongue would wile the bird off the tree—many is the sore heart you have made;"—and she instantly set to the work of preparation. A rousing turf-fire was speedily blazing on the hearth, aided by the active exertions of the aforesaid Bryan, who blew it sedulously with his hat; and the iron pot, which was to serve in the double capacity of kettle and tea-pot, being filled with water, was in a few moments singing like a *lintie* in "the leafy woods of June." The widow then brought forward a box in which she kept her cloak and Sunday gown, and, placing it in the most advantageous situation to serve for a table, ordered the noggins to be got in requisition for the guests. Sheelah, the grandmother, having performed this necessary service, measured out the tea with a horn spoon into the pot, and then cut up two loaves into slices, each (to borrow a simile of Jack MacShane's) being about the dimensions of "a smoothing-iron." Whatever may be urged by strong-nerved philosophers against "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," the company at widow Murphy's seemed by no means to recognise the force of their arguments. Noggin after noggin was emptied and replenished; and if the mode in which the beverage was prepared did not tend to improve its flavour, it had the effect of augmenting its strength, and keeping it equal to the last. After the "tea-tackle" (as Cobbett says) was removed, a more genial and inspiring liquid was introduced. The whisky-keg was placed on a stone by the fire-side, and Sheelah having extracted a peg from one end, drew off a quantity in the pitcher, and handed it over to Jack MacShane. Jack filled out a bumper in a horn, and, lifting up his eyes, drank very devoutly—"Here's God rest the soul of the poor man under *boord*"—a sentiment which called forth a hearty "amen" from all the assembled mourners. Each having pledged a libation to the spiritual welfare of the deceased, the company all sat down, some on stools, and the rest on stones brought in for the purpose, and indulged for some time in the silent unsocial luxury of smoking. In the meantime, the cottage kept filling with young people from the Glen; and a sort of table was raised at the foot of the corpse, on which were placed nearly a dozen of lighted candles.

This preliminary being over, the women began the keen, or wail over the dead, and if the mirth of the company had formerly been abrupt and simultaneous, their grief seemed now to be as general, unstudied, and sincere. The females wept outright, while the most hardy countenances among the men were bedewed with tears which they vainly strove to hide. I afterwards learned, that in this wild untutored chant were recapitulated all the manly actions achieved by the deceased—his dexterity at wrestling, bullet-throwing, putting the stone, dancing, and leaping; and it concluded with reflections on the forlorn state of his disconsolate widow, and the grief of his mother and friends. A noble poet, whose lines may be truly termed "mottoes of the heart," has said,

> There is a tear for all that die,
> A mourner o'er the humblest grave;

and it seemed to me that among these rude, illiterate Irish peasants, there was more of the fervour and earnestness of genuine heartfelt sorrow than I had ever previously witnessed. When the feelings are allowed to expand without check or control, to grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength, they attain a power, whether for good or for evil, that is as far removed from the dwarfish conceptions of ordinary life, as the wild unpruned grandeur of an American forest is different from the trim parterre or nicely cultivated garden. Hence those occasional bursts of humour, pathos, tenderness, and imagination, which surprise us in the lowest Irish; and hence those frightful atrocities which ever and anon astound us, showing that the depths of human depravity can be sounded by no moral plummet line, for

> In the lowest deeps there is a lower still.

One extreme, however, generally begets another. The love of mirth is fully as strong, and much more lasting, with the Irish, than the love of sorrow. Accordingly, in our humble party, the women soon wiped their eyes, and the men filled their pipes, and a young man rose and proposed that they should begin a play to banish sleep and sorrow. The proposal was hailed with acclamation; and after a brief pause of deliberation, it was agreed that they should enact the Priest and Clerk, and marry all the young people present! A stool was placed in the centre of the room, and Bryan Rooney (who happened to have a rusty black silk handkerchief about his neck) was unanimously elected Priest. Having chosen a young man for Clerk, the two furnished themselves each with an apron, which they twisted up like a rope. The ceremony commenced with the Priest calling out, "Yes, Barny Gallagher in the corner there! come out and get a wife for yourself." Barny seemed as loath to enter into the holy and happy state as Mr Malthus himself could have wished; whereupon the Clerk made up to him, basting him soundly, the Priest at the same time laying about the shoulders of his functionary, and ordering him to "do his duty." Thus admonished, Barny was fain to cry quarter, and comply with the rule of the game. Being placed on the stool, he was asked, "Which of those pretty girls (and some of them were really pretty) he would choose for his wife?"—"Commend me to Nanny O'Neill," said Barny, casting a glance towards a fair-haired damsel, who stood half concealed behind the group. Nanny threw her apron over her face lest she should be seen by the Priest; but her modesty was of no avail, for the Clerk, perceiving where Barny's eyes were fixed, handed his blushing partner from amidst a crowd of tittering fair ones, who envied Nanny her choice by such a *clane* likely boy as Barny, and seated her on the matrimonial stool. Barny Gallagher then saluted his betrothed with all the gallantry of a *cavalier servente*, and moved off to a part of the house appropriated for the reception of the married pairs. Nanny selected the young man with whom the ceremony was next to be repeated, and then joined her partner, interchanging with him those words and glances which Burns, who was deeply read in such matters, says, constitute

> Heartfelt raptures, bliss beyond compare.

In this manner Widow Murphy's youthful visitors were all united, and seated round the walls. The Priest's occupation being gone, he sat down himself on the stool, and sent round his Clerk with a trencher to each of the girls, to demand his marriage fees. These were taken in pledges, afterwards to be released, on condition that the bride or her betrothed should sing a song or tell a tale. The pledges consisted of scissors, pincushions, thimbles, &c.; and as each was held up, the partner of the fair owner piqued himself too much on his "smartness" to allow the pledge to be forfeited.

The tales and songs seemed all to be inspired by the *genius loci*, which had not disdained to shed its soothing and cheering influence on the lowliest scenes of humble life. Feats of superhuman strength and dexterity—the combats of rival giants—and the spells and

enchantments of fairies and witches, formed the staple themes of these unambitious representations, some of which were of a highly humorous and dramatic cast, worthy the collection of a Crofton Croker.

The night was wholly spent ere the pledges were all redeemed, and the "dappled dawn" had streaked the east, ere the party thought of separating. The wake was concluded with another wail somewhat similar to the first, after which the party took leave of the widow and her aged relative, and departed in a body for the Glen. It was in vain that I offered some pecuniary compensation to my humble entertainers. The offer was gently but firmly resisted, and we therefore parted with mutual prayers and blessings, measured out with fulness and sincerity. On gaining the road, I found the darkness rapidly vanishing; the outlines of the Morne mountains being distinctly visible, though the loch and valley still lay under an almost impenetrable veil of mist. Early, however, as was the hour, the "busy hum of men" ascended up the steep; the labourer was on the moor—the bay was crowded with boats, some making out for the herring-fishing, some tracking in the bay, and others dropping along the loch. The tide of life, thought I, is still rolling on—still waking the peasant to his daily round of care—though it will beat no more for the poor Irish Widow's son. Strange people; that can convert their deepest griefs into sources of joy and merriment; and as their earthly ties drop off, make each succeeding bereavement but bind them closer to their surviving "co-mates and brothers" of the soil!

"SPEAKING OUT" IN CHURCH.

By the Author of "The Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

A MOST amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago in the church of ——. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripter beasts ava. Ye're as far aff 't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit-stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken."—"Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are," cried the orator, so enraged, as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

Another amusing instance of a similar piece of indecorum occurred at Biggar. It must be well known to our readers, that the more ignorant and zealous congregations of the Scottish church, in common with those belonging to what is called the *Secession*, entertain a very strong prejudice against the use of written notes in the pulpit. The contempt with which clergymen are sometimes treated on this account would astonish the liberal minds of our English neighbours. In one case, which has come within our knowledge, this contempt proceeded so far as to occasion a *speaking out*. The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn on account of his *reading*, was one day concluding his discourse, as an old woman of the true old leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clencher to his argument, "I add no more"—"Because ye canna!" cried the old woman.

FINE ARTS.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AT THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

(*Second Notice.*)

PASSING from the consideration of the two great attractions of this Exhibition, we turn our attention first to the portraits. This is not because we have any undue admiration of this branch of art; but, on the contrary, because, having rather a distaste to it, we wish to hurry them over in the first place. Portrait-painting is a very useful study for the young artist; and the vanity of mankind (particularly in our own dear country) will always render it profitable; but we hold it a dubious proof of any man's qualifications for an artist, that, having mastered the technical difficulties of his art, he rests satisfied with being a mere portrait-painter. Portrait-painting holds about the same rank in art, that Memoirs and Biographical Sketches do in literature. Sometimes, it is true, it catches a reflected light from its subject, or, when done by some master-hand, it acquires a value analogous to that which is possessed by Clarendon's masterly Sketches of Character. This, however, is the utmost; and it is but a bad sign of the state of art in any country, when portraits are the only paintings in demand. The only portraits in any degree approaching to the higher class in the Scottish Academy Exhibition are, that of Joseph, by Syme (32), of Bishop Cameron, by G. Watson (91), and of a Gentleman, by Graham (58). There are others with which, had we an interest in the individual, we might wish to deck our walls;—but this is a very qualified praise.

The rest of the pictures in the Exhibition consist of domestic scenes, or scenes from common life; landscapes and sea pieces; fruit and flower pieces. There is, it is true, one adventurous attempt—an "Archimedes"—of which "least said is soonest mended." Of Linton's "City of ancient Greece," we will speak along with his other picture.

DOMESTIC SCENES, AND SCENES FROM COMMON LIFE.—It would be a vain parade of learning to detail the nature of this class of paintings. As they may unite both landscape and figure, they give the artist a wide field—the hues and shades of earth, air, and water; form, colouring, grouping of figures, and expression. Nor do they altogether want the heightening charms of association, of which the more largely and skilfully the artist makes use the better, so long as he does not overstep, in search of them, the limits of his art; although the nature of the subject necessarily precludes associations of such deep and engrossing power as belong to the higher walks of historical painting.

Alexander Fraser has only one work this year, "The Tinker," (92,) but it is the gem of the Exhibition. The individual figures are all characteristic, and, with the exception of the female leaning over the half-door, all finely finished. The outline of the group is pleasing, and the persons composing it are naturally and easily connected—that is, we see at once how they come to be so placed together. The solid figure with his back turned to us, half sitting on the handle of his spade, is conversing with the tinker, who, with outstretched legs, has been sitting repairing a pan, but at the moment

looks up archly and joyously, with his beer in his hand. The tinker's dog has nestled close to his feet; and behind it sit two chubby children, looking gravely and interestedly at what is going on. The young woman leaning over the door fits into the group; and all the still-life accompaniments are happily disposed, correctly and pleasingly coloured. The deep shade from the houses on the side of the street, not introduced into the picture, is well thrown in to balance the group.

The next picture, in point of merit to this, is "A Polish Jew," (102,) by S. Drummond.

William Shiels has four pictures of very considerable merit. His grouping is, (except in "The Cadger,") good; his animals are all well painted; his light and shade happily disposed; his perspective bold and true; his ground colour pleasing. But he has yet to study the art of giving a true flesh colour—the last and most difficult task that an artist has to learn, that which we least seldom see mastered, and that in which Mr Shiels is evidently yet to seek. Some minor deficiencies we might point out—as, for example, the figure with the leather apron in "The Cadger," which either has no feet, or portentously short legs—and one or two others; but this is a captious style of criticism which we do not much affect.

George Harvey is an artist of great promise, and has already made considerable progress in the technical details of his art; but, if we may judge from the predominating yellow of his pictures, he must lately have been suffering from the jaundice. His shades are too timid; he does not throw the interior of his buildings sufficiently back. His figures are repetitions of each other, and certainly not the loveliest objects in nature. We ought to except from this censure the old man in the "Lost Child Restored," (146.)

We must not pass over unnoticed "The New Dress," (101,) by the modest and talented Bonar. We could expatiate at length on its merits, but the numbers both of connoisseurs and naturalists who may be seen enjoying it every day, are a more speaking encomium than any that we could pronounce. Neither should Cosse's Soldier relating the Battle of Waterloo, still less W. Kidd's "Careless Husband," pass unnoticed, but that our limits forbid us.

Landscapes and Sea-pieces.—The landscapes of J. B. Kidd fall most in the eye, both from their number and size. This artist stuck too closely, in his earlier productions, to the style of his reverend master—they were clever, but too much of the imitator. We have a specimen of this stage of his progress, (No. 94,) of this year's Exhibition. Even yet we find, in the general arrangement of his colours, and sometimes (as in No. 114) in the forms of the foliage, traces of early impressions. He has, however, since accustomed himself to a more original handling, and not only gives promise of future excellence, but has already done much. The lightness and transparency of the aerial haze in the background of No. 43, the rich sunshine in Nos. 114 and 151, show that he is not only possessed of an eye capable of the most luxurious impressions of external nature, but also in no small degree, of the power of reproducing them. At the same time, we would take the liberty of hinting to him, that there are other colours in nature besides bright green in the foreground, and pale blue in the distance; as also, that his immense clusters of tall needle-like hills are neither true to nature nor beautiful in themselves. Of all his pictures, those least tinged by his mannerism is, "Lake in Wales" (13), which is mellower in the foreground, and less intensely blue in the distance,—one of his best pictures; and No. 244 incalculably his worst.

Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Ewbank honores;

that is, in as far as number and size conjointly are concerned. Our old friend's sea-pieces are, in general, worthy of him; but that they are such decided repetitions of what he has given us before. The same sky, with swelling glassy waves beneath it, over which mellow-tinted boats are heaving—or the waveless mirror of the sea, broken into a ripple by the eternal buoy, with buildings or vessels looming dimly through a dry haze—the materials of his paintings have become as familiar to us as our alphabet. The most original is the shipwreck, a painting which has some merits and many defects. No. 215 looks to us as if it were unfinished. The most pleasing, in our estimation, of what he has this year exhibited, is his pleasing little "Landscape" (242).

Crome, of Norwich, has several paintings, of which his moonlights are the best. Of them, the "Scene between Delft and Rotterdam" (90) pleases us most. Our only objections to it are, that the moon is of too unsubdued a white, and perhaps the whole of the objects too distinct. In 106, the distance of the moon behind the branch of a tree is finely brought out, and the shadow cast by the boat is true to nature; but the colours are too much those of daylight. This charge applies, in some measure, to 194, as does that of too much distinctness in the objects to the whole three.

His townsman, Deane, has also several pictures, which indicate considerable talent—in particular, No. 103.

Stark has one picture in this Exhibition, which, but for one fault, and that, we fear, a vital one, would fully have maintained his reputation. On one side we have a fine group of trees, on the other we have a still finer vista through an opening in the forest; but unfortunately these two parts of the picture are so constructed that, from no standing point, can we catch the right effect of them at once. Is there no device by which this might be amended? for, in every other respect, the picture is one of the able artist's happiest efforts.

W. Linton is a gentleman in whom we have been very much disappointed. His paintings make fine engravings; and in particular we have seen one, which pleased us much, of the "Grecian city," now exhibiting here. His colouring (to say nothing of the way in which he mixes up and lays on his colours) is the most extraordinary and unnatural that can well be conceived. His view in the island of Jersey (137) is a work of great genius, but it would be much more felt in an engraving, which could give all that is good of it, without the painful effects of his false colouring.

Fruit and Flower-pieces.—Percy Forster has two fruit-pieces (76, 325), which, as far as regards the individual fruit, can scarcely be surpassed. The truth of the colouring and the transparency are alike excellent. This is, however, only the first stage in this pleasing branch of the art. He has yet to learn that happy and harmonious disposition and arrangement of his fruits, according to their forms and colours, of which Lance has shown himself to be a master, (80.) Miss Crome has also a very meritorious fruit-piece, (35.) We are not aware that any of the flower paintings merit particular notice.

It is very provoking that these artists will not accommodate their works to our classification. There is, for example, Roberts: his Cathedral (100) belongs to none of our categories, and the consequence is, that we have wellnigh omitted to say that it is a beautiful painting, though scarcely equal to that which he exhibits in the other Exhibition. In like manner, Nicholson's "Faithful guardian" (156), his "Fall of Bruar Water" (4), and his "Favourite Puss" (19), might have been gathered to their fathers without our attestation of their merits; while we might have been deprived, on the other hand, of the opportunity of quarrelling with the artist's eternal pinky clouds in the first of these, and the cold scrambling background in the second.

Gentle reader! we have now, in a great measure absolved our duty towards the Scottish Academy. There

are many paintings in it which we have passed over in silence, because we had nothing to say in their favour. There are many which we must omit at present, but to which, as they are really deserving of notice, we may again revert, "if time and free consent be yours to give." We have only one more remark to trouble you with at present. The English artists have come liberally forward to assist with their works the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. We rejoice at this; the exhibition of the works of strangers has a natural tendency to prevent the growth of mannerism, and a scholastic resemblance, which inevitably springs up among a small number of artists. At the same time, we see on the walls of the Scottish Academy some most inane daubs, and some meretricious, glaring productions, which have, to our knowledge, already made the tour of half the exhibitions in England, and have now been sent as a *pis-aller* to Edinburgh. As such productions can neither confer additional attractions on the Exhibition, nor improve by their inspection the taste of artists or the public, we hope that none such will be exhibited again.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. VIII.

I MIGHT still continue to repeat that the Catholic question is, indeed, *Catholic*,—the general theme that swallows up every other as of secondary interest; but, as your own proud city will not escape controversy, I shall forbear to "grieve your heart" farther with a subject that, whatever be its importance, hath a lamentable lack of novelty. There is a solemn stillness in the literary world, which may perhaps be considered as introductory to great events. Tomorrow there may come a rush upon the booksellers for the last new publication, the pledge of genius great and unexpected; but I am an humble witness, that on this blessed day, devoted to St Patrick and the second reading of Mr Peel's bill for the relief of his dear children, public curiosity, like the author of Mr Colburn's last, "preserves the strictest *incognito*."

You already know that Southey is busy with Bunyan the brazier of Bedford, (how alliterative our vernacular is!)—his poems of "All for Love," and "The Pilgrims of Compostella," are also about to be "cast upon the waters." "All for Love" is, I believe, of a pious vein, and was originally intended for the Keepsake—the Editor of which Annual proposed to have it scissored down into genteel dimensions, which the Laureate refused to do, and leaving a weakling in its stead, deposited it with his *alma nutrix*, the great publishing house in Albemarle-street. "The Pilgrims of Compostella" is a humorous poem concerning a certain youth, who, by the assistance of St James, spent some weeks very pleasantly suspended from a gibbet, a miracle attested by a pair of orthodox fowl, who, to confound an unbelieving Alcade, stepped from the dish on which they lay ready roasted for dinner, and crew conviction in the face of the sceptical magistrate.

Being Lent, little can be expected from the theatres save "Lenten entertainment." There are dull new plays, old oratorios ill produced, sad farces, and sleepy operas. One of the latter, called "The Maid of Judah," is under process of playing at Covent Garden. The story is taken from Ivanhoe; and the romance is to me something more agreeable than the dialogue and music of the new piece. An opera, however, many degrees inferior, indeed most diabolically bad, has been drawled through for a night or two at Drury Lane. It is entitled "The Casket." Our British composers have fallen into a leaden slumber, and the trick of the theatres now is, to get some "puny whipster" to fit the music of such men as Mozart and Rossini to the purposes of a medley, called an opera, for which songs are furnished by an aspiring scene-shifter, and conversations by a *call-boy*. When the compound is perfect in its ingredients, it is divided as nearly as may be into three equal parts by the critical stage-manager, who presents it in this state, with great self-complacency, to the nauseating palate of a much-abused public. Of such is "The Casket," and its reception has been in proportion to its deserts.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOST STAR.

By the Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal."

THE once bright star!—Where is that star,
That sentinel on high;
That lamp, which, gleaming, lay afar
Upon the spangled sky?
O, say, ye gems of heaven! O, say,
Where is your sister gone;
To what dim region fled away,
That bright and lovely one?

Hath she forgot her path to trace
Through ether's boundless blue?
Hath she forgot her dwelling-place
In the vault of azure hue?
Homeless and desolate is she,
The wondering worlds among;
Tell me, ye forms of mystery,
That sail heaven's sea along?

Perchance her fires are all gone out,
And she is dark and drear,
Tost masterless upon her route,
A thing of dread and fear:
Upon her sunless orb no ray—
No being on her breast;
And thus, perchance, she speeds away
To her eternal rest.

Or it may be, that He, whose voice
First bade the worlds to be,
And all the starry realms rejoice
In heavenly harmony;
Even He, perchance, hath will'd that all
The universe shall die,
And this fair star the first to fall—
Prophetic mystery!

She is gone out! she is gone out!
The beautiful, the bright;
Fled to some place of awe and doubt,
Beyond the bounds of light.
She is no more! she is no more!—
From her starry station riven;
A void is where life was before—
A world is swept from heaven!

E. W. C.

TIME AND CHANGE.—TWO SONNETS.

I.

ONE balmy night, of beauty, and of joy,
A bright-eyed maiden, and a dark-hair'd boy,
Stood by a stream, whose small waves, murmuring sweet,
Broke into silver ripples at their feet,

And whispering nothings to the drowsy flowers,
The gentle thing beguiled the moonlight hours;—
Yet not more fleetly wimpled it away,
Till in the east it met the brightening day,
Than did the thoughts of those twin hearts that night,
Till, like the stream, they too dissolved in light,
And soft as music from an unseen lyre,
Holy as sunshine on the hamlet spire,
Joyous as Spring's first smile o'er valley wide,
Moved, look'd, and felt that boy and his young bride.

II.

Years roll'd away—years long in life's brief span—
And by the shore there stood a lonely man—
The shore of the great ocean—and its foam
Dash'd on him unregarded. Like a gnome
That loveth not the light, he seem'd to be
Concentred in his own dark misery.
Onward into the future never more
That desolate man will look; his store
Of summer sweets, in bleak disorder cast,
Lies withering on the desert of the past.—
There is a stream whose melancholy tone
Finds in his heart an echo to its own;
There is a bright eye sunken, cold, and dim,
And if *its* light be quench'd, what sun dares shine on him?

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We observe that Messrs Blackie, Fullarton, and Co. of Glasgow, have just published, in a handsome and convenient form, on one large sheet, a Political Scale of the Globe, translated from the French of Adrian Balbi. This scale exhibits the general statistics of the earth, according to its actual political divisions, and the most recent discoveries; and presents, in one comprehensive and valuable table, a view of the surface and population, the revenue and debt, the forces by land and sea, the classification of the inhabitants according to religion and language, the reigning sovereign or chief of the government, with the epoch of his accession and of his minority, the religion he professes, and the dynasty to which he belongs, the population of the principal towns, the capital of each state, and the administrative divisions to which the others belong, of all the States of Europe and America, and the principal states of the other parts of the world. We have no hesitation in recommending this Table to general attention, for we have seldom seen so much information condensed into so small a space.

The author of "Pelham" and "The Disowned" has published a volume of poems at Paris, which are favourably spoken of.

A novel, from the pen of an officer in the Fourth Dragoon Guards, is about to appear, in which, we understand, the exploits of the regiment in peace and war will be revealed to the curiosity of the reader.

A French translation of Clapperton's Second Expedition has been announced at Paris.

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR LEO XII.—In the 17th Number of the *Literary Journal*, we presented our readers with a few delineations of the life and character of the late Pope Leo the 12th; and we have now to mention, that the service which the Church of Rome prescribes for the peace of departed souls, took place on the occasion of his decease, on Thursday the 12th inst. in the Catholic Chapel here. The doors were opened to the public at half past ten, and as all persons were admitted by tickets, which were sold at a small sum, for the purpose of aiding the funds of the school for the education of the children of poor Catholics, a select and respectable audience, of whom, we believe, a considerable portion were Protestants, occupied the chapel. The side windows being darkened with black cloth, and the altar-piece covered in the same manner, a sombre and lugubrious character was given to the interior of the building, which the tapers and funeral torches, casting their light over the white cloth and emblematic figures on the altar, served rather to increase than diminish. High mass was performed by Bishop Paterson, assisted by the other clergy, and the usual prayers and litanies for the souls of the departed were chanted with all that pomp and circumstance of which the Catholic church knows so well how to avail itself. A funeral oration, in honour of the deceased Pope, was delivered with considerable emphasis, by one of the attendant clergy, in which he took occasion to enlighten his hearers by expounding to them the doctrines of his church regarding the validity of prayers for the dead. His arguments were drawn from the practice of the Jews, and the writings of some of the early fathers, with the collateral proofs of such doctrine deduced from what Protestants choose to designate the Apocryphal Scriptures. He explained that we were to pray for those who were supposed to suffer after death the penalty, not of gross sins, from which there could be no pardon, but of minor offences: he omitted, however, to touch upon the recklessness which this belief might be too likely to engender during life. With regard to the musical part of the performance, we cannot help thinking, that notwithstanding the numerical force of the orchestra, and the known abilities of many of the vocal and instrumental performers, it was on the whole rather meagrely executed. There was a decided deficiency in bass voices, which is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact, that several of the best male singers of this description are precentors in Presbyterian Churches, and consequently prevented from joining a Roman Catholic choir. The overture of Mozart's Requiem, however, which, by the way, is also the overture to Don Juan, as well as the Gregorian chant, which followed, were well performed. But the chief merit of the performance certainly rested on the *Sanctus* and the *Libera*; indeed, the soft harmony of the latter, and the exquisite blending of the human voices with the swelling tones of the organ, deserve the highest praise. We understand that it is to the exertions of the Rev. Mr Gillies, a young foreign priest, that the public are mainly indebted for the musical arrangements both on the present occasion, and that of the obsequies of the late Bishop Cameron.

MUSIC.—Miss Eliza Paton's annual Concert is announced, we observe, for Monday evening. We have little doubt that this young lady, who has cultivated her musical powers to such good purpose, will receive the encouragement to which she is so well entitled. She is to be assisted by her sister, Miss Isabella Paton, who is accomplished both as an actress and vocalist,—Miss Noel, —Mr Thorne,—Mr Wilson,—and, though last, not least, Mr Murray—one of the cleverest of our modern violinists. We are glad also to perceive that the rooms are to be thrown open for refreshments, by which an agreeable variety to the amusements of the evening is afforded.

Theatrical Gossip.—Two new operas have been produced in London, both from the pen of a Mr Lacy:—the one is called "The Maid of Judah, or the Knight Templars" (founded on "Ivanhoe"), and the other "The Casket." The former was performed at Covent Garden, and the latter at Drury Lane:—the former was successful, but the latter failed.—Mr Pemberton, the new tragedian, appears to have withdrawn himself from the misadventures of the London critics.—Miss Noel's benefit, at our Theatre on Wednesday last, was crowded to the ceiling: four or five of her songs were encored, and "Cam you by Athol," she had to repeat thrice. Miss Noel is about to leave the stage, and we certainly do not know how Mr Murray is to supply her place. The new melo-dramatic tragedy of "Caswallon" was produced on Thursday, but we were not able to be present.—The Theatre was never better attended than it is now. Mrs Henry Siddons takes her benefit on Tuesday next, which, as a matter of course, will be crowdedly patronised.—Charles Kemble, we understand, commences an engagement here on the 28th of this month.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 14—March 20.

SAT. *Beaux Stratagem, Critic, and Destruction of the Spanish Armada.*
MON. *Twelfth Night, & Lord of the Manor.*
TUES. *Paul Pry, Mr Tomkins, & Tribulation.*
WED. *Comedy of Errors, & Green-eyed Monster.*
THUR. *Caswallon, & Legend of Montrose.*
FRI. *Rob Roy, & Cramond Brig.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE article upon Chess is unavoidably postponed till our next.—The author of the Sketches of Modern Italy has our best thanks: his communications will appear as soon as possible.—Most of the "Bulls" enumerated by "B." have been already noticed by critical writers, and some of them have been called Bulls indeed.

We are happy to understand, and have pleasure in mentioning, that the author of "Lucy's Flitting" was *not* the author of a song we noticed some time ago as inadmissible.—We cannot give "Amicus" any encouragement.—The verses entitled "Patty of Spain," "The Irish Exile's Lament," and "The Last of the Cottagers," by "M." of Girvan, will not suit us.—If we can possibly find room for the poetical communications of "Thea," "C. J." of Glasgow, and of "A. W." of Selkirk, they shall have a place.—We have already laid aside more than a volume of very good poetry, much of which, we fear, it will be a long while before we can overtake.

THE

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 20. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM

The History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages. Translated from the original German of Carl von Savigny. By E. Cathcart. Vol. I. Edinburgh. Adam Black. 1829.

In these degenerate days of ours, when the great source of European jurisprudence is almost overlooked; when a quotation from the Digests is about as rare at the Bar as one from Sir Walter Scott's novels,* both the author and publisher of a work on the History of the Roman law are entitled to no inconsiderable credit on the score of enterprise; since, in nine cases out of ten, their zeal must be its own reward. We are inclined to hope, however, for the credit of public taste, that such will not be the case in the present instance. The translation is ably executed by a person perfectly familiar with the language of his author, and the work of Savigny, which has now for the first time found a translator, is one of those rare productions which form an epoch in the departments to which they belong; a singular combination of the most patient and profound research with the greatest originality of views;—one of those works, in fact, which in modern times are to be found only in Germany,—which we peruse with a sensation of mingled wonder and pity, at the laborious toil by which the vast mass of accurate information which it embodies has been accumulated, and of admiration at the skill and talent with which a subject, apparently lost in the gloom of antiquity, has been "won from the void and formless infinite" of theory and conjecture.

It is at least one of the advantages of the present system of education in Germany, that no one who hopes for a moment to obtain or preserve a name in the literature of his country, need enter on the field of competition without a course of preparation, by which the sensitive nerves of most of our literati would be effectually shaken. No one need expect there to step out upon the world, a heaven-born and ready-made scholar. The general standard of scholarship has been raised so high by the illustrious names which have, for the last fifty years in particular, been adding to the stock of German science, that one might almost say, without exaggeration, that the course of study which the German prescribes to himself before entering on his task as a labourer in the literary vineyard, is only commencing when that of a French *litterateur* ends. Years of the most assiduous, and what is more provoking, the most unobtrusive and apparently ineffective study; an acquaintance with most of the languages of civilized Europe, as well as those of antiquity; the careful perusal *in the original* of all previous works on the subject, as well as long and deep meditation on that subject in all its views;—these are regarded in Germany so much as matters of course, that a literary man obtains little more credit for their possession, than an essayist among ourselves would do, who had been scrupulously correct in his orthography, or had never violated the integrity of Priscian's head.

The work before us is a remarkable specimen of these qualities of the German character; the patient and persevering toil with which the foundation is laid,—the solidity and skill with which the edifice is reared. Learning and originality walk hand in hand in this work of Savigny. Like his friend Niebuhr, he takes nothing on trust. He turns from the vague speculations of the writers who had preceded him, to the evidence arising from charters and deeds; and the permanent and unchanging testimony of inscriptions and public monuments. A date, a name, a half-mutilated inscription, the commencement or the conclusion of a moth-eaten parchment scroll, a public proclamation, an imperial decree, an apparently insignificant sentence in an author, treating, perhaps, of a subject totally different from that which is under discussion, become, in his hands, the most powerful engines for the elucidation of truth. Give him only some such point to rest his lever on, and the snug fabrics of theory, "all compact," which had been reared by his less scrupulous predecessors, are levelled with the dust. Savigny and Niebuhr have this in common, that they both attach little weight to previous histories, or professed treatises on the subject, and seek, in general, for the true materials of their history in these *indirect* proofs. It is, no doubt, a misfortune attendant on this system, that it necessarily leaves many *lacunæ* to be filled up. It establishes, to be sure, certain fixed points, which, like meridians, are thus drawn through the vast and crowded mass of time; but it leaves the intermediate spaces often a mere waste, or filled only with conjectures or possibilities. In the case of the History of the Roman Law, however, we think it has been more judiciously applied than by Niebuhr. The absence of any authoritative contemporary treatises, in the first place, rendered it necessary; while the ample materials, afforded by the numerous collections of codices, diplomata, and deeds of all kinds, which the industry of Muratori, Ughelli, Papiri, and others have preserved, enabled him to fill up, with far more minuteness and certainty than could have been expected, the map of the state of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, which he has presented to us in these elaborate volumes.

The volume now before us is devoted to the evidence, in refutation of the commonly received notion, of the extinction of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, and its sudden revival, after the supposed discovery at Amalfi. It shows, that during the whole of that period, the Roman Law, modified indeed by feudal institutions, or disguised under different names, was in operation among the different nations by whom the Roman empire was dismembered; it traces the general character of the sources of

* In fact, the theory of the Scottish law of diligence, as given by Jonathan Oldbuck, was quoted last session from the Bench with much approbation.

the Roman Law, from the fifth century to the remodelling and arrangement of the whole under the directions of Justinian, and from Justinian down to the year 1100, and the foundation of the school of Bologna. This part of the subject, which embraces the gradual modifications to which the Roman Law was subjected after the invasion of the Franks, is that on which Savigny has bestowed all his strength; and nothing can exceed the learning and ingenuity with which it is developed. At the same time, to be candid, we cannot promise the reader either of this, or of any other part of Savigny's volume, much of mere amusement. The subject is one rather remote and uninteresting at best; and though national feeling may enable a German to peruse a work devoted to the illustration of the history of the early judicial establishments of his country with some interest, we fear that in this country Savigny must be contented with the honour due to a work of reference and permanent utility, rather than present amusement. We wished much to be able to find a passage which would bear extracting; but the whole runs into each other so much, that we have been unable to find one; at the same time, it is of the less consequence, for, in a work like this, single passages give no more idea of the merits of the original, than the pedant's brick did of the house which he wished to sell.

Present State of Van Diemen's Land, comprising an Account of its Agricultural Capabilities, with Observations on the Present State of Farming, &c. pursued in that Colony; and other important Matters connected with Emigration. Dedicated to Lord Althorp. By Henry Widowson, late agent to the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Establishment. London. S. Robinson. 8vo. 1829. Pp. 216.

As affording the best practical illustration of the progress of society, there can be few subjects of greater interest to mankind at large, than the history of colonies recently founded, and which bid fair to advance in prosperity and civilization. In the prosperity of Van Diemen's Land we are still more peculiarly interested, because it is one of our British colonies; and looking upon every authentic account of it as of importance to the public, we are desirous of laying before our readers some portions of the work whose title we have copied above. Wherever the country may be, in which many of our fellow-subjects have located, probably for ever, we must always feel that no distance—no expanse of the mighty deep, can separate their interest from ours. Nor is it a reflection of little weight, that the religion, the industry, the customs, the arts, and the language of our own country, are likely to be perpetuated in remote regions—in climes heretofore "unknown to fame—uncelebrate in song."

Mr Widowson, whose work is decidedly the best on the present state of Van Diemen's Land with which we are acquainted, went out, in 1825, as agent to an Agricultural Society. In this situation, he had an "opportunity of examining all the located lands in the settlement." He likewise was enabled to examine and report upon a large portion of unlocated land, by being employed to form a new settlement at Ringaroome River; and his means of judging were farther extended, by suffering shipwreck off Cape Portland, and thereby being detained some time on the north-east part of the island.

Our readers are not perhaps aware, that between the colonies of Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales there exists a mutual jealousy. While this jealousy was occasioned solely by the desire to excel each other in improvement, it was well; but there is every reason to believe that it has now settled into a keen animosity. We shall give Mr Widowson's observations on this subject:

"Between the settlements in Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales there is, and no doubt will continue to be, if both continue to prosper, a spirit of rivalry. This, if it be manifested by endeavours at outstripping each other in the improvement of their respective conditions, individually and socially, will be a mutual benefit; but if it assume the form of detraction and recrimination, it must be injurious; inasmuch as it will have the effect, in the end, of hurting the character of all, and of stirring up hatred and alienation when there ought to be affection and sympathy. In Mr Cunningham's work on New South Wales, the author is sorry to see the working of this spirit, in attempting to elevate the character of that colony, and, thereby disparaging Van Diemen's Land. Each has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages, and it would require a great deal of observation and impartiality, to strike the balance between them. The former has a warmer climate, and therefore its vegetable productions approach more nearly those of tropical regions; while the latter is more perfectly healthy, and is better fitted for the maturation of the grains and fruits of our native land. There is in it, in short, more of the character of home; and it is surprising, after having traversed half the globe, to find, where culture has done its work, things so like those which we left. In justice, however, to Van Diemen's Land, it ought to be said, that it is comparatively in its infancy, and therefore, comparatively unknown; that when it is equally known, it is generally preferred, and that in consequence, public opinion is now beginning to set strongly in its favour."—Introduction, p. xi.

We may here lay it down as a general rule, that we ought to receive, with great caution, any hints set forth in praise of countries,—distant, uncultivated, and scarcely known. We do not insinuate any thing with respect to Mr Widowson's work; on the contrary, we think it one of great information and utility; but the attempt to mislead has been only too frequently made. We have had agents of particular companies; purchasers of large tracts of territory for government; or emigrants desirous of alluring others to the same situation, that their own distresses might be alleviated,—all setting forth the most enticing lucubrations. We do not say that any one of these three classes of writers have had the intention *purposely* to deceive; but having *personal* objects in view, it is natural that they should exaggerate the advantages, and conceal the disadvantages, of the new settlements. The truth is, that every emigrant ought to lay his account with difficulties at the outset of his career; and he must overcome many obstacles, and endure many privations, before he will be able to accustom himself to his new situation. As soon, however, as he can divest himself of the associations of home, of friends, and of all he holds dear on earth, we are satisfied that he will find much in Van Diemen's Land to compensate for these sacrifices, after the first year of his emigration has expired. Mr Widowson very properly declares, that it is not his object "to tempt those who can live at home, to go either to Van Diemen's Land, or New South Wales, or any where else, beyond the limits of this our happy island;" for, says he, "Van Diemen's Land is not a paradise, where we may eat and drink of the abundance of nature, without the sweat of the brow, or some equivalent sacrifice. The 'thistly curse' is not repealed; and the man who emigrates there, expecting to live and prosper without labour in some shape, will find himself miserably disappointed. But there is ample room, and abundant opportunity; there is a benignant sky above, and a fruitful soil beneath; there is, since the extirpation of the bush-rangers, protection for property and life; and there are laws suited to the present circumstances of the place."

The emigrant, who carries with him a certain capital, and perseveres, as he has no forest to clear, and no swamps to drain, "will," says Mr Widowson, "in no long time, acquire all that riches can give,—if not hoards of gold and silver, the means of good living even to luxury,—all the fairest fruits of the earth, and abundance of flocks and herds."

Van Diemen's Land was circumnavigated by Lieut. Flinders, in 1798-9;—it is thirty leagues distant from the nearest point of New Holland;—and it is said to contain 18,000 square miles of surface, the greater part of which is yet unexplored. The government is distinct from that of New Holland, and is at present under the command of Lieut.-Col. George Arthur. We shall now permit our author to furnish some additional information in his own words:—

HINTS ON FIRST SETTING OUT.—"Although it is not absolutely necessary for an emigrant to obtain the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, to enable him to proceed to Van Diemen's Land, I would certainly advise such application to be made, as the party is then entitled to a grant of land immediately upon arrival in the colony, which otherwise would not be obtainable, without having first sent a petition to the Governor, enclosing a statement of his property, verified by two or more witnesses. This application is sometimes not replied to for a month, thereby incurring much loss of time, and great vexation; whereas, the letter which an applicant receives from the office in Downing Street, in reply to a request for an order for a grant of land, is to be presented to the Governor upon arrival. The tenor of the letter is, that, on complying with the conditions required, and satisfying the necessary enquiries as to sufficiency of capital, a grant of land is accorded. The smallest amount of capital required by the regulations was, in the first instance, L.500, but I have known many instances where a much smaller sum has enabled its possessor to obtain a grant."—P. 1.

HOBART TOWN.—"In giving a description of this, the capital of Van Diemen's Land, I must preface my observations by stating, that the alterations and improvements, both intended and in progress, are so numerous, that many things I shall describe are now either removed, or so much renovated and beautified, that new comers will in many instances find my history at variance with existing appearances. My aim, however, is to detail things as they were during my stay in the colony.

"The first object seen on coming into the harbour, is the Mulgrave Battery, a poor, pitiful mud fort, with half a dozen old honey-combed guns, which (perfectly harmless to the artillery-man who fires them,) serve to make a noise on the king's birth-day, and on one or two other public occasions in the course of the year. At the top of the bay is the governor's house, (which has lately been much enlarged,) with neat grass plats, garden, and shrubbery, extending down to the water's edge; in the distance, on the left, is the church, court-house, and gaol; on the right of the harbour is the pier or jetty, an artificial work, carried from the main land to what was an island, but which is now connected by a substantial causeway of masonry, wide enough for two carts to pass, and a good path for foot passengers. The first store next to the sea is Mr W. A. Bethume's, government having what is termed a reserve, to erect a battery in case of need, upon a rock that runs into the water. Mr Bethume's country residence is on the opposite side of the river; from this spot you obtain another view of the house and grounds.

"There are many other warehouses on the jetty belonging to various merchants; the principal one is the property of the Edinburgh Australian Company, and is, perhaps, one of the finest buildings in the town, and bearing no mean comparison with some of the principal warehouses in London or Liverpool. At the top of the pier are the Government stores, a large stone edifice, and the Commissariat office and stores: on the right was a large piece of swampy ground, nearly impassable in winter, and through which the town rivulet emptied itself into the Derwent, serving as a receptacle for all sorts of filth; this disgusting nuisance is now removed, the rivulet is turned another way, and the swamp is filled up. Here it is intended to hold a market, a convenience which has been greatly wanted for a long time. On entering the town from the jetty, the stranger will be gratified with the view of so many substantial houses and well-made M'Adamized streets, running at right angles with each other. The town contains about one thousand houses, and the population may be computed at from six to seven thousand. Judging from the new buildings now erecting, the number of children, and the immense shoals of emigrants and convicts lately arrived, I should say that both houses and population bid fair to double their numbers in a few years. The houses, generally speaking, are of wood, with a small garden before them, but which is usually kept in so slovenly a manner as to be any thing but ornamental to the premises. Almost all new buildings are either of brick or stone; the former appear of a good quality; the freestone is very beautiful, but excessively dear: many houses are built of a rough hewn stone, and then cemented by stucco; when this is well done it makes a very handsome and durable building."—P. 21-2.

WHALE FISHERIES.—"One of the greatest sources of wealth to which both these colonies may look forward to the possession of, is the whale fishery. A company was formed in 1826, for the purpose of carrying on this business, but there was not a great deal done: one or two other firms have since been formed, and last year the fishery was conducted with much spirit, and with a very favourable result;—a great many fish having been taken, which, of course, produced a large quantity of oil. None of the parties yet engaged in the fishery, have more than a small sloop each, (just to enable them to fetch the oil up to town,) although all have several whale boats. When the situation of the Derwent is considered, it appears strange that more has not been done in this branch; but from want of larger vessels, the fishing is almost exclusively confined to Frederick Hendrick's Bay, near Maria Island; and here frequently are to be found so many boats, that upon one of them striking a fish, accidents frequently occur from the eagerness displayed by the numerous competitors to obtain a share, and which very often terminates in the escape of the whale. These enormous fish are occasionally seen up the Derwent as high as Hobart Town, and one, I have been credibly informed, has been taken as high as New Norfolk. The fitting out of a vessel in the colony, sufficiently large for this trade, is a work of great expense, and, from the nature of the crews you are compelled to take, piracies frequently occur. It appears to me somewhat singular, that so many convict vessels coming out, most of which are obliged to go to Batavia, or some other place, for a cargo home, it should never have occurred to the owners to turn their attention to this trade.

"In my view of Hobart Town, I mentioned the Scotch Australian Company's Store, upon the jetty; when this concern was established, in 1822, it was supposed their attention would have been directed to the exports from Tasmania, and that, consequently, the whale fishery would have claimed a prominent consideration. They have, however, hitherto confined themselves to the importation and sales of European goods, principally Scotch, and are regarded in no other light than other merchants, and possessing much less enterprise than many. They have now constantly employed four fine vessels, making together 1684 tons register; all of which are obliged to go to some other port for a return

cargo. The greatest benefit they have conferred upon the colony, has been in encouraging the migration of industrious artizans and their families from Scotland as settlers, and for which they certainly deserve all due praise."—P. 42-3.

POPULATION OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—"The number of inhabitants in Van Diemen's Land has been estimated so very differently, that it is almost impossible to come to an accurate conclusion as to the extent of population; no census has ever yet been taken, nor do I think a correct one could, from the scattered situation of the houses. From various friends, who have had the best opportunities of gaining information, and whom I have consulted frequently upon the subject, and also from what I have myself seen, in various families about the island, I should say there cannot be less than 20,000 inhabitants, including convicts. The increase in the year 1826 was upwards of one thousand to twelve hundred, of whom six hundred and two were prisoners! (ninety-nine female, and five hundred and three male convicts.) It should be remembered that, in February 1804, the colony was first located; and for many years subsequently it was a close port, there being no communication direct from England, except for convict and other government vessels. All goods for the use of the colony were brought from Sydney, for which place Van Diemen's Land served as a receptacle for their felons, or, as it is termed, a penal settlement; out of these desperadoes, were formed the bush-rangers, of whom I have treated in another place.

"The atrocities of these people, up to the end of 1826, operated considerably in preventing respectable settlers coming to the country; it becomes, therefore, a matter of wonder, that the population is so great. The bush-rangers being now entirely suppressed, the tide of emigration has already gone into its usual channel, and steady respectable men are daily arriving as merchants or settlers; government are also assisting them and the colony materially by the very large number of convicts that have been lately sent away. One of the principal inconveniences of which all complain, is the great scarcity of females; and consequently the number of births does not increase so fast as might be expected; the same remark, I believe, equally applies to Sydney; a few years, however, will, no doubt obviate this cause of complaint. The prosperity of the country does not, in my opinion, so much consist in the increase of the number of its inhabitants, as in their apparent comfort and growing independence. This is the strongest proof of the respectability of the country, and the greatest inducement for the people of England to continue to send, in still larger numbers, the criminal disturbers of their peace to a settlement where the ends of reform and justice are accomplished at a comparatively trifling expense."—P. 29-30.

There are many other passages which we might select, but we must refer our readers to Mr Widowson's honest and candid work. We conceive him to be a worthy man, who deserves well of the British public for this production. He has given us a *practical* narrative of this interesting settlement, and he has done so in a style which does him much credit. To all who are interested in Van Diemen's Land, and especially to those who are meditating an emigration thither, we would earnestly recommend a perusal of the work.

The Antisceptic; (a Father's Gift to his Children.) or a Demonstration of the Truth of Christianity, independent of Prophecy, of Miracles, and of Testimony itself; and in a great measure founded on the very arguments which Infidels bring to overthrow it. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829. Pp. 210.

IN ascertaining the authenticity of Christianity, it is not sufficient to appeal to the apparent consistency of the various facts which it unfolds, viewed in connexion with the strong external and historical evidence by which these facts are corroborated. Its truth must principally depend on the *internal* evidence, arising from the adaptation of its doctrines to our notions of God's character and of man's condition. This mode of proof does not depend on the ingenious subtleties of philosophy, which may reconcile apparent discrepancies, or supply defects in the chain of collateral testimony. It is adapted to the common understanding of mankind. As *intellectual* creatures, all their doubts vanish from the clear light in which the Deity and his attributes are represented in the sacred volume;—as *moral* and *social* creatures, they find there every thing which can contribute to their individual happiness, or to the welfare of society;—as *helpless* creatures, they are fully satisfied with the remedies proposed for the varied wants of their nature;—as *immortal* creatures, they discover the most abundant provisions to gratify the desires of the soul itself, and to exalt their conceptions of the bliss of heaven.

Infidels, no doubt, allege, that there are various mysteries connected with the Bible, which transcend their comprehension; and they adduce this circumstance as an *argumentum ad absurdum*, as the most perfect proof of the falsehood of Christianity, and as the most ample justification for their continuance in disbelief. But this argument proves nothing;—for, we might as well deny the existence of the natural world, because we cannot account for the various phenomena with which it abounds, as dispute the authority of Revelation, because some of its doctrines are not suited to the powers of our finite faculties. In every such Revelation, these mysteries will prevail, from the necessity of the case, and, in truth, are negative proofs of its divine origin. The child cannot understand those subjects which are familiar to the man of advanced years; and how can we expect that our limited understandings should be completely able to unravel the contents of that Record which bears the impress of Deity?

The "Antisceptic" has, according to the avowal of its author, been given to the world, in consequence of the success attending a certain novel, entitled "Truth," which, as he alleges, has produced incalculable mischief amongst the young and ignorant. Without entering into the reasonings in favour of Christianity, suggested either from miracles or from the fulfilment of prophecy, the author attempts to prove the truth of the Christian Revelation, by arguments drawn exclusively from those facts which have been principally urged by the sceptics themselves. The work is, on the whole, well written, and considering the comparatively limited field of controversy in which the author engages, he has been successful in adducing several strong, and, perhaps, too much neglected arguments. There are one or two of his propositions which probably might as well have been omitted; not that they can be deemed absolutely wrong, but, as resting more especially in conjecture, they may furnish certain feasible grounds for the sophistry of sceptics, which might tend to weaken the other substantial reasons assigned for the authenticity of the Bible. We allude to his conclusions, deduced from "the probability of the human mind entertaining any notions whatever, without a revelation from God as to the existence and ministrations of angels in the church and in the world; or, as to the form of general or final judgment revealed in the Divine law?" We do not, however, wish to insist upon this objection; but we must consider him totally incorrect, when he asserts, "that if not demonstrably certain, there is, at least, a strong presumption, that, without a revelation from God, the notion of a human soul, or of a spirit in man distinct from matter, could *never have obtained at all*;" and "that the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, as well as of the immortality of the soul, could never

have been entertained by any human mind." It is true, the ideas of the Heathen philosophers on this subject were necessarily imperfect. They consider the spirituality of the soul, and its existence in a future state, separate from the body, rather as *probable* events, than as resting on any specific data. But it cannot be said, that such notions "*never obtained at all*,"—that the views of such eminent men as Plato and Socrates, are entitled to no weight; or that their opinions had little influence on the conduct and morals of the people amongst whom they were delivered. Even the unenlightened savage dreams of some Elysium which lies beyond this world, where every wish of his heart shall be finally gratified. Revelation, did not, therefore, *introduce* the notion of the soul's immortality. It, no doubt, *strengthened* and *confirmed* that notion, as it previously existed; but, as the author's object is to prove the divine source of Christianity, from its revealing facts which would never otherwise have suggested themselves to the human mind, the argument now noticed is rendered completely nugatory.

Neither can we admit the justice of our author's opinions as to the inutility of moral philosophy—a science which Bacon has justly proclaimed to be the "handmaid of theology." Though not, perhaps, perfect as an independent system, and certainly altogether inadequate for the full developement of those plans which revelation has unveiled, it cannot, surely, be warrantably affirmed, that "no discovery of the least importance" has been made through its means. Christianity does not, in this way, seek to exalt herself by an envious disparagement of the achievements in knowledge, effected through the instrumentality of other schemes. She admits their respective merits so far as they extend; and, by a fair comparison of these, with her own inherent excellencies, she establishes an undoubted claim to superiority.

With the author's main line of argument, however, together with his general conclusions, we entirely agree; and have no hesitation in recommending his work to the attention of our readers.

The Modern Martyr. By the author of the "Evangelical Rambler." In 2 vols. 12mo. London. Westley and Davis. Pp. 311 and 318. 1829.

We scruple not to confess, that we entirely disapprove of religious novels; for, besides a quantity of whining cant and raving enthusiasm, they are likely to contain a considerable intermixture of erroneous religious opinions. Here are two volumes, for example, all about a young lady, who was so sadly persecuted by her friends, because she went to a Dissenting Chapel, that the fair theologian fell into a decline, and died. Poor young lady! she never heard any good in the church,—the clergyman was very careless and unregenerated,—so she became satisfied that a Dissenting Chapel was the only way to heaven,—and to one she went, in order that she might hear the *pure* gospel. But even yet she was not happy, because she was not allowed to collect so much money per quarter for the dear missionaries, to hear so many sermons per week, to attend so many prayer meetings per day, and to read so much of certain savoury gospel books, written by such saints as the author of the "Evangelical Rambler," per hour,—and because she was not allowed to go a sermon-hunting with some *pious friend*, to hear dear Mr this or dear Mr that preach the *pure* gospel. She therefore grew consumptive (merely out of spite, one would think), took her bed, and finally became the "*Modern Martyr!*" A very beautiful and affecting catastrophe!

We have long beheld with disgust the quantities of trash of this sort which have been ushered into the world from the prolific brains of old women, ignorant zealots, and hungry students of divinity. We would pass over these absurd books in silent contempt, did we not perceive, that the custom has of late years been increasing, of thrusting them into the hands of children attending certain Sunday Schools; and that the writers and publishers, thus finding them a profitable speculation, eagerly embrace the opportunity of filling the young and unsuspecting mind with the most visionary and distracting speculations, and often most notoriously dangerous opinions. The shoals of these half-crown and three-and-sixpenny novels which have been published both in Edinburgh and London, and are hawked throughout the country, are absolutely beyond belief. Has Christian truth descended so low, that we must have recourse to fiction and falsehood to secure for it the attention it deserves? If religious novels are to be the order of the day, why ought we not to have a theatre for religious plays? Are we to submit to this spurious adorning of truth, in defiance of the established maxim, that truth, "when unadorned, is adorned the most?" Is it by these contemptible publications that the scoffer and the careless are to be reclaimed? It was not so in the days of our fathers, who in *their* infancy were taught from the sacred writings according to their capacity, and had their minds thoroughly imbued in the Christian Scriptures by the Catechism of the Church.

The machinery of these canting productions is all of a piece. The hero or heroine is generally at the outset a very great sinner, but becomes at the end a very great saint,—suffering, during the transformation, the usual quantum of what is technically termed persecution. This, according to our scribbling enthusiasts, is intended to show the power of religion on the heart, and the efficacy of divine grace. The language of Scripture is, of course, plentifully applied, and we have frequently cowherds, ragged boys, old soldiers, and always pious women, talking as valiantly on religion as if they were theological doctors. Do our religious novelists imagine for a moment that such compositions as these will advance the cause of religion? Or do they think, that the Bible will be more appreciated by those who find its language, in such catch-penny books, grossly misapplied on some of the mysterious doctrines of the gospel? We call on all parents who wish to see their children properly imbued with Christian principle, to expel from their houses these pernicious publications, and to oppose, with all their influence, that species of evangelicism which they set forth, whereby the simplicity of truth is obscured, and Christianity profanely reduced to a jest, or treated as a matter that may be twisted into any shape which the purpose of the moment may require.

A Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, part of Sweden, and the Islands and States of Denmark. By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands." Edinburgh; Constable's Miscellany, vol. XXXVIII. 1829.

(*Second Notice.*)

We have already mentioned the highly favourable impression which this very lively and interesting volume has made upon us; and we return to it, because we are not aware of any book that has been recently published, from which we should be able to extract passages more calculated to afford our readers both amusement and instruction. This is an opinion which, it may be believed, we would not give at random; because, if it were incorrect, the passages we are about to subjoin would immediately prove it to be so. Confident, however, that we are right, we are perfectly willing to have our judgment thus submitted to the *experimentum crucis*. We shall begin, as in duty bound, with the following account of

THE NORWEGIAN LADIES.

"But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner, and serving the guests. They have other domestic duties of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because *it was slaughter-time*. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations; the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat-balls for soup, and black puddings and white puddings, &c. &c.; and for all the various sausages and puddings, the meat is grated, and beaten, and seasoned—operations that require no inconsiderable time and labour. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the Fröken refused an invitation because it was slaughter-time. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway, but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. It can scarcely be supposed, that these habits should not influence the tastes and feelings of the female sex. Every young lady, and consequently every woman, in Norway, is a *connoisseure* in gastronomy. There is no subject upon which a stranger will find a Norwegian lady so much *au fait* as in this. Indeed, I do not know any subject upon which a Frou or her daughters will descant with so much interest, or to which they will lend a more willing ear, than to the secrets of cookery, or the merits of a particular dish.

"It has been usual to judge of the civilization of a country by the estimation in which the female character is held, and the accomplishments which it is thought necessary that females should possess. If by this test we judge of the civilization of Norway, we shall place it low indeed in the scale of nations. That a woman—of whatever rank—should be a good housekeeper, is the *ne plus ultra* of female excellence. And so essential is this knowledge considered, that if a young lady have not sufficient opportunities at home to become acquainted with the female duties of mincing, seasoning, stuffing, and cooking, she is sent for a time to board in some family where she may have greater facilities of being initiated in these mysteries.

"It is scarcely necessary to say, that in all these matters there is a perfect correspondence of opinion between the one and the other sex. Without this, indeed, the domestic *regime* could not be as it is. In Norway, as in most of the Continental nations, young ladies look forward to be, one day, at the head of establishments of their own. But that this prospect may be realised, such an education is necessary as will enable them to regulate their own household affairs, according to established and approved usage. For even if a husband were contented to dispense with the usual accomplishments of a Norwegian wife, no servants could be found qualified to take her duties off her hands. Men in Norway do not in general marry to have a companion in a wife, but to have some one to manage their establishment, and perform those services which they cannot obtain from servants. I recollect hearing a gentleman, with *Von* prefixed to his name, observe one day of a lady to whom he had just been paying a visit, 'I call her an excellent wife;' and upon enquiring the grounds of this opinion, it appeared that he had found the lady assisting her servants in washing clothes.

"The more I saw of Norwegian society, the less I found to admire in the mental attractions of the females. I speak of their acquired, not of their natural, endowments; but, so long as the indulgence of the palate is looked upon as the *summum bonum*, those female accomplishments which tend to secure this will be esteemed the highest. A woman who attends to her household duties—and these begin when she is taught the first rudiments of education—has no longer time to devote to acquirements of a higher order. There is also another cause that contributes in no small degree to blunt those refinements in thought and feeling which, in England, form the great charm of female society—the necessity for being so much in the society of servants, occasioned by the nature of female duties. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that a lady who passes the greater part of every day in the kitchen, should not carry away from it some taint of coarseness, if not of vulgarity. It is only justice to add, that against the character or conduct of the Norwegian ladies I have nothing to allege, either from observation or hearsay. Wives are as faithful as they are in other countries, and daughters as circumspect. And doubtless, were the domestic *regime* of Norway different from what it is, the information of the Norwegian ladies would be as extensive, and their accomplishments as varied, as we find these among the daughters of France or England."

We are sorry to say that these statements are not quite so satisfactory as we could have wished. We certainly cannot advise any of our more sentimental readers to go to Norway for a wife. Yet we are sure that a summer trip thither would form a very delightful variety, after the endless crossing from Dover to Calais, of which all but Cockneys are now heartily ashamed. We shall allow our author to describe, in his own words,

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER, IN NORWAY.

"There is one respect in which Norway possesses an advantage to the traveller over every other country in Europe; it is this, the variety of season in Norway, and, consequently, the various aspects under which Nature presents herself in these seasons, may all be witnessed by the traveller in the course of four months, June, July, August, and September. The spring in Norway does not extend beyond one month; summer occupies two, and autumn about six weeks. There are indeed spring-skies and spring-air for a longer period than I have assigned to that season, but the earth does not harmonize with these; and the mild weather, from the middle of April till towards the middle of May, serves only to melt the snows. The traveller, therefore, who arrives in Norway in the middle of May, and remains until the middle of September, has an opportunity of seeing the country under the influence of these seasons, in less time than suffices in most other countries to witness the effect of two. This advantage, possessed by the traveller in Norway, is greater than the reader may at first sight be disposed to admit, because the change from one season to another is more striking, and more extraordinary in Norway, than in any other country in Europe. The change from winter to spring is like the work of enchantment; for the disappearance of snow is not as it is in England, followed by weeks of gradual growth, but rather seems to be but the lifting up of a veil, beneath which earth's green and flowery carpet has been concealed. From spring to summer, and from summer to autumn, the change, though not so apparently miraculous, is yet infinitely surprising. The fruit-trees bud, blossom, and bend beneath the burden of fruit, all within three months; and the corn springs up, and waves a golden harvest, in considerably less time. From autumn to winter, the transition is as rapid as from winter to spring. September is generally calm, and its frosty nights change the hue of the trees, and wither the

stalks. One day the woods stand in full foliage, changed in nothing from their summer aspect but in their hues; the next, a rushing wind comes from the north, strips them of their leafy glories, and perhaps even changes their summer vesture to the raiment of winter.

"In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the Northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands considerably below *zero*, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. Many an Englishman who walks abroad on a raw winter's day, dressed nearly in the same manner as in summer, suffers infinitely more from cold than he would in Norway, attired in his fur-cloak and eared-cap, and warm foot-gear. For my own part, I can safely aver this for myself. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than I ever suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point, or fifteen degrees below *zero*. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by a wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway, the combination of a very intense frost, and a scarifying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer-houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not in fact a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial land-owner, or a thriving merchant, on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared with the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds.

"But, independently of the in-door winter comforts of Scandinavia, the appearance of the external world, by day and by night, is beautiful and wondrous. Enter a forest when the sun breaks from the mists of the morning upon the snows of the past night. Beautiful as a forest is in spring when the trees unfold their virgin blossoms,—beautiful as it is in summer, when the wandering sunbeams, falling through the foliage, chequer the mossy carpet beneath,—beautiful as in autumn, when the painted leaves hang frail; it is more beautiful still, when the tall pines and gnarled oaks stand in the deep stillness of a winter's noon, their long arms and fantastic branches heaped with the feathery burden that has never "caught one stain of earth;" then too, the grey rocks, picturesque even in their nakedness, assume a thousand forms more curious still, dashed with the recent offering. And when night comes,—and who ever saw the glories of a night save in a northern clime?—out burst the stars, countless and burning, studding the deep blue sky. Perhaps the Borealis, with its pale yellow light, streams over half a hemisphere; or, perhaps, the winter moon, full and high, looks down from the brow of night, spangling with ten million stars, the beauteous net-work thrown over the lower world. Something approaching to the appearances presented by a northern clime in summer may be witnessed in other countries, but the splendours of a winter scene belong only to the higher latitudes."

Norwegian superstitions are peculiar, and, in many respects, exceedingly poetical. Nipen, in particular, who, we suspect, resembles very closely the German Number Nip, seems to be a personage of much importance and interest in the supernatural world of Gamlé Norgé. The following story illustrates his character:

THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF NIPEN.

"A person who acted at the *Stor Söen Gaard* in the capacity of a land baliff, had the reputation of being a well-educated and shrewd man, and to him I one day addressed myself for information upon the subject of Norwegian superstitions. I asked him if he believed in the existence of *Nipen*? His answer was, that no one in Norway had better reasons for believing in *Nipen* than he had, from occurrences that had taken place in his own family; and he then related to me the following story, which, from his manner and general character, I am certain he himself implicitly believed. But I must premise, by way of information to the reader, that, independently of particular circumstances which render it wise to propitiate *Nipen*, and which may happen at any time, it is the custom, at Christmas, for every one who has any thing to gain or lose by the state of the elements during the ensuing year, to make an annual offering. Now this baliff was the son of a miller, who owned a windmill in *Gulbrandsdalen*; and in his father's house, it was the custom to make, on Christmas eve, a cake, of a very superior quality to those made for the family, as a present to *Nipen*. I ought to have mentioned, when speaking of the powers of *Nipen*, that he is supposed to possess great influence over the winds, if not to have the sole direction of them; for the effects of wind being unconfined to place, its control is given to that being, whose dominion includes every thing that is not directed exclusively by some other intelligence: and I have since ascertained, that every proprietor of a windmill propitiates *Nipen* in the same manner as the baliff's father. Well, one Christmas eve, this Christmas cake was made,—such a cake, the narrator said, for excellence and richness, as the family would have considered it a sin to eat; and this cake, along with a pot of the strongest beer, was intrusted to his brother, then a boy about ten years of age, to carry to the mill, and set down just under the fanners, where it was the custom to leave it; and this office of taking the cake to *Nipen* is considered highly honourable, so much so, that the members of a family take it in rotation. The boy, having got *Nipen's* cake, left the house, which was very near the mill, to carry it there; but as he went, he was seized with an irresistible desire to taste the cake,—it looked so tempting, and smelt so delicious, and such a cake he had never tasted before. He tasted accordingly, and so excellent did he find it, that he tasted again and again, breaking off little pieces, till at length the cake assumed so mutilated an appearance, and was so much reduced in size, that he began to think it would not be treating *Nipen* with sufficient respect to offer him such a cake, and that it was better to offer him nothing than to make a fool of him; and so he ate all up. He then hesitated for some time whether he should set down the beer; but arguing with himself in the same way, and coming to the same conclusion with regard to it as to the cake, he drank it also. Great remorse followed these impious actions; but he had no courage to tell what he had done, but went home, and patiently waited the event. The year passed on, and a most prosperous one it proved to the mill; so that when Christmas again came round, the father said it was but just to make *Nipen* an offering this year, if possible even surpassing the last; and when the cake was made, the boy, who was at that time the only one in the house, was again intrusted with it. Now, thought he, as he went to the mill, the mill has never prospered more than last year, and yet *Nipen* got nothing; why then give him this cake any more than the

other? and he sat down and devoured it, little thinking, that, though *Nipen* could forgive one offence, he was not to be trifled with a second time. But feeling no fear of *Nipen*, he drank the beer, and went on to set down the empty vessel under the fanners, as he had done the year before. It was a clear frosty night, and so still, that the tread of a bear might be heard a mile off; but just as he stooped down to lay the vessel on the ground, the fanners flew round and struck him down; but he lived to creep home and tell his story, and then he died."

Next in point of consequence to Master Nipen, is the Wood-demon, who very properly still continues to preside over the affairs of the old Norwegian forests. Out of respect to this worthy individual, we give a place to the following

LEGEND OF THE WOOD-DEMON.

"Peter was a woodman, employed in the forests on the Glommen, one who had the character of never having shown sufficient respect to the Demon, either in his language, or by his offerings; and he was even reputed to have once said, he was a match for the Demon in felling a tree, or in any other piece of forest-work. One day, in the latter end of the year, just about the confines of winter, but before the frost had set in, or any snow had fallen, Peter was in the forest, finishing the labour of rolling a number of felled trees to the brink of the river, and tumbling them in; and it was after sunset, and just beginning to grow dusk, when he laid hold of the only tree that remained. All the woodmen had gone home, and Peter was quite alone; and he toiled and toiled to move the tree, but all in vain. At last, overcome, he sat down upon the tree, and began to wipe his face, and to say to himself, the Demon could not roll this tree to the river's brink. Just as he said this, a man scarcely bigger than Peter, and dressed in a fur-cloak and red-cap, as if he had been a native of Gulbrandsdalen, stepped from behind a tree, and saluting Peter, said, 'Why, man, cannot you move that tree?' To which Peter, who had a shrewd guess who the speaker was, replied, 'No, nor you neither.' Upon this, the stranger stooped down, and taking hold of the tree, lifted it upon his shoulder, and, carrying it to the brink of the river as if it had been a sapling, threw it in. 'Now, then,' said the Demon, for it was none other who had done the thing, 'what am I to have for my job?'—'Perhaps,' said Peter, taking courage at the familiar terms in which the Demon addressed him; 'perhaps, sir, you will accept a little of this,' taking a skin of tobacco from his pocket. 'That won't do for me, Peter,' said the Demon. 'Then perhaps,' replied Peter, 'your honour doesn't take tobacco?' but the Demon, who can be jocular if he pleases, disliked Peter's free way of speaking; and besides, knowing his character, and having no doubt overheard the slighting things he had said, without farther ceremony, took Peter by the foot, and pitched him upon the top of one of the tallest pines in the forest, and then went his way. That very night winter set in; the wind came howling through the woods, the snow began to fall, and, next morning, the trees were mantled over. Peter is still supposed to sit upon a pine tree, his teeth chattering with cold. Where he is during summer, the woodmen cannot tell; but they will all aver, that at the end of autumn he resumes his seat; and that, during all the winter, and early in the spring, Peter's teeth may be heard chattering, any still night, on the skirts of the forest. This curious tradition I first heard from the mouth of the individual I have mentioned; since then, I met with it in a manuscript book, in the possession of a native of the country; and it is now, for the first time, translated into English."

Derwent Conway is a poet, as well as a lively and picturesque prose-writer, and has given us several very happily-executed translations of Norwegian songs. We have already quoted much more largely from his work than is usual with us; but we cannot conclude without adding the three following spirited and characteristic compositions:

NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

Meet me, maid, by the pine-fringed lake,
When the woods are asleep, and the stars are awake;
When the marten has ceased the waters to skim,
And all, but the hazel eye, is dim.

By the dusky lake, I will tell thee more
Than ever was told in thine ear before;
For thy small hand, and the fading light,
Will give me the courage that flies with the night.

Thou see'st the mantle of snow that's spread
Since the days of old on the mountain's head;
The same as it is, it ever will be;
And so will my love live on for thee.

Then come to me, maid; already the day
Has fled to the hills that are far away;
Before the great owl begins to hoot,
I'll list for the tread of thy lightsome foot.

NORWEGIAN DRINKING SONG.

To the brim, young men, fill it up, fill again;
Drain, drain, young men, 'tis to Norway you drain;
Your fathers have sown it,
Your fields they have grown it;
Then quaff it, young men, for he'll be the strongest,
Who drinks of it deepest, and sits at it longest.

To the brim, old men, fill it up, fill again,
Drain, drain, old men, 'tis to Norway you drain;
There's health in the cup,
Fill it up, fill it up;
And quaff it, old men, for he'll live the longest,
Who drinks of it deepest, and likes it the strongest.

NORWEGIAN WAR SONG.

Sons of the mountain, sons of the lake,
Sons of the forest, Old Norway, awake!
They come from the East, ten thousand or more;
But lakes are behind them, and foes are before.

Shall Old Norway cease to be Norway the free?
Each face to a Swede, and each back to a tree,
Were our foes thrice ten thousand, our rocks should repeat
The groan of the Swede, as he falls at your feet.

Your mothers have nursed you; your fathers, till now
Have fill'd you with bread by the sweat of their brow;
But let peace be around him—the sire of fourscore—
And drive the invader far, far from his door.

Then down from the mountain, and up from the lake!
And out from the forest! Norwegians, awake!
And rush like the storm, on the thick-coming foe;
With hearts for Old Norway, and death in your blow.

We sincerely recommend the "Personal Narrative" to the attention of our readers;—it is one of those books which, if they once commence, we are certain they will go on with.

Organs and Presbyterians: Being a few Observations intended for the particular benefit of the Anti-Organists; with strictures on some of their recent meetings in Edinburgh. By Clericus. Edinburgh. John Lothian. 1829.*

It is now somewhat more than twenty years since an attempt was made, by a popular clergyman of the Esta-

* We think it right to mention, that the review of the above publication is not from the pen of the *Editor* of the *Literary Journal*, but from that of a learned correspondent, whose sentiments upon the subject, however, are more decided than our own.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

blished Church, to introduce organs into our Presbyterian places of worship. The attempt was at that time unsuccessful; and the discussion which it excited soon died away. The subject has, however, come once more before the public, and from a quarter whence we should have least expected it. Our readers are aware that an organ was introduced lately into the Relief Chapel in Roxburgh Place; and probably they are not ignorant that the innovation has given considerable disgust to other congregations of that respectable communion. The pamphlet now before us professes to have been called forth by the opposition thus manifested toward what the good old Presbyterians used to call the "Kist fu' o' whistles." The author is evidently a man of talent; his pamphlet is forcibly, though not very elegantly written; and, upon the whole, the pro-organists have no reason to complain of their champion. But, though we willingly admit that this pamphlet displays much cleverness, we are by no means prepared to acknowledge that it advocates a good cause. The organ controversy has been carried on by two opposite parties, equally bigoted in their attachment to their own views, and equally violent in denouncing the errors of their opponents. We do not coincide in the views of either party, believing, as we do, that both have gone too far. We certainly agree with the author of the "Observations," that it is absurd to talk of the immediate downfall of Presbytery being involved in the admission of organs into our churches; and that it is no less absurd to talk of their use as idolatry: but, on the other hand, we do think that the use of instrumental music in our public worship is directly opposed to the spirit of Presbytery; and that, far from being an improvement, it would be an useless incumbrance, and would be apt to destroy rather than aid that spirit of devotion with which the praises of Almighty God ought to be sung. Let us reason upon this matter a little. Of course, no one will be disposed to say that the sound of a well-played organ is of itself more acceptable to the Deity than that of the most unmusical voice:—with Him the melody of the heart is every thing. We must, therefore, limit our consideration of the supposed superiority of the organ to its effect upon the worshipper. Now if it be granted, as of necessity it must, that the heart is the true fountain of the melody which pleases the Deity, it follows, we should think, that the most natural and inartificial mode in which a congregation can join together in expressing their Maker's praises, without confusion or discord, (for that would, by distracting the attention, defeat the object we have in view,) is the best. We are aware, indeed, that even our simple manner of singing praise is not purely natural. Neither verse nor psalm tunes are inartificial; but they serve to prevent that harshness and confusion which, without them, must distract our devotional feelings. This apology does not, however, extend to the organ: it is a mere refinement; and as such, it is calculated to produce an effect similar to that which arises from a total want of melody: it is apt to withdraw the attention from the object of praise to the mechanical effort of producing harmony.

The author of the present pamphlet employs more ingenuity than is necessary, at least for our conviction, to prove that instrumental music is not unscriptural. The Jews certainly made use of instrumental music in their worship, and that worship was authorized by God himself. This is a triumphant answer to the idle charge of idolatry sometimes pleaded against the pro-organists; but it is not a sufficient answer to prove that we ought to admit that instrument into our Christian churches. The Jewish worship was avowedly one of ceremony; and, if we are to use organs merely because the Jews patronized them, why not adopt the rest of their ritual—why not avail ourselves of brazen seas, and censers, and breastplates set with precious stones? In the sacred records of the strictly Christian church we find no mention made of instrumental music, nor does it appear to have been admitted till some ages after the time of the Apostles. But, even in the first age of Christianity, we have mention made of our own more sublime, because more simple, mode of offering praise. We read of Christ and his disciples singing a hymn; and singing of psalms is recommended by St Paul as an appropriate mode of expressing our gratitude to God. Accordingly, we have indisputable authority for this interesting part of our public Presbyterian worship. We do not, however, blame our less rigid sister, the Church of England, for her use of the organ: it is not, as the author of the "Observations" justly remarks, an essential part of her worship; and yet we may add, its use is in perfect consistency with the general character of a church which has always evinced a willingness to adopt as much of the Romish ceremonial as might be done without incurring the charge of idolatry or superstition. But Presbytery has ever been averse to this system; and, we think, with good reason, when we remember how the innovations which the Church of Rome admitted at first as matters of indifference, or even as helps to devotion, soon degenerated into gross superstition and idolatry. For this reason, we should be sorry to see our Church avail itself of the supposed beauty of the organ, until a stronger case has been made out for its admission than its advocates have yet offered.

We can easily imagine the desire of those who are enthusiastic in music to see the organ introduced into our church service; and we believe that such persons have fancied that their feelings of devotion have been excited or exalted by its swelling tones; but these are delusive feelings. The intoxication of spirit thus produced is not indicative of increased devotion—it is more akin to that which prompts the half-impious ravings of the fanatic—and is altogether alien to the rational though ardent gratitude, which we wish our Presbyterian worshippers to feel, and to express in fervent but simple praise. But for our own part, we believe that the most common feeling excited by the organ is one simply of pleasure, totally unconnected with devotion: and we have never been present in places of worship where instrumental music is used, without observing that the congregation generally did not join in the music at all, instead of appearing to be more fervent in their praises than our own decent Presbyterians. We must strongly reprobate the frequent hints thrown out by the author of these Observations about the superiority of the Church to which he belongs, over the Presbyterian. Even if the remark were as true as we believe it to be most erroneous, he must surely see the folly of pressing this as an argument, when his object is to convince *Presbyterians* that it is not inconsistent with the spirit of *their* communion to adopt the organ as an aid to their public devotions. The author is more successful when he attempts to show that we have not kept so free of innovations as some would willingly persuade themselves. He instances our bands of hired singers, and our *sainting* of churches. To the former we ourselves have no objection, upon condition that it be not carried too far—that is, if it be done only to the extent of securing harmony, and not to the extent of excluding the congregation from joining in that most becoming part of public worship—their Maker's praise. To the latter we are decidedly hostile. It is an uncalled for and an absurd affectation to have churches dedicated to saints, some of whom most probably never existed, and others having very dubious claims to the title. We dislike this parade of liberality. We are sorry to think that the characteristic of the present age is a marked indifference to the distinctions between different sects and communions. We do not wish to be uncharitable;—we should have rejoiced in the fact, could we persuade ourselves, that this indifference to minute distinctions arose from a strong sense of the paramount importance of essential religion; but we greatly fear, that it proceeds rather from coldness to

the great cause itself. Under these circumstances we ought to be jealous even of slight innovations. Of all the species of liberalism (and they are all bad) which the present age has produced, that which makes religion its subject is the most dangerous;—pure religion has suffered more by a continuance of little trifling alterations than it has even done by open persecution.

Those of our readers who feel interested in the discussion about organs, whichever side of the question they may have adopted, will find these "Observations" worthy of a perusal.

The Extractor, or Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts; comprehending, under one general arrangement, the whole of the instructive and amusing articles from all the Reviews, Magazines, and Journals. Vol. I. November to February 1828-9. London; Extractor Office, Fleet Street. Pp. 642.

THIS volume contains a great quantity of interesting and amusing matter, upon almost all the subjects with which miscellaneous literature and popular science is conversant. We cannot exactly agree with the title-page, that it contains "the *whole* of the instructive and amusing articles from all the Reviews, Magazines, and Journals;" but it certainly contains a very fair proportion of them. Considering the importance into which the periodical press of the present day has grown, and the intellectual vigour which distinguishes the better class of publications of this description, a work like the Extractor, if judiciously conducted, is calculated to incorporate much talent, that might otherwise be scattered over too wide a surface, and might ultimately be lost in the crowd by which it was surrounded. The Editor informs us, in his preface, that "the Extractor gives place to those articles only which are stamped with the seal of a sterling and unqualified excellence." We are afraid this is rather too strong; but, as we observe in the volume several papers from the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, we do not feel ourselves called upon to controvert very positively the truth of the assertion.

Counsels for the Sanctuary and for Civil Life; or Discourses to various classes in the Church and in Society. By Henry Belfrage, D.D. Minister of the Gospel, Falkirk. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 449.

DR BELFRAGE is one of the few sermon-writers whose productions, in this book-making age, have gone through more than one or two editions. His "Sacramental Addresses," first established his character as a writer of elegance, pathos, and power. Their extensive circulation among every class of Christians, and the many testimonies to their excellence which were spontaneously offered from various sources, were sufficient to insure a favourable reception to his future efforts. Nor have the expectations of his friends and the public been disappointed. His "Practical Discourses to the Young," his "Monitor to Families," his "Sermons on the duties and consolations of the Aged," and now, his "Counsels for the Sanctuary and for Civil Life," comprise in themselves a library of Christian morality—a compend of Christian doctrine, duty, and worship—and a *thesaurus* of all that is admirable in the Christian life. The author of Rasselas has somewhere declared, that "that instruction is most valuable in youth, which will be most easily reduced to practice in the after business of life." What the moralist observed of juvenile education, may be well applied to the studies of maturer years. The name and honour won by doing good, the applause which redounds to those who have laboured to advance the best interests of society, and to promote the knowledge which has most influence on the immortal destinies of human beings, is worth all the empty breath of popularity,—all the unsubstantial nothingness of fame.

The volume before us contains twenty-one Discourses, all of which are excellent. Their distinguishing properties are, an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and an admirable aptitude of consolations, warnings, and advices, to the situations and circumstances of the individuals to whom they are addressed. They are characterized for the most part by piety, tenderness, and research. The 1st, "On the Holy Ministry," we think among the best. The 7th, "A Christian indeed," is a most captivating picture of a Christian life. It is from the text "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." It was preached on the death of the late Dr Waugh of London, and contains a well-merited eulogium on the memory of that estimable character. It gives us pleasure to understand, that a memoir of Dr Waugh is at present in preparation by Dr Belfrage, and will soon appear. The 8th, "Admonitions to the Tempted," the 9th, "The Backslider's Doom," the 12th, "The Shipwreck," and the 13th, "The devout Soldier," are also worthy of the highest praise. We regret that our limits do not permit us to make any extracts.

A Catalogue of Books, exclusively relating to the Church of Rome; her Doctrines, Worship, Discipline, Controversies, and Annals. On sale by Howell and Co. London. 1829.

THIS is a catalogue of a very curious, and, at the present moment, of a very interesting kind. It contains a list of 3347 works, all of which relate to the Roman Catholic Church; and it includes, besides controversial works upon almost every possible topic of theological disputation, Histories of the various Religious Orders of the Church of Rome,—its peculiar Missals and Breviaries,—the Tracts and Pamphlets published during the reign of James II.,—and a complete and unique set of Canonizations for the present century, three of which have been pronounced by the last lineal descendant of the House of Stuart,—the Cardinal York. The research and industry which it must have cost the collectors to bring together so vast a body of lore upon one subject, can be only duly appreciated by those who are conversant in such matters, though, at the present crisis, it is not likely that the public will allow their labours to go unrewarded. The Catalogue must have been drawn up by an adept in the art, for it is very liberally interspersed with quotations from old bibliographers, who knew every thing that was *rare* and *curious*, whether in *vellum* or *black letter*, or *sewed* in *Roman*. There is certainly an air of racy antiquity and value given to a book, of which some *savant* has said that it is *rara et pretiosa*,—or *editio valde rara*,—or *liber rarissimus*,—or *opus parum obvium*,—or *opusculum perrarum*—or *liber perdifficiliter hodie reperiri*,—or *opus quod multam estimationem habet*,—or *opus insigne, non sine curiositate atque utilitate legendum*. This Catalogue is thickly studded with these recommendations; and where they are wanting, the intending purchaser will find ample scope for the exercise of his particular predilections, amidst a host of interesting works on all sides of the question.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MORAL & MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

No. 3.

SCOTCH PERIODICAL LITERATURE FORTY YEARS SINCE.

"Hue illuc volitant, nec certa in sede morantur."
VIRG.

NOTHING, at first view, is more striking than the total want of literature, which Rome, for upwards of five

hundred years of her Herculean infancy, exhibited. A few fescennian catches, a few ballads and songs of the *fratres arvales*, with the alliterative *carmina* of the twelve tables, form the whole, or nearly the whole, of her lore, during that period; and when we contrast this, not only with her Augustan splendours, but even with the earlier stages of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece, we are struck with the apparent anomaly, and are very naturally led to enquire, not only into the cause of this lengthened and struggling dawn, but into the avocations and amusements of a people, without one single scrap of written intelligence wherewith to satisfy curiosity or to convey instruction. There is no doubt, that, with the coins and the customs of Magna Grecia and Sicily, the literature of Crotona, Servium, Tarentum, and Syracuse, penetrated to Rome at a period prior to any regular currency or literature of her own; but still the individuals who had access to, or taste for, such luxuries, must have been few indeed in an age when, to be exercised or schooled merely meant to be prepared for fighting the battles of one's country. Still, however, in the Campus Martius, with its comitia and varied military discipline,—in the Forum, with its law-suits, judgments, and ninth-day marketings,—in the holidays, with all their shows, processions, and entertainments,—in the ordinary discharge of the duties of a showy, amusing, and engrossing religion,—in the cultivation of the soil, and in the solicitation of offices and preferments, one may venture to find occupation for the greatest and better proportion of the Roman tribes and Curiæ, so as to prevent that mental recoil under which, as Hudibras has it, the sword "cuts into itself, for lack of somebody to hue and hack."

But when we contemplate the land of our birth, as it existed not more than forty years back, and consider what was then the literary character and avocations of the great body of the people, and in particular of the inhabitants of the country, the state of Rome, during her five hundred years of "darkness visible," appears less interesting and surprising. It is a fact, which any one who has lived fifty years may distinctly remember, that scarcely forty years ago, periodical publications, with the exception of the old *Scots Magazine*, for which I have still a sneaking kindness on that very account, were unknown, and that you might as well have looked for a copy of Bede or Boëtius, as for a newspaper on the window-sills of our Scotch farmers. The great body of our Scotch peasantry were, indeed, educated as they still are; and well skilled were they in divinity, as it came down to them from the preachings and controversies of covenanted ministers. They had their Worthies, and Witnesses in Clouds;—their Guthries—their Welshes—their Rutherfords—their Flavels—their Bostons—their Wellwoods—their Melvilles; but they had neither Review nor Magazine—retrospective, prospective, literary, scientific, popular. All these glorious things of the later times were hid from their eyes; and in regard to what may be called the literature of the day, they dwelt in the most perfect and unawakened ignorance. To read a newspaper of a Sabbath, was to break not one, but all of the commandments at once;—and to listen to a profane work of modern history or travels, was a mere apology for laziness and ill-doing.

Had then our venerable, and, after all, intellectual ancestors, no means of gratifying that taste or appetite for which the Athenians are censured? Had they no means of obtaining the news of the day; and were they compelled, from the want of Newspapers and Magazines, to submit to a total ignorance of local reports and national transactions? By no means. Their periodicals were, indeed, not limited and restricted to particular and stated days of the week, of the month, of the quarter, or of the year; they did not figure in all the attraction of frontispiece, cover, and engravings, nor were they capable of being conveyed, regularly, to every petty village and seaport of a neighbourhood, by means of the daily post, the weekly carrier, or the monthly packet. They were, however, regular, if not stated, in their revolutions; and what they wanted in the extent and accuracy of their information, was amply compensated by variety, warmth, and animation. They were not dead letters, nor even men of letters; but beings of like feelings, views, and propensities, with the individuals they visited and informed;—in a word, they were "*tailors*" and "*packmen*."

Yes, my dear reader, tailors and packmen! Your own father knew them well, and esteemed them highly. Never a suit of clothes did he wear for many a year of his life, which had not been manufactured into coat, waistcoat, and et ceteras, in his own kitchen; nor was he too proud or vain of his L.500 a-year freehold property, to purchase from the south-country packman, as he travelled twice a-year from Manchester to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to Manchester, various articles of more skilful manufacture. It was not, however, for the sake of the clothes-making and the merchandise that he harboured and encouraged the men of the needle and ellwand, but on account of that local and distant information with which these two great and popular Magazines were respectively stored. What the country newspaper is to you, with all its advertisements, incidents, accidents, and reports, that was the merry-hearted tailor to him, with his daily list of country hear-says—with his local and personal knowledge of all the families, from the upper Dan to the nether Beersheba of your father's Israel.

Your newspaper, with all appliances of type and paper, is but a poor, and a cold, and an uninteresting substitute, for the glowing eye, the knowing glance, the animated diction, and the ever-varying aspect, of Sandy Goldie of tailor memory. Sandy was the laird's tailor, and the laird's fool; yet, with Burns's Merry Andrew, he might have said with all justice,

> "The chiel that's a fool for himsell,
> Gude faith, he's far dafter than I!"

Sandy spent the greater proportion of his time in the castle kitchen; and though liable to occasional *apogees* into the exterior of the parish, amongst farmers and cottars, he constantly gravitated towards the castle, where he was welcomed by laird and lady—by all and sundry—with the exception, perhaps, of the "gentleman" who regarded Sandy as a formidable rival in the department of conversation with the laird. At country weddings, Sandy's foot was heard the first and the last on the sheeling, hall, or barn floor; and amidst a whole harvest-boon of shearers, three-fourths of which was composed of women, Sandy would "keep his ain part guid," and bother and badinage even old Tibby of the clauchan into utter ridicule. Silence was altogether out of the question! Tales of the times that were, as well as of the present, were Sandy's property; and no one could originate a narrative of ghost, robber, frailty, or misfortune, but Sandy would either take a lift of the story, or follow up the recital with something a thousand times more awful, mournful, ridiculous, or surprising. If an Irishman twisted a bull by the horns, Sandy would fairly wrench the head from the shoulders, and toss it over a wall;—if a neighbour's property was injured by the floods, Sandy had a year of God at hand, under the shelter of which he would bring down waterspouts, which spared nothing—man, wife, nor child, for miles around. All manner of contracts, agreements, and proposals, in reference to matrimony, were as visible to Sandy, months and years ere they actually took place, as the ship in the clouds which Scoresby saw many leagues off at sea.

> "'Twas the sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
> And coming events threw their shadows before."

Death, too, seemed to have admitted Sandy so far into his confidence, as to apprise him, not only of "his doings," but his intentions. Such was Sandy; and I should like to see his substitute in the best country paper—even in M'Diarmid's—of which we can boast.

But the packman, Watty Tweedie's range was wider far; and when the two met, it was as the meeting of the two clouds—surcharged with sound and fury—over the Caspian. In fact, they were rivals in the home, though there was no comparison whatever in regard to the foreign, department. Watty's dealings were mostly with the daughters, rather than with the sons of men; and his store of intelligence comprehended—reports of frail duchesses' birth-day suits,—new fashions,—projected acts of Parliament, whose effects would undoubtedly enhance the value of every article in his pack,—the crops,—the pasturage,—the sheep,—and black cattle stock. All the varied interests and concerns of the farmer, in particular, were carefully treasured up and retailed by Watty, in his stated migrations; and he never passed a hall kitchen without informing himself of the whole domestic circle, from his Honour above to plain Jenny Byres below. He was a spy in every family; and with far more accuracy than ever did, or would periodical, did he, and would he, unfold the thoughts and doings of private individuals to the wide world of his everlasting travel.

Thus, by the help of the Goldies and the Tweedies of the age, did our forefathers contrive to be far better informed upon public and private affairs than we, their type-perusing children, have any notion of. In fact, in those days spectacles were seldom found necessary, even for the aged, as information came principally by hearing, and the sight was reserved for the more ordinary and important purposes of self-preservation, direction, support, and defence. This last circumstance, indeed, is one which appears to me deserving of the most serious consideration; for if reading, and periodical reading in particular, continues to increase for the next ten years in the same ratio in which it has advanced upon us during the last ten, our eyes will be so much over-worked, that we may be left in a world of darkness, without extinguishing sun, moon, or stars. Spectacles will sell for a while; but they, too, will cease to be useful; and, after every letter has been magnified into fenders, tongs, shovels, and pokers, vision itself will crack at the core. There may be a good deal of internal light left, but internal light will be found of exceedingly little use by those whose business is all with the external world. In announcing the danger, however, I have done my duty, and I now lay down my pen with a clear conscience.

St Andrews. T. G.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EARTH'S GRAVES.

By John Malcolm, Author of "The Buccaneer," "Scenes of War," &c.

"Man lieth down, and riseth not till the Heavens be no more."

When his mortal life is gone,
Man in slumber lays him down;—
O'er his cold, unconscious clay,
Ages long shall glide away—
Wafting on their silent wings
Soft and balmy-breathing springs;
Flowery summers shedding bloom;
Winters with their shrouding gloom;
But—till nature's course is o'er,
Man, laid down, shall rise no more.

By him unheeded and unheard,
Vain shall carol summer's bird;—
O'er his slumbers, cold and calm,
Vainly swell the choral psalm;
Vainly vernal breezes bear
Living voices through the air;
Vainly rave the winter storm:—
O'er the reckless, ruin'd form
Silence sleeps, while thunders roar,
Till the Heavens shall be no more.

Lone, within the sullen shroud,
Rest the pale and ghastly crowd,
'Neath their monumental piles,
In the mighty Minster aisles—
Hush'd in marble sleep profound—
Swathed with night and silence round;
And, beneath the churchyard bowers,
Dark at noontide's glowing hours,
Though with sunshine mantled o'er,—
Till the Heavens shall be no more.

Far in Oriental lands,
On their boundless, burning sands—
Flowerless—leafless—lifeless—lone
Buried nations slumber on,
Where oblivion feebly braves
Ghosts of cities on their graves;
Where proud Babel hath her rest,
And Palmyra on the waste—
Myriads—mighty men of yore,
Rest till Heaven shall be no more.

Deep beneath the ocean's foam
Death has made his silent home—
In the gulfing earthquake's womb—
In the red volcano's tomb—
In the dim and ancient wood—
In the river's rolling flood;—
Dungeon mine—and mountain head—
All are peopled with the dead—
Dwellers of each sea and shore
Till the Heavens shall be no more.

Earth, with all her wastes and waves,
Is but one vast place of graves,
In whose charnels, still and deep,
All the past hath gone to sleep—
Where the present shall, ere long,
Swell the cold and countless throng—
Feeling not the hideous close
Unto life and living woes—
Till the tomb its trust restore,
And the Heavens shall be no more.

O'er the world's primeval dead
Many a thousand years have fled—
Thousands more shall roll away
O'er the graves of yesterday—
O'er the child's that last had birth—
O'er the yet unborn of earth—
Yet to come—and yet to go
The dark way of all below—
To the calm and silent shore—
Till the Heavens shall be no more.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH SONGS FRENCHIFIED.

I.—Auld Langsyne.

Doit-on négliger ses amis,
Outrager la tendresse
De ceux qu'on chérissoit jadis
Aux jours de la jeunesse?
Aux jours de la jeunesse, ami!
Aux jours de la jeunesse!
Qu'un doux verre encore soit rempli
Aux jours de la jeunesse!

Nous courions sur le gazon,
Cueillant les fleurs sans cesse;
Mais quels penibles pas fait-on
Depuis la jeunesse!
Aux jours, &c.

Nous voilà qui roulons dans l'onde,
Quand l'été nous oppresse;
La mer, en nous séparant, gronde
Depuis la jeunesse!
Aux jours, &c.

Embrassons-nous donc, cher ami!
Ma main la vôtre presse;
Buvons un verre tout rempli
Aux jours de la jeunesse!
Aux jours, &c.

Allons! ne pensons pas au frais,—
Que ce voeu ait largesse:
"Croisse l'amitié pour jamais,—
Sacrée soit la jeunesse!"
Aux jours, &c.

II.—O no! we never mention her.

D'elle nous ne parlons jamais, son nom n'est plus oüi;
Mes lévres n'osent plus sonner ce mot si favori!
De lieu en lieu on me conduit pour bannir mes regrets,
Et quand on m'apperçoit sourire, on croit que' j'oubliais.

On veut que j'aille en lieux distans chercher l'amour étrange,
Mais fusse-je exilé au loin, mon cœur serait sans change;
C'est vrai que je ne verrai plus ce vallon si sacré,
Ni l'arbre où nous nous trouvions, mais pourrai-je oublier?

On a beau dire qu'à présent elle a beaucoup de joie,
Et qu'elle m'a tout oublié—y puis-je ajouter foi?
Peutêtre qu'elle, comme moi, combatte ses regrets,
Mais si elle aime autant que moi, puit-elle oublier jamais?

III.—Willie brew'd a Peck o' Ma't.

Jean brasse un picotin de dréche,
Il en goute avec deux voisins;
La nuit entière, chacun léche,
Ecoutez ces trois gais coquins!
Encore un coup!
Encore un coup!
A-t-on bu jusque' à s'enivrer?
Ni coq chantant,
Ni jour venant,—
Ma foi!—ne peut nous séparer!

Nous voici trois joyeux garçons,—
Où vivent trois plus enjoués?
Le temps gaiement nous passerons
Ensemble comme aux jours passés!
Encore, &c.

La lune en haut fait voir sa lempe,
J'en vois les cornes d'un doux feu!
C'est un attrait pour qu'on décampe,
Mais il faut qu'elle attende un peu!
Encore, &c.

Le premier qui nous quitte, amis!
Est traître vil, et bas faquin!
Qui premier baisse le tapis
Sera le Roi de célestin!
Encore, &c.

A Salton. LORMA.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have pleasure in announcing, that Dr Walker, the learned Episcopal Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh, has in the press a volume of Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, with other Discourses on important subjects, preached before the University of Cambridge. The volume, it is expected, will be published in May.

Mr Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E., author of Travels in Africa, Asia, &c., has in the press an Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in search of a North-West Passage; with Observations on Emigration.

The fair minstrel, L. E. L., (Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon,) is about to publish the Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems.

The miscellaneous works of Sir Philip Sidney, containing the Defence of Poesy, Letter to Queen Elizabeth, Astrophel and Stella, Letters to his brother on Foreign Travel, Defence of the Earl of Leicester, &c. will be published soon; with a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes; edited by our towsman, William Gray, Esq. of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple. There is said to be nearly two hundred authors who have written in praise of Sir Philip Sidney.

An Historical Sketch of the Origin of English Prose Literature, and of its progress till the reign of James I., with illustrative specimens, selected from the best authors, is about to issue from the Oxford press.

We have perused the first Number of "The Oxford Literary Gazette, and Classical and Foreign Journal." In external size and appearance, it is almost a fac-simile of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The Editor requests not to be judged by his first Number, and we shall comply with his request: but we may safely state, that though, perhaps, a little too scholastic, we think it promises well, and that we wish all success to our younger brother. How comes it, however, that he costs 8d. unstamped, and 1s. stamped, when we sell ourselves for 6d. and 10d.? We are certainly beginning to think we are too cheap; but it is for "Auld Scotland's sake," and she can appreciate our disinterestedness.

The first number of a new weekly newspaper, called the *Aberdeen Observer*, was published yesterday in that city. The prospectus is temperately written, and the different departments seem well digested and arranged.

We observe that the Miscellaneous Works of the Reverend Mathew Henry are about to be published in monthly parts, (price 3s. each,) and will be enriched with the addition of a large quantity of matter never yet given to the world, from original MSS. in the possession of the Editor.

We are glad to observe, by the American papers, that the indefatigable Cooper has just published, at Philadelphia, a new novel, with the inexplicable title of "Wish-for-Wish." We presume it will shortly make its appearance on this side of the Atlantic.

D'Erbine, or the Cynic, "a novel of the De Vere class," is announced. We do not exactly understand what is meant by "a novel of the De Vere class."

The Poetical Sketch Book, in one volume, by T. K. Hervey, including a third edition of his "Australia," will be published in a few days.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Mr Coleridge's Poetical Works is announced.

An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, showing the necessity of Medical Treatment in early infancy, with observations on con-

genital deafness, by J. H. Curtis, Esq. Surgeon Aurist to the King, is in the press.

Lord King is preparing for the press an account of the Life and Writings of the celebrated philosopher John Locke, which will contain extracts, never before published, from his correspondence, English and Foreign, from 1660 to the last year of his life in 1704, and also from his Journals and Common-place Book.

York Minster.—A public meeting has been held in London, where a subscription was opened for the rebuilding of this noble structure. Lord Fitz-William gave £5000, and other noblemen and gentlemen liberally followed this laudable example.

Thomas Moore.—Our readers will learn with much regret, that the author of Lalla Rookh is at present suffering under one of the severest calamities which can overtake a parent—the loss of his eldest daughter, a beautiful and promising young lady, who has died in her sixteenth year.

Miss Eliza Paton's Concert.—We had prepared an article upon this subject, which, for want of room, we are obliged to omit. The Concert was very crowdedly attended, and the performances seemed to afford very general satisfaction. The Misses E. and I. Paton particularly distinguished themselves; and they were ably supported, especially by Miss Noel and Mr Murray.

Fine Arts.—Two of Wilkie's celebrated paintings are about to be engraved in the best style of art,—the Chelsea pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo, and Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage.—Our townsman, Allan, sent up to London, for exhibition, a few days ago, a very spirited painting he has just finished,—Jonah about to be thrown overboard. We have no doubt that this work will still farther increase his well-merited reputation.

Phrenology.—On Friday, the 20th inst., an interesting and able communication was read, by Mr Stone, to the Royal Medical Society, on the Phrenological Developements of the heads of a number of notorious characters. Our readers may recollect that we promised them, some time ago, a paper on the cranioscopy of Burke and Hare. This paper was then in preparation for the Literary Journal, by Mr Stone; but the subject grew upon his hands, till it much exceeded our limits, and assumed a different and more extensive form.—The first part of Mr Stone's paper was devoted to a consideration of the question, whether the phrenological developement of Burke and Hare correspond with their acknowledged character? After depicting the character of each, and detailing numerous illustrative anecdotes, Mr Stone proceeded to contrast it with the phrenological developement. By reference to the measurements of upwards of one hundred crania, he proved that the organ of Destructiveness in Burke not only fails to possess an endowment proportioned to the extent of its alleged manifestation; but is both absolutely and relatively *below* the average size. Burke's organ of Benevolence is also, unfortunately for Phrenology, proved to be *above* the average size. Mr Stone, besides, considered the question, whether it be possible to recognize the crania of murderers by *any* of the phrenological *signs* attributed to them, and adduced measurements of the crania of a variety of murderers, giving a brief statement of the atrocities of which they were guilty. A number of the facts brought forward in this part of his communication were exceedingly curious, and seemed to prove, beyond a doubt, the complete uncertainty of phrenological conclusions. Mr Stone then proceeded to contrast the *acquisitiveness* and *conscientiousness* of the most notorious thieves in the Edinburgh Jail and Bridewell, with the same organs in as many as eighty living individuals of exemplary character, by which he showed that in the thieves, the organ of *acquisitiveness*, or theft, was *below*, and *conscientiousness above*, the average size. The whole communication was a condensed mass of striking and irresistible facts, which are decidedly irreconcilable with many of the most fundamental propositions of the phrenological theory. It is announced for publication, and cannot fail to interest both the scientific and popular reader.—We were a little surprised that none of the professed champions of the phrenological cause were present, more especially as many of them, we understood, were aware that such a paper was to be read, as it had been announced by the author a fortnight previously. When Sir William Hamilton read his paper at the Royal Society, the complaint was, that no discussion by strangers was allowed;—but here, before an audience, including some of the most distinguished literary and scientific men in Edinburgh, where free discussion *was* allowed, no phrenologist ventured to take up the gauntlet. The only objections that were hazarded against Mr Stone's communication, he replied to in a very satisfactory manner.—As the measurements referred to are numerous, it is worthy of observation, that one of the presidents of the Society stated that he had himself re-examined them, and found them in every case accurate. These measurements are still more conclusive, from the circumstance of many of the most important having been taken by a professed phrenologist. Mr Stone certainly deserves great credit for having thus attacked the science in the very part where it was deemed most invulnerable; and, by a laborious and extensive induction of anti-phrenological *facts*, he has, in a great measure, overturned the whole hypothesis.

Theatrical Gossip.—The new musical piece, called "Home, sweet Home, or the Ranz des Vaches," has been very successful at Covent Garden. It owes this success principally to some lovely Swiss scenes, the exquisite dresses of its Swiss peasant girls, and two or three pretty Swiss melodies which it contains. Madame Vestris sustains the principal female part in a style which seems to have delighted the Londoners exceedingly. There is no other novelty stirring in the dramatic world of the metropolis.—Mrs Henry Siddons had an excellent benefit on Tuesday, and Thorne a very good one on Thursday.—Last night, at the request of the Lady Patronesses of the Fancy Ball, the *new* national Opera of "Rob Roy" was performed for the first time. Mackay made a decided hit in the part of *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*, and we venture to predict, that this will be, in future, one of his favourite characters.—To-night, Charles Kemble commences an engagement of ten days, and is to play *Don Felix*, in the "Wonder."—Our readers are aware that Miss Noel is just on the eve of leaving the stage. She is to play to-night in the "Bee-Hive;" *but we do not see that her name occurs in the bills for next week.* It will be a long while before the blank which she will leave can be supplied to us; we question whether we shall *ever* hear our national melodies sung so well again. She takes with her our sincerest wishes for her happiness in after life,—wishes in which we are sure the public universally join; for, whilst she has delighted with her talents, she has, at the same time, endeared herself everywhere by the unassuming modesty and gentleness of her manners.

Weekly List of Performances.

March 21—March 27.

Sat. *The Rivals, & The Beehive.*
Mon. *Beaux Stratagem, & Charles XII.*
Tues. *The Soldier's Daughter, & The Noyades.*
Wed. *Recruiting Officer, & Free and Easy.*
Thur. *The Tempest,* A Vocal Concert, *& The Bottle Imp.*
Fri. *Rob Roy, & Paul Pry.*

MUSICAL EPIGRAM.

Says Rossini to Braham,—"I'll tell you one ting,
When you've lost all your teeth, Mr Braham, how to sing."
"How is it?" says Braham. "Ah! mio diletto,
You must do like your maestro, and sing in *falsetto.*"

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Goethe and his Poetry," by the author of "Anster Fair," will appear in our next.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Professor Gillespie's recent communication, which will appear speedily.

"The Sutor of Selkirk, a remarkably true story," by one of the authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c. is in types.—Several other interesting articles are unavoidably postponed from a press of matter.—We have to return our thanks for the extract from Burchell's Travels in Southern Africa, which confirms the opinions advanced in an Essay on "Comets, and other Celestial Phenomena," published in the *Literary Journal* a few weeks ago.—Our Leith correspondent is informed, that in future we propose devoting, if possible, a larger space to "Dramatic Criticism."—We have received the communications of "S. F." of Kirkaldy, and shall write to him upon the subject.

"The Third Dream" shall have an early place.—"W. D." of Guisborough will hear from us shortly: we owe him an apology for not having written to him sooner.—We suspect that *original poetry* is not the *forte* of the author of "Navarin," "The Vision," and "The Ball;" we shall be glad to hear from him again.—There are some very sweet lines in "Poor Adelaid;" but we are afraid the story, as a whole, is hardly perfect enough for publication. Would the author favour us with a prose article, perhaps on some scientific subject?—The verses by "J. B." and "H. M." will not suit us.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

An Essay on the Effect of the Reformation on Civil Society in Europe. By William Mackray, Minister of the Gospel, Stirling. Edinburgh. W. Blackwood. 1829. 8vo, pp. 320.

It will readily be confessed, by all parties, that the sixteenth century—the century of the Reformation—is the most important, to say the least, in the history of man, since the promulgation of Christianity, and the foundation of the Christian Church. It is an era in which men of every nation, every kindred, and of every succeeding age, are deeply interested; it is one on which we look back with enthusiasm—and the future triumphs of which we anticipate with exultation; for sincerely do we agree with the motto from Cowper, which Mr Mackray has prefixed to his work, and maintain that "'tis the cause of man."

Thus feeling as we do, and as all enlightened men, we doubt not, will do, we are disposed to hail with satisfaction every attempt to elucidate the history of that important era, on the principles of sound philosophy, and of a pure and rational theology. Most truly has it been observed, that we ought "to be serious in a serious cause;" and, therefore, we shall always rejoice to see the effects of the Reformation discussed in a dignified and temperate manner, apart from the fanatical declamations of ignorant enthusiasm on the one hand, and the philosophical lukewarmness of stoical indifference on the other. This work could not have appeared, indeed, at a more seasonable time; and we recommend it to all who think as the illustrious Reformers of Germany, England, and Scotland, *would probably think*, were they to appear among us, on the great question which is at present agitating the nation. *How* they would think, we do not pretend to determine;—some of our most eminent Scotch divines believe that it would be in favour of Catholic emancipation.

But, while we thus speak in general commendation of the work before us, we are far from saying that it is faultless, either in style or argument; and, therefore, Mr Mackray will allow us the liberty, so far as our limits will permit, of very briefly analysing some of his statements, while we assure him that we do this in the greatest good-feeling towards him, and respect for his abilities. For ourselves, however, we must say, that we have hitherto studied the annals of the Reformation, and of our own country, very imperfectly, if many of Mr M.'s arguments or conclusions be correct. First of all, then, respecting civil liberty, about which Mr M. commences his first chapter, we dissent altogether from the argument which he evidently is anxious to establish, that, had it not been for the Church of Rome, civil liberty would have been earlier enjoyed by mankind, and that there was nothing but tyranny before the Reformation. Popery is bad,—morally, politically, and spiritually bad; but surely a man may maintain this without indulging in theoretical hatred against it. The truth simply is, that improvements can be accomplished only by the slow and imperceptible hand of time, not by any sudden reformation of life or manners; and here, Mr M. must allow us to tell him, was the great evil of the Scottish Reformation, and the cause of the strife, turbulence, and sedition, which scourged the country for more than a century afterwards, that the Reformers thought improvements ought to be instantaneous, not gradual, and were thus induced to become as intolerant as their Popish predecessors. We do not deny that the Church of Rome was the ostensible cause of much of the ignorance which prevailed throughout Europe anterior to the Reformation, but the radical source of this ignorance must be sought for elsewhere. It solely originated among, and was introduced by, those hordes of northern barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire; and, in proof of this, we merely refer Mr Mackray to the annals of the Pontificate of one of the greatest and the best of the Roman Pontiffs, (for surely he will not deny that some good, and pious, and holy men, have sat in the chair of St Peter,) namely, Gregory I., surnamed the Great. That illustrious Pontiff, for such he was, was not free from the superstitions of his age; but no man displayed more admirable prudence than he, in his management of the fierce and warlike nation of the Lombards. All that can be charged against the Romish Church (and the charge is heavy enough) is, that she took undue advantage of these circumstances after the Pontificate of Gregory; and the ambition of the Pontiffs made them grossly abuse that spiritual supremacy which, after the Pontificate of Hildebrand, or Gregory VII., was awarded to them, whether right or wrong, by the unanimous consent of the Western, or Latin Church.

Now, in order to make ourselves understood, we maintain, in opposition to what appears to us to be Mr Mackray's hypothesis, that men are not able in every age to appreciate civil liberty; and, therefore, we think it unfair to allege it against the Roman Church, that she destroyed the liberties of mankind for so many centuries after her undue assumption of the temporal and spiritual supremacy. That she endeavoured, and was too successful in restraining the freedom of the human mind, we freely admit, as the fact is indisputable; but we do sincerely believe, and we are ready to prove it when called upon, that her domination, though at first repugnant, became afterwards systematic; and she herself was unconscious that the extravagant powers she arrogated to herself were not virtually *jus divinum*. Nothing, indeed, was more natural than that the pontifical supremacy of Rome should at last be universally acknowledged. The advantages, local and general, were all on the side of the Holy See; and the radical evil lay, not so much in the assumption of this power in an ignorant and turbulent age, as in the using of it too frequently to a gratification of the worst of passions. The associations of pious zeal had been always in favour of Rome; and it was the destruction of the Western Empire,

A.D. 476, five hundred and twenty-three years after the battle of Pharsalia, which laid the foundation for the rise of the ecclesiastical power. The Church, however, after the Pontiffs obtained the mastery, did not destroy civil liberty, for the best of all reasons, that none previously existed to destroy. But, since the contrary appears to be the hypothesis of Mr Mackray, will he have the goodness to describe that liberty which was enjoyed by the ancient Church, by the world before the reign of Constantine the Great, before the rise of the kingdom of the Lombards in Italy, the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, or even that of his successor, Gregory VII.? We venture to say, that there was no such thing as liberty at all, according to our notions of it; and that the people were not one whit more enlightened before the assumption of the supremacy by the Pope, than they were after it, when the Pontiffs were stimulating all Europe to the fanatical chivalry of the Holy Wars, or Crusades. Then, again, let us go farther back: let us go to far-famed Greece and Rome; and here we shall first hear Mr Mackray:

"Diffuse knowledge," says he, "among a people, confer upon them liberty of thought and of investigation, and you give them resources that cannot be exhausted, energies that cannot be overcome. Memorable is the illustration of this remark, which we find in the history of Greece. What was it that raised her little states to the commanding eminence which they occupied among the nations of the world? It was liberty. Greece was the land of freedom, while the people of other lands were slaves. And why was Greece free? Because she was intelligent," &c. p. 20.

Our author goes on in a similar style, and then concludes that Greece lost her freedom when she became "corrupted by the gold, and enervated by the luxuries, of conquered nations." Now, Mr M. must allow us to tell him, that this is all pure declamation, and that, while we admit the facts, we deny the theory. By liberty, our author must mean public opinion; but will he maintain that public opinion ever existed in Greece? Indeed, the liberty of Greece is a Utopian theme; and we really thought that it had been long exploded by men of learning, and left only to schoolboys. We maintain, therefore, in opposition to Mr M., that there was no such thing as that which he calls liberty, and which we call *public opinion*, (for the terms are synonymous,) in Greece;—that she was governed for the most part by popular clamour, as witness the Athenians; and, in farther proof of this, we shall lay down certain propositions of our own for Mr M.'s consideration, which will at once illustrate our meaning. 1. There can be no real liberty, or rightly-grounded public opinion, where there is no proper religious feeling.—2. That, consequently, there was no real liberty in the ancient states.—3. That where there is no public opinion, the government is arbitrary, and the people ignorant.—4. That public opinion necessarily supposes certain pre-requisites, that is, that it is but the effect of which knowledge, religion, and civilization, are the causes.—5. That it depends on the middle class of society, because that class is, in general, best instructed.

Now, as these propositions are very different from Mr Mackray's notions, we leave our readers to say whether he or ourselves are visionary. But nothing, it appears to us, can be more evident than this, that before a people can appreciate the advantages of civil liberty, they must undergo a preparation for it, and must be, to a certain extent, enlightened and educated. The same remark applies to religion; for though truth is in every age the same, eternal and immutable, it is nevertheless liable to be operated upon by human passions, prejudices, and errors. Look at the British Constitution. It sprang not up to its present perfection like a mushroom, in a night, but was the work of centuries, and was accompanied by tremendous national convulsions, (which, may Heaven in future avert!) ere it was established on its proud pedestal. But take this constitution, which is our boast and our glory, and plant it in Turkey, Russia, Spain, or Portugal, and the people would not endure it a single hour, simply because they are unable to appreciate it. In like manner, establish the Protestant faith in these countries, and on the very same principle, the Turks would prefer Mahomet, the Russians the doctrines of the Greek church, and the Spaniards and Portuguese would still bend the knee before the Virgin's shrine.

It is impossible for us to agree with Mr Mackray's arguments at p. 21, *et seq.*, respecting the Popes, where he alleges that at first they made a wilful and direct "conspiracy against the liberties of mankind,"—that "mind was doomed to stagnation,"—and that they filled up "to the very uttermost the measure of their atrocious wickedness," by establishing the Inquisition. As to the last assertion, we have nothing to say, and most sincerely do we join our author in his reprobation of that infamous tribunal. But we have something to say as to the first. In the name of Heaven, what liberties? According to Mr Mackray, one would think, that before the assumption of the supremacy by Gregory VII., the nations of Europe were all that is excellent,—civilized, enlightened, religious, ingenious, and free,—living in a very elysium of freedom; and that the Bishops of Rome beheld this with diabolical hatred and envy, and conspired to take their civil liberty away. The very reverse was the case. Liberty indeed! Where is Mr Mackray's authority for this mighty transformation of the northern barbarians? Why, in the very heart of Italy, and almost at the gates of Rome, the Lombards, a nation of incorrigible barbarians, had established themselves in all the pride of savageness, and insolence of successful victory. This was in A.D. 570, in the reign of Justin II., and in the last year of the Pontificate of John III., the sixtieth Bishop of Rome; and this powerful kingdom, which began then to exist, continued for more than 200 years. Liberty indeed! We challenge any man to look into the history of those ages, and then to tell us that such a felicitous state actually existed. The Bishops of Rome have done evil enough to mankind; but Mr Mackray must suffer us to tell him once more, that his zeal is, in this instance, greater than his knowledge, and that it is too much to make them actually the *enemies* of the human race. We vindicate them not; but we maintain that the Popes only took advantage of the ignorance they found; they did not begin it. Has Mr Mackray forgot what Cæsar Baronius has said of the 7th century alone, which, for its barbarism and wickedness, he denominates the *iron age*; for its dulness and stupidity, the *age of lead*; and for its blindness and ignorance, the *age of darkness*? And yet, no doubt, he will charge this on the Popes!

And this brings us to combat another of our author's notions, as connected with this boasted state of civil liberty in the primitive times. At the period of the Reformation, begun by Luther, or rather by Zuinglius, who was in reality the first Reformer, the church of Rome was never in a *better state*; for it is a fact beyond dispute, that it was only in those countries, far removed from the Holy See, that ignorance, superstition, and licentiousness, prevailed to excess. The Pontiff was the illustrious De Medici, surnamed Leo X.—a Pontiff, we maintain it, as illustrious for his virtues, as he was for his birth and his magnificent genius. It was a singular arrangement of Providence, that the Reformation should have begun under a Pontiff remarkable as the munificent patron of letters and of learned men. Surely Mr Mackray is not a sincere believer in the hackneyed report, that Leo promoted the sale of indulgences merely to gratify his sister's avarice; if he be so, we are prepared with ample proof

to the contrary. Leo X. was one of the most learned and polished princes of his age; and it was his excessive proneness to the encouragement of his favourite pursuits, which induced him to act with such singular imprudence in the matter of indulgences. Wherever manuscripts were to be had, they were purchased by Leo; wherever learned men were to be found, they were invited to his court with a splendid profusion: he has the immortal honour of being the first to encourage and patronise the Greek language in Italy; at his own expense he set up a printing-press for the printing of the Greek Classics in Bologna; and he made it his business to adorn Rome with buildings of splendour. Yet this is the Pontiff—even this illustrious man—who is condemned in the cant of illiterate enthusiasts as the "Beast," "Antichrist," "The Man of Sin," "The Enemy of Religion," "an Ignorant Bigot," "a Superstitious Priest." The names of these his illiterate enemies are destined to slumber in the obscurity which they deserve, but the name of the illustrious De Medici, the Pontiff at the Reformation, and even that of his pious and virtuous successor, Hadrian VI., will live as long as learning is estimated, and sound philosophy duly appreciated. Such a tribute does Leo X. demand; such a tribute is not denied him even by Luther; and one thing is clear, that, arguing from human principles, had Luther been Leo X., and Leo the Monk of Wittemberg, the Reformation of religion would most probably have been now to commence.

Let the reader then observe the reasoning which we here employ, and to which we beg Mr Mackray's attention. Why did not the Reformation commence under John Huss, or Jerome of Prague, Wickliffe, or, to go to a much earlier period, the Waldenses? Was it because the Church of Rome was more corrupt under the Pontificate of Leo, than at either of the above periods? It could not be; for the sale of indulgences, the ostensible cause, was not a decree of Leo's. Was it because Luther possessed more courage and self-devotion than either of these? It could not be, as the sufferings of the Waldenses, the heroism of Huss and Jerome, and the boldness of the Rector of Lutterworth, will testify. But it was simply this—the want of proper religious feeling, and of a certain degree of information, before any essential change can be attempted with success to be wrought on a people.

But enough on this subject. We must pass over many of Mr Mackray's assertions, to which we have equally strong objections, and conclude by laying the following extract, with one or two observations on it, before our readers, by which they will see how widely Mr Mackray has wandered from his subject, in his zeal to set forth the common cant and erroneous reasoning of the times. Speaking of the exploits of the Covenanters, after a great deal of very inflated writing, he thus expresses himself:—

"Nor do we hesitate to declare, that, for our part, we should blush to claim kindred with the man who could survey the portion of our country's history, in which these transactions are recorded, without feeling both gratitude and admiration. Of such men we are aware there are not a few. 'The cold-blooded infidel' casts a look of ineffable disdain on the cause and the doings of the Covenanters, because he regards them as merely the paltry conflictings of some insignificant sects. The servile advocate of arbitrary power turns away from them with disgust, because he is jealous of every thing that has the air of a struggle for freedom. The bigoted adherent of another system of ecclesiastical jurisdiction dislikes them, because the Covenanters thought not altogether as *he* thinks, but made their appeal, from the dogmas of erring man, to the unerring oracles of God. While, last of all, and unhappily this is the most numerous class of all, the worldly man, immersed in secularity, and alive only to the things of this present world, deems the Covenanters' contest beneath his regard, because it was connected with religion. Alas! for such men!"—Pp. 87, 88.

Thus writes Mr Mackray, in this inflated and declamatory style, which, after all, is a mere *verborum prælium*; and we might quote farther, but the above is sufficient to prove that he is raving on the subject. Seriously speaking, however, if they who do not conceive the Covenanters to be so pure and immaculate as they appear to our author, are thus to be censured in the empty vauntings of sectarian pride; and if the Covenanters are entitled to all the fulsome adulation of this writer, we say again, that we have hitherto consulted the annals of our country very imperfectly. With this deplorable, unguarded, and absurd declamation, no sound thinking and rational theologian will agree. If any one should ask, what connexion the Covenanters had with the Reformation, and its effects on civil society in Europe? the only legitimate answer would be, that that they had little or none. Does our author require to be told that those very Covenanters, whom, as a sectary, he elevates with all the Romish honours to the saintship, were so dissatisfied with Presbyterianism as established in 1688 in Scotland, that they actually intrigued with the Episcopal party to restore King James?—that Balfour of Burley, and Graham of Claverhouse, held frequent meetings for the purpose, and that original manifestoes of King James are existing in this country at this moment, which prove the fact beyond a doubt? What a collision! what a picture, worthy of the pencil of an Allan or a Wilkie! The stern and gloomy fanatic Burley, and the high-minded and brave cavalier Graham, men who mortally hated each other, and who had often sought each other's death—the wretched murderer of Archbishop Sharpe, and the loyal defender of legitimacy, holding a conference together!

We have now done with our criticism on Mr Mackray's book,—a work which contains no inconsiderable intermixture of erroneous historical facts and sound reasoning. We repeat the opinion which we expressed at the outset, that our author is, in several respects, entitled to praise for his Essay—and that he did well to lay it before the world, at this particular crisis.

The Collegians, being a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals. In three volumes. London. Saunders and Otley. 1829.

This is a work of rather a singular description, and of more than ordinary interest. How the author's first series of the Tales of the Munster Festivals was received, we do not well remember; but we recollect that we read the book, and were much pleased with the humour which pervades it. We had not, however, at that period the opportunity which we now have of expressing our opinion; and, as a "second series" is before us, we are desirous not to overlook the merits of the author.

These Tales profess to delineate the manners of the Irish; and, in both his present and former works, the author has succeeded admirably. Our chief objection to the "second series" is its title. Why it should have been termed "The Collegians" we cannot ascertain, unless it be so designated because the two heroes, Mr Hardress Cregan and Mr Kyrle Daly, (names not very romantic or euphonious,) happened, at the outset of their career, to be fellow-students at College. But, letting this pass, the story is in itself entitled to much praise. It is a faithful picture of the simple, superstitious, and ignorant, but warm-hearted and hospitable, peasantry of Ireland. We have their habits, their phraseology, their

modes of thinking, their manners, as vividly placed before us as if we resided among them; while the dialogue is very cleverly sustained, and displays all that mixture of credulity, absurdity, and never-failing jocularity, for which the Irish are universally celebrated. In point of plot and incident, the tale itself is one of no common interest.

The moral, too, to be drawn from it is excellent, and one which cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of those who allow their passions to triumph over their reason. The case of the lovely Eily O'Connor has been that of many a hapless maiden; and the scene between Eily and her uncle, the good old parish priest, in vol. ii. chap. xxv. is admirably managed. The humour, on the other hand, of Lowrie Looty, Myles Murphy, the dealer in ponies, whose relationship extended over all Ireland, and several of the other characters introduced, must ensure for the author the reputation of possessing a very perfect knowledge of the class of people he undertakes to describe. We gladly, therefore, refer the reader to the "Collegians," and assure him that he will find this second series of the "Tales of the Munster Festivals" well worthy his attention.

An Essay on Moral Freedom: To which is attached a Review of the principles of Dr Whitby and President Edwards, on Free Will; and on Dr Brown's Theory of Causation and Agency. By the Reverend Thomas Tully Cribbace, A.M. Edinburgh. Waugh & Innes. 1829. 8vo, pp. 311.

THE question whether man is a free agent, or is bound down in all his actions by fixed and irreversible laws, we have ever regarded as one of those mysterious subjects about which much will be said, and very little ever distinctly understood. But, nevertheless, hopeless and intricate as the controversy is, we by no means consider it either uninteresting or unimportant. Many of the most brilliant discoveries in science have been made in the prosecution of enquiries whose solutions lay beyond the reach of human ingenuity. There is undoubtedly a line of demarcation between what may and what may not be discovered,—but it is a boundary faint and ill defined; and, in their attempts to pass this "ultima Thule," philosophers have recovered many a goodly tract, which seemed altogether inaccessible to the less daring spirits of a former age.

The author of the work before us advocates moral freedom. He commences with a view of the doctrine of causation; and, after clearing the subject from the sceptical doubts and difficulties of Mr Hume, he proceeds to propound his own argument. His leading aim is to show, in the first place, that every act depends upon the will,—and that the will is, in its turn, dependent upon the judgment; whence he attempts to establish what he terms "intellectual liberty," and to prove that the will is free, because the judgment, on which it depends, is free. The only exception he admits to this rule is, where the will is influenced by appetite or passion, when he concedes that it becomes subject to necessity. He concludes with a view of the origin of evil, and some strictures upon the works of President Edwards and of Dr Whitby.

Our author, however, is by no means successful in establishing his great position—the freedom of the will. "Man acts as he wills"—very true; but this is not the question. The will, according to Mr Cribbace, is "passive." Two forces act upon it—the judgment and the passions. How then can its motions in any respect be spontaneous? But, says Mr Cribbace, the judgment is free; which, in his opinion, is only in other words to assert, "that man is an intelligent and thinking being." But, granting that man is an intelligent and thinking being, what does it prove? Just the very reverse of what the author intends. It may, from his very nature and constitution, *must* decide in a particular way,—if his judgment *must* prefer virtue to vice, good to evil,—if his will *must* follow these determinations,—and if his actions *must* be in conformity to his volitions,—then it would seem to be proved, in direct contradiction to Mr Cribbace, that in the strictest and most absolute sense of the word, he acts under the influence of necessity. The *first* link in the chain of causes being necessary, the last must be necessary also; and our author's argument of course falls to the ground.

Mr Cribbace rejects the notion of the self-determining power of the will; and substitutes in its place what he is pleased to call, "the man's self-determining power over his will." Does Mr Cribbace not perceive that a "determination of the man" is an act of the will? He substitutes two volitions instead of one; but whether this additional volition be free or necessary is still as doubtful as before.

There are a few inconsistencies, too, in the work, which ought not to pass without notice. For example, Mr Cribbace speaks (p. 91) of a *volition* being independent of the *will*. This is a solecism and an absurdity. He admits in one place that "the will possesses the *power* of *directing* the current of thought;" while, in the same page, he asserts that, "with respect to the intellectual powers, it is altogether a *passive effect*, and *they alone* are truly active." This is a contradiction in terms in regard to a proposition upon which he founds his whole argument.

But while we make these remarks, and while we cannot allow that the author has made good his point, we by no means deem his work unworthy of an attentive perusal. It is written in a pleasing and philosophical style; many of the illustrations are apt and happy; and though he may have failed, it should be remembered that a failure is excusable on a subject which has been agitated by philosophers for two thousand years without any hope of coming to a definite or satisfactory conclusion.

A Reply to Sir Walter Scott's History of Napoleon. By Louis Bonaparte, Brother of the Emperor. A Translation from the French. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1829.

THERE can be no doubt that, when Sir Walter Scott undertook to write a Life of Napoleon, he did not contemplate the production of a profound and philosophical work, but merely of a popular history. His leading object was, to present the public with the prominent features of the transactions of France, from the rise to the conclusion of the Revolution; and, in particular, to supply a full account of the extraordinary career of Bonaparte, which should satisfy the ordinary reader, by its general truth and accuracy, but still leave the field open for the curious and minute investigator. Viewing Sir Walter's production in this light, we are not entitled to expect either the deep research of a Gibbon—the intellectual vigour of a Hume—or the felicitous propriety of a Robertson. The Author of Waverley needed not to rest his immortality upon his nine volumes concerning Napoleon; and he could afford, therefore, to write hastily, and to trust, in a considerable degree, to industry for accomplishing a task to which others would have been anxious to bring the whole resources of their mind.

That a work written upon these principles, and with these views, should be without blemishes, was not for a moment to be expected; and we confess our wonder on perusing it, was that it did not contain many more than we were able to discover. The *brochure* now before us, by the late Emperor's brother, tends to con-

vince us still farther that the errors Sir Walter Scott has committed are neither very numerous nor very momentous. The Ex-King of Holland entertains, quite properly, a very fraternal regard for his brother's memory, and talks in very magniloquent terms of the "exaggeration,"—the "injustice,"—the "falsehood,"—the "calumny,"—nay, the "excessive calumny," "spread throughout the work of Sir Walter Scott;" but when he comes to establish these charges, which he attempts to do by taking hold of every passage in the successive volumes which he considers at all objectionable, and pointing out wherein it is to be reprobated, he falls far short of the expectations he had raised. The sum and substance of his "Reply," bating a good deal of loose declamation and undignified acrimony, only is, that Sir Walter has made a few trifling errors in dates, in the names of places, and in some geographical details. Others may, perhaps, think that there are more important faults in the work, but Louis Bonaparte, though he has the will, wants the talent to make them apparent. This "Reply," however, is curious, considering the quarter from which it comes, and the nature of some of its statements; although, in point of argument, it is exceedingly weak, and will certainly rebound from Sir Walter's coat of mail—an *imbelle telum, sine ictu.*

Londiniana; or, Reminiscences of the British Metropolis; including Characteristic Sketches, Topographical, Descriptive, and Literary. By Edward Wedlake Brayley. 4 vols. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829.

Of recent years various works have appeared, intended to illustrate the ancient manners, and to describe the ancient residences, of the inhabitants of London. Some of these have been presented to the public in the shape of fictitious narratives; while others have consisted of little else than a true relation of chronological and topographical facts. Modern Athenians though we be, we have always felt much interested in books which throw light upon the old and quaint peculiarities of the great British metropolis, and have seldom suffered the most humble production of this kind to escape our notice. The work now before us is eminently calculated both to enhance the pleasure of a visit to the metropolis, and to teach even its resident inhabitants many things of which they were probably ignorant. It contains, among other details, a great quantity of amusing information regarding the residences of former illustrious men, whether they belonged to the literary or political world; it describes the scenes of broils, plots, and conspiracies which now occupy a page in the history of the country; and it is particular in its accounts of antique ceremonies, games, and processions, now either shrunk away from their former grandeur, or, in many instances, altogether unknown. The work is, moreover, embellished with a number of minute etchings and engravings, still further illustrative of the costumes and manners of bygone times. The representation of the procession of Parliament to St Paul's Cathedral, in 1715, strikes us as particularly interesting. At the same time, it is proper to add, that there is not much original merit in this publication, the editor having done little else but arrange his materials from the fruitful works of Stow, Pennant, and other writers, who have gone over the same ground before him.

Sermons on Various Subjects. By Andrew Thomson. D. D. Edinburgh. William Whyte & Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 544.

To improve the heart and regulate the conduct, by a plain exposition of religious truths, ought to be the great object of pulpit oratory. It is not sufficient to convey a vague knowledge of Christianity, by means of speculative and metaphysical theories. This might be enough were religion only an abstract science. But as its highest aim is to communicate real practical wisdom, correct views of duty, as well as of doctrine, are indispensable. The force of eloquence, or the brilliancy of imagination, may, no doubt, sometimes awaken virtuous emotions in the mind. But such emotions will prove unavailing, unless they produce active exertion. They are, in general, mere temporary sensations, proceeding rather from instinctive sensibility, than from deliberate conviction, and may be speedily effaced by the renewed supremacy of debasing passion. In all cases, therefore, an appeal must primarily be made to the judgment, and, through it, to the feelings. In man's natural condition his understanding is darkened; and this obscurity must be removed: The finer susceptibilities of the conscience are deadened; and these must be resuscitated: The treacherous disguises which vice assumes are attractive; and these must be unmasked: The prevalence of self-deceit has distorted all just sense of right and wrong; and its power must be subdued: The affections of the soul are estranged from the pursuit of virtue; and these must be reclaimed. It is only by thus making Christianity bear on the several situations and tempers of those to whom it is addressed, that any substantial instruction can be received, and that any permanent benefit can ensue.

The author of the Sermons now before us is decidedly an experimental clergyman. He has the art of making his discourses intelligible to the most ignorant, and at the same time interesting to the most polished, of his auditory. He seldom fascinates by florid declamation,—or by sudden flashes of fancy,—or by powerful pathos. But whenever he employs such aid, his style of rhetoric, though perhaps not disclosing to the mind's eye the sublimest regions of thought, is uniformly bold and vigorous. He does not ostentatiously display the profundity of his theological learning, by endeavouring to elucidate those mystical points, which the skill of man cannot unravel, and which, even if fully explained, would necessarily prove unproductive of any salutary advantage. His abilities are principally directed to the philosophical analysis of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. In the developement of these, he manifests such lucid arrangement—such acute reasoning—such ingenious illustration—such fervid feeling—and such appropriate application of his subject to the different circumstances of his hearers, as justly entitle him to be esteemed one of the ablest Divines in the Scottish Church.

While we deem it proper thus to express our estimation of Dr Thomson's talents, we at the same time doubt whether the work now before us will impart much additional lustre to his name. We do not mean to deny that the Sermons contain many excellencies. There is much of that *lucidus ordo* in them which characterises all the productions of their author. They might even be effective if delivered *ex cathedra*, where simplicity is so desirable. Many of the discourses, however, which daily issue from the press only to be consigned to oblivion, evince equally good qualities in no inconsiderable degree. The same truths, indeed, must necessarily constitute the substance of all sermons, because the principles of theology are unchangeable. But to invest these truths with the charm of novelty, by original illustration, derived from the numerous branches of human knowledge with which religion is associated, and from the varied habits of mankind, ought especially to distinguish every discourse submitted to the ordeal of public opinion. We do not think that the general character of Dr Thomson's present publication reaches this requisite standard, though no one can peruse it without perceiving indications of a genius fitted for nobler achievements.

The Sermons are on the following subjects: "Repentance and Forgiveness;" "The Sacrifices of Righteousness;" "Joy for Temporal Mercies;" "Joy for Spiritual Mercies;" "Humility Explained, and its necessity Enforced;" "Religious Zeal;" "The Gospel of Salvation;" "Forsaking Public Worship;" "Slavery not sanctioned, but condemned, by Christianity;" "Christ without Sin;" "Obligations to observe the Christian Passover;" "Faith and Preparation as to the second coming of Christ;" "Ardent desire for the second coming of Christ;" "Patient waiting for the second coming of Christ."—Our limits will permit us only briefly to allude to one or two of those sermons which more particularly deserve attention.

We commend both the design and execution of the four Sermons on Religious Zeal. Our author ably enforces the importance of preserving the purity of the gospel. He boldly depicts the various difficulties attendant on such an undertaking, and the necessity for activity and perseverance on the part of Christians. He condemns all intolerant zeal, though he does not hesitate to avow, that "Popery is in its nature and tendency hostile to true religion—to genuine liberty—to mental improvement—to human happiness," and consequently, "that we can scarcely be too eager in our endeavours to expose its abominations—to break down its influence—to emancipate our brethren from its cruel and debasing bondage." Our reverend author proposes, as the most eligible mode of accomplishing this end, that we should grant political power to the stanch supporters of those abominations against which his anathema has been levelled; and he does not fail to resort to the somewhat hackneyed argument, in regard to the amiable cordiality which concession will establish between Protestants and Romanists. He also deprecates a practice common in this intellectual age, of allowing our own countrymen to remain unenlightened by religion, while the inhabitants of foreign lands are ministered to with the utmost solicitude. We most warmly coincide in condemning such inconsistent conduct. To dispel the mists of ignorance and of prejudice, which cloud the minds of many around us, is at once the natural and laudable allotment of our zeal; and we therefore feel well affected to the general diffusion of Christianity; but we hesitate not to declare, that while a single individual, either in this country or in the sister kingdoms, is allowed to continue destitute of the means of instruction, the present system is both ridiculous and sinful.

While we applaud the more prominent sentiments which distinguish the Sermons on Zeal, we are also much pleased with the manner in which these sentiments have been expressed. If the composition is never peculiarly elegant, it is always adapted to convey the obvious and important meaning which the author has in view. There are no far-fetched deductions—no perversion of the obvious sense of Scripture, for the purpose of supplying feasible proof in support of his assertions. He enters the field conscious of his polemical power, and in a fair and open controversy wrests from his enemies their most offensive weapons, and overturns all the barriers which their sophistry and ingenuity had reared. He has recourse, on no occasion, to mere verbal antithesis or conceit; and he never endeavours, by a laboured effort, to astonish his reader. Evidently courting approbation for the perspicuity and utility of his sermons, he refrains from the parade of mere abstract reasoning, as well as from the mystification which a certain learned divine deems the only proper mode of guiding mankind in the path of duty.

Were we disposed to be captious, we might object to some of our author's arguments in regard to the unconditional emancipation of slaves; but this is a wide subject, upon which we shall not enter. If he has not been altogether fortunate in depriving slavery of "the vindication that has been pleaded for it under the great and venerable sanction of Christ," he has at least availed himself of several striking facts, which seem naturally to favour his conclusions. The whole sermon displays much impassioned feeling; and the following eloquent passage cannot fail to be read with pleasure:

"Shame! that any should have been found to speak lightly of liberty, whose worth is so testified—whose benefits are so numerous and so rich. Moralists have praised it—poets have sung it—the Gospel has taught and breathed it—patriots and martyrs have died for it. As a temporal blessing, it is beyond all comparison and above all praise. It is the air we breathe—the food we eat—the raiment that clothes us—the sun that enlightens, and vivifies, and gladdens, all on whom it shines. Without it, what are honours and riches, and all similar endowments? They are the trappings of a hearse—they are the garnishings of a sepulchre; and with it the crust of bread, and the cup of water, and the lowly hovel, and the barren rock, are luxuries which it teaches and enables us to rejoice in. He who knows what liberty is, and can be glad and happy when placed under a tyrant's rule, and at the disposal of a tyrant's caprice, is like the man who can laugh and be in merry mood at the grave, where he has just deposited all that should have been loveliest in his eye, and all that should have been dearest to his heart. Shame on those who have so far taxed their ingenuity, and so far consulted their selfishness, and so far forgotten their Christian name, as to apologise for the existence of slavery, by extolling the incomparable superiority of spiritual freedom, and dragging in the aid and the countenance of Scripture mis-stated or misunderstood! For what is slavery, and what does it do? It darkens and degrades the intellect—it paralyses the hand of industry—it is the nourisher of agonizing fears and of sullen revenge—it crushes the spirit of the bold—it belies the doctrines, it contradicts the precepts, it resists the power, it sets at defiance the sanctions, of religion—it is the tempter, and the murderer, and the tomb, of virtue—and either blasts the felicity of those over whom it domineers, or forces them to seek for relief from their sorrows in the gratifications, and the mirth, and the madness of the passing hour."—Pp. 389–90.

From the concluding Sermon we might make several very interesting extracts. We have, however, only room to observe, that we highly approve of the judicious observations respecting the Millennial advent and reign of Christ. The errors which have been promulgated on this subject are most completely exposed in a Note appended to the volume; and though the refutation were less triumphant, and though the Scriptures afforded more plausible data for contrary sentiments, we hold it altogether absurd to pursue an investigation, involving difficulties which can never be satisfactorily solved.

History of the Troubles and Memorable Transactions in Scotland, in the Reign of Charles I. By John Spalding, Commissary Clerk, Aberdeen. A new Edition, Aberdeen; G. King, 1829. 8vo. Pp. 500.

It gives us much pleasure to announce, that a new edition of the above scarce and very valuable work is now before the public; and the publisher deserves great praise for the manner in which he has issued it from the press. The last edition is that of 1792, and was published at Aberdeen, in two 12mo volumes. We know of few works which give such a faithful, laborious, and impartial narrative of the troubles of the disastrous reign of Charles I., so far as these relate to Scotland, which, as our readers must be aware, sustained no inconsiderable part in the opposition to that unfortunate monarch. The narrative of Spalding embraces the history

of those events which happened in Scotland, between the years 1625 and 1645, a period of twenty years, and what eventful years! We have frequently consulted the edition of 1792, and we can safely say, that we never found any of Spalding's facts contradicted by any other authentic work. We can assure our readers, that few republications of scarce works, have greater claims on their attention than Spalding's History; and we trust that its success will be such as to induce the spirited publisher to benefit the country by farther republications of valuable and scarce works on Scottish Affairs.

Jacobite Minstrelsy; with Notes illustrative of the Text, and containing Historical Details in relation to the House of Stuart, from 1640 *to* 1784. Glasgow. Richard Griffin and Co. 1829.

This is a very nice little pocket volume. It contains all the best Jacobite songs, copiously illustrated by judicious and amusing notes. The editor, it is true, claims no merit for this, nor is he entitled to any; for his collection is formed almost exclusively upon Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," only omitting the Whig songs, and a good number of the less interesting notes. We suppose, however, that the arrangement is sufficiently varied, to prevent any direct infringement of literary property. We observe, also, that a Table of the Genealogy of the Stuart Family, from James VI. downwards, is prefixed, which is copied almost verbatim from a similar table prefixed to the "History of the Rebellion in 1745," by Robert Chambers; and this, we think, ought to have been acknowledged.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

GOETHE AND HIS POETRY.

By William Tennant, Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

Of that rare assemblage of genius, which forty years ago at once founded and ennobled the school of vernacular poetry in Germany, and drew the eyes of admiring foreigners towards the polished court of the Duke of Weimar, Goethe is the only and venerable survivor. Wieland, who in time rather preceded the rest, lived long enough to enjoy his well-earned reputation; Schiller and Bürger died in the prime of life; Goethe, now in his 80th year, a period of life seldom allotted to any son of the Muses, has outlived all his tuneful copartners, and for more than fifty years has been sunning himself in the enjoyment of popular favour. If his reputation, during his lifetime, has been more extended, it has been, at the same time, more exposed to cavils and captious disputation,—more questioned as to its legitimacy and probable durability, than any of his associates. His poetry is unquestionably of a slenderer and more dissoluble texture, than that of Wieland or Schiller; he has neither the felicitous invention, the humorous and fantastic brilliancy, the voluptuous splendour of the former; neither has he, in his dramas, nor anywhere else, the vehement passion, exuberant eloquence, sublimity, and intensity of poetical *eyne*, that characterise Schiller's best productions. Goethe has, however, a style of his own, though not, indeed, very marked or prominent, except in his Herman and Dorothea, and a few of his Ballads and Romances. Simplicity, purity of speech and of sentiment, and a certain gentleness and affection of manner, are the attractions of his verses; he never commands our admiration like Schiller, nor dazzles us by his fantastical richness like Wieland; but he calmly conciliates our estimation by his many winning and unassuming, though smaller, graces. He has a claim also upon us from his universality; his works, both in poetry and prose, are more numerous than, we suppose, those of any other Continental author; he has written almost on every variety of subject, however distant or dissimilar; yet his ultimate reputation as an author appears to have for its most durable foundation, his Sorrows of Werter, one of his earliest and most popular prose productions, and his Herman and Dorothea, his best and longest poem. The poetry of his metrical dramas cannot, with justice, be much commended;* compared with that of Schiller, his mightier rival in the theatre, it shrinks into unresisting inferiority. His Herman and Dorothea is a species of domestic or burgher epic, which, we believe, is peculiar to the Germans. We have no example of it in our English literature. It is written in nine books or cantos, each inscribed to one of the nine Muses. To this pleasing poem nothing can be objected, excepting its verse, which is hexameter, of all others the most unwieldy and dissonant, and the most unmanageable to German prosody. We know not how such lines sound in the ears of a native, and what measuring-staff the prosodian of Jena applies for their scanning; but nothing appears to the ears of a foreigner more Gothic and barbarous, than thus forcibly engrafting on the rough, clashing consonants of Saxony, the delicate Dactylic metres of the richly-vowell'd language of Greece and Rome. It is as it were setting up the rough, unseemly block-statue of Oden on the pedestal of Jupiter Tonans. The German language, like the English, can only be best cast into rhythmical poetry by these graceful Iambic moulds, which so well suit the character of both. Yet, in this inharmonious metre, Goethe has written a long poem; and Klopstock one still longer. Schiller and Bürger, whose poetry is more melodious, and who seem to have been gifted with better ears, have apparently undervalued and rejected it as unadapted to their language.

Of Goethe's smaller pieces, the best are those (and they are but few) which he has inscribed Ballads and Romances. Of these the longest is the *Bride of Corinth*, which has been alluded to with some commendation by Madame De Staël. Of the peculiar qualities of the genuine Ballad, however, it has none; it is rather a laboured and perplexed tale, ill laid as to place and time, having neither probability in its incidents, nor felicity in its verbal execution. *The God and the Bayadere* is better; but the prettiest of them all are *Der Sanger*, *Das Veilchen*, and *Der Fischer*, of which a translation is hereto subjoined. There is also some pleasant humour in *Der Zauberlehring* and *Hochzeitlied*. In his Book of *Lieder* there are also some pleasing verses, as *Willkommen und Abschied*, *Die Gluckliche Gatten*, *Maylied*, &c. † We have besides a large book of *Elegien*, which contain, here and there, some good thoughts, but which are chiefly interesting as being written in Rome during the author's visit to that place. The reader cannot but be pleased to hear the classical Goethe singing, in his own harsh but powerful language, his ambitious Elegiacs, amid those ruins which were created by his Gothic predecessors.

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* One of Goethe's earliest prose-plays is his Goetz von Berlichingen, which, though it contains nothing in itself remarkable, is nevertheless interesting to us all, from one adventitious circumstance—that a translation of it into English, in 1799, presented, for the first time, on its title-page, as an author, Walter Scott—a name rendered since so illustrious by so many original and unrivalled productions.

† Byron, proud and prolific as he was, condescended to *steal*, without acknowledgement, from Goethe. And though it be not true, as Goethe has audaciously affirmed, that Byron's best passages are taken from himself, yet his Lordship's pilferings are at times too glaring to be disputed; as, for instance, his address to Greece, beginning, "Know'st thou the land where," &c., from the pretty little song, Mignon's Sehnsucht,—

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen bluhen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen gluhen? &c.

DER SANGER—THE MINSTREL.

"What minstrel-voice is this that rings
So blithely by my castle wall?
Command the joyous wight that sings
To appear within, and bless my hall:"
The king commands; the page forth flies;
The page returns; the monarch cries—
"Admit, admit the old man to me,
That makes my court resound with glee!"

"Accept, O sire, a bard's salute!
Accept it, lords, and lovely dames!
What heav'n is here! What glances shoot!
These stars! who may tell all their names!
Be shut, mine eyes! nor dare to gaze
On palace pomp, and beauty's blaze;
Here is not place and time, I ween,
Long to luxuriate with my eyne!"

He closed his eyelids, and begun
His harp-wed roundel, clear and strong;
The sturdy-hearted knights were won;
The ladies captivate with song;
The monarch, grateful for the joy,
Commands his page, the laughing boy,
To bring a golden chain, that he
Might pay the poet for his glee:

"Sire, give me not the golden chain:
The golden chain give to your knights,
That prop and decorate your reign
With gallantry, and feats, and fights;
Or to your Chanc'lor, that maintains
The state's expense with sweat and pains;
Add to his load of things of state,
The golden chain's less cumbrous weight!

"I sing as bird in spring-time sings,
Rock'd in his house of tufted tree;
The song, that from glad heart up-rings,
Itself is rich-repaying fee:
Yet, should I dare to entreat at all,
'Twould be a guerdon slight and small;
But one draught of thy best of wine
From golden cup so pure and fine!"

He got the cup; he drain'd its bliss;
"O draught, of heavenly power possest!
O blessed be the house where this
Is of its blissful gifts the least!
Walk ye in song up life's gay road;
So think of me, and thank your God,
With heart as throbbing warm as mine
Thanks you for your good cup of wine!"

DAS VEILCHEN—THE VIOLET.

A violet on the meadow stood,
And droop'd in dewy solitude,
Abash'd its gentle head;
There came with bounding pace along
A shepherd-maiden, fair and young,
And hither, thither, tript and sung,
Rejoicing o'er the mead.

Ah! thinks the violet, were I now
But for a little while, I trow,
Fair Nature's fairest bloom!
That she my love that gambols near,
Might nip me idly dangling here,
And plant me on her bosom dear,
To expire in my perfume!

But ah! but ah! that maid tript by,
Nor did the bashful flow'ret spy;
The trod poor violet!
It died, yet sung as it did die;
I die, but die rejoicingly,
That, by her dear foot trodden, I
So sweet a death have met!

DER FISCHER—THE FISHER.

The river rush'd; the river swell'd;
A fisher, on its side,
His eye upon his angle held
That dallied with the tide;
And as he twitch'd his line, and play'd,
The waters 'gan divide,
And from their silver-pebbled bed
A lady rose in pride!

She sung to him; she spoke to him;
"O, why by craft ensnare
My brood, in jasper vales that swim,
To Death and sunny air?
Knew'st thou how happy every one
My little fishes be,
Thou wouldst dive down, and leave the sun,
And live with us in glee.

"Ah! do not sun and moon delight,
In sea to dip and lave?
Shine not their faces doubly bright
Re-furbish'd by the wave?
Heaven's blue, seen brighter in the tide,
Thee hither well may win;
Thy face, in water glorified,
With smiles invites thee in!"

The water swell'd; the water rose;
And wet his naked foot;
His heart with fiery longing glows,
As at his love's salute:
She spake; she sang; and from the bank
Witch'd, wiled him to the river;
Half in she drew; half in he sank;
And disappear'd for ever!

A DAY IN ROME—FOREIGN ARTISTS—THORWALDZEN—ROMAN SCULPTORS.

The finest palaces and best hotels in Rome are now occupied by some of our opulent countrymen, whose chief amusement consists in visiting churches, galleries, and studios, exhausting their admiration on the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, and exploring the ruins of antiquity. As soon as these objects are accomplished, their taste palls. Deprived of their usual society, environed by new customs, before many months are over, they relapse into a state of morbid sensibility, or, what is equally annoying, are possessed by the demon of ennui, which can only be shaken off by flight. Their visit to the "eternal city," therefore, is terminated by a rapid migration to Naples or Florence, where they again make enjoyment a toil, and, in their labours to be agreeable, are considered by all the world as insufferable bores.

Very different from these heirs of wealth and rank are the foreign artists (whether British or not) who find in Rome a place of endless instruction and pleasure. With intense interest, they view both the mouldering ruins, splendid temples, and melancholy sepulchres of antiquity, and the scarcely less admirable achievements of later times—the glorious triumphs of the pencil and the chisel. Foreign artists are, I think, the happiest residents in Rome. There is no species of enthusiasm which partakes less of the ridiculous than theirs for their profession. The Trinita di Monte is their favourite abode, endeared to them as the spot where Salvator Rosa, N. Poussin, and Claude resided. The houses of these illustrious men were pointed out to me, and are still occupied as the dwellings of artists. The time of the true votary of the arts is employed in the galleries, the temples, their studii, and Frantz's or Lepri's trattorias, where they resort for the more ignoble purpose of satisfying the calls of appetite, but have thus opportunities afforded them of associating and conversing with each other. It is indeed only in Rome that their taste could be fully developed, where every object furnishes some aliment for incipient genius.

Having devoted several days to the inspection of the picturesque and classic ruins of the Forum Romanum, covered with the rust of ages, and having inhaled the atmosphere of past centuries in the catacombs and tombs of the Scipios, I resolved one morning, in order to vary the scene, to visit, along with my friend, the Baron de B—, the studio of Thorwaldzen, and some Roman sculptors. In one corner of a large square, ornamented, as usual in this city by a fountain in the centre, and overlooked by the massive Barbarini palace, built with travertine stone, pillaged from the Colosseum, we saw immense blocks of Carrara marble, which almost impeded our entrance to the studio (ranges of workshops) of Thorwaldzen. On gaining admission, we had an opportunity of seeing the progress of a statue from its primitive state, a huge unshapely block of marble, then a rude outline of the human form, then approximating what it was designed to represent, with its imperfections rounded off, then developing still finer proportions, then dotted by the black marks of the artist, then improved in appearance by a fresh touch from his chisel, till, finally, all its beauties were perfected by the master-hand of the Dane himself. In Thorwaldzen's studio, there is besides an immense number of busts and models for lords and ladies. Russian princes and English commoners have sat to him, and many more, possessed of taste and fifty guineas, are still anxiously soliciting to be allowed that honour. I was not fortunate enough to meet the *genius loci* on this occasion; but, were I to judge by the bust which he has modelled of himself, I should say that he might justly be termed, "a hard-featured man of genius."

The originals of some splendid works are in this studio, and models of others, as well as many that are yet in hand in an incomplete state. Amongst the latter are a very fine equestrian statue of Poniatowsky, one of Eugene Beauharnois, and the continuation of the celebrated succession of friezes, illustrating the triumph of Alexander, ordered by Napoleon for the Quirinal palace, when fitting it up as a residence for the young King of Rome, and since sold to the late Count Sommariva. I saw the first part of these friezes at Sommariva's magnificent villa on the lake of Como, and was surprised to learn, that the young Count is so destitute of taste, as to decline taking the remainder of these admirable *bassi relievi*; Thorwaldzen, therefore, thinks he will be under the necessity of disposing of them to the highest bidder.

The great work which now engages the Danish sculptor, is the Saviour and Apostles, intended to adorn a church in the capital of his native country. The whole of these magnificent colossal statues are nearly finished, in his usual admirable style. Among the models of his previous works, I particularly remarked the Mercury, the Venus, and the Jason, fine studies for effect and character, and not inferior, in truth and nature, to the antiques of the Parthenon. The Adonis, too, is a perfect specimen of youthful, masculine beauty, and reckoned one of his best works; while the statue of Mars may be remarked as developing, in the finest style, the muscular system of the heroic God. I was delighted also with a figure of Hope, infinitely superior to most antiques; but, above all, with the well-known and much-admired medallion of Aurora and Nox, two aërial figures, of which every good collection and academy in Europe has got either a copy or cast. We were wrong to visit Thorwaldzen's studio first, for all subsequent works necessarily appeared inferior to those of the greatest living sculptor of the age—the rival and successor of Canova. No artist in Rome meets with so much encouragement, nor more deservedly, particularly from the English. Such men as Lord Lucan, the Duke of Bedford, and Mr Hope, very properly do not limit their patronage to native merit.

It is much to be regretted, that we have no academy in Rome, an institution which is so honourable to the French, Spanish, Neapolitan, and other governments, that the want of one amounts to a reflection on ours. In these excellent establishments, a certain number of the most promising young artists are liberally pensioned, in a city, where they enjoy the double advantage of studying the best works of antiquity, and of receiving instruction from the most celebrated masters of the day. The little encouragement afforded to the Fine Arts by our government, whether at home or abroad, has long been regarded as a national reproach. That the charge cannot be fully repelled, is undeniable; and its truth may account in some measure for the fact, that our artists excel their Continental rivals chiefly in portrait painting, which gives such scope for the gratification of *individual* vanity, while they can only maintain an inferior station in the higher branches of the art. England, it is true, has made a rapid, and even wonderful, progress of late years, considering that it is without both a national gallery, and the government support which is granted in other countries, and which so effectually serves to stimulate the exertions of artists. With the exceptions of the recent judicious purchase of Angerstein's pictures, and the three Titians and Poussins, as a nucleus for a National Gallery, what have we done as a nation, by premiums, public grants, or other means, to promote a taste for the fine arts? The King, it is well known, is their most munificent and enlightened patron. He has always been the liberal protector of native genius and talent; nor is there a man in his dominions gifted with a more refined taste. Many private individuals, also, of large fortune, have encouraged with their wealth the exertions of British painters and sculptors; but still nothing is done on that permanent, efficient, and princely scale, which reflects so much credit on other European governments. Yet, as the foundation for a national school of sculpture, we boast of the treasures of the British Museum, which, although limited, are of such inestimable value as studies, that Canova declared it was worth taking a journey from Rome to England, on purpose to see the Elgin marbles alone.

It would fill volumes to enumerate the works of the many celebrated Roman sculptors, whose studii are open to the inspection of those who have any taste for the arts. Signore Baruzzi, one of Canova's most distinguished pupils, has lately completed a colossal bust of his inimitable master, which he presented to the Capitoline Museum, where it has very appropriately been placed between the figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Albaccini is an artist of very considerable talents—as a proof of which may be mentioned a statue of Achilles, which he has just finished for the Duke of Devonshire,

representing the Grecian hero in the act of pulling the fatal dart of Paris out of his vulnerable heel. Fiochetti is another eminent Roman sculptor, who possesses great originality of style. His Venus leaving the shell is a production deservedly eulogised by amateurs, and has already placed this young man in a higher station than is commonly attained by others after a life spent in study.

While upon this subject, I may remark that by the Puritans of the nineteenth century, nudities in painting and sculpture are condemned. In the Florentine and other galleries, statues are now exhibited protected by fig leaves, (like the much-criticised Achilles in Hyde Park;) and in order not to shock the admiring eyes of modest fair ones, Prince Colonna has ordered many a lascivious Venus to be as barbarously draped as the chaste Diana, an operation which has spoiled some of the finest pictures in his admirable collection. No doubt, Nymphs, Graces, Muses, *et hoc genus omne*, will next appear in court dresses, to gratify this mawkish affectation of delicacy.

THE GAME OF CHESS EN QUATRE,

OR

THE DOUBLE GAME.

I HAVE been surprised to find that in no town in Scotland, with the exception of Dundee, is this beautiful game either played or understood; and, I believe, it is not generally known even in London. In some parts of the Continent, especially in Russia, the double game is much admired, and very generally played. As a *science*, it is inferior perhaps to the common game; but, as a source of amusement, it is in many respects preferable; combining, as it does, all the sociableness of whist, with the engrossing interest of the single game of chess.

At this game four parties play—two upon each side. The board required is the common chess board, with three rows of squares added to each side of it, making an addition of ninety-six squares, and a total of one hundred and sixty. At this board the players sit as at a whist table, those opposite to each other being partners. On the extreme rows two sets of chess men are placed—one set being wooden, the other of ivory; or it is sufficient if a difference of colour render them easily distinguishable from each other, so as to prevent confusion and mistakes. The position of the sets is precisely the same as in the common game, with this difference, that the several queens occupy a white square. The movements are also the same as those of the common game, with two exceptions, in respect to the pawns. First, they advance only one step at a time; and, secondly, when one of your pawns meets the pawn of your partner, whereby the progress of yours is impeded, you may push forward, by occupying the square either on the right or left; after which it resumes a direct course.

The principles of the double game are nearly identical with those of the single game; but the mode of playing differs in several respects. Each player moves in rotation from the left to the right. Partners pursue one common plan, and support each other when acting either on the offensive or defensive. When opening the game, each player directs the main force of his attack against his opponent on the left. The wing being, in this game, far the most vulnerable part, you never castle. When you are in mate, (your partner having an open field,) you do not thereby lose the game—you merely lose the faculty of playing until your partner repel the attack, or until relieved by one of your opponents; and, while in this situation, your men remain in the same position in which they were when the check was given until the mate be removed. Nor, in the meantime, can any of your pieces be captured by the adversary, as your forces would be thereby too much reduced,—your partner, besides, in having to maintain the combined attack of two opponents, already labouring under sufficient distress. But your opponents may take shelter under your men, and even place their kings so as to be in check from a piece or pawn of yours; this being permitted in consequence of your having lost the power of moving. You ought to be constantly on the watch to give check to your opponent on the right, when any of his pieces are exposed to your partner opposite; because, in that case, your opponent must either remove from, or cover check, and then your partner takes the piece exposed to him; and you ought to omit no opportunity of giving check to the queen of your opponent on the left, when it is in your partner's power to give your opponent's king check by his next move. When this is done, your adversary on the left must move his king, and you take his queen at your next move. A good player is always on the look-out for an advantage of this kind.

In order to co-operate effectually with your partner in any attack meditated by him, you must endeavour to penetrate into, and support his plans. If, for instance, he make an attack with his queen, (which is, in this game, an invaluable piece,) it will be your business to cover her with a knight—or you will assail the opponent against whom your partner's attack is directed—or you will remove the obstacles which may oppose themselves to the attack—or you will set upon your other opponent, and by keeping him at bay, prevent him from affording his partner any assistance. The moment one of your opponents is in check, you and your partner should concentrate your forces upon your other opponent, boldly attacking his principal officers, and sacrificing for them inferior ones of your army. By this means you may frequently give your adversary the *coup de grace*, before he has done you any serious mischief.

The players are allowed to call the attention of their partners, in general terms, to the situation of the game in four different ways, the party whose turn it is to play being entitled to make use of any of the following sentences:—1. *I am in danger.* 2. *You are in danger.* 3. *Enter into my plan.* 4. *You have a good move.* These expressions must not be repeated, or uttered after your partner has touched a piece.

When a pawn reaches the extreme line opposite, it is entitled to the rank of an officer; and to the same promotion, when, by taking any of the pieces of either of your adversaries, it attains the last line on the right or left.

These, I think, are the points mainly to be attended to in this game. In Russia it is played under a strict observance of a variety of laws and rules, which I could not insert in this paper without too much increasing its length.

When the players happen to be pretty equally matched, the game is intensely interesting. It demands the most vigilant attention, not only to carry into effect your own plans, but to penetrate those of your partner—to co-operate efficiently with him in all his movements,—to discover the covert plots and ambuscades of your adversaries, and often a great exertion of skill to thwart and defeat them. Owing to the greater complexity of the game, and its extensive ramifications, it is much more difficult to play it *well*, than it is to manage the common one; but I have frequently seen an indifferent hand at the latter excel in the former. The double game is frequently played in the Dundee Chess Club, where it is much admired; and I would take the liberty of suggesting to their worthy brethren, the chess champions of Britain, that it is well worthy of being introduced into their club also.

The game has only one slight drawback;—you are

liable to be excessively provoked when your partner does not succeed in discovering your object in making a good move, and so fails to co-operate with you,—and also when he makes any serious blunder; you feel mortified and vexed, too, when you yourself are guilty of the same errors. As in whist, or any other plural game, the effect of chess en quatre is of course greatly heightened, by each gentleman having for a partner a young lady. Besides rendering the game quite delightful, they effectually prevent any unpleasant irritation which might otherwise arise. But with whomsoever you play, it is very necessary to keep in mind the golden rule of chess,—"*Keep your temper; and if you cannot gain a victory over your adversary, gain one over yourself.*"

A. M.

Dundee.

COLQUHOUN GRANT.

A JACOBITE ANECDOTE.

By the Author of the "Historics of the Scottish Rebellions," &c.

COLQUHOUN GRANT, who, when a young man, had signalized himself in the army of Prince Charles, afterwards settled down into the cool and decorous citizen. As one of the numerous and respectable class of Writers to the Signet, he is said to have exerted the pen to as good effect as he had formerly played the sword; and in advanced age, he was noted as a man who both knew how to acquire money, and how to preserve it when it was acquired. There is something melancholy, and not altogether agreeable, in the idea, that the same mind which had been filled with chivalrous fervour in the brilliant campaign of 1745, should have subsequently devoted its glowing energies to the composition of law-papers, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. Yet, that he never became altogether insensible to the enthusiasm which excited his youth, seems to be proved by the following anecdote.

Mr Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross, had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-Five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had rather devoted himself to the dissipation than the acquisition of a fortune; and while Mr Grant lived as a wealthy *writer*, he enjoyed little better than the character of a *broken laird*. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress, for want of the sum of forty pounds, which he could not prevail upon any of his friends to lend to him, all of them being aware of his execrable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant; and he instantly proposed to make the attempt. All who heard him scoffed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man, and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother-in-arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half a dozen flights of steps up Gavinloch's land, in the Lawnmarket. The conversation commenced with the regular commonplaces, and for a long time Pitcalnie gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr Grant could help him in a professional way. "What a pity, Pitcalnie," replied the writer, "you did not apply yesterday! I sent all the loose money I had to the bank just this forenoon. It is, for the present, quite beyond redemption."—"Oh," no matter," said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation, as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-Five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand delightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account, he made out that the whole victory, so influential upon the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now writer to the signet, Gavinloch's land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and further, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town. "Bide a wee," said Mr Grant, at this stage of the conversation, "till I gang ben the house." He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected having left over for some time in the shottles of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing. When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked, "What success?"—"Why, there's the money," said he; "where are my bets?"—"Incredible!" every one exclaimed; "how, in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did ye cast glamour in his een?"—Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend; adding, with an expressive wink, "This *forty's* made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've Fa'kirk i' my pouch yet—by my faith, I wadna gie it for *auchty!*"

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. VIII.*

THE Suffolk-street Gallery has opened, and the exhibition is sufficiently creditable to British artists; but it does not display any picture so pre-eminent in merit as to make it a matter of conscience with me to attempt a delineation of its beauties for your gratification. Of all the productions, typographical or pictorial, that have of late made their appearance upon town, none has given such a jog to my humours as the political caricatures. Some of them are exceedingly happy, both in conception and execution. Among the best are the funeral obsequies of the Constitution—the Burking of do.—and an objurgatory dialogue betweeen the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Eldon, both arrayed in the garb, and using the gesticulation, of fish-women; the likenesses of these noble personages being well preserved. Indeed, there is no resemblance of the hero of Waterloo extant upon paper, at least none that I have ever seen, which presents so accurate a portraiture of the man as is given in the caricatures. Of Mr Peel, all the prints and portraits, serious or comic, with which the public have been favoured, are as little like as may be to the original. The engraving from the picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence is a flattering deception. By the way, the great men of the day have few or none of the supposed outward and visible signs of aristocracy. John, Earl of Eldon, though almost, if not altogether, an octogenarian, is more dignified in his habiliments than the majority of his mates in the House of Peers. He is, out and out, a fine old Englishman. God has written "honesty" upon his venerable brow. The Duke of Wellington evinces a partiality towards a certain pedestrian convenience for which I cannot account

* The previous Letter from London was No. VII., though erroneously printed No. VIII.

in a veteran campaigner. Paul Pry himself—the Cockney deity—was never a greater slave to an umbrella. Meet his grace where you will—in Downing Street or at Westminster, in Hyde Park or at Windsor—riding or walking, in carriage or cabriolet, the shadow is not more faithful to the substance, than his umbrella to the first Lord Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury. I am morally certain that some great state mystery is shrouded in its folds, and I shall dive into every Club and Coffee-house in London, until I arrive at its solution.—Peel's personal phenomena are not strongly characteristic, and the fugitive expression of his features will always make him a subtile subject for a painter. His appearance does not outstrip the date of his years in the parish register. He is above the middle height, something stoop-shouldered, and of proportions indifferently balanced. His hair is of an earthy red, his dress careless and squire-like, with an air of idiosyncrasy about his *chapeau*, which he is pleased to wear in a depressed fashion *à la* puritan. The Secretary's voice is even and harmonious, and his general manner would be decidedly prepossessing, were it not that the oil of humility glisters overmuch upon the surface. The Duke of Wellington, who rushes to his subject like a Highlander to the charge, leaves, without any effort to do so, a far stronger impression of his modesty. There is a wide difference in the style of the two speakers. Mr Peel brings forth his sentiments neatly folded in silk paper, while the Duke declares himself in the pop-pop mode of a corps of skirmishing sharp-shooters on the day of battle.

Another new piece—a farce, entitled, "All at Sixes and Sevens," has been produced at Drury Lane. It was most deservedly and specially well damned. The "Provok'd Husband" has been revived at the same Theatre; but it has proved immeasurably inferior to the revivals at Covent Garden. Mr Price's hothouse flower, Miss Phillips, expanded her petals to little purpose as Lady Townly.

Why does not some great spirit of the North trouble the dull waters of literature? Here the novelties of the hour are all "weary, stale, flat, or unprofitable." Why does not Professor Wilson concentrate his gorgeous imagination upon a subject worthy of high poetic illustration? If he, and such as he, do not bestir themselves, the love of poesy will wax cold in British hearts; and the fairest creations of immortal mind will vanish before grim phantoms of arts mechanical, and political economy. There is an announcement from Mr Sharpe, the proprietor of the Anniversary, of an intention to start a new embellished periodical; which I am inclined to hail as likely to do "the state some service." If I am informed rightly as to the name of the individual who is to be its conductor, (one of those who do honour to Scotland,) I entertain small doubt of its success, and none whatever of its deserts.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

By Dugald Moore, Author of "The African, a Tale, and other Poems."

Sister! is this an hour for sleep?—
Should slumber mar a daughter's prayer,
When drinks her Father on the deep
Death's chalice in despair?
Though I have rested in the grave
Long with oblivion's ghastly crowd,
Yet the wild tempest on the wave
Has roused me from my shroud.

'Tis but a few short days since he,
Our Father, left his native land,
And I was there, when by the sea
Ye wept,—and grasp'd each parting hand;
I hover'd o'er ye when alone
The farewell thrill'd each wounded heart;
Then raised the breeze its warning tone
And bade the ship depart.

I saw the bark in sunshine quit
Our own romantic shore;—
Thou hear'st the tempest—it hath smit
The proudest,—now no more;
Amid the ocean's solitude
Unseen I trode its armied deck
And watch'd our Father, when he stood
In battle and in wreck!

But stronger than a spirit's arm
Is his who measures out the sky,
Who rides upon the volley'd storm
When it comes sweeping by.
The tempest rose;—I saw it burst
Like death upon the ocean's sleep;
The warriors nobly strove at first,
But perish'd in the deep.

High floating on the riven storm,
I hover'd o'er the staggering bark;
Oh God! I saw our Father's form
Sink reeling in the dark!
I hung above the crew, and drank
Their wild—their last convulsive prayer;
One thunder roll,—then down they sank,
And all was blackness there!

The wild waves, flung by giant death
Above that lone—that struggling crew—
Shrunk backward—when my viewless breath
Came o'er their bosoms blue;
I saw, beneath the lightning's frown,
Our father on the billows roll,
I smote the hissing tempest down,
And clasp'd his shrinking soul.

Then, hand in hand, we journey'd on
Far—far above the whirlwind's roar,
And smiled at death, the skeleton,
Who could not scathe us more;—
Around, the stars in beauty flung,
Their pure, their never-dying light,—
Lamps by the eternal's fiat hung,
To guide the spirit's flight!

Glasgow, Dunlop Street.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

By Robert Chambers.

Hast thou ne'er mark'd, in festal hall,
Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beam'd more bright than all—
Some gay—some glorious one!
Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
As through the hall she went and came,
And her intensity of brightness,
As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene,

Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved;—a gemless queen,
A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth—
An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
And singled such a one,
And if thou hast enraptured been—
And felt thyself undone;
If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
Till thou wert sad with fears;
If thou hast gazed on such a one,
Till thou wert blind with tears;
If thou hast sat, obscure, remote,
In corner of the hall,
Looking from out thy shroud of thought
Upon the festival;
Thine eye through all the misty throng
Drawn by that peerless light,
As traveller's steps are led along
By wild-fire through the night:
Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
The joy, the rapture, and the woe,
Which, in alternate tides of feeling,
Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
That festal night, my soul possess'd.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
And brightest of the bright;
And there was many a fair one there,
That joyous festal night.
A hundred eyes on her were bent,
A hundred hearts beat high;
It was a thing of ravishment,
O God! to meet her eye!
But 'midst the many who look'd on,
And thought she was divine,
O, need I say that there were none
Who gazed with gaze like mine!
The rest were like the crowd who look
All idly up to Heaven,
And who can see no wonder there,
At either morn or even;
But I was like the wretch embound,
Deep in a dungeon under ground,
Who only sees, through grating high,
One small blue fragment of the sky,
Which ever, both at noon and night,
Shows but one starlet shining bright,
Down on the darkness of his place,
With cheering and unblenching grace:
The very darkness of my woe
Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
To one of calmer tone,
And she her loveliness arranged
Upon fair Music's throne.
Soft silence fell on all around,
Like dew on summer flowers;
Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
Like daisies bent with showers.
And o'er that drooping stilly scene
A voice rose gentle and serene,
A voice as soft and slow
As might proceed from angel's tongue,
If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
And wish'd to speak its woe.

The song was one of those old lays
Of mingled gloom and gladness,
Which first the tides of joy can raise,
Then still them down to sadness;
A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
The very air and gait of sorrow,
And sorrow takes as much alloy
From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
Its notes, like hieroglyphic thing,
Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
I could have lain my life's whole round
Entranced upon that billowy sound,
Nought touching, tasting, seeing, hearing,
And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
As he down waveless stream doth float.
But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
Of full melodious tone,
And all into a cadence fell,
And was in breathing gone.
And she too went: and thus have gone
All—all I ever loved;
At first too fondly doted on,
But soon—too soon removed.
Thus early from each pleasant scene
There ever has been reft
The summer glow—the pride of green,
And but brown autumn left.
And oh what is this cherish'd term,
This tenancy of clay,
When that which gave it all its charm
Has smiled—and pass'd away?
A chaplet whence the flowers are fall'n,
A shrine from which the god is stolen!

SONG.

The Lass o' Carron Side.

By C. J. Finlayson.

Oh! whar will I gae find a place
To close my sleepless een;
And whar will I gae seek the peace
I witless tint yestreen?
My heart, that wont to dance as licht
As moonshine o'er the tide,
Now lies in thrall by luckless love,
For the lass o' Carron Side.

She, mermaid-like, 'mang wild flowers sat,
The stream row'd at her feet,
An' aye she sung her artless sang
Wi' a voice unearthly sweet;
Sae sweet,—the birds that wont to wake
The morn wi' glee and pride,
Sat mute, to hear the witchin' strain
O' the lass o' Carron side.

Sair may I rue my reckless haste,
Sair may I ban the hour,
That lured me from my peacefu' cot,
Within the Siren's power.
Oh! had she sprung frae humble race,
As she's frae ane o' pride,
I might hae dre'ed a better wierd
Wi' the lass o' Carron side!

Banks of the Carron, Feb. 1829.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have just received, from London, the first volume of the FAMILY LIBRARY, the monthly publication of which is about still farther to increase the reputation of Mr Murray of Albemarle Street. We are much pleased with the appearance and style of the work. No. I. contains the first part of a Life of Napoleon, which is to be completed in No. II. Of its literary merits, which we hear are highly respectable, we shall speak at greater length next Saturday. The typography is beautiful, and the volume is embellished with six spirited and interesting engravings, one of which, we believe, cost seventy guineas, and none less than twenty-five. This liberality, on the part of the publisher, will be its own reward.

A new edition of Mr Sadler's work on Ireland will be ready in about a fortnight. It is a curious anecdote in the publishing world, that the whole of the remaining copies of the former edition were sold the day after he delivered his speech against Catholic Emancipation in the House of Commons.

Mr Southey's Dialogues on the Progress and Prospects of Society will be ready in a few weeks.

The Biography of Captain Beaver, a work of a similar nature to the Memoirs of Lord Collingwood, is announced for early publication.

Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer, author of "Pelham" and the "Disowned," has nearly finished another volume, the style of which he very judiciously proposes shall be a mixture of the best parts of his two former tales.

Mr P. L. Jacob, one of the most eminent of the Parisian booksellers, is about to publish a work, which is entitled *Soirees de Walter Scott*, the contents of which are understood to have been suggested to the bibliopole by Sir Walter, during his visit to Paris in 1826.

Elements of Natural History, or an Introduction to systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the classification of Linnæus, with Illustrations of every order, by John Howard Hinton, A.M. will shortly appear.

Mr Sharpe, the proprietor of the "Anniversary," announces a new Annual at Midsummer next, combining engravings from the finest works of British art, with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day. We have long been of opinion that Midsummer would be an excellent time for the appearance of a work of this kind, and we made the suggestion in the first number of the *Literary Journal*, which we are glad to perceive is now about to be put into execution under very favourable auspices.

Thomas Hood, author of Whims and Oddities, is about to write a series of comic ballads of the "Sally Brown" and "Nelly Gray" school, which are to be set to music by J. Blewitt, and published in Monthly numbers. The first number, like the song of "Blue Bonnets over the Border," is to commence with "March."

The following singular announcement is made by some unknown but aspiring poet:—"Nearly ready for publication, Gabrielle, a Tale of Switzerland, in which an attempt is made to vary a little from the prevailing style in poetry."—(A truly laudable attempt.) "The story is an endeavour to delineate mental aberration, *of the mildest kind*, in union with singular and romantic scenery, *without the interest of stirring events*."

The Rev. H. J. Todd is preparing for the press a Life of Archbishop Cranmer, in one volume 8vo.

A new novel is in considerable forwardness, entitled Jesuitism and Methodism.

The Rev. W. Liddiard has in the press, The Legend of Einsidlin, a Tale of Switzerland, and other Poems, dedicated to Thomas Moore, Esq.

MR MULLER'S CONCERT.—This Concert, which took place in the Hopetoun Rooms on Monday evening, was well attended, and spiritedly conducted. Mr Muller stands unquestionably at the head of Scottish Pianists; and the style in which he executed Hummel's Concerto in A minor, and the "Recollections of Ireland" by Moscheles, proved him well worthy of the reputation he enjoys. One of the finest parts of the entertainment was Murray's solo on the violin. Comparatively speaking, there are few men living, except Mr Murray, who understand what may be done with that instrument.

Theatrical Gossip.—Just when all the London critics were getting into very bad humour at the manner in which the King's Theatre was going on under the management of Laporte, he has produced a Ballet called "Massianello," the splendid magnificence of which has won them all over to his side again. The scenery, dresses, and dancing, are reported to be beyond all praise;—it employs about three hundred performers, and the cost of getting it up exceeded £1300. It closes with an "unrivalled representation" of the eruption of Vesuvius, and is expected to draw crowds for the rest of the season.—"The Provok'd Husband" has been revived at Drury Lane; Liston, *Moody*; Young, *Lord Townly*; Farren, *Sir F. Wronghead*; and Miss Phillips, *Lady Townly*. It seems to be the general opinion, however, that the powers of this young lady are not suited for comedy.—Miss Paton and Madame Vestris continue the chief attractions at Covent Garden.—A conjuror, called Mr Henry, is performing at the Adelphi; he is thus spoken of in the *Literary Gazette*:—"If you wish to find thirty sovereigns in your hand, when only twenty were paid into it, go to Mr Henry, and he will show you that such things *can* be. If you have a difficult conundrum, ask Mr Henry to guess it, and he will cut a lemon into halves, then into quarters, and out of the quarter which you select shall fly the solution, tied to the leg of a little living canary bird. Besides these things, and a thousand others equally amazing, you shall see a lovely landscape, which, while you are gazing upon it, changes into a different picture, and so strangely that you cannot tell at what point it has changed; all you know is, you *were* looking at one, and *are* looking at another. Mr Henry plays the musical glasses too; raises ghosts of the dead, and *fetches* of the living; and does all these various feats equally well."—Charles Kemble has been playing here for the last week. It is amazing how well he wears; he has all the spirit and vivacity of youth still about him, yet we suspect he is on the wrong side of sixty. In genteel comedy he is still without a rival—"so gallant, gay, and debonair." Though a pleasing, he is not a great tragedian, and tragedy is one of those things which hardly admits of mediocrity.—We have now lost Miss Noel; she sung her first and last song, "Say, my heart, why wildly beating," last Saturday evening. The manager must be particularly cautious in selecting her successor; we shall not submit very tamely to have our favourite airs mangled, although, to have them sung equally well is beyond our expectations.—The state of her health has also compelled Mrs Henry Siddons to leave the stage for a season. Something spirited must be done to fill up these blanks.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

March 28—April 3.

SAT. *The Wonder, & The Beehive.*
MON. *Hamlet, & Gilderoy.*
TUES. *Beaux Stratagem, & Mary Stuart.*
WED. *Bold Stroke for a Wife, & The Critic.*
THUR. *Recruiting Officer, & Miller and his Men.*
FRI. *Part First of King Henry IV., & Bottle Imp.*

STOULTZE IN REQUEST;

Or a late MEASURE *towards the adjustment of The Catholic question.*

An Impromptu, by W. Ainslie, M.D.

HAS brave *Winchilsea* lived till this day without knowing,
That Irishmen ne'er are insulted in vain;
Nor fall, unappeased, to be soon *after* blowing
A ball through the thorax, to wipe off the stain?
But our *Duke*, too humane to seek blood, may God bless him!
Yet faithful, withal, to himself, and high station;
Thus said, while deciding, just barely to miss him,
"If *he* won't, his tailor shall *make reparation*."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication from a respectable member of the *Royal Medical Society*, who is also a phrenologist, complaining that we have bestowed too much praise on Mr Stone's anti-phrenological paper. This is of course matter of opinion, and we notice the communication principally with the view of assuring the author, that he is wrong in supposing the paragraph on this subject in last Saturday's Journal was not an Editorial one.—We do not see that the "Anecdote of Principal Robertson" establishes any thing, except that the Historian preached upon one occasion a very good sermon without his written notes before him. The mode in which they were lost is somewhat curious.

If "C. J. F." will send us the original melodies he mentions, we shall be glad to procure for him an opinion as to their merits, which he may find useful.—"The Minstrel's Grave" will not suit us.

THE

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WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Histoire de Russie et de Pierre-le-Grand. Par Le General Comte de Segur. 8vo. Paris. 1829.
History of Russia, and of Peter the Great By General Count Philip de Segur. London. Treuttel & Wurtz. 1829. 8vo, pp. 447.

Count Segur's candid and liberal narrative of Napoleon's expedition to Russia in 1812 has made his name favourably known in the world of letters. The work now before us, which is on a subject of far greater extent and difficulty, will not diminish his reputation. It consists, however, more of an essay on the earlier history of Russia, and of a bold and vivid sketch or picture of the reign of Peter I., than of a minute and regular account of the growth and progress of that vast empire. All that he attempts is, to present the information he has collected on the subject in masses, and to convey a general idea of the frame of the Russian colossus, in its most important stages and most striking movements. "I have sought," the author remarks, "to discover the reason or the spirit of its long history; I have endeavoured to compress, to abridge, to circumscribe it within the limits of an almost synoptical table." "By so laborious a research, I may perhaps have succeeded in throwing a new ray of light upon these historical ruins; but even should I merely have planted a few pickets to indicate the path, my work will not be useless." Count Segur has, in fact, done little more than establish a groundwork for a history of Russia; his book abounds in useful hints and sound philosophical observations; but, in so far as a narrative of facts is concerned, it is far too meagre to be either satisfactory or interesting. In short, as we have already said, it is more an historical disquisition than a history itself, and will be read with much greater advantage by those who have previously investigated the subject, than by those who enter upon it for the first time.

Little or nothing is known concerning the internal state of the Russian empire before the ninth century. Previous to that era, migratory hordes of barbarians seem to have been continually passing and repassing between Asia and Scandinavia, and were often engaged in bloody and exterminating warfare. In the year 862, Ruric, who headed the Varangians, a tribe inhabiting the shores of the Baltic Sea, having spread the terror of his arms over a considerable district, at length established himself at Novgorod, and is generally considered as the founder of the Russian empire, the crown being transmitted to his successors in regular descent, for nearly eight centuries. The kings, however, were always despots; and though some were more distinguished for military prowess than others, which was, in those times, synonymous with virtue, and though the election of a new dynasty in 1613 somewhat re-invigorated the empire, barbarism of the grossest description still continued to prevail throughout the whole nation, down to the very commencement of the seventeenth century, when Peter the Great ascended the throne, and gave to Russia, by the force of his splendid talents, a dignity and importance which had never before belonged to her. In consequence, however, of the long night in which she was involved, and the very trifling influence she possessed till a comparatively late period in the affairs of Europe, the history of few nations is more unclassical or repulsive; and we are much disposed to agree with Count Segur, in thinking that none but a Russian himself would feel disposed to do more than to pass from summit to summit, and take a rapid glance of all the principal events and persons that preceded the appearance of the creator of modern Russia; we only regret that the Count should have allotted fully one-half of his volume to the previous department.

The causes which contributed to keep Russia so far behind the neighbouring countries of Europe it is not difficult to explain. It may be laid down as a general principle, that wherever the means of intercourse do not exist, civilization will not make very rapid progress. Countries which are carved out and intersected by seas and great rivers, enjoy facilities of inter-communication, which give an impulse to mind that enables it to advance rapidly from discovery to discovery. Contrast, for example, southern Europe with the great continent of Africa, and who can doubt that the Mediterranean sea, which extends round the shores of Spain, France, Italy, and Greece, taken in connexion with the numerous rivers which empty themselves into its basin, has been an agent of vast power and utility, whilst the stagnant and uniform plains of Africa have been the leading cause of its depopulation and ignorance. The same observation may be applied with equal force to European Russia and northern Asia. They are without any considerable bodies of water; and there are, therefore, no easy and natural means of internal intercourse. In the earlier ages, they were, and even still, to a certain extent, they are, two dense and enormous masses of land, covered with endless deserts, deep marshes, and impenetrable forests. How, therefore, was civilization to force its way? It was not able to go down to the great sea in ships; the principles of commerce were unknown; population did not increase; and all things were forced to continue stationary. Besides, the scanty number of ideas which, in the blind credulity and scattered weakness of the inhabitants, got possession of the mind, took a stronger hold of it, and remained fixed there, however bigoted and erroneous. As the natural consequence, too, of these geographical disadvantages, the government became despotic, and the populace fell into that most hopeless of all conditions—a state of servitude. It is almost unnecessary to enquire further whether Montesquieu be correct, in supposing that there is something innately inferior in the mental faculties of the lower class of Russians, for the reasons already assigned appear perfectly sufficient to account for the worse than feudal degradation and barbarism in which they so long

lingered contentedly, because they neither knew, nor were capable of appreciating, a better order of things.

It may, however, be stated, in reference to the subject we are at present considering, that Christianity was not introduced into Russia till near the conclusion of the tenth century; and even then, and for several centuries afterwards, it was not actively encouraged, but rather tacitly tolerated. It was under Vladimir, the Goth, that the light of the Gospel first penetrated into Russia. This conversion and its effects are vigorously described by Segur; and as the passage is altogether an interesting one, we shall extract it:

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO RUSSIA.

"Vladimir's rude greatness, and the rumours of his great warlike exploits, awakened the attention of the neighbouring religions; four of them hastened to contend for his conversion; but Vladimir rejected Mahometanism, because it interdicted wine, which, he said, was indispensable to Russians, and was their delight; Catholicism, offered to him by the Germans, he disliked, because of its Pope, an earthly deity, which appeared an unexampled thing; and Judaism, because it had no country, and because he thought it neither rational to take advice from wanderers punished by Heaven, nor tempting to participate in their punishment. But, at the same time, his attention was fixed by the Greek religion,* which his ancestress, Olga, had followed, and which had recently been preached to him by a philosopher of Byzantium. He summoned his Council, took the opinion of his boyards, of the elders of the people, and deputed ten of them to examine those religions in distant lands, even in their native temples.

"Hitherto, notwithstanding their Beli-Bog and their Tcheveric-Bog, (white god and black god,) and whatever they might have gathered from the followers of Zoroaster and of Odin, it is affirmed that the Slavonians had not even dreamt of the existence and perpetual struggle of a good and an evil principle; with different denominations, these Pagans had a mythology similar to all others—that is to say, they had not only deified their passions, but also their tastes, and the chief objects of their hopes and fears.

"The envoys of the Grand Prince, meanwhile, plain, downright men, went forth, and returned; Mahometanism and Catholicism they had seen only in poor and barbarous provinces, while they witnessed the Greek religion in its magnificent metropolis, and adorned with all its pomp: they did not hesitate. Instantly convinced, Vladimir marched to conquer priests and relics at Cherson: having done this, he, by his threats, extorted from the Greek empire a princess, whom he married, and became a Christian. Playing the tyrant to Heaven, as he did to earth, his Pagan divinities, those divinities which he had formed entirely of gold, and fattened with Christian blood, he now stripped for the sake of Christ, like disgraced favourites; he went still farther: he ordered them to be dragged to execution at the tails of horses; they were loaded with blows by his guards, and were thrown into the Dnieper.

"The Prince, who thus treated the gods of Russia, was not more forbearing towards the men; he commanded them to become Christians on a certain day and hour; he commanded, and whole tribes were pushed on like flocks, and collected on the banks of rivers, to receive the Greek baptism. One crowd succeeded to another, and to each of these, in mass, was given the name of a saint. He next carried to excess the virtues of Christianity, as he had formerly carried the vices of Paganism; he wasted the revenues of the state in alms, in pious foundations, and in public repasts, to imitate the love-feasts of the primitive Christians; he no longer dared to shed the blood of criminals, or even the enemies of the country."—P. 30-2.

But Heaven had not destined that an empire, which comprehends one-half of Europe, and a third of Asia, and forms a ninth part of the habitable globe—an empire capable of supporting one hundred and fifty millions of human beings—should remain forever lost in darkness and wretchedness. A regenerator at length arose,—a man who stands alone in history, who, trusting only to his own gigantic mind, did more for Russia in fifty-two years, than all his predecessors had been able to do since the creation of the world. We do not talk of his victories and successes over foreign powers;—they are nothing in the scale, when compared with the revolutions he effected at home. He was a despot, no doubt; but, to use the powerful language of our author, he was so "by birth, by station, by necessity, by the ascendency of genius, by nature, and because slaves must have a master; yet, what seems utterly incomprehensible, he was a despot more patriotic, more constantly and wholly devoted to the welfare of his nation, than ever was any citizen of a modern, or even of an ancient republic!" Such men as Peter the Great appear only once during the existence of a world; and it requires no common grasp of intellect, for posterity even to speak concerning them as they deserve. His life was like the transit of a comet, which bewilders, while it excites admiration, and which is only the more sublime, because it sets at defiance all the ordinary laws of astronomical science. He stepped at once out of the night of centuries, into the full sunshine of civilisation and knowledge;—he extricated himself, by a single movement, from the ignorance and prejudices of the sixty millions of men by whom he was surrounded, and, standing pre-eminent on the lofty elevation he had reared with his own hands, he collected around him the chosen spirits of his people, and with these he formed "the nucleus of a nation, which thenceforth never ceased to aspire to the light, to proceed in its new and noble career, and to draw after it all the rest of his empire." It may be, that in tearing himself from the barbarism of ages, some fragments of it still adhered to him; but the dark spots they left upon his character, so far from eclipsing, served rather to give an intenser lustre to the glory he acquired. In his immense career, every thing bore reference to his one and great idea—the regeneration of his empire. If they are the greatest men who are continually influenced by the grandeur and the energy of reason and passion, and whose lives exhibit the fewest unmeaning and fortuitous actions, then Peter was one of the greatest of all; for his persevering and enthusiastic desire to do good to his subjects inspired and directed the most trivial occurrences of his existence. And what did he not achieve for Russia? She is indebted to him for every thing. He found her a dead, barren, and frozen continent;—he gave her three seas, an extensive commerce, commodious harbours, a regular and well-disciplined army, a powerful navy, an admiralty, a police establishment, a code of laws, a multitude of schools and colleges, an imperial library, princely collections in anatomy and natural history, observatories, printing-offices, galleries of pictures and statues,—*all* that gives life a value, and refines and ennobles the species.

With such a hero, it is not to be wondered that Count Segur's work rises immensely in interest as soon as Peter the Great enters the scene; we only regret, as we

* The Greek schism began in 857, when the patriarch Photius excommunicated Pope Nicholas I., because the Roman Church ordered fasting on Saturday, allowed milk food in Lent, cut off the first week from that season of mortification, forbade priests to marry, and permitted them to shave their beards; and, lastly, maintained that the Holy Ghost proceeded not only from the Father, but also from the Son. The other differences consisted in administering the Sacrament in both kinds; in baptism by immersion; and in the Greek liturgy and the whole of its service being in the vulgar tongue.

have already said, that he does not devote a greater portion of it to him exclusively. It is impossible to do justice to a theme of so much magnitude in two hundred pages; and though our author has unquestionably produced a bold and masterly sketch, it is one which stands very much in need of filling up. Perhaps Count Segur's chief fault, at least as an historian, is, that he is rarely willing to confine himself to a mere narrative of facts. He is fond of indulging in reflections of his own, which are often both philosophical and profound, but which ought to be sparingly introduced in works whose principal object is to supply historical information. The Count is very apt to generalize; and his style, oddly enough, appears to be a kind of compound of Gibbon's and Hazlitt's; in philosophy, he resembles the former; and in sparkling antithesis, and a wish to say fine things, he is not unlike the latter. In the short specimens, however, we shall give of his work, we prefer selecting from the less ambitious department of plain narrative, or at least narrative as plain as he ever allows himself to write.

At the very outset of his career, Peter the Great very nearly became the victim of a military conspiracy; and, indeed, his danger was such, that nothing but his own presence of mind could have saved him. The following scene strikes us as admirably adapted for the purposes of the drama.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE STRELITZ.

"Like all malcontents, the Strelitz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief, which, in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tsikler and Sukanim, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it; and, in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters.

"Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices, but no impeachers; and, when assembled at a banquet, they all sought in intoxicating liquors the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But, like all intoxications, this produced various effects, according to the difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness; they infected each other, not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime by another, they left the company under a specious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Tzar to disclose the plot.

"At midnight, the blow was to have been struck; and Peter gave orders that exactly at eleven, the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking that the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time; and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of their unshackled, daring, well-armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction. At his unexpected appearance, however, they all arose in confusion. Peter, on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, suppressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind; he unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and, in a calm and natural tone, said, that 'as he was passing by their house, he saw a light in it; that supposing that they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures.' He then seated himself, and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around him, could not avoid putting the glass about, and drinking his health. But soon they began to consult each other by their looks, to make numerous signs, and to grow more daring; one of them even leaned over to Sukanim, and said in a low voice, 'Brother, it is time!' The latter, for what reason, is unknown, hesitated, and had scarcely replied, 'Not yet,' when Peter, who heard him, and who also heard at last the footsteps of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow on the face, and exclaimed, 'If it is not yet time for you, scoundrel, it is time for me!' This blow, and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation; they fell on their knees, and implored forgiveness. 'Chain them!' replied the terrible Tzar. Then, turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him, and reproached him with his want of punctuality; but the latter showed him his order; and the Tzar, perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, proclaimed his fidelity, and entrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

"His vengeance was terrible; the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First the rack; then the successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to admit of the sense of suffering."—P. 261-63.

Without attempting to follow this great monarch through the magnificent adventures of his after-life, we content ourselves with subjoining one or two anecdotes, illustrative of the best part of his character—his deference to reason and good sense, even where his own wishes were most directly counteracted.

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

"The instance which they most delight to adduce is, the boldness of the senator Dolgousky, in the year of famine, when, by an ukase, which was already signed, Peter was about to sacrifice Novgorod to Petersburg: this magistrate had not co-operated in the injustice; he found it committed. But seizing in full senate the obnoxious ukase, he, at the risk of his life, suspended the execution of it, carried it away with him, and went to the next church, to receive the sacrament, which the priest was then administering. The intelligence of this offence, which was envenomed by envy and servility, was instantly speeded to the Tzar; he hurried to the senate, and sent orders to Dolgousky to appear there immediately. But the latter, without turning his head, or diverting his attention from heaven to earth, replied, 'I hear you,' and went on with his prayers. A second and more imperious message had as little effect upon him,—'I give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's,' replied he, unmoved; and it was not till the Holy Sacrament was over that he took his way to the Tzar. As soon as the monarch saw him, he rushed furiously at him, seized him, drew his sword, and with a threatening voice, exclaimed, 'You shall perish!' But Dolgousky remained unmoved, and, pointing to his heart, 'Strike!' said he, firmly; 'I do not fear to die in a just cause!' On hearing these words, the Prince dropped his hand, his voice softened, he stepped back, and said, in a tone of surprise, 'But, tell me, what could have made you so daring?' 'Yourself,' replied the minister; 'did not you order that the truth should be told you, with respect to the interest of your people?' He then explained; and Peter, who was convinced by what he heard, thanked him for his courageous sincerity, and begged pardon for his violence."

"On the occasion of the new and extraordinary labour which was imposed for the excavation of the canal of Ladoga, Dolgousky, indignant at such an abuse of power, dared to destroy, in the midst of the senate, the order which his master had himself dictated. On wit-

nessing this unheard-of action, the senators started from their seats in affright; they removed to a distance; they kept as far as possible from this sacrilegious being on whom the thunder was about to fall, for the terrible Tzar had just entered. But Dolgousky remained in his place; and, unastonished either by his own boldness, or the violence of the Tzar, he opposed to the first burst of wrath from his irritated master, the glory of such a noble reign, which he was on the point of tarnishing, and the good of his subjects, which, doubtless, he did not, like Charles XII., desire to obtain! Then, he stated the reasons of his indignation, while he, at the same time, blamed its violence. It is said that the whole of the senators were struck with astonishment, to see the previous glances of their formidable Tzar lose their fierceness; his features, which were swoln with anger, become composed; his lips, which foamed with threats, acknowledge his error, and revoke his order; and his pride, jealous as it was, far from punishing the brutal sincerity of his counsellor, be satisfied with the regret which he had expressed to him."

"An ivoschick was a man who let out horses, which, in the simplicity of his manners, the Tzar was accustomed to hire in the same way as his people; but one day, being made angry by their slowness, he drove them without mercy, and one of them having died in consequence, the owner demanded the value of it. Peter refused to pay it; the ivo-chick had the boldness to resort to the law. His sovereign agreed to abide by the decision of the tribunal, appeared before it, defended himself, lost his cause, and submitted without a murmur to the verdict which was given against him."—P. 366-9.

Before concluding, we must remark that we are very far from being satisfied with the manner in which the English translation of this work has been executed. The style is full of Gallicisms, is frequently obscure, and is often much more inflated than it is in the original. Take an example or two:—"In Mikhail Romanoff, Russia chose a name which was lustrous with two hundred and fifty years of conspicuousness." "At the same time, the *boyhood* of Peter was banished to a village;" where did Peter himself remain? "The original *propension* towards heat and light, which is so natural to the men of the frozen shades of the north, but which had at first been wrested aside by a great accident, now insensibly resumed its empire." "One of them seized the Prince, and raised his sword; and that head which contained the *seeds* of the Russian glory was on the point of falling." "Truth is what is required from history, and when the truth which she has to record is all fire, is it with the ice of a frozen unfeelingness that its flames can be made obvious?" This may be fine writing, but it is not good English.

Liber Scholasticus, &c. London. Rivingtons. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 500.

This work, of which we have quoted only the headline, as its title-page is none of the shortest, is a most elaborate account of the Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; by whom founded, and whether open to natives of England and Wales, or restricted to particular places and persons; also of such colleges, public schools, endowed grammar schools, chartered companies of the city of London, corporate bodies, trustees, &c., as have University advantages attached to them, or in their patronage; with appropriate indexes and references. The compiler, Mr Richard Gilbert, is an eminent printer in London, and is profoundly learned in every thing connected with the subject of this book. We can assure such of our readers as are curious in these matters, and who wish to form a proper opinion of the difference between England and Scotland respecting those foundations, &c. connected with the Universities, that a perusal of Mr Gilbert's indefatigable work will amply gratify them. We hope that some industrious and able person in this country will take a hint from it, and present us on this side of the Tweed with a *Liber Scholasticus* of our own less wealthy country; its church, its lectureships, hospitals or foundations, universities, bursaries, or exhibitions; and by whom they can be enjoyed. Such a publication is very much wanted, notwithstanding all that has been said and written on Scotland; and whoever comes forward to supply the deficiency, shall have our hearty support.

The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, with Engravings on steel and wood. Two volumes. Vol. I. Being the first volume of the Family Library. London. John Murray. 1829.

We have heard that this Life of Napoleon is from the graphic pen of the author of "The Subaltern." Whether this be the case or not, it bids fair to do the writer much credit. It is temperately and judiciously composed, and will supply what has hitherto been a desideratum in this country.—a distinct digest, within a moderate compass, of all the principal events which distinguished the career of by far the most remarkable man of modern times. We observe the author has adopted the same spelling of the word *Buonaparte* as Sir Walter Scott. This is a pity, because it is incorrect; and is rather severely animadverted on by Louis *Bonaparte*, in his late Reply to Sir Walter. We could have also wished that more frequent references and authorities had been given. The publisher's part of the work has been very tastefully and liberally executed. The frontispiece, which is an engraving on steel by Finden, from David's celebrated picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, is itself almost worth the price of the volume. We cannot say so much for the engraving of Josephine; but the passing of the Bridge of Arcola, the Battle of the Pyramids, and the Death of D'Enghien, are exceedingly good. The paper and typography are unexceptionable; and a family library of such volumes would be all that a family could desire. The price of each is five shillings.

The Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman. By a Barrister. London. J. A. Hessey. 1829. Pp. 231. 12mo.

This work is so tastefully got up, that its external appearance would almost entice one to peruse it. Its author, Mr Roberts, who, from his profession, is one of those who are "skilled in the law," has drawn so very strict and minute a portraiture of a Christian gentleman, that he who could act up to it, would have no inconsiderable pretensions to the state of absolute perfection. He is evidently, however, a well-meaning person; and though his work is not original, great use having been made of some old and now almost-forgotten "*Portraictures*" on the same subject, we feel pleasure in recommending it to our readers. It contains, among other illustrations, some excellent remarks on family devotion, unscriptural religion, and on the politics, literature, family government, exterior intercourse, familiar talk, worldly dealings, and education of the Christian gentleman. The chapters on the "Force of High Example" are well written; and we are presented with spirited, though severe, "portraitures" of John Wilkes, the author of Junius, and John Horne Tooke. The characters of George II., Lord Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, Lord Lyttleton, Gilbert West, the Earl of Chatham, Edmund Burke, Mr Pitt, Mr

Perceval, and our late venerable sovereign, George III., are also brought under our especial notice. The remarks, too, on the Sabbath of the Christian gentleman, are excellent. We greatly doubt, as we have already hinted, whether it be possible for any individual to approach the model of the Christian gentleman which our author has proposed; nevertheless, we ought not to forget the advice of Quintilian, "always to be making advances towards that which is best; for, even although we be not altogether successful, we shall at least have the satisfaction of seeing many far behind us."

The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. The first Six Books. London. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1828.*

THE sublime subject of the "Fall of Nineveh," made lately a double attack upon the sensibilities of the Metropolis, namely, in a Painting and in a Poem. In the former, Mr Martin, the truly original artist of Belshazzar's Feast, of Joshua arresting the Sun, and of the Deluge, (at present in Edinburgh, and, probably, the least worthy of his productions,) has outdone himself by one of the most powerful, nay, it is very generally allowed, *the* most powerful picture which has yet come from a British pencil. Mr Martin seizes the eventful moment of the storming rush of a million of victors into the devoted Nineveh, while, in the foreground, the sensual but determined Sardanapalus, surrounded by his women, is hurrying to the pile of all his wealth, devoted to the ready torch in the hands of his slaves. The queen is led captive by her maids, in the words of the prophet, "plaining with the voice of doves, and tabouring on their breasts." The councillors are upbraiding, —the slaves are drunken,—the walls are crumbling,—and the myriad Ninevites are falling and flying before the countless foot, horse, chariots, and elephants, of the triumphant Medes, and Chaldeans, and Arabians, and Bactrians, leagued for the deliverance of Asia from the most insolent and capricious thraldom that ever mocked the nations. It is midnight, but the artist reveals the amazing spectacle, with a flash of lightning, which in one moment declares an unequalled sum of the sublime and the gorgeous—an almost inconceivable multitude of human beings—a splendour of regal circumstance—a galaxy of female beauty, in all the variety of devotedness, terror, and despair, surrounding one of the finest personifications of monarchy which can be conceived—the whole in the richest hues of colouring that, perhaps, have yet been realized on canvass.

Now, we cannot give a better idea of the quality of the Poem, than by saying that it is as like the Painting as its separate line of art will permit. As an epic poem of great length, it is, no doubt, an extended history, of which the painting is the final catastrophe. The poem would furnish forth many paintings, but they must all be of the pitch of Martin's, to be worthy of it. And it will contribute a new idea, as well as a new feeling, to our readers, to be told that the poet and the painter are intimate friends; communicating reciprocally an increase of ardour, and an improvement of taste, in their kindred though different treatment of their common theme; and that, when Sir Walter Scott visited the gallery of Mr Martin last spring, he found Mr Atherstone denizened therein, cheering on the painter, who, with every touch, was yet more animating the poet.

The Poem is a bold attempt for "a gay and flowery age,"—a regular epic of twenty-four books, the number of the Iliad. Of these the volume before us contains the first six, and we are informed that six will appear annually till the whole is completed. We can do little more than call attention to the Poem, by a very brief description, and a few extracts.

As an epic, it enters into the historical detail,—much of it fictitious, no doubt, but by no means bound by the unities to which a picture necessarily, and a drama properly, are limited. Byron, in his tragedy of Sardanapalus, finishes the war in a day. In a note prefixed, he says, "In this tragedy, it has been my intention to follow the account of Diodorus Siculus; reducing it, however, to such dramatic regularity as I best could, and trying to approach the unities. I, therefore, suppose the rebellion to explode, and succeed in one day, by a sudden conspiracy, instead of the long war of the history." The tragedy, therefore, has left subject enough for the Epopée, and subject, which almost precludes general comparison, even when the latter shall be finished. The theme is the revolt of the subject nations of Asia against the widely domineering Nineveh; and, after many defeats by the heroic, though sensual Sardanapalus, their final triumph. With all our notions of Ninevite splendour, and our associations of an antiquity all but antediluvian, with a sort of venerative assimilation of Assyrian with Scripture history, there can scarcely, we think, be a doubt, that if the lofty theme was to be "sung to the solemn harp" at all, it could be only in the highest heroic and epic mode. For its effects on the feelings to which it is addressed, poetry depends more on its subject than on its form; and, much as the epic has gone by, it is assuredly not beyond human genius to revive it as fresh and colossal as ever. If we may judge from the interest with which we perused these six books, this poet's bids fair to be a successful trial.

He invokes the Spirit of Poetry in a style of mingled veneration and self-distrust, which recalls the humble manner in which Milton sometimes alludes to himself. After announcing his subject, he proceeds thus:

Theme antiquated, haply, deem'd, and dull;
Unseason'd in this gay and flowery age;
Or else presumptuous;—yet, well understood,
Not flat, nor profitless; nor without fear
By me approach'd; nor with o'erweening pride;—
In silence ponder'd, and in solitude,
From busy cities far, and throng of men;
By enemies untroubled,—and by friends,
Save few, uncheer'd: yet not with labour cold
Pursued, and mind depress'd, nor vainly quite,
So thou, Great Spirit, whatsoe'er thy name,
Muse, Inspiration, or Divinity,
Who the blind bard of Ilium did support,
And him, yet favour'd more, that Paradise,
Chaos, and Heaven, and Hell, in verse sublime
Sang to the solemn harp,—so sometimes thou
Wilt not disdain even me to cheer and aid!
Yet how should I invoke thee?—how presume
To gaze upon the glory of thy brow?
Even *they*, perchance, the strong, the eagle-eyed,
Beholding thee grow dark,—how then might I
Upon thy splendours hope to look, and live?"

The annunciation of the granted inspiration bursts like "there was light," in the oratorio.

The vision comes upon me!—To my soul
The days of old return;—I breathe the air
Of the young world;—I see her giant sons.
Like to a gorgeous pageant in the sky
Of summer's evening, cloud on fiery cloud
Thronging unheap'd,—before me rise the walls
Of the Titanic city,—brazen gates,—
Towers,—temples,—palaces enormous piled,—
Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen!
In all her golden pomp I see her now,—
Her swarming streets—her splendid festivals,—

* This Poem has been longer before the public than the works generally reviewed in the *Literary Journal*; but it is not yet sufficiently known in Scotland, and we have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to it.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

Her sprightly damsels to the timbrel's sound
Airily bounding, and their anklets chime,—
Her lusty sons, like summer-morning gay,—
Her warriors stern—her rich-robed rulers grave;
I see her halls sun-bright at midnight shine—
I hear the music of her banquetings,—
I hear the laugh, the whisper, and the sigh,
A sound of stately treading toward me comes—
A silken wafting on the cedar floor;
As from Arabia's flowering groves, an air
Delicious breathes around. Tall, lofty brow'd,—
Pale, and majestically beautiful,—
In vesture gorgeous as the clouds of morn,—
With slow, proud step, her glorious dames sweep by.
Again I look,—and lo! around the walls
Unnumber'd hosts in flaming panoply,—
Chariots like fire, and thunder-bearing steeds!
I hear the shouts of battle; like the waves
Of a tumultuous sea, they roll and rush!
In flame and smoke the imperial city sinks!
Her walls are gone,—her palaces are dust!—
The desert is around her, and within,—
Like shadows have the mighty pass'd away!

This fine passage is soon followed by another, itself one of many, which gives as graphic and as radiant a description of Ninevite luxury as Moore himself could have achieved:

But joyous is the stirring city now:
The moon is clear,—the stars are coming forth,—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-boss'd, that high on jasper steps upraised
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh and sigh,
And feed his ear with honey'd flatteries,
And laud him as a God. All rarest flowers,
Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant light
Bloom as in sunshine: like a mountain stream
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
All fruits delicious, and of every clime,
Beauteous to sight and odoriferous,
Invite the taste; and wines of sunny light,
Rose-hued or golden, for the feasting Gods
Fit nectar: sylph-like girls and blooming boys,
Flower-crown'd, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding: at the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. What pamper'd sense,
Of luxury most rare and rich, can ask,
Or thought conceive, is there.

Nothing can be finer than the scene, to which we can only refer, where Sardanapalus reviews the vast tributary hosts, with their kings at their head, which it is his caprice to encamp on the plain around the city, and harass with marching and manœuvring. He waves his purple standard, "gemmed with stars," from the summit of the mountain tomb of Ninus, and his name is shouted by millions around and within the city, while the soaring eagle is startled, and the distant lion roars in his den.

But the monarch is called to war. These tributary armies conspire and defy him. Belesis the Babylonian priest, and Arbaces the Median king, gain the others,—hold a council in the night,—and Arbaces, another Achilles, is named chief of the confederates. The council is Homeric, and so is the amazingly spirited planting of the rebel standard. Arbaces speaks—

"Your arms are on your limbs—your hearts are strong—
Your cause is holy—God is on our side—
How can you doubt? Up with your banner,—up!
Wait not the fifth pale morn;—wait not an hour!
This instant let me plant before the tent
The glorious standard! Oh to see it wave
Beneath the myriad dazzling eyes of heaven,
Will nerve your arms, and lift your spirits up,
To laugh at dangers, and make court to death!
Have I your voices? Shall I plant the flag?
Heaven bids you onward now: Oh waver not!"

Thus he; and toward the folding gonfalon
Eagerly pointing, two swift strides advanced;
Then stood, and round the assembly shot his eye,
Bright as a meteor, waiting their approof.
A noble glow was on his youthful brow:
His form heroic with unearthly strength
Seem'd to expand; his voice was like the call
Of trumpets to the battle: in their hearts,
All said, "Behold our leader!"
As a torch
To the cold, silent, moveless pile applied,
With its small flame the dead and heavy mass
To instant light, and fire, and motion turns,—
Dazzling the eye, and roaring in the ear,—
So at his burning words, the sleeping fire
In the still bosoms of the generous chiefs
Burst to an instant flame. "Up! up!" they cried—
"Lift up the banner!—We will trust in Heaven!"

As on his prey the hungry lion springs,
So on the flag Arbaces. Hurrying then
Without the tent, the ensign in his hand,
And the applauding captains crowding round,
Into the earth with giant strength he drove
Deep down the quivering banner staff, steel-shod,
Tall as a mast. Loud rustling in the wind,
The monstrous pennon shook its silken folds,—
Waving defiance,—beckoning to the field.

But we can afford a mere glimpse of this spirit-stirring poem. The attempts by the Ninevite chiefs to induce the rebels, as they call them, to repent of their rashness, before the king of kings shall even know of the mad revolt,—the heroic courtesy yet firmness of Arbaces,—the astonishment and indignation of Sardanapalus,—his contempt and rage,—the rush of his vast armies, anticipating his wish,—the attack already made on the advancing confederates by the Jerimoths, the Zimris, and the Sennacheribs, his generals,—his own gallant passage of the gates in his chariot, flaming with diamonds, into the middle of his shouting hosts,—the inimitable battle, which, although long, is not tedious,—his wound from the hand of Arbaces, and return to the city,—the flight of his armies, and the pursuit by the exulting rebellion,—the devoted attempt of his neglected queen to put on his armour, and rush out in his chariot to reanimate the troops,—his own sudden revival and reappearance in the plain, with the astonishing effect of that heroic act in turning the battle, and, for the day, driving back the enemy to their tents,—form a chain of events and a climax of grandeur which certainly no living poet has surpassed.

The characters of this drama are well suited to the subject, and are one and all powerfully and discriminately individualized. As character in nature does not change, a character once fairly introduced into fiction must be found the same in its essentials whenever it reappears. Shakspeare never forgets this. The Sardanapalus of Mr Atherstone's first six books, therefore, must be his Sardanapalus throughout; and we are enabled to judge of the propriety of the character now as well as we shall ever be. Here we may allude to Lord Byron.

Sardanapalus' history is not the history of a really effeminate, weak, and cowardly prince. According to

the ancient historians, he maintained a long and desperate struggle with the confederates, for his supremacy; so that his luxurious degradation certainly was not inconsistent with that degree of moral elevation, however short of a higher standard it may be, called the heroic. Indeed, the way and manner of his self-destruction had in it a high degree of barbarous grandeur. Both the dramatist and the epic poet, accordingly, have enlisted our interest for the warrior, while they have carefully avoided any thing in him like manifestations of weakness and bad taste even as the sensualist. His style in both poems is regal whenever he opens his lips, and all his conceptions are magnificent. Nay, Byron even represents him as unsuspecting, forgiving, and generous; dismissing rebels when they are in his power, and disliking the discomposing trouble as much as the vulgar cruelty of putting them to death. Mr Atherstone says in his preface: "The character of Sardanapalus, as given by most historians, is utterly worthless: not unfit for the hero of an epic poem only, but even for the monster of the most prosing fable. His recorded *actions*, however, are inconsistent with the disposition and the qualities attributed to him. We see no creature half lion and half goat. He may have been effeminate, timid, slothful,—but could not also have been bold, decisive, active, and warlike. He may have indulged to excess in sensuality,—but could not have been the drivelling, disgusting, idiotic sensualist: he may have painted his cheeks, and attired himself as a woman,—but must have had within him the energies of a man. The Samson slept in the arms of Dalilah,—but his locks were not shorn. From the pleasures of wine and love, music and feasting, he arose to lead armies to battle;—with desperate valour fought at their head,—three times triumphed,—returned to the banquet,—to love and wine: he was surprised—hideously routed,—still to the uttermost resisted,—and, when at last totally vanquished, boldly and deliberately put himself to death. In the deep obscurity of his history, these alleged facts decide the opinion that I form of him. The Sardanapalus that I have chosen to exhibit, is a character not unsupported by parts of the incongruous elements left by the historians, and may therefore be not violently objected to by even severe sticklers for historic accuracy: he is of a class with which we may unblamed be allowed to sympathise—a man of good and evil mingled: one that, in other circumstances, and under wiser tuition, might have been great and virtuous,—whose ungovernable fury might have been a generous enthusiasm,—whose all-devouring sensuality might have been ardent, devoted love,—whose unrelenting tyranny over others might have been stern self-control,—whose implacable resentment against rebellion might have been heroic resistance against oppression. He has within him a fire that, wisely tended, might have given warmth, and splendour, and enjoyment; but which, uncontrolled, becomes a conflagration that consumes him. Such is the character that I have attempted to delineate."

Passion is highly wrought in all the characters, but never overstrained; and eloquence, its godlike offspring, flows naturally from its source;—while softer feelings of softer bosoms mingle with the cry of war and the blast of the trumpet, and deepen our interest to think that there were human hearts in the devoted Nineveh, and the meltings of sympathy in the steel-clad breast of many a warrior on the blood-stained plain.

But we must have done; not forgetting that we have been criticising an unfinished poem, which, like an unfinished building, is not a fair test of the constructor's genius. We can, at least, safely encourage Mr Atherstone to proceed, and we shall be happy soon to meet with him again. Mr Atherstone had previously made himself known to the public by two poems of much original force and beauty,—"A Midsummer Day's Dream," and "The Last Days of Herculaneum."

The Jurist; or Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation. No. V. 1829. London. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

This Journal, the publication of which has hitherto been rather irregular, has, we are informed, lately passed under new management, and promises to be more punctual in future. The title is rather an ambitious one for a quarterly *brochure*, containing, on an average, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pages. The talent displayed in the work is, with occasional exceptions, scarcely of the highest order. It is a fierce and uncompromising advocate of the legal principles of Mr Bentham, and not always over-nice in the means it adopts to bolster up its own cause. The present number contains—1st. An article, purporting to be a review of a work of the celebrated Savigny, but which is, in reality, an attack on another author;—2d. An article on the administration of Justice in the East Indies, characterised by that reckless spirit of the sect which seeks to remodel all institutions on the most scanty knowledge of their real nature;—3d. A review of Cooper's Letters on the Court of Chancery, which looks very like a retractation of opinions formerly advanced;—4th. An able article on "Fees in courts of inferior jurisdiction in Scotland," well worthy the attention of all professional men;—5th. A clever, though somewhat speculative article, on the Police of the Metropolis;—7th. "Dr Reddie's observations on Mr Humphreys's Reply," which are calm and dignified;—And lastly, A brief abstract of statutes passed in the last session of Parliament, which we recommend to all our fair friends as an elegant and amusing companion for the tea-table.

Life of John Wickliffe. By the Rev. Thomas Murray, F. A. S. E. 18mo. Edinburgh. John Boyd. 1829.

It is with pleasure we recommend this little work to the attention of our readers, as containing a very ample and concise account of the famous English Reformer. Its author, Mr Murray, has laid before us, in a popular manner, the history of a man, whom all parties are called upon to reverence, as one of the great champions for the freedom of the human mind; and his book may be read with advantage, even after the perusal of the more elaborate and elegant Life of the same Reformer, by Mr Fraser Tytler, published at Edinburgh, 1826. Mr Murray gives his reader a very graphic account of Wickliffe's birth, parentage, the nature of his education, his first appearance at the University of Oxford, &c.; with a detail of the religious state of England at that period, and Wickliffe's proceedings, after he brought himself under the cognizance of the Church of Rome. We trust that this little volume will be extensively circulated, among those who are precluded from procuring larger and more expensive works, connected with the history of the English Proto-Reformer.

The Laws of Harmonious Colouring adapted to House Painting and other Interior Decorations. By D. R. Hay, House Painter, Edinburgh. Second Edition. Edinburgh. Daniel Lizars. 1829.

This is an ingenious and highly useful little work. House-painting is certainly a very inferior department of the art; but it is one in which offences against good taste of the most glaring and disagreeable kind are every day committed. Mr Hay, in laying down for himself and his fellow-artists a few simple scientific principles, by which they may in future be guided in their

arrangement of colours, achieves an object for which he deserves the thanks of all those who live in the costly and luxurious mansions of the land. "The great additional beauty," he observes in his introduction, "which the harmonious combination of tints has given to the most splendid works of art, and the certainty that these combinations were pointed out by the laws of optics, induced me to attempt their application to the humble yet useful art which I profess; and I have adapted them to house-painting, and other decorations, in the same manner in which they seem to have been applied in the works of the most eminent artists in all ages." We are glad that Mr Hay's book has gone to a second edition, and we doubt not that the ability and excellent knowledge of his profession which it displays will meet with the reward to which they are well entitled.

Life and Opinions of the celebrated George Buchanan. By the author of the "Lives of Robert Wishart, the Regent Moray," &c. Edinburgh. John Lothian. 1829.

THOUGH an unostentatious, this is a very excellent little work, and is evidently the production of one well versed in the history and literature of his country. We are pleased with the discrimination and sound sense displayed in the manner in which the author treats various parts of Buchanan's character; and did other matters not press upon our attention, we should willingly have made some illustrative extracts. A just tribute is paid to the excellence of the more elaborate Memoirs of Buchanan by Dr Irving; but our author differs from that gentleman in his opinion of Buchanan's honesty, and, on what we have always been disposed to consider the very soundest grounds, is by no means disposed to acquit him of moral and literary delinquency in his conduct towards Queen Mary, whom he flattered and worshipped so long as his patron Murray retained her favour, and whom he reviled and calumniated as soon as the Regent saw proper to raise himself on her downfall. Buchanan was a profound scholar and a very able man; but he was utterly destitute of steady principles either in church or state. This distinction is conscientiously pointed out in the work before us, which is another reason why we willingly recommend it to the attention of our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MORAL & MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

No. 4.

THE TROUBADOURS.

"Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit." HOR.

THE southern parts of France were, in ancient days, comprehended under the general name of PROVENCE. Its inhabitants, who were almost entirely descendants of the old Greek and Roman colonists, never forgot the glorious fame of the country of their ancestors, and endeavoured, by their attention to literature, to show that, while the other nations were sunk in ignorance, they were still worthy the name of Romans. In truth, contrasted with the rest of the world in those dark times, Provence appears like a green sunny island in the midst of a stormy ocean.

In a country like Provence, where, in summer, scarcely even a feathery cloud flits across the sky, and where every cooling zephyr breathes of violets, the feelings are keenly susceptible of the pleasures which spring from natural beauties; and these are the fountains from which poetry takes its rise. The melody of the Provençale language also well adapted it for conveying, in a lively manner, to the mind, the sentiments of the poetry which it clothed. It was compounded chiefly of the Latin and Greek tongues; but it had also an admixture of the dialects which were used in the other parts of France,—in Italy, (where the nervous Roman tongue had melted into music,) and in Spain,—from which latter place it had also received a sprinkling of the Arabic tongue. The Latin greatly predominated, however, and hence the Provençale language was termed, *la langue Romaine*, or *Romance*, or simply *Roman*,—from which term, it may be remarked, their most favourite species of composition obtained the name of *Romance*, expressive of its being written in the Romance tongue. But this beautiful language came afterwards to be but the dialect of a province, and it has now almost entirely disappeared; to this day, however, the dialect of the south of France (a corruption of the old Roman) is materially different from the French spoken in all other parts of the kingdom.

Enjoying, thus, the advantages of repose, climate, and language, poetry was early cultivated in Provence. The professors of this art were known by a name now familiar to all, and the very sound of which awakens romantic associations. From their faculty of inventing—*le talent de trover* (*trouver*)—they were styled "Trovadours," or (as *v* and *b* were sounded alike) Trobadours. The term Trobadour (or, as it is now generally spelled, Troubadour) was used from the middle of the eleventh till towards the end of the fourteenth century, when the Troubadours of France, in imitation of their Italian brethren, assumed the more classical appellation of *poets*, which, as every one is aware, signifies, like Troubadour, one who makes or invents. This term, poet, has been generally adopted in modern classical languages;—the Germans, however, have disdained to borrow a foreign term, and from their verb *dichten*, *to invent*, they call a poet, *Dichter*.

There is a romantic interest attached to the name of a Troubadour; and he is generally associated with the idea of a minstrel, wandering, with his guitar, from castle to castle, and singing rude lays, whose theme was love or Palestine. It may lower their interest in the eyes of some, therefore, to learn that Troubadour signifies nothing more than poet; and that, although some of the Troubadours may have indulged erratic propensities, and met with romantic adventures, yet they were neither dependent on eleemosynary aid, nor peripatetic minstrels, but exactly the same everyday sort of people as the poets of our own times. "Souverains, grands seigneurs, chevaliers, hommes de tout etat,—c'est que forme la chaine des Trobadours."

The compositions of the Troubadours are commonly classified into five divisions; and out of this limited range these early poets never ventured.—1. *Chançons*, (or songs,) the subject of which was almost universally love. 2. *Sirventes*, a species of didactic poetry, chiefly satirical. 3. *Contes*, *Fabliaux*, or *Romances*, of which some extend to several thousand verses.* 4. *Pastourelles*, or ballads. And, 5. *Tensons*, or *Jeux-partics*, which were perhaps more in vogue than any of the others. These last are dialogues, where the speakers attack and support a certain proposed theme. Each of these divisions would form an excellent subject for amusing illustration.

As already remarked, we are apt to imagine that the Troubadour always accompanied with his music the verses he had previously composed. This is far from being the case; the Troubadour no more thought of singing his own poems, than does Sir Walter Scott or

* "Le Roman de la Rose" was left unfinished by its author, William de Lorris, who died in 1260; it then contained 4300 lines. It was, in the beginning of the following age, continued by John de Meun, who extended the poem to four times its original length.

Mr Wordsworth. Some poets, in every age, have doubtless been musical as well as poetical; and, accordingly, a few of the Troubadours occasionally sung their own chançons. But this practice was the reverse of general; and it is cried down in some of the *sirventes*, as tending to degrade the noble calling of a Troubadour. There was an inferior class of men who strolled about the country singing verses, but these were strictly denominated *Jongleurs*: they did not compose poetry; they merely adapted to music the verses of the Troubadours. The Jongleurs were generally to be found at the banquets of the great, where, for hire, they sung the poems which probably had been furnished by some Troubadour guest.

The epithet *gentle*, which we see so often applied to a Troubadour, signified, not that he was tender and kind, but that in right of his profession, he was a *gentleman*, and as such, entitled, whatever might be his birth, to associate with the noblest seigneur of the land. The Troubadours, (like all popular poets,) were everywhere welcomed as the most delightful of visitors. At the courts of the petty princes of the 12th and 13th centuries, they were held in the highest consideration. "Ila y trouvèrent la fortune, les plaisirs, la consideration encore plus flatteuse." Their arrival was greeted by a smile,—their departure followed by a sigh.

Living in a romantic age, and in a country where gentle feelings are nursed by a luxurious climate, the poet's favourite theme was naturally love. The first care of a Troubadour was to attach himself to a mistress, whose charms he might celebrate, of whose love he might boast, or whose cruelty he might deplore. It is singular, however, that the object of a Troubadour's passion was almost always a married woman, and very generally the wife of his host. Historians lament the licentiousness of those times. The male part of the creation were certainly by no means over-scrupulous;—a man's morality is at all times a thing of snow;—but woman, even in the age we speak of, possessed that thrilling purity which seems to be her peculiar birthright,— that purity, which, enshrined in the female breast, entitles her, next to God, to receive the worship of sinful man.* In reading the Troubadour poetry, we almost invariably find the author complain of the cruelty of his mistress, who, if she refrained from indignant contempt, or mortifying indifference, gave him, at the most, but hopeless pity for his love. The Troubadour, however, endured his lady's cruelty, with unpoetical fortitude; after he had duly lamented his hard fate, he generally transferred his affection with his verses to some other quarter. Probably his love was about as ardent as that of more modern Troubadours for their Chloes and Amandas. May it not be suspected that a poet's writings rarely indeed reflect his real feelings; that in truth, a poet is a profound dissimulator, and takes credit for *possessing* deep feeling, merely because he is able to *describe* it?

Yet there were some whose actions were in delightful unison with our most romantic idea of a Troubadour. Such, for example, was Geoffrey Rudel, prince of Blüia, who, moved by the glowing descriptions which the pilgrims gave of the beauty of the Countess of Tripoli (in Palestine,) abandoned his principality, took up the cross, and sailed over the seas on his pilgrimage of love:—

Let the shepherd tune his reed,
Happy all the summer day,
While his flocks around him feed,
And his little children play;
I can never smile again,—
A ship! a ship!—I'll seek thee o'er the main!

So sang poor Rudel. The issue of his adventure may hereafter form the subject of a Troubadour story.—C.

* Common Prayer-book.

THE SUTOR OF SELKIRK.—A REMARKABLY TRUE STORY.

By one of the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.

Once upon a time, there lived in Selkirk a shoemaker, by name Rabbie Heckspeckle, who was celebrated both for dexterity in his trade, and for some other qualifications of a less profitable nature. Rabbie was a thin, meagre-looking personage, with lank black hair, a cadaverous countenance, and a long, flexible, secret-smelling nose. In short, he was the Paul Pry of the town. Not an old wife in the parish could buy a new scarlet rokelay without Rabbie knowing within a groat of the cost; the doctor could not dine with the minister but Rabbie could tell whether sheep's-head or haggis formed the staple commodity of the repast; and it was even said that he was acquainted with the grunt of every sow, and the cackle of every individual hen, in his neighbourhood: but this wants confirmation. His wife, Bridget, endeavoured to confine his excursive fancy, and to chain him down to his awl, reminding him it was *all* they had to depend on; but her interference met with exactly that degree of attention which husbands usually bestow on the advice tendered by their better halves—that is to say, Rabbie informed her that she knew nothing of the matter, that her understanding required stretching, and finally, that if she presumed again to meddle in his affairs, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of giving her a top-dressing.

To secure the necessary leisure for his researches, Rabbie was in the habit of rising to his work long before the dawn; and he was one morning busily engaged putting the finishing stitches to a pair of shoes for the exciseman, when the door of his dwelling, which he thought was carefully fastened, was suddenly opened, and a tall figure, enveloped in a large black cloak, and with a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his brows, stalked into the shop. Rabbie stared at his visitor, wondering what could have occasioned this early call, and wondering still more that a stranger should have arrived in the town without his knowledge. "You're early afoot, sir," quoth Rabbie. "Lucky Wakerife's cock will no craw for a good half hour yet." The stranger vouchsafed no reply; but taking up one of the shoes Rabbie had just finished, deliberately put it on, and took a turn through the room to ascertain that it did not pinch his extremities. During these operations, Rabbie kept a watchful eye on his customer. "He smells awfully o' yird," muttered Rabbie to himself; "ane would be ready to swear he had just come frae the plough-tail." The stranger, who appeared to be satisfied with the effect of the experiment, motioned to Rabbie for the other shoe, and pulled out a purse for the purpose of paying for his purchase; but Rabbie's surprise may be conceived, when, on looking at the purse, he perceived it to be spotted with a kind of earthy mould. "Gudesake," thought Rabbie, "this queer man maun hae howkit that purse out o' the ground. I wonder where he got it. Some folk say there are dags o' siller buried near this town." By this time the stranger had opened the purse, and as he did so, a toad and a beetle fell on the ground, and a large worm crawling out wound itself round his finger. Rabbie's eyes widened; but the stranger, with an air of nonchalance, tendered him a piece of gold, and made signs for the other shoe. "It's a thing morally impossible," responded Rabbie to this mute proposal. "Mair by token that I hae as good as sworn to the exciseman to hae them ready by daylight, which will no be long o' coming," (the stranger here looked anxiously towards the window,) "and better, I tell you, to affront the king himsell, than the exciseman." The stranger gave a loud stamp with his shod foot, but Rabbie stuck to his point, offering, however, to have a pair ready for his new customer in twenty-four hours;

and, as the stranger, justly enough perhaps, reasoned, that half a pair of shoes was of as little use as half a pair of scissors, he found himself obliged to come to terms, and seating himself on Rabbie's three-legged stool, held out his leg to the Sutor, who, kneeling down, took the foot of his taciturn customer on his knee, and proceeded to measure it. "Something o' the splay, I think, sir," said Rabbie, with a knowing air. No answer. "Where will I bring the shoon to when they're done?" asked Rabbie, anxious to find out the domicile of his visitor. "I will call for them myself before cock-crowing," responded the stranger in a very uncommon and indescribable tone of voice. "Hout, sir," quoth Rabbie, "I canna let you hae the trouble o' coming for them yoursell; it will just be a pleasure for me to call with them at your house."—"I have my doubts of that," replied the stranger, in the same peculiar manner; "and at all events, my house would not hold us both."—"It maun be a dooms sma' biggin," answered Rabbie; "but noo that I hae taen your honour's measure"—— "Take your own," retorted the stranger, and giving Rabbie a touch with his foot that laid him prostrate, walked coolly out of the house.

This sudden overturn of himself and his plans for a few moments discomfited the Sutor, but quickly gathering up his legs, he rushed to the door, which he reached just as Lucky Wakerife's cock proclaimed the dawn. Rabbie flew down the street, but all was still; then ran up the street, which was terminated by the churchyard, but saw only the moveless tombs looking cold and chill under the grey light of a winter morn. Rabbie hitched his red night-cap off his brow, and scratched his head with an air of perplexity. "Weel," he muttered, as he retraced his steps homeward, "he has warred me this time, but sorrow take me if I'm no up wi' him the morn!"

All day Rabbie, to the inexpressible surprise of his wife, remained as constantly on his three-legged stool as if he had been *yirked* there by some brother of the craft. For the space of twenty-four hours, his long nose was never seen to throw its shadow across the threshold of the door; and so extraordinary did this event appear, that the neighbours, one and all, agreed that it predicted some prodigy; but whether it was to take the shape of a comet, which would deluge them all with its fiery tail, or whether they were to be swallowed up by an earthquake, could by no means be settled to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Meanwhile, Rabbie diligently pursued his employment, unheeding the concerns of his neighbours. What mattered it to him, that Jenny Thrifty's cow had calved, that the minister's servant, with something in her apron, had been seen to go in twice to Lucky Wakerife's, that the laird's dairy-maid had been observed stealing up the red loan in the gloaming, that the drum had gone through the town announcing that a sheep was to be killed on Friday?—The stranger alone swam before his eyes; and cow, dairy-maid, and drum, kicked the beam. It was late in the night when Rabbie had accomplished his task, and then placing the shoes at his bedside, he lay down in his clothes, and fell asleep; but the fear of not being sufficiently alert for his new customer, induced him to rise a considerable time before daybreak. He opened the door and looked into the street, but it was still so dark he could scarcely see a yard before his nose; he therefore returned into the house, muttering to himself, "What the sorrow can keep him?" when a voice at his elbow suddenly said, "Where are my shoes?" "Here, sir," said Rabbie, quite transported with joy; "here they are, right and tight, and mickle joy may ye hae in wearing them, for it's better to wear shoon than sheets, as the auld saying gangs."—"Perhaps I may wear both," answered the stranger. "Gude safe us," quoth Rabbie, "do ye sleep in your shoon?" The stranger made no answer; but, laying a piece of gold on the table and taking up the shoes, walked out of the house. "Now's my time," thought Rabbie to himself, as he slipt after him.

The stranger paced slowly on, and Rabbie carefully followed him; the stranger turned up the street, and the Sutor kept close to his heels. "Odsake, where can he be gaun?" thought Rabbie, as he saw the stranger turn into the churchyard; "he's making to that grave in the corner; now he's standing still; now he's sitting down; Gudesake! what's come o' him?" Rabbie rubbed his eyes, looked round in all directions, but lo! and behold! the stranger had vanished. "There's something no canny about this," thought the Sutor; "but I'll mark the place at ony rate;" and Rabbie, after thrusting his awl into the grave, hastily returned home.

The news soon spread from house to house, and by the time the red-faced sun stared down on the town, the whole inhabitants were in commotion; and, after having held sundry consultations, it was resolved, *nem. con.*, to proceed in a body to the churchyard, and open the grave which was suspected of being suspicious. The whole population of the Kirk Wynd turned out on this service. Sutors, wives, children, all hurried pell-mell after Rabbie, who led his myrmidons straight to the grave at which his mysterious customer had disappeared, and where he found his awl still sticking in the place where he had left it. Immediately all hands went to work; the grave was opened; the lid was forced off the coffin; and a corpse was discovered dressed in the vestments of the tomb, but with a pair of perfectly new shoes upon its long bony feet. At this dreadful sight the multitude fled in every direction, Lucky Wakerife leading the van, leaving Rabbie and a few bold brothers of the craft to arrange matters as they pleased with the peripatetic skeleton. A council was held, and it was agreed that the coffin should be firmly nailed up and committed to the earth. Before doing so, however, Rabbie proposed denuding his customer of his shoes, remarking that he had no more need for them than a cart had for three wheels. No objections were made to this proposal, and Rabbie, therefore, quickly coming to extremities, whipped them off in a trice. They then drove half a hundred tenpenny nails into the lid of the coffin, and having taken care to cover the grave with pretty thick divots, the party returned to their separate places of abode.

Certain qualms of conscience, however, now arose in Rabbie's mind as to the propriety of depriving the corpse of what had been honestly bought and paid for. He could not help allowing, that if the ghost were troubled with cold feet, a circumstance by no means improbable, he might naturally wish to remedy the evil. But, at the same time, considering that the fact of his having made a pair of shoes for a defunct man would be an everlasting blot on the Heckspeckle escutcheon, and reflecting also that his customer, being dead in law, could not apply to any court for redress, our Sutor manfully resolved to abide by the consequences of his deed.

Next morning, according to custom, he rose long before day, and fell to his work, shouting the old song of the "Sutors of Selkirk" at the very top of his voice. A short time, however, before the dawn, his wife, who was in bed in the back room, remarked, that in the very middle of his favourite verse, his voice fell into a quaver; then broke out into a yell of terror; and then she heard a noise, as of persons struggling; and then all was quiet as the grave. The good dame immediately huddled on her clothes, and ran into the shop, where she found the three-legged stool broken in pieces, the floor strewed with bristles, the door wide open, and Rabbie away! Bridget rushed to the door, and there she immediately discovered the marks of footsteps deeply printed in the ground. Anxiously tracing them, on—and on—and on—what was her horror to find that they terminated in the churchyard, at the grave of Rabbie's customer. The

earth round the grave bore traces of having been the scene of some fearful struggle, and several locks of lank black hair were scattered on the grass. Half distracted, she rushed through the town to communicate the dreadful intelligence. A crowd collected, and a cry speedily arose, to open the grave. Spades, pickaxes, and mattocks were quickly put in requisition; the divots were removed; the lid of the coffin was once more torn off, and there lay its ghastly tenant, with his shoes replaced on his feet, and Rabbie's red night-cap clutched in his right hand!

The people, in consternation, fled from the churchyard; and nothing further has ever transpired to throw any additional light on the melancholy fate of the Sutor of Selkirk.

TRADITIONS OF THE CELEBRATED MAJOR WEIR.

By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," &c.

In one of the most ancient streets of Edinburgh, called the West Bow, stands the house formerly inhabited by Major Weir, whose name is scarcely more conspicuous in the Criminal Records of Scotland, than it is notorious in the mouth of popular tradition. The awful tenement is situated in a small court at the back of the main street, accessible by a narrow entry leading off to the east, about fifty yards from the top of the Bow.* It is a sepulchral-looking fabric, with a peculiarly dejected and dismal aspect, as if it were conscious of the bad character which it bears among the neighbouring houses.

It is now about one hundred and fifty years since Major Weir, an old soldier of the civil war, and the bearer of some command in the City Guard of Edinburgh, closed a most puritanical life, by confessing himself a sorcerer, and being burnt accordingly at the stake. The scandal in which this involved the Calvinistic party, seems to have been met, on their part, by an endeavour to throw the whole blame upon the shoulders of Satan; and this conclusion, which was almost justified by the mysteriousness and singularity of the case, has had the effect of connecting the criminal's name unalienably with the demonology of Scotland.

Sundry strange reminiscences of Major Weir and his house are preserved among the old people of Edinburgh, and especially by the venerable gossips of the West Bow. It is said he derived that singular gift of prayer by which he surprised all his acquaintance, and procured so sanctimonious a reputation—from his walking-cane. This implement, it appears, the Evil One, from whom he procured it, had endowed with the most wonderful properties and powers. It not only inspired him with prayer, so long as he held it in his hand, but it acted in the capacity of a Mercury, in so far as it could go an errand or run a message. Many was the time it went out to the neighbouring shops for supplies of snuff to its master! and as the fact was well known, the shopkeepers of the Bow were not startled at the appearance of so strange a customer. Moreover, it often *answered the door* when people came to call upon the Major, and it had not unfrequently been seen running along before him, in the capacity of a link-boy, as he walked down the Lawnmarket. Of course, when the Major was burnt, his wooden lieutenant and valet was carefully burnt with him, though it does not appear in the Justiciary Records that it was included in the indictment, or that Lord Dirleton subjected it, in common with its master, to the ceremony of a sentence.

It is also said that the spot on which the Major was burnt, namely, the south-east corner of the esplanade on the Castle-hill, continued ever after scathed and incapable of vegetation. But we must beg to suggest the possibility of this want of verdure being occasioned by the circumstance of the esplanade being a hard gravel-walk. We are very unwilling to find scientific reasons for last-century miracles—to withdraw the veil from beautiful deceptions—or to dispel the halo which fancy may have thrown around the incidents of a former day. But a regard for truth obliges us to acknowledge, that the same miracle, attributed to the burning-place of Wishart, at St Andrews, may be accounted for in a similar way—the spot being now occupied by what the people thereabouts denominate in somewhat homely phrase, "a mussel midden."

For upwards of a century after Major Weir's death, he continued to be the bug-bear of the Bow, and his house remained uninhabited. His apparition was frequently seen at night, flitting, like a black and silent shadow, about the purlieus of that singular street. His house, though known to be deserted by every thing human, was sometimes observed at midnight to be full of lights, and heard to emit strange sounds, as of dancing, howling, and, what is strangest of all, spinning. It was believed, too, that every night, when the clock of St Giles's tolled twelve, one of the windows sprung open, and the ghost of a tall woman in white, supposed to be the Major's equally terrible sister, came forward, and bent her long figure thrice over the window, her face every time touching the wall about three feet down, and then retired, closing the window after her with an audible clang. Some people had occasionally seen the Major issue from the low *close*, at the same hour, mounted on a black horse without a head, and gallop off in a whirlwind of flame. Nay, sometimes the whole of the inhabitants of the Bow together were roused from their sleep at an early hour in the morning, by the sound as of a coach and six, first rattling up the Lawnmarket, and then thundering down the Bow, stopping at the head of the terrible *close* for a few minutes, and then rattling and thundering back again—being neither more nor less than Satan come in one of his best equipages, to take home again to hell the ghosts of the Major and his sister, after they had spent a night's leave of absence in their terrestrial dwelling. In support of these beliefs, circumstances, of course, were not awanting. One or two venerable men of the Bow, who had, perhaps, on the night of the 7th of September, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, popped their night-capped heads out of their windows, and seen Captain Porteous hurried down their street to execution, were pointed out by children as having actually witnessed some of the dreadful doings alluded to. One worthy, in particular, declared that he had often seen coaches parading up and down the Bow at midnight, drawn by six black horses without heads, and driven by a coachman of the most hideous appearance, whose flaming eyes, placed at an immense distance from each other, in his forehead, as they gleamed through the darkness, resembled nothing so much as the night-lamps of a modern vehicle.

About forty years ago, when the shades of superstition began universally to give way in Scotland, Major Weir's house came to be regarded with less terror by the neighbours, and an attempt was made by the proprietor to find a person who would be bold enough to inhabit it. Such a person was procured in William Patullo, a poor man of dissipated habits, who, having been at one time a soldier and a traveller, had come to disregard in a great measure the superstitions of his native country, and was now glad to possess a house upon the low terms offered by the landlord, at whatever risk. Upon it being known in the town, that Major Weir's house was about to be re-inhabited, a great deal of curiosity was felt by people of all ranks as to the result of the experiment; for there was scarcely a native of the city, who had not felt since his boyhood, an intense interest in all that concerned

* *The top of a street*—an expression sanctified by its use in Scripture.

that awful fabric, and yet remembered the numerous terrible stories which he had heard told respecting it. Even before entering upon his hazardous undertaking, William Patullo was looked upon with a flattering sort of interest—an interest similar to that which we feel respecting a culprit under sentence of death, a man about to be married, or a regiment on the march to active conflict. It was the hope of many, that he would be the means of retrieving a valuable possession from the dominion of darkness. But Satan soon let them know that he does not ever tamely relinquish the outposts of his kingdom.

On the very first evening after Patullo and his spouse had taken up their abode in the house, a circumstance took place, which effectually deterred them and all others from ever again inhabiting it. About one in the morning, as the worthy couple were lying awake in their bed, not unconscious of a considerable degree of fear,—a dim uncertain light proceeding from the gathered embers of their fire, and all being silent around them,—they suddenly saw a form like that of a calf, but without the head, come through the lower panel of the door, and enter the room: a spectre more horrible, or more spectre-like conduct, could scarcely have been conceived. The phantom immediately came forward to the bed, and setting its fore-feet upon the stock, looked steadfastly in all its awful headlessness at the unfortunate pair, who were of course almost ready to die with fright; when it had contemplated them thus for a few minutes, to their great relief it at length took away its intolerable person, and, slowly retiring, gradually vanished from their sight. As might be expected, they deserted the house next morning; and from that time forward, no other attempt was ever made to embank this part of the world of light from the aggressions of the world of darkness.

It may appear strange that any thing like superstition should exist in Edinburgh, where, in the words of the poet,—

——Justice from her native skies
High wields her balance and her rod,
And Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode;

but, when we inform the reader that such beliefs are only cherished among a very humble or very old-fashioned class of people, this surprise will vanish. The truth is, that Edinburgh is at present two cities—two cities not less differing in appearance than in the character of their various inhabitants. The fine gentlemen, who daily exhibit their foreign dresses and manners on Princes' Street, have no idea of a race of people who roost in the tall houses of the Lawnmarket and the West Bow, and retain about them many of the primitive modes of life, and habits of thought, that flourished among their grandfathers. Such people, however, certainly still exist; and in some of the sequestered *closes* and backcourts of the Old Town, there may at this very day be found specimens of people well entitled to the designation "prisca gens mortalium." Edinburgh is in fact two towns more ways than one. It contains an upper and an under town,—the one a sort of thoroughfare for the children of business and fashion, the other a den of retreat for the poor, the diseased and the ignorant. The one is like the gay surface of the summer sea, covered with numerous vehicles of commerce and pleasure; while the other resembles the region below the surface, whose dreary wilds are peopled only by the wrecks of such gay barks, and by creatures of inconceivable ugliness and surpassing horror. In short, "the march of intellect" proceeds along the South Bridge, without ever once thinking of the Cowgate.

Such being the state of matters, it will no longer seem incredible that legendary superstition should exist in Auld Reekie. In the course of our experience we have met with many houses which have the credit of being haunted. There is one at this day in Buchanan's Court, Lawnmarket, in the same *land* in which the celebrated Editor of the Edinburgh Review first saw the light. It is a flat, and has been shut up from time immemorial. The story goes, that one night as preparations were making for a supper party, something occurred which obliged the family, as well as all the assembled guests to retire with precipitation, and lock up the house. From that night to this, it has never once been opened, nor was any of the furniture withdrawn:—the very goose which was undergoing the process of being roasted at the time of the dreadful occurrence, is still at the fire! No one knows to whom the house belongs; no one ever enquires after it; no one living ever saw the inside of it; it is a condemned house! There is something peculiarly dreadful about a house under these circumstances. What sights of horror might present themselves, if it were entered. Satan is the *ultimus haeres* of all such unclaimed property.

Besides the numberless old houses in Edinburgh that are haunted, there are many endowed with the simple credit of having been the scenes of murders and suicides. Some we have met with, containing rooms which had particular names commemorative of such events, and these names, handed down as they had been from one generation to another, usually suggested the remembrance of some dignified Scottish families, probably the former tenants of the houses. We remember, moreover, once hearing an aged citizen talk of a common stair in the Lawnmarket, which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a gentleman who had been mysteriously killed, about a century ago, in open day-light, as he was ascending to his own house. We regret not being able to point out the precise scene of so singular an incident, or to discover the name of the sufferer; and can only mention, in addition, that the affair was called to mind by old people, on the similar occasion of the murder of Begbie. The closed house in Mary King's Close, (behind the Royal Exchange,) is believed by some to have met with that fate for a very fearful reason. The inhabitants at a very remote period were, it is said, compelled to abandon it by the supernatural appearances which took place in it, on the very first night after they had made it their residence. At midnight, as the goodman was sitting with his wife by the fire, reading his Bible, and intending immediately to go to bed, a strange dimness which suddenly fell upon his light caused him to raise his eyes from the book. He looked at the candle, and saw it was burning blue. Terror took possession of his frame. He turned away his eyes from the ghastly object; but the cure was worse than the disease. Directly before him, and apparently not two yards off, he saw the head as of a dead person, looking him straight in the face. There was nothing but a head, though that seemed to occupy the precise situation in regard to the floor which it might have done had it been supported by a body of the ordinary stature. The man and his wife fainted with terror. On awaking darkness pervaded the room. Presently the door opened, and in came a hand holding a candle. This came and stood—that is, the body supposed to be attached to the hand stood—beside the table, whilst the terrified pair saw two or three couples of feet skip along the floor as if dancing. The scene lasted a short time, but vanished quite away upon the man gathering strength to invoke the protection of Heaven. The house was of course abandoned, and remained ever afterwards shut up.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

By Henry G. Bell.

—'Twas day,—and yet there came no light,
Or only such as made more horrible

The desolation that before was hid
In the black shroud of darkness.—The red sun,
Blood-stain'd and dim, look'd on the fallen city
Like an affrighted murderer on the corse
Mangled beneath his foot.—The work is done!—
Silence is in the streets!—
Fanes, domes, and spires, lie crumbled on the ground;
Hovels are tost on palaces; and gold
Shines upon heaps of dust and scattered stones.
The voice of man is o'er; his might is crush'd
Like a bruised reed; the labours of his hand
Are strew'd as leaves before a tempest. Mark
Where his rich temples lie! and see!
As the gaunt earthquake, with his giant stride,
Again goes staggering by, how, roaring, fall
His everlasting pyramids, and mock,
In reeking loneliness, the pride that called
Their feebleness eternal.

The silent multitude, in breathless awe,
Stand on the shore of the mute, sullen sea,—
A dense dark mass, and fear is on their souls,
Like an o'erhanging cloud. Their lips are white
As the salt foam, and quivering in despair;—
They gaze, but speak not. In the wither'd heart,
The half-form'd prayer dies. The grey-hair'd man,
Mad with the misery that death has wrought,
Thinks of his murder'd children, and blasphemes
The God he worshipp'd in his youth. The child
Looks on his mother, and, perplex'd to see
Her depth of agony, forgets to weep.—
The very ocean seems to share with them
Their tongueless terror, and is hush'd as death.—
Yet hark!—far off there comes the hollow sound
Of rushing waves.—Nearer and louder!—Lo!
The waters have arisen, and instinct
With a strange life, needing no winds to guide,
Are sweeping on in their wild majesty!
Arm'd with the voice of thunder when it leaps
Among the mountain chasms, see! they come!—
But louder, wilder, and more terrible,
The bursting shriek of that lost multitude
Along the barren sands!—Up—up to heaven!
Shaking the Almighty's throne, that dread sound rose,—
That last unearthly Miserere!——Hush!—
The billows are upon them.—They have pass'd
Forever and forever from the earth;—
The lordly element has won its prey,
And howling proudly holds its reckless course.

TO EGERIA.

By Henry G. Bell.

"Even as a star,"—
No, dearest! be not to me as a star;
'Tis one of millions—and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glimmering splendour in its shroud;
Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar,—
Dearest! be not a star.

"Even as a flower,"—
No, loveliest! be not to me as a flower;
The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath;
The sweeter perfume gives the speedier death—
The sport and victim of a summer hour,—
Loveliest! be not a flower.

"Even as a dove,"—
No, purest! be not to me as a dove;—
The spoiler oft intrudes upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its warm nest,
And flinging silence o'er its native grove,—
Purest! be not a dove.

"Even as a rock,"—
No, my most faithful! be not as a rock;
It hates the waves that girdle it, and stands
Stern as an outlaw'd captain of brigands,
Heedless alike of fortune's smile or shock,—
Changeless! be not a rock.

"Even as *thyself*,"—
My soul's best idol! be but as thyself;—
Brighter than star, and fairer than the flower;
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit's dower
Steadier than rock; yes, dearest! be thyself—
Thyself—only *thyself*.

SONG.

AH! LOVE IT IS A FLEETING FLOWER.

By the Editor of the Inverness Courier.

Ah! Love it is a fleeting flower,
That charms but whan it's new;
And they wha deepest feel its power,
Maun still the sairest rue.
I've travell'd far for ae kind look,
I've tint my rest for smiles;
But wiser grown, nae mair I'll brook
The thrall of woman's wiles.

O! dear as showers to April buds,
Or sunshine to the day,
Wert thou to me in Langholm woods,
My bonny winsome May;
Rich gems to deck thy braided hair
I brought frae the deep green sea;
And scented a' thy chamber fair
Wi' the odours of Arabie.

But my lowly suit thou spurn'st, proud maid;
An' the heart I fain wad bring,
Sae I sit beneath the willow shade
Frae morn till night, an' sing,—
Ah! Love it is a fleeting flower,
That charms but whan its new,
And they wha deepest feel its power,
Maun still the sairest rue.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Mr R. Chambers is at present engaged upon two more Rebellions, the history of which will occupy an early volume of Constable's Miscellany. The first of the two narratives refers to the brief but brilliant career of the famous Dundee in 1689, which Mr Chambers himself, we understand, characterizes as approaching nearer in interest to the insurrection of 1745, than any other transaction of the kind, which he has yet had to record. The second narrative embraces the unlucky enterprize of 1715, and completes, with his four former volumes, a series of historiettes regarding the attempts of the Cavaliers and Jacobites of Scotland, in behalf of the House of Stuart, from the first opposition to them by the Covenanters in 1637, down to the extinction of their hopes in 1745.—This industrious and graphic writer is now on the point of publishing his voluminous collection of the Legendary Poetry of Scotland, which we had the pleasure of announcing a few months ago, and which we are inclined to believe will be the best collection extant.

A History of the most Remarkable Conspiracies, connected with British History, during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by John Parker Lawson, M.A., the learned and able author of "The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," is in preparation for Constable's Miscellany, in one volume. This work will contain, we understand, amidst other interesting matter, Ac-

counts of the Assassination of James I. and III. of Scotland, the Raid of Ruthven, and the Gowrie Conspiracy, the Gunpowder Plot, and the Famous Ryehouse Plot.

Memoirs of the celebrated Lady Fanshawe, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart. Ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid, are about to appear.

A work is announced under the title of Letters from Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, by R. R. Madden, Esq. The author, who is a physician, has been sojourning for four years in these countries, and was enabled, by virtue of his profession, to ascertain the actual state of Turkish society, manners, and customs, and to furnish more accurate information than has ever appeared on the subject. During his travels in the East, he visited the sites of Troy, Memphis, Thebes, and Jerusalem, and other interesting ruins.

A copy of Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetcy of the United Kingdom has just reached us. The work, in point of accuracy and extent of information, surpasses any that has yet appeared, being compiled from the communications of the nobility, and containing the Baronetcies of Scotland and Ireland, together with various new and important additions.

A History of the late Catholic Association of Ireland, from its institution in 1760, to its final dissolution in 1829, by a member of that body; to which are added the opinions of a distinguished Traveller on the actual state of Ireland, and on the Elections of England, will appear in a few days.

Mr Horace Smith, the author of Brambletye House, Zillah, &c., has a new novel in considerable forwardness, to be called "The New Forest."

The author of Hungarian Tales is about to publish Romances of Real Life, in three volumes.

The second volume of Mr Atherstone's Poem, the Siege of Nineveh, is on the eve of publication.

The Rivingtons announce a volume of an interesting nature, to be called The German Pulpit, being a collection of sermons by the most eminent modern divines of Germany; selected and translated by the Rev. R. Baker.

The King of Bavaria has published a volume of Poems at Munich, the profits of which are devoted to an institution for the blind.

Mary Queen of Scots, and other Poems, by John Heneage Jesse, Esq., will appear in a few days.

Lectures on Dramatic Poetry.—James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., author of Virginius, &c., has been invited to London, and several of the principal towns in England, to deliver a Course of Lectures on a subject to which few men living can do greater justice—Dramatic Poetry. We understand he is about to commence his tour immediately, in the course of which he will probably visit Ireland. We believe he will remain a short time at Dumfries first, on his way to England; and it is not unlikely that he may be in Edinburgh in the course of next autumn. What gives a peculiar and striking interest to Mr Knowles' Lectures, are his powers as an elocutionist. His readings and recitations are animated and beautiful in the extreme.

Mr Ford's Collection.—We have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the very curious collection of old and rare books, and some interesting and valuable portraits, which have been recently brought to Edinburgh for private exhibition and sale by Mr Ford. We have gone over the collection more than once, and though small, have found in it many things which we could not easily have met with elsewhere.

New Music.—Mr Finlay Dun, whose fine taste and musical acquisitions are so well known in Edinburgh, has recently published two songs, both of which possess much merit. They are called, "The Mad Maiden's Song," and "The Bonnie Lad that's far awa';" the melody of each is very sweet and flowing.

Mr Wilson's Concert.—This concert was very judiciously conducted, and was pleasantly varied by the introduction of some fine old English madrigals. "The Golden Bee," a very spirited composition, by the Authoress of "Aloyse," was sung with much taste by Miss Tunstall, and is likely to become a popular favourite.

Mr Murray's Concert.—We observe that this splendid violinist is to give a concert in the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday. He is to be assisted by the Misses Paton, and Miss Inverarity, who is on this occasion to make her first public appearance, and of whose musical talents very favourable reports have reached us. She is a grand-niece, we are informed, of Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, whom she is said to resemble very much in countenance. She is only sixteen; but if what we have heard of the power of her voice, the fire of her manner, and the brilliancy of her execution, be correct, she must be a wonderful girl of her age.

Fancy Dresses.—For evening dress, some slap-up coves have appeared in coats of mud-coloured brown, with snuff-covered kerseymere vests, in small grease spot patterns, embroidered at the edge with tobacco juice or heavy wet; the tights made small or large, and of any thing you can screw out of the stitch; a check shirt, without sleeves. This is the ne plus ultra of swell toggery. Any sort of coat you can grab is also much in favour; some of these coats have d—d greasy collars. At balls, the waistcoats are of all sorts which the Fancy cribs of Field lane, and Monmouth street, can furnish; but those that fit are most fashionable. The ephemeral reign of waistcoats with straight collars is fast declining, from constant wear. The new waistcoats, which are in high vogue with those who have good flesh-bags, are cut very skimping over the craw, and are liked by the snips, because they consume less stuff: besides, they are more lively and consistent with the airy example of Dusty Bob, and other models of elegance. For dress-balls, the most approved costume consists of short kicksey, open at the knees, red garters, and striped worsted stockings; a yellow fogle, à la Ned Stockman, a white castor, the collar of foolscap, which meets the lug, mustachios of Day and Martin's japan, or horse-hair. Sometimes vests have buttons of different patterns; but livery buttons should be avoided. Many of the canine blades take their tykes to public assemblies, with brass squeezes round their throttles; the tail shaved. Greengrocers ornament their hinder quarters with a carrot, stuck à la spigot and fosset. Carpenters prefer a two-foot rule; snobs a pegging-awl; and tailors a thimble, placed gracefully over the main joint from the vertebræ.

Theatrical Gossip.—Poole has produced a successful farce at Drury Lane, entitled, "My Wife! What Wife?"—"King Lear" has been revived at the same Theatre; Young, *Lear*,—Miss Phillips, *Cordelia*.—At Covent Garden, "The Maid of Judah," and "Home, sweet Home," continue a successful career.—The French Theatre goes well on; and Elliston is making the Surrey pay.—The Italian Opera seems a more doubtful speculation.—On Tuesday last, there was a performance at Covent Garden in aid of a fund for raising a monument to the memory of Charles Dibdin. Many of his best songs were sung in fine style; and, in the musical afterpiece of "The Padlock," Miss Paton and Madame Vestris conjoined their powers—the latter amusing the Londoners with the exhibition of a wooden leg, incidental to the part of *Leander*, which she sustained.—"O'Donoghue and his White Horse," a melo-dramatic spectacle for Easter is preparing at Drury Lane.—"The Provok'd Husband" having been very successfully cast this last Theatre, is to be revived at Covent Garden, and will be strongly cast. *Lord* and *Lady Townly*, Charles Kemble and Miss Chester; *Richard* and *Miss Jenny*, Keeley and Miss Nelson; *Sir Francis Wronghead* and *Mr Manly*, Fawcett and Wrench. The play will be beautifully performed.—Madame Catalani is in Dublin.—Miss Smithson is in Holland, astonishing the Dutch; but she is speedily to visit London.—Charles Kemble, who takes his benefit here to-night, has not been drawing above three good houses in the week. He is to be succeeded, on Monday, by Miss F. H. Kelly. It would have been much better had they been here together. A new piece was produced on Thursday night, called, "The King and the Czar;" it was successful in London, but went off rather heavily here. A Miss Clarke is expected to make her debut soon, with the view of filling Miss Noel's line of parts. *Nous Verrons.*

Weekly List of Performances.

April 4—April 10.

Sat. *Bold Stroke for a Wife, & High Life Below Stairs.*
Mon. *Macbeth, & Falls of Clyde.*
Tues. *Beaux Stratagem, & Catharine and Petruchio.*
Wed. *King Henry IV. & Falls of Clyde.*
Thur. *Provok'd Husband, & King and Czar.*
Fri. *Mountaineers, & Do.*

To our Correspondents.

"A. L. B." of Glasgow writes temperately and well; and the author of the article in question may perhaps profit by his opinions.—"F." of Dundee has our thanks; we shall be glad to hear from him again; we think he succeeds best in the sentimental mood, judging by the commencement of his communications.—"A Friend" has not changed our opinion on the subject he writes about. When "G. Barbour" next honours us with a letter, we shall be obliged by his paying the postage.

There are some good lines in "Nature, an Allegory;" but, as a whole, it is imperfect.—We regret that "The Chieftains of Morven," the lines on "Hope," to "Misfortune," to "Spring," and the Stanzas by "D. L. B.," will not suit us.

"Cato," to whom we owe an apology, will previously find a packet at our Publishers' *now*.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

The History and Doctrine of Budhism popularly illustrated; with Notices of the Kappooism, or Demon Worship, and of the Bali, or Planetary Incantations of Ceylon. By Edward Upham, M.R.A.S. With forty-three Lithographic Prints, from original Singalese Designs. London. R. Ackermann. 1829. 4to.

This is a learned and valuable work, upon a subject of much greater interest and importance than the general reader may at first sight suppose. Budhism is the most ancient faith of which any authentic records exist; for even what may be termed modern Budhism, which is a modification of the original doctrine, and a slight deviation from pure Paganism, is 2340 years old. It owes its existence to Gaudma, or Godama, (whence the Teutonic word God,) who, having been probably a great warrior-king and lawgiver in that remote period, taught his people to believe that he was endowed with superhuman powers, and on his death was deified, as has always been the case in rude ages. The previous traditions regarding a Budha, go back to a period long anterior to that at which the Mosaic chronology fixes the Deluge. The creed which Gaudma disseminated, and which is preserved in its purest state in the Island of Ceylon, extends over all the Indian isles, and the greater portion of the vast regions to the eastward of the Ganges, among which may be included Birmah, China, Tartary, and Thibet. Its doctrines thus influence the moral and intellectual character of not fewer than three hundred millions of the human race. These are considerations which convert, into matters of deep interest, the most minute details that can be gathered from the almost unexplored heaps of Eastern manuscripts, pictorial representations, and other antiquities which are known to exist, but which no scholar, previous to Mr Upham, has been able to turn to much practical use. Surely no enquiry can have more imperative claims upon public attention than that which retraces its way, upon the most authentic data, to the very earliest years of creation, and which seems to point to a time when the great family of man formed but one community, cherished the same belief, and observed the same rites. That some grand convulsion in the material world overthrew this state of things, and scattered its fragments over the earth, seems to be beyond a doubt. Asiatic tradition, though it cannot precisely explain what that convulsion was, or how it operated, carries us back to the date of its occurrence, and almost seems, in some vague and mysterious manner, to penetrate beyond the barrier, and to present at least a glimpse of the primeval world.

We are strongly inclined to think, that according to the correct acceptation of the term, Budhism is a system of Atheism. It, no doubt, inculcates a belief in various gods, or rather in human beings who have become gods; but it rejects entirely the idea of a Supreme Being, who has created and preserves the universe. Its highest conception of power and happiness is to be in a state of Budha, or to obtain *Nieban*. This state of Budha, or Nieban, is entirely negative, and consists in not being subject to weight, old age, disease, or death. It is to be obtained only after a long progress of metempsychosis, and a succession of punishments and purifications in hells and purgatories, which, by the decrees of fate—*Damata—necessarily* follow moral or immoral conduct. Four persons have already passed into the highest state of existence, namely, that of Budha, of which persons Gaudma was the fourth; and his doctrines are to remain in full force for 5000 years, at the expiration of which period, (nearly one-half having already passed,) a fifth and last person will appear; and when he transmigrates into the state of Budha, the present system of things shall have an end. Mixed up with this predominating belief, which, many centuries ago, found its way into Egypt, and was thence carried to Greece by Pythagoras, are a thousand wild fancies and incomprehensible legends, betraying the gorgeous luxuriance of Eastern imagination, and showing, after all, how very short a length man's spirit, cabined and confined by the trammels of materiality, can proceed when it attempts to soar, unaided, beyond the paltry range of its own weak senses.

But, notwithstanding the absurdities of the Budhist creed, historical and scientific conclusions of the most interesting nature may be deduced from its doctrines and traditions; and this, of itself, would make it worthy the most careful and laborious investigation. If, in retracing the stream of time, we are to look for the fountain from which all the generations of man have proceeded, and if that people is likely to be the most ancient who inhabit districts acknowledged as the original nursery of all the arts now spread over the world, it is clear that we must turn to the East, and that there Budhism, if it does not bring us to the fountain-head, will at least carry us a long way on the right course towards it. In the progress of this voyage of discovery, it will be particularly important and interesting to observe, in the first place, that in the Maha-Vansi, a work composed in Palee, (the sacred Budhist language,) and which is one of the oldest and most esteemed of the sacred writings, the early history of the human race, though laid at a much remoter date, is found to agree, in many remarkable points, with our own Sacred Scriptures. The Maha-Mansi records the *lengthened period of life* allotted to the earlier inhabitants of the earth, the *non-existence of sin*, the *rationality of the animal tribes*, the *extraordinary ascension* of a certain Maha-Mandatoo *in a living state* to heaven, the *introduction of falsehood and murder*, and the *rebellion of men against the gods*. These are very curious coincidences, and will, no doubt, tend to confirm the Christian in his faith.

There are other coincidences equally deserving of notice. Many of our readers are no doubt acquainted with

the theory advanced by Humboldt, that the twelve signs are not the original Zodiac, but are derived from a more ancient system of the lunar mansions in use in Central Asia. Mr Upham's work establishes the truth of this theory. The solar zodiac, which the Budhists have also, is proved to have been the result of a more advanced state of knowledge, and to have been derived from the far more ancient and original lunar zodiac. We thus see that astrology, which owes its existence to the mixture of superstition and curiosity implanted in our nature, is, in truth, the parent of astronomy, which is science purged from superstition by more accurate information. But this discovery leads to still further results;—it shows an affinity existing in the rites and practices of countries the most remote from each other, and between which we should not otherwise have been able to trace any sort of connexion. We more particularly allude at present to the very striking and singular analogies which may now be perceived to subsist in the computation of time and zodiacal signs between the Tartar Budhists of Northern Asia and the Aztech and Toltech tribes of America. It has long been disputed whether it was possible to prove that the tribes of Asia and America had ever communicated with each other; but if we find several arbitrary zodiacal signs the *same* in both countries, the question must certainly be considered as decided. That the astronomical arrangements and divisions of modern Europe should very closely resemble those of Budhism is less wonderful, for it was comparatively easy for the science to find its way into Egypt, and thence it spread by Greece over all the West. It is of importance, however, to observe the very slight additions which have been effected in this department of knowledge to the discoveries that were made by the Budhists thousands of years ago.

Budhism, as it now exists, is a reformed creed; and, as we have already remarked, is believed to be founded on the ruins of Paganism. Gaudma, the fourth Budha, did not approve of the doctrines which had been promulgated or acquiesced in by the Budhas who preceded him; and though he could not extirpate them, he altered some, did away with others, and took the remainder into copartnership. Original Paganism seems to have been little else than a system of demon-worship, and a belief in planetary influences. This, indeed, is generally the foundation of all barbarous religions;—men deify their hopes and fears, and attach superhuman powers to objects, with whose nature they are unacquainted. Climate, habits, and modes of life, modify the creed; which will thus be found to vary from that of other savage tribes in some of its details, but to preserve a close resemblance in all its leading features. Gaudma, however, in reforming Budhism, had not merely to contend with Pagans, but with a more determined and formidable sect—the Brahmins. The question has been often agitated, whether Brahminism or Budhism is the most ancient system, and it is a question which, many centuries ago, occasioned the most devastating wars in India. The result has been that, at this day, the two systems divide the East. In Central India, Brahminism maintains the superiority; whilst, in the Indian Isles and all the ultra-Gangetic continent, Budhism is supreme. The truth seems to be, that both creeds are modifications of pure Paganism; and it is of little consequence which sprang up first. The Brahmins calculate the antiquity of the world; the Budhists do not believe in creation: The Brahmins eat of no animal; the Budhists eat of all except nine, of which the ox is the principal: The supreme deity of the Brahmins is Vishnu, and the remote periods at which he visits the earth they term Avatars; the supreme deities of the Budhists are their five Budhas, of which only four have yet made their appearance. The great connecting link between the two systems is the belief they both inculcate in transmigration, of which we shall say a few words.

The doctrine of metempsychosis is the very essence and groundwork of Budhism. It is not a mere fanciful theory, but a moral system, which teaches that souls must atone by penances in inferior forms for sins committed in any present stage of existence, and that it is only after they have occupied the bodies of men or animals, more or less degraded, that they can finally be fitted for Nirwana, or the state of Budha. There being no Supreme Being, no great directing Mind, in the Budhist creed, the system of metempsychosis was the only other plausible method by which a scheme of rewards and punishments could be introduced, without which no religion could ever be popular or useful. Budhism inculcates, that Gaudma transmigrated through the whole circle of the creation, through all the existences of land, sea, and air, and that he lived in every station of human life. This took him three thousand years to accomplish; but if his faithful followers obey his commands, they may very speedily transmigrate into the Dewa Loka, or Lower Heavens, where they will gradually rise in the scale of existences till they reach Nirwana, or final bliss. In the book of the Jutakas, or the five hundred and fifty incarnations of Budha, a complete history is given of his births among the different classes of beings, and the substance of his intercourse with them, for the purpose of illustrating three of the chief traits of his character—purity, compassion, and wisdom. The book was originally written in Palee, and afterwards translated into Singalese; a pictorial illustration accompanies each narrative; and the work altogether, judging by the specimens of it furnished by Mr Upham, must be one of the most remarkable which the East possesses.

The Budhist's belief in a series of hells, or abodes for condemned demons and mortals, where the most horrible torments are inflicted, adds great additional weight to the doctrine of metempsychosis. These punishments, as we have already remarked, are not supposed to be awarded by any moral governor or creator; for the Budhas perform no other function than that of exhortation and preaching, but they are believed to have been made necessary by the immutable laws of *fate* from all eternity. The oath administered to a Budhist, in legal proceedings, is strikingly illustrative of this part of the religious opinions of the people. It is in these words:

"If I have not seen, yet shall say that I have seen; if I shall say that I know that which I do not know, then may I be thus punished: Should innumerable descents of the Deity happen for the regeneration and salvation of mankind, may my erring and migrating soul be found beyond the pale of their mercy! Wherever I go, may I be encompassed with dangers, and not escape from them, whether arising from murderers, robbers, spirits of the earth, of wood, of water, or of air, or from all divinities who adore Budha, or from the Gods of the four elements, and all other spirits! May blood flow out of every pore of my body, that my crime may be made manifest to the world! May all or any of these evils overtake me within three days, or may I never stir from the spot on which I now stand, or may the *Issani*, or *lash of the sky*, (lightning,) cut me in two, so that I may be exposed to the derision of the people! Or, if I should be walking abroad, may I be torn in pieces by either of the four supernaturally endowed lions, or destroyed by venomous herbs, or poisonous snakes! If in the waters of the river or ocean, may supernatural crocodiles, or great fishes, devour me, or may the winds and waves overwhelm me; or may the dread of such evils keep me, during life, a prisoner at home, estranged from every pleasure; or may I be afflicted by the intolerable oppressions of my superiors; or may a plague cause my death; after which, may I be precipitated into hell, there to go through innumerable stages of torture,

amongst which, may I be condemned to carry water over the flaming regions, in open wicker baskets, to assuage the heat felt by Than Wetsuwan, when he enters the infernal hall of justice; and thereafter may I fall into the lowest pit of hell; or, if these miseries should not ensue, may I, after death, migrate into the body of a slave, and suffer all the hardships and pain attending the worst state of such a being, during a period of years measured by the sand of four seas; or may I animate the body of an animal or beast during five hundred generations, or be born an hermaphrodite five hundred times, or endure in the body of a deaf, dumb, houseless beggar, every species of disease, during the same number of generations, and then may I be hurried to Narak, or hell, and there be crucified by Phria-Yam, one of the kings of hell!"

The Budhist doctrine teaches that there are eight large hells, which, however, are only probationary states, where mortals are purified by fire, and which seem to have suggested the idea of their Tartarus, Hades, and Orcus, to the Greeks and Romans. The hells are supposed to be under the earth, and rendered invisible to our eyes by the shell or crust of the terraqueous globe. But Nirwana, the place of bliss, as well as the Dewa Loka, or Lower Heavens, are situated in the starry sphere.

Did space and time permit, we would willingly accompany Mr Upham into some farther details upon this interesting subject, which he has so ably and laboriously illustrated. We might give some account of the singular notions entertained by the Budhists of the earth, and the atmospheric regions; we might describe the inhabitants of the Dewa Loka, or Six Heavens, supplying, as they do, with their multitude of Dives, Peris, fairies, enchanters, giants, and oracular birds, all the materials of Arabian fable; we might look into many parts of their religious ritual, such as the feasts of the Nats, the Festival of the Gods, the poisoned toast, and the inebriating tree, in which we might discover the more recondite parts of the Eleusinian mysteries; we might trace, in the superstitions connected with the hells, the Bali, and the Demons, much of the machinery of Dante, and not a little of the creed of our own Teutonic ancestors, who, coming from the Euxine, imported Budhism along with them. But we must bring our remarks to a close, after expressing our full sense of the many difficulties Mr Upham must have encountered and overcome, before he was able to produce so splendid a work, on a subject so far out of the beaten track. We are well aware of the labour and perseverance requisite to dive into the hidden stores of Indian literature; and in all the Palee manuscripts relating to Budhism, we know that the writers purposely wrap up their meaning, and are more willing to mystify and mislead, than to give any distinct information. We cannot, therefore, but observe, with surprise, the very lucid manner in which Mr Upham has arranged his materials, and the distinct way in which he brings a thousand scattered facts to bear upon the point in question. The coloured lithographic prints which the volume contains are themselves of very great value. The originals have been presented to the London Asiatic Society, and are considered the oldest and only examples extant of the ancient mode of teaching by pictures. Few publishers can do greater justice to a work than Ackermann, when he is so disposed; and, from the splendid style in which the present has been got up, we do not wonder to learn that it has cost not less than L.1400. We believe the impression has been limited to 250 copies, and it will therefore be much less widely circulated, than the interesting nature of its contents deserves. It must, however, of course find its way into all the great libraries; and we are glad to perceive, by a Prospectus now before us, that Mr Upham is diligently proceeding with his Oriental researches, and is engaged in editing the three sacred and historical books of Ceylon, comprising all the authentic annals of Budhism, drawn from sources to which none but Budhists themselves could have access.

Traits of Travel; or Tales of Men and Cities. By the author of "High-Ways and By-Ways." 3 vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

Mr Grattan's abilities as a novelist are not greatly above the ordinary currency of the day. He writes in a light pleasant style, and his stories are agreeable enough to read on a rainy afternoon, when one does not exactly know what to do with oneself. But they will never set the Thames on fire, nor even, we suspect, make the author's fortune. The work now before us is not an improvement on his "High-Ways and By-Ways;" it has too much of a *made-up* air, as if the writer had been more anxious to fill a book than to increase his reputation. It bears, in many parts, evident marks of haste and carelessness; and these are hardly redeemed by the fire and brilliancy of the remainder. Besides, we do not think that Mr Grattan has adopted the most popular style and plan for fictitious narrative. He assumes the character of a walking gentleman, and seems more desirous to recount his own personal adventures than to supply his readers with an interesting series of tales. This is injudicious; and, at all events, the idea was exhausted in his "High-Ways and By-ways." The novel-reading public must either have fish or flesh. They don't want half-and-half works, where the author is entirely lost sight of in one page, and starts up again, prosy and egotistical, in the next. They do not like to be thus cheated out of a good love-story, full of tears, and duels, and hard-hearted papas and mammas. Mr Grattan may be one of the most charming little men in existence; but there is nothing particularly romantic in his walking through lanes in Normandy, or taking cross cuts in Belgium, going into hedge alehouses, and meeting with queer postilions and blowsy dairy-maids. A book in three volumes should be made of sterner stuff than this; for really there is a good deal of flummery, and not a great deal of substance, in the "Traits of Travel."

The work consists of a number of Tales and Sketches, to which it is impossible for us to allude individually, and we therefore have preferred giving a general opinion on the whole. Let it not be supposed, however, that we mean to deny to Mr Grattan the praise unquestionably due to him. He is not a very profound or powerful writer; but he has many good qualities, which ought not to go unrewarded. He has a neat flowing style, considerable facility of description, a fair portion of Irish enthusiasm, a gentle vein of sentimentalism, a tolerably acute perception of character, and some humour, which, though it never inundates, flows on in a quiet, pleasant stream. In short, Mr Grattan has few faults; and all that he wants to make him a more eminent man is a more decided and original genius. We had marked several passages for quotation, but must limit ourselves to one, the spirit of which our readers will be able to enjoy, though detached from the Tale in which it occurs. We shall entitle it

A SCENE BELOW THE TABLE.

"Very soon after the soup had been removed, and the housekeeper's operations had commenced in solid earnest, and while I was in the act of addressing a sentence of civility to the interesting girl beside me, I felt something gently touch the point of one of my feet with a very light pressure. I did not pay any attention to it at first, and on a repetition of the touch, I concluded that a cat was passing to and fro under the table. Af-

ter a very short interval, however, it came again; and there was something so intelligible in the feel of the thing, and in the language it spoke, that I thought *more* animal agency could not alone have caused it. The fact of the case came across my mind with a quickness and clearness that showed, as I thought, a considerable aptitude on my part. I was convinced, in a moment, that the sallow-visaged doctor was sending his long legs on an embassy from the other side of the table, and that his grisly foot believed itself in the act of making a very tender impression on the instep of my beautiful neighbour. My determination was instantly formed to encourage the doctor's error, to personate, with the point of my foot, the moiety of one of those no doubt delicate ones for which it was mistaken, and to amuse myself by observing those secret workings of the doctor's *sole*, which I thought, if properly managed by me, would be likely to display themselves in his countenance.

"In pursuance of this freak, the consequences of which I little foresaw, as my readers will believe when they learn them, I quietly slipped my foot out of its shoe, the better to counterfeit feminine delicacy; and advancing it softly towards that of the doctor, which had retreated after his last attempt, I gently touched the tip of his great toe with mine. While I did so, I turned again towards the lady on whom I was committing this personal forgery, and, though saying a few words to her, I marked, by a single glance, the effect of my first step in this underfoot affair. The doctor's look had been louring and disappointed; but no sooner did he feel the timid touch which I essayed, than a frightful expression of delight showed itself on his face. An odious streakiness overspread his cheeks, the livid veins of his temples swelled almost to bursting, his lip quivered with a convulsive tremor, and his glowering eyes seemed to float in bile. The look of sickening softness, which he rolled across the table, was enough to infect the delicate things it passed over, like the poison-blast that desolates the garden of Araby.

"I was utterly disgusted with the fellow; but I did not the less amuse myself with him. For full half an hour, I played him as an angler plays a salmon, forward and backward, from one side to the other; sometimes luring him on, then letting him retreat; now suffering his foot gently to press mine, then giving his a squeeze on the most sensitive and corny part; and, on these occasions, I could mark on his lips the anguish which he was, martyrlike, enduring so bravely. At last I got quite tired of my sport, and began to hate the wretch, as his glances at the passive object of his gallantries seemed to give her credit for a sympathy with his overtures, of which she was wholly innocent. He at last looked so atrociously amorous, that I could keep my temper no longer; but, slipping my foot again into my shoe, I waited for his next approach, and drawing back my leg an instant to take forcible aim, I darted it forward with amazing accuracy, and just caught his advancing shinbone on the edge of my square-toed shoe. The pain he suffered must have been intolerable, for he smacked his knee against the table with a force that caused it to dart up like a spring-board, and made a *matelotte* of eels, which was beside him, bound, as though they had just been popped into the frying-pan. Several bottles and glasses were upset and broken, and the whole of the sensitive assemblage looked affrighted. The victim of my vengeance writhed with pain; and I, with all the hypocrisy I could put on, looked penitence personified, and apologised, expressing my fears that I had kicked *him* instead of a dog or cat which I supposed to have been at my foot. 'I beg a thousand pardons,' said I, in conclusion.

"'*Au contraire, Monsieur, c'est moi*,' exclaimed he, bowing down to the table-cloth with perfect politeness, and I was quite satisfied. But if I was, or even *gratified* with his discomfiture and suffering, the feeling was soon changed to one of a very different kind. No sooner were the staring eyes of the party taken off his face, which I, however, continued slyly to observe, than I perceived him to dart one look at my lovely neighbour, of such a mixed and horrible kind, that I felt myself bodily to shrink from it. He either meant to reproach her for her insensibility to his suffering, or for a complicity in the injury done him. Heaven knows what! But so deadly a look of anger, hatred, and revenge, I certainly never witnessed. During the remainder of the repast, he sat sullen and silent."—P. 96–101.

To such of our readers as wish for a longer sample of these volumes, we recommend the sketch called, "A Bone to pick, a tale of Irish Revenge," and the story of "Laura Permegia," which is very sweetly and prettily told. "The Maison de Santé" contains some graphic writing; but it is a painful and disagreeable subject. The whole of the third volume we consider heavy.

The Practice of Cookery, adapted to the Business of Everyday Life. By Mrs Dalgairns. Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. 1829.

This is by far the most complete, and truly practical work, which has yet appeared upon this subject. It contains 1434 Receipts, and the Index alone occupies twenty-five pages. Mrs Dalgairns is not one of those imaginative and flowery preceptors, who think it necessary to call in the aid of fiction and fine writing, to give an interest to the engrossing and important matters of which she treats. She proceeds to business at once; and from her title-page, to her "Printed by Ballantyne and Co." at the foot of page 528, she never for a moment turns either to the right or to the left; but, devoted to the *metier* she professes, prides herself on being *totus in illo*. Her book will be found an infallible Cook's Companion, and a treasure of great price to the mistress of a family. It is stuffed choke-full of the most important gastronomical information; and, like a well-fed turkey, or juvenescent pig, it has swelled out under the fostering care of Mrs Dalgairns, till it has actually become fat and dumpy; reminding us of an alderman we once knew, five feet high by four broad,—a very incarnation of all the good things of this life. There are 25 Chapters, in the course of which we are treated, among many others, to 95 receipts for soups, 115 for fish, 70 for beef, 60 for veal, 31 for pork, 41 for poultry, 14 for curries, 104 for gravies, sauces, &c., 66 for vegetables, 263 for puddings, pies, and tarts, 134 for creams, custards, &c., 100 for cakes, &c., 82 for preserves, 61 for domestic wines, 15 for the dairy, and 88 miscellaneous. Then we have remarks besides on the poultry-yard, brewing, the kitchen garden, bees, pigs, &c. The highly-judicious principles upon which the book has been composed are thus stated in the Preface:—"The chief requisites in a work of this kind are, first, the intrinsic excellence of the precepts it contains; next, their economical adaptation to the habits and tastes of the majority of its readers; and, lastly, such a distinct arrangement of the various parts, that no difficulty can arise in searching for what is wanted, nor any ambiguity in the meaning of the directions when found." We are farther assured, that every receipt has been actually tried, either by the author, or by persons whose accuracy in the various manipulations could be safely relied upon. With so many arguments in its favour, we cannot doubt that the "Practice of Cookery" will soon find its way into a wide and useful circulation. For our own part, we have in an impressive manner presented our cook with a copy, solemnly declaring, that if an ill-dressed dish ever again appear upon our table, the punishment shall be instant dismissal.

A Memoir of Barbara Ewing. By her Husband, Greville Ewing. Glasgow. George Gallie. 1829.

It is with considerable reluctance that we notice this volume; and, had we not promised to speak of every work of any consequence that issues from the Scottish press, we should certainly have passed it over in silence. We believe it to have been written with proper intentions; but we can say little either for the good taste or delicacy of feeling which led to its publication. The late Mrs Ewing, in every sense of the word, belonged to *private* life, and, we doubt not, possessed virtues which endeared her to her friends, and her domestic circle. Why this veil should be drawn aside after her death, and an account of her birth, parentage, and education, habits, and dispositions, be written by her *husband*, and sold for three-and-sixpence, we confess ourselves at a loss to discover. We do not like this trumpeting of the dead; and far less do we like it, coming from the Reverend Greville Ewing. It seems to us, that a widowed husband should feel that there was something too sacred in his grief to have it made a common topic of conversation at every tea-table and gossiping visit. We may be wrong, (for Mr Ewing has more experience in these matters than we have,) but if a "Memoir" of his *third* wife was to be written, we do not think that *he* was the person who should have done it. We pass over the literary and religious merits of the volume, though we think there is much to object to in the insinuations and attacks it contains against the Established Church of Scotland; and we forbear to enquire whether it is of much importance for the public to know that Mrs Ewing "was blest with a pious nurse, who, being a widow, continued with her during the whole of her childhood,"—or that, when she lived in the vicinity of Auldkirk, "she procured visits from itinerant and congregational preachers,"—or that it was "a mutual comfort to her and her husband that, during their married life, they were seldom separated, though she never grudged his absence when it was occasioned by calls of evangelical duty,"—or that "she zealously engaged in a sale of ladies' work in Glasgow, in aid of the funds of the Glasgow City Mission, and superintended one of the tables at that sale;"—we pass over these things, and content ourselves with expressing a hope, that, if this book turns out a good speculation, Mr Ewing will also give to the world the "Memoirs" of two other ladies, who must have been equally dear to him, and both of whom, no less than the lady to whom he dedicates the present volume, he is "soon to meet in a deathless world."

The Westminster Review, No. XX. April 1829. London. Printed for the Proprietors. Edinburgh. William Tait.

The Monthly Magazine, No. XL. April 1829. London. Whittaker.

This is a good Number of the Westminster Review, as Reviews go, in these degenerate days. Be it recollected, that, though steering clear ourselves of all political bias, we, nevertheless, assume the privilege of admiring talent wherever we meet with it—"from Indus to the Pole"—no matter under what garb it may appear. We think Shiel and O'Connell two of the cleverest men which the clever country of Ireland has produced; but we are not on that account prepared to deny that Lord Eldon is a great statesman, or that the author of "The Breaking-in on the Constitution," in Blackwood's Magazine, is an able writer. We are perhaps disposed to believe the Hamiltonian system a system of humbug; but, at the same time, we should never desire to see a better article in the Edinburgh Review, than that of the Rev. Sydney Smith in defence of it. We can enjoy the ingenuity of Mr Combe, and a few more of the phrenologists, and, nevertheless, we can smile to see Phrenology knocked on the head by Sir William Hamilton, Mr Jeffrey, or any other worthy antagonist. So we can take up the Westminster Review just as if it were the Quarterly, and the Quarterly just as if it were the Westminster; and we can be as much pleased with Mr Bowring as we are with Mr Lockhart, provided they both support their own theories and opinions with an equal share of intellectual acumen.

The *first* article in the present Number of the Westminster is an elaborate review of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." The writer enters into a minute investigation of Sir Walter's sentiments regarding the House of Stuart, and endeavours to convict him of many inaccuracies and fallacies. This is a point which has been long mooted, and will never be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. There is one objection, however, made to the "Tales," which we ventured to state some months ago, and which, we are not displeased to see, is completely coincided in by the present Reviewer. "An historical work," he observes, "composed for the instruction of youth, should, above all things, be careful to point out what is commendable, and what reprehensible, in the actions recorded. The work, in this respect, falls far short of the character of a good instrument of education. Censure and commendation are often not dealt out at all, or are not adequately explicit; and sympathy is wanting with the interests, the characters, and the principles, with which it is for the good of mankind that every man should sympathize." This, we suspect, is the great and leading blemish of all Sir Walter's controversial writings, or rather of those writings which should have been controversial, but which are not so.

The *second* article is a long one in defence of the Hamiltonian system. That this system, which professes to do so much, has made so little progress, is one of the chief arguments against it, and one which speaks more powerfully than the most laboured disquisition ever written.—The *third* article is an amusing piece of gossip and light reading, concerning the Court of Napoleon, condensed from three or four French works on the subject.—The *fourth* is a political puff of a novel called "The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century," and the author is christened by no less a title than the "Hibernian Sir Walter Scott."—The *fifth* is a short essay on Banking, taking the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther for its text. We plead guilty to not having read it.—The *sixth* is an overhawling of an article in No. XCVI. of the Edinburgh Review, which, it is maintained, under a show of defence, was an invidious attack on Mr Bentham—the *magnus Apollo* of the Westminster Review. We shall leave the gentlemen to fight out their own quarrel.—The *seventh* article is a laborious and important one on the abuses existing in many of the public offices in which the Public Records of the country are preserved, and an account of the manner in which those abuses operate to retard historical research, and to impede the course of justice.—The *eighth* article is a flippant and very inconclusive one, (although the author writes as if he were an oracle of the first magnitude,) on the important subject of Dry Rot.—The *ninth* is a tolerably unintelligible account of a very unintelligible book, "The Misfortunes of Elphin."—The *tenth* is a clever exposure of the absurdities of the Disabilities and Privations affecting the Jews in England.—The remaining articles, all of which are interesting, are upon the Law of Literary Property and Patents,—the Newspaper Press of London,—Poor Humphrey's Calendar,—the Expeditions to the North Pole,—the system of Political Police in France,—and the Case of the Forty-Shilling Freeholders. There is thus a great variety of subjects discussed; and, on the

whole, an exceedingly creditable display of talent in the Twentieth Number of the Westminster Review.

The Monthly Magazine is one of the stanchest periodicals in the metropolis for the glorious Constitution of 1688, and has, like old Eldon, battled to the very last gasp. The present Number contains, among other things, a short but bitter attack on the Cabinet, a dozen members of which the Monthly could see "kicked out," (to use its own words,) without the slightest compunction. On poor Peel they are particularly severe; they say,—"Our hearts shrink at the mention of the apostate. Scorn has no word deep enough for the emotion which his very name stirs in us. He is undone; if he were to live for a thousand years, he can never wash away the name his apostacy has earned to him. The best thing for him to do, is to fly from public life, and make his peace with Heaven; for, by his country, he will be called the Apostate during his existence, and it will be the only title on his grave!"

Doctors differ, and so do Magazines and politicians. Mr Peel, we doubt not, is an honourable man,—

"So are they all, all honourable men."

As a curious fact connected with this Magazine, we may mention, that the Printers, Publishers, Proprietors, Editors, &c., sent a petition to Parliament against all concessions to our Roman Catholic brethren. The Monthly, in its Original Tales and Sketches, comes nearer Blackwood than any other Magazine we know. Their "Affairs in General" are sometimes very good, and the Review department is conducted, on the whole, with spirit and impartiality.

Huie's British Drama. Edinburgh. Stirling and Kenney. 1829.

This is a neat and correct edition, now in the course of being published, of the most popular acted dramas. It was originally projected by the individual whose name it bears, and from whom it was purchased some time since, by Messrs Stirling & Kenney, who rightly calculated upon its speedily superseding other more spurious editions. They employed, as their editor, Mr Hislop, who, till recently, was editor of one of the Edinburgh weekly newspapers, and whose acquaintance with dramatic matters and judicious criticisms on the stage, well fitted him for the task. Thirteen numbers have already made their appearance, and others are to follow in quick succession. To each play are affixed "Remarks" by the editor—brief, sententious, and spirited—describing the character of the play, with a short account of its author, and of any remarkable incidents which may have occurred during its representation. An engraved frontispiece is also given to each number; but, although this is a very common practice, it is not one of which we can at all approve. The frontispiece to a play that is sold for so low a price as sixpence, must always be of the most inferior description. So far from bringing any particular scene more vividly before us, it merely spoils the pleasure which our imagination might have enjoyed, if left to picture for itself the personal appearance of the characters. In taking up the numbers before us at random, we find that *Juliet* has a snub nose of the most awkward description,—that *Richard III.* is evidently labouring under a severe attack of colic,—that *Justice Woodcock* is a caricature of the Laird of Cockpen,—and that *Captain Macheath* is an uglier and more dissipated-looking rascal than either Burke or Hare. When we bind the work into volumes, we shall most assuredly tear out the *embellishments*; for we do not choose to have our conceptions of the immortal creations of poetry thus vulgarised. We may remark, that this is the only edition of the theatre that contains our popular national dramas, which, we understand, have been carefully collated from the Edinburgh prompt-books. On the whole, we can safely recommend the work to all those persons who like to get for a sixpence that for which they would elsewhere pay several shillings.

The Book of Health; a Compendium of Domestic Medicine, deduced from the experience of the most eminent modern Practitioners. London. Vizetelly, Branston, & Co. 1829.

Dr Armstrong has said, that "It would be highly advantageous to the public, and likewise to the best part of the medical profession, if the predispositions and occasions of disease were made a portion of the education of every gentleman." We are inclined to agree with the Doctor; and are even disposed to go a step farther, and to think, with the celebrated Howard, that it would, in most cases, be best were every man to be his own physician. He would commit blunders, to be sure, now and then; but he would never have to swallow a whole materia medica, or go through a course of operations, that make the flesh creep but to think of. Here is a plain sensible book, called "The Book of Health," containing simple remedies for all known diseases, which any body, with a head larger than a pin, may understand at once, and have the immediate satisfaction of curing himself, without being a guinea out of pocket. We do not know the price of the "Book of Health;" but it cannot exceed five shillings; and the first time we are afflicted with apoplexy, asthma, catarrh, diabetis, dropsy, inflammation, jaundice, palsy, rheumatism, syncope, typhus, vertigo, or any of the other "ills that flesh is heir to," we intend trying whether, with its assistance, we may not save the doctor's fee. If we die, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* must inevitably stop, and the reputation of the "Book of Health" will be ruined; but this is a frightful consummation, which we do not anticipate.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. I. Part I. The Menageries—Quadrupeds, described and drawn from Living Subjects. London. Charles Knight. April. 1829.

This is another of those cheap and useful works which at present swarm throughout the country. It is published under the superintendence of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—a very praiseworthy and excellent institution, ranking among its members Henry Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir James Mackintosh, Henry Hallam, Francis Jeffrey, Captain Basil Hall, and many other eminent literary and scientific characters. The part now before us is very handsomely printed, of the size and shape of an elegant pocket volume, which will extend to upwards of four hundred pages, and will sell for four shillings. It contains a number of engravings, executed with much spirit and fidelity; and the interesting subject to which it relates is treated of in a popular and pleasing style. We understand that two other volumes are in preparation, one of which is to be entitled, "The Love of Knowledge overcoming the Difficulties of its Pursuit; illustrated by Notices of celebrated Persons;" and the other, "A History and Description of Substances used in the Arts." A Part is to be published every month; and if it proceeds as it has commenced, we wish the work all success.

The Dublin Juvenile Magazine; or Literary and Religious Miscellany. No. I. April 1829. Dublin. William Curry, Jun. & Co.

This is a neatly printed, and very engaging-looking little work. It is adapted for all classes, but designed

more especially for the youthful part of the Irish population. It combines literary amusement with religious instruction; and, without being particularly brilliant, is pleasing and judicious. Political allusions are avoided, and there is nothing violent or unchristian in the tone of its contents. We should think it will meet with a fair share of encouragement, especially in the sister Isle.

SCIENCE.

THE FORMATION AND HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

A New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature, are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. By Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Physics and Lecturer on Chemistry in the Andersonian University. London. Longman & Co. 1829. Pp. 621.

THE principle of curiosity in man is the origin of all that he knows beyond the truths of Revelation. And, while it could never have discovered these, its judicious exercise builds around his faith ramparts that resist the insidious encroachments of a scepticism, which assumes that portion of wisdom's attributes, that consists in doubting, without being able to nurture the noblest of its characteristics—Belief. It thus repels, too, the more painful and pitiable hesitations and fears, which most readily infect minds whose fineness of temperament exposes them to the alternations of confidence and despair. Curiosity, or a desire to know, is the parent of belief in Natural—and the builder of the firmest bulwarks around Revealed Religion. It has soared sunward,—counted the stars of the firmament—extended to us the boundaries of creation—calculated the density of other planets—and measured that of our own. The meanest thing that crawls examines with its earliest developed instinct, the habitation where it is placed. Man has meditated on the structure of his—the Earth—since the hour that he became, in virtue of his capacity of intelligence, its master. The first root he extracted from its surface, the first grave he dug in its bosom, served to show him the diversified nature of the component parts of that floor upon which he stood; and the convulsions which it suffered, unveiled its deeper mysteries, and called forth his profounder thoughts. What was wonder, is now science; what was simple observation, is now GEOLOGY. This is the appropriate term which is attached to the study and knowledge of the nature of the earth, and the revolutions which its crust has undergone. It is not easy to magnify the importance, the dignity, or the striking and engrossing nature of investigations, which have for their aim a right understanding in regard to these objects, involving, as the conclusions deducible from them do, considerations of overwhelming moment—questions of long-agitated curiosity—and collateral points whose immediate practical utility is only secondary to their universal and enduring interest. Some of the most gigantic minds that have ever adorned the world, have been devoted to their elucidation. The process has been a slow, but, in being so, it has also been a philosophical one. For nearly the last century, it has been conducted in the right way: it has been inductively pursued. Facts and observations have been accumulated, till the archives of science are full of truths in relation to it. The time for generalization has at length arrived. The harvest has been for some time ready for the sickle. Scattered ears have been gathered, whose ripeness may have been too much presumed upon—but a labourer, armed, and robust, and ready for the toil, has now descended into the field, and we proceed to show how admirably he has achieved his glorious but gigantic task. We hail the publication of this book as friends to philosophy and to religion—we exult in it as Scotsmen. The production of such a work is an era in the history of science, if to use with effect the accumulations of previous observers be to imprint great truths in the history of intelligence. This will perhaps be called extravagant praise. At least it is not niggardly. We avouch it to be disinterested. We proceed to prove that it is deserved.

The title is, in one sense, a happy and expressive one; but in another, it is not. As a system of *Geology* simply, it is too sober and excellent to be *new*, in the sense ordinarily attached to that term, since it proceeds upon known and indubitable data, and not on novel speculation. But, as a masterly exposition of the formation and history of the shell of our globe, embracing an account of the causes and progress of its revolutions, to illustrate which, every light which every science collateral to geology can afford has been brought, and collected into a series of mutually reflecting *foci*, and as proceeding from a desire to lay before the world a view of certain intrinsic sources of change in the constitution of the earth, which seem to have escaped the observation of philosophers, but which appear to be deducible from modern physical and geological discovery, and a wish to lead popular students of philosophy, to the moral and religious uses of their knowledge,—it is, indeed, entitled to the credit of the term NEW, in its best and truest sense.

Fittingly commencing with an introductory review of the opinions which have been entertained on the formation and revolutions of the Earth, from the time that the physical cosmogony of Greece consisted of little more than metaphysical speculations, the preliminary *coup d'œil* rapidly proceeds from the age of the sophists to the little less crude speculations of Dr Hutton and his disciples, and at once boldly and distinctly states the author's own creed, founded on results "eliminated from the physical researches of the present volume, displaying the primary developements of the material system, and the great revolutions of the earth, in such surprising harmony with the master touches of the Hebrew prophet, as to constitute—in his opinion—incontestable evidence of his being endued with a knowledge more than human; for he has indicated a style and sequence of natural phenomena, gainsaid or disowned by all human learning, till the profound and novel investigations of these latter days, have unveiled their truth." Such being his basis of, and animus to investigation, he fitly remarks, that the rhapsodies of fanaticism, and the bigoted subjugation of science to certain figurative expressions in Scripture, are alike to be shunned. Revelation was certainly not imparted to mankind, for the purpose of instructing them in any principles of philosophy, which reason can explore. When the phenomena of nature are described, it is always in popular language, corresponding to the informations of sense. Thus the sacred writers, in common with practical astronomers of every age, speak of the sun and stars as rising, setting, and moving, in the firmament, yet neither our astronomers, nor the Scriptures, are thereby supposed to pronounce a judgment on the actual motion or repose of these luminaries. In relation to geology, such a truly philosophical method of investigation is here of recent date, however much men have speculated regarding cosmogony since the earliest ages. It can scarcely be traced farther back than the appearance of Mr Smith's Mineralogical Map of England, and the foundation of the Geological Society of London.

After the eloquent, but necessarily discursive introduction, we come to a systematic arrangement of the most precise kind: the work being separated into three great divisions, or books—the first of which treats of the Primordial World, commencing with the general forms of matter, light, the atmosphere, and the primi-

tive structure of the terraqueous globe. In it we find that matter can assume but three *distinct* forms—the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous; and these depend upon the relation between attractive and repulsive powers. Intermediate or transitive forms are possible, but not of importance in this enquiry. The attractive force is that, which, under various modifications, gives origin to cohesion, gravitation, &c. Had *it* reigned alone in the terrestrial system, every thing would have been condensed into a motionless mass, in which water and air would have been as fixed as the solid rock. This, therefore, is the natural condition into which the attractive particles of matter spontaneously tend to come, and at which they do arrive, unless counteracted by the divellent force, called caloric or heat. Light and heat are the same; if light consist in certain vibratory affections of an elastic ethereous medium, so must heat. Dr Young believes that they may occur to us in two predicaments, the vibratory or permanent, and the undulatory or transient state. Newton was of the same opinion. That heat consists in such vibrations, seems to be demonstrated by a fine experiment made long ago, by Sir H. Davy; in which two pieces of ice were converted into water, by their mutual attrition, in an atmosphere at the freezing temperature. We may hence understand why both heat and light come to possess analogies with sound. Thus a magnetic steel bar, set a-ringing for some time, will be deprived of its magnetism as perfectly as if it had been heated red hot; and a charged electrical jar may be discharged equally by heat and by causing it to sound like a musical glass. Between heat and light, so intimate a relationship subsists, that they must be conceived as two modifications of the same fundamental agency. Thus, if any substance, even a stone, water, or air, be heated to a sufficient degree, it becomes luminous.

These positions are then brought to bear upon the original formation and solidity of the globe; for when first the calorific energy was made to actuate the body of the earth, a mighty change would ensue. The central mass composed, most probably, of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalis, as volcanic phenomena seem to attest, would fuse; the exterior parts would oxidize into the crust of mineral strata, and the outermost coat of all, the fixed ice, would melt into the movable waters. Thus, if a mass of basalt be exposed to a high temperature, it will melt into a liquid glass, which, quickly cooled, remains a transparent and uniform vitreous body. Now, if this body be heated again for some time, but so moderately as not even to have its substance softened, it will become throughout its whole interior a congeries of regular crystals.

The infusion of this quickening energy seems distinctly indicated by the inspired historian of the earth. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. *And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*" This last idea, has been, perhaps, more truly rendered by Milton, in the expression, "dove-like sate brooding on the vast abyss, and made it pregnant." In this sublime conception, thus finely paraphrased, may we not, asks the author, recognise the impregnation of the torpid sphere, with elementary fire, that principle of all material activity? That our globe existed for long ages in a chaotic state, is ingeniously confuted; and the question is asked, "Why build a mansion in the wilderness of space, long ere tenants are prepared to occupy it?" That it is no more than 6000 years old is confidently asserted, and that it assumed its primordial form within the period stated in Holy Writ, is ably argued.

The second chapter is "On Light," and is a masterpiece of profound investigation; leading irresistibly to the conclusion, that had Moses written the record of creation, from the informations of sense or Egyptian learning, he would not have placed the creation of light three days prior to the creation of the sun, moon, and stars. When, however, in the progress of research, we come to discover that Moses has described events in their just order of sequence, an order, which reason could never suggest to him, and which has lain concealed till our own days, even from the philosopher, we are then forced to conclude, that he was inspired with a knowledge truly divine. "Philosophy," says Frederick Schlegel, "when studied superficially, leads to unbelief and atheism; but when properly understood, is sure to produce veneration for God, and to render faith in him the ruling principle of our life." These investigations are conclusive as to the undulatory theory of light, which is confirmed by the phenomenon of the dark bands produced in the beautiful experiment of the beam of light reflected from two mirrors slightly inclined to each other, and which seems of itself to be quite decisive against the emission of material particles from luminous bodies, for it is impossible that the accumulation and condensation of such particles, or that *light added to light*, should produce darkness. Yet such is the fact: for by an experiment made in Dr Ure's presence at Paris, it was proved, that on causing the fringes produced by the interference of two beams reflected from slightly inclined mirrors to fall on newly-prepared chloride of silver, they traced on it equidistant black lines, separated by white intervals. It was further proved, that the unequal action of the light at the different points of the space where the two beams are united, depends on their mutual influence; for, on withdrawing one of the beams, the chloride of silver assumed a uniform dark tint in the very same space in which lines alternately black and white were formed, when the two sunbeams arrived there simultaneously. Thus, then, even the dense forms of matter are pervaded by a luminiferous medium, by whose undulatory movements the phenomena of light are produced. To the creation of this marvellous essence, the Divine mandate, Let there be light, seems to refer.

The next chapter, "On the Atmosphere," assumes the well-known facts, that its density diminishes with its distance from the earth, in the ratio of a geometrical to an arithmetical progression, and that its constituent proportions are, 79 and 21 of azote and oxygen, while in a thousand parts, one part of carbonic acid gas may be discovered; and in relation to these proportions, our author remarks, that "were the bulk of oxygen quadrupled, so that its quantity should equal that of the azote, a most noxious air called nitrous gas (deutoxide of azote) might result; a gas which, with an additional charge of oxygen, would condense into an ocean of aqua fortis, or nitric acid. A slight modification of chemical affinity would convert even our existing atmosphere into the most corrosive of liquids; a result which the Hon. Mr Cavendish many years ago produced, by merely transmitting electric explosions through a small portion of common air." Uniformity of temperament, however, could alone make this medium everywhere of equal height, density, and elasticity; but that uniformity, from the alternation of earth and water on the surface of our globe, does not prevail. Hence a perpetual circulation is maintained; the colder air in our hemisphere flowing southward below, and the warmer air northward above, and so tending to equalize the aerial temperature over the globe. "Thus," Dr Ure concludes, "we perceive, that the mechanism ordained by Infinite Wisdom, 'to divide the waters which are under the firmament, from the waters which are above the firmament,' is inferior to none of those refined and beautiful adaptations which lie most obvious to human sight, in the kingdoms of life, or in the starry heavens. But for this delicate adjustment of conflicting elements, the clouds and concrete vapours would have obscured the sky, to an indefinite distance, concealing for ever the glorious orbs which circulate in celestial space."

Having treated of the first forms of matter, as originally and as now acted upon by LIGHT and the ATMOSPHERE, we are naturally led to the investigation of THE PRIMEVAL LAND and OCEAN; and the strictly Geological portion of the book, some will infer, only here begins; but they are as much in error as they would be, were they to suppose that a physician, whose business is with the body of man, was wide of the right track of his investigations, in enquiring how external causes act upon that frame, and regulate the performance of its functions.

Dr Ure is of opinion so far with Granville Penn, that the antediluvian world presented a greater surface of earth than the present aspect of the globe, but does not, like him, hold that the proportions were precisely the reverse of the present. They were more nearly equal. Now, they are relatively as 100 to 365 nearly; but the ocean was then consequently deeper, and the form of the earth was a regular spheroid, while it was enveloped in water, though there are, at this time, considerable irregularities on the surface of the earth, so that the spheroid which agrees best with the degrees measured in France, is one having an ellipticity of 1 in 152; nearly double of what may be accounted the mean ellipticity. These irregularities of shape consist in an unequal magnitude and density of the great mountain masses and table lands, now standing above the waters.

These views, here laid down as a groundwork, are, towards the conclusion of the work, brought to bear with irresistible force upon the consideration of the altered temperature of the modern globe; but, with the author, we proceed to "*the properties of water, and the creation of organic beings.*" Of the first of these he speaks in a passage of glowing, yet pure and lofty eloquence, which Buffon himself need not have shrunk from owning.

In a similar strain, our author describes the instantaneous appearance of vegetable life on the third creative day; and takes that opportunity to put the geological conclusions at which he aims in a most forcible point of view, deducing his argument from the creation of a perfect plant, the type and parent of an indefinite series, which does not seem to have been made a stumbling-block by the Botanical student, as the first arrangement of the mineral strata has been by the Geologist. Yet the cases are strictly parallel.

Dr Ure next proceeds to the creation of animals—fishes and fowls being classed as the work of the 5th day by Moses, though apparently these two orders of animals have little or nothing in common, and hence some sciolists have sneered at the collocation of Moses. But the true naturalist admires the Scripture classification, because he perceives many fine analogies in it. Swimming and flying are, in truth, only the same act performed in different fluids. The effective instruments, organs, and movements, which produce or modify these acts, are similar, or at least analogous. The atmosphere is the ocean of the first; and the sea that of the second. But fishes enjoy *their* domain much more fully than birds; for they can traverse it in every direction—rise to the very surface, sink into the abyss, or repose themselves in any part of the fluid itself. The regular winds favour or modify the aerial voyages of birds; the currents of the ocean regulate in like manner the migration of its shoals. The instinct of generation, which can be satisfied only on coasts, constrains fish at each return of spring, to quit the deep ocean, and approach the shores. The females arrive first to deposit on the land-banks the burden of their spawn or eggs, and the males follow to fecundate them. Hence it is obvious, that fishes could not have animated the watery abyss, which circumfused the globe before the distinction of dry land and ocean existed. Thus we find the Mosaic statement strictly accordant with one of the most refined discoveries of Natural History. Wherever the land presents the greatest extent and variety of surface to the sea, there the fishes most abound. It is for this reason, that the great southern ocean is much more sparingly stocked with fish than our northern seas.

Man was then created, and endowed with that principle which, we have shown, has led to the confirmation from induction of all that Revelation has told him of the origin of his earthly habitation, and its glorious garniture and habitants. We must now, however, leave the more flowery path of general observation, and accompany our author through some of the invaluable details of his profound and laborious work, although we cannot follow him through all the rare and varied lore he has brought to bear upon the conclusions which we shall shortly state. Multiplied observations have shown, that the crust of the earth is composed superficially, or to a moderate depth, of certain stratiform or schistose rocks, which, being devoid of organic remains, are termed Primitive. Chemical science demonstrates, that the crust of the earth consists mainly of six substances,—silica, or the matter of rock crystal, alumina, or pure clay, iron, lime, magnesia, and potash. Silica, in the crystalline form, is called quartz, and is a large constituent of the primitive mountains,—granite, gneiss, and mica-slate. Gneiss and mica-slate are nearly coextensive; they are arranged in planes usually parallel to each other, the mica-slate being, for the most part, uppermost. "But," observes the Doctor, with a felicity of style, that distinguishes the volume from the most of scientific works, "their wide-stretched foliated planes are seldom or never horizontal, or concentric with the curvature of the earth. They usually lie at highly inclined angles, like tables resting on their edges, in a nearly vertical position. In very many localities, vast irregular masses of granite are seen rising up through the schistose fields, as if these had been upheaved and dislocated by its protrusion, *and were thrown like mantles round its shoulders and base.* We, therefore, conclude that the primordial earth, as it lay beneath the circumfused abyss, was at first endowed with concentric coats of gneiss, mica-slate, and clay-slate, and with partial layers of semi-crystalline lime-stone; that at the recorded command of the Almighty, a general eruption and protrusion of the granitic, syenitic, porphyritic, and other unstratified rocks, took place, which broke up and elevated the schists into nearly vertical planes, similar to what now exist, leaving commensurate excavations for the basin of the sea."

Quartz, felspar, and mica, blended in distinguishable crystalline grains, constitute granite. Quartz, felspar, and mica, in crystalline scales or spangles, constitute gneiss. The mica-slate formation consists of the mineral of that name; interspersed with masses of quartz. These form the three great primitive envelopes of the earth.

These primitive rocks, pushed, as now, into visibility in various parts of the world, are then described at length, and with an extent and variety of resources of information, and skill of arrangement, which make the detail as delightful as it is instructive; indeed, we find there ample, but not superfluous evidence "to prove that granite, porphyry, and syenite, is an erupted rock; the Atlas which has raised on its shoulders the gigantic ridges of gneiss and mica-schist, that constitute the mountain elevations of the globe; and that thus, by the expansive power of the internal agents already described, the crust of the earth acquired those irregularities of eminence and depression, that modified the geometrical spheroid around which the waters flowed, and gave it that distinction of dry land and sea, which fitted its surface to become the dwelling-place of organized beings."

We must here stop for the present; but shall resume the consideration of this interesting work next Saturday.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

A CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSIONS.

It has often occurred to me, in reflecting upon the experience of my past life, that it might contribute in some measure to the promotion of a mighty object, were clergymen to give to the world a sketch of their clerical labours,—detailing faithfully such errors and mistakes as have been corrected by experience, with the methods which have proved most effectual in furthering the great object of all preaching—the spiritual improvement and comforting of the people under their ministry. There are many aged and experienced clergymen, who, from various causes, would wish to avoid, and do consequently avoid, the publicity of a regular and separate publication, who might, notwithstanding, be induced, in a respectable periodical, to present to young preachers in particular, those results to which the weekly and regular discharge of clerical duty has conducted them. And as no one better qualified has hitherto come forward, I shall dedicate a few paragraphs to the subject, rather by way of a provocative to others, than as any thing like a fair specimen.

At the time of my ordination, I was possessed of some eighteen or twenty sermons, which, at the rate of two discourses per Sabbath, was provision for nine or ten weeks. These sermons I read as distinctly and emphatically as I could; but after the novelty had subsided, I observed, with a degree of disappointment, which pride taught me to disguise, that my congregation was neither so numerous nor so attentive as I could have wished. I endeavoured to soothe my real disappointment, in the studied praises of a few personal friends, and in the insinuations, that my congregation were by no means a proper jury upon the merits of a well-written sermon,—forgetful, as I was at the time, and fearfully so, that the great mass of the people, in order to be instructed, must first be pleased, and that the praise of the more lettered minority on such occasions is real and merited censure. Oh! how often do we preach at the front seat in the gallery, and over the heads of nine-tenths of the people below, whilst the more learned or intellectual individual, at whose praise we are aiming, is in no sensible measure influenced, or capable of being influenced, by any preaching whatever. How long I might have continued this disgraceful practice, I cannot even guess, had not laziness, the mother of invention, (vide steam!) together with shame, the parent at times of virtue and reformation, come in to my aid. My stock of written, and, as I deemed, well-composed sermons, came at last to a close, in the course of the delivery of which I had contrived to conjure up, from the depths of apathy and listlessness around me, a most reproachful and regularly returning "yawn." To this "yawn," however, with the circumstance before alluded to, I owe my future usefulness as a preacher of the Gospel. Such are the means by which good is extracted from evil, and God's wisdom is manifested even by the perversities of our nature. Had this manifestation of weariness and inattention been one of those silent withdrawings of the under from the upper jaw—accompanied, as in the instance of a dog, with a half-suppressed guttural note—I believe that it might have failed of its effect; or had it even been one of those ordinary drawls, which are immediately succeeded by a snuff, and an effort to shake the soul into attention, I might have imputed it to the weakness of our common nature; but it was such a yawn as one might be supposed to give, if condemned to wear out a sixty years' imprisonment in a dungeon,—so long, so loud, and so rounded off, with a dying cadence of "a woe verging on despair," that it uniformly operated upon the whole congregation, either as an infection, or in the light of a joke. In both of which views it was equally fatal, even to the most laboured and best reasoned passages in my sermon. However elevated my flight, or animated my action, no fowling-piece ever told with more certain effect on flight and life, than this unerring and deadly yawn did upon me. To add to my mortification and disconcertion, I was compelled to perceive that it was emitted by one of my own elders, a person of singular good sense and good feeling, on religious subjects in particular.

As my original stock of sermons had been composed on what is called the moral plan, and according to those rules and that practice which colleges and halls are calculated to enforce and exhibit, and as their general aspect was argument and reasoning—a kind of gladiatorship in which the triumph and victory was sure to remain with him who not only originated, but modified the combat—I bethought me now of changing my plan, and, instead of the argumentative, introducing the pathetic into my discourses. The whole book of Job, with the Lamentations of Jeremiah, was laid under contribution for pathetic texts, and high and glowing pictures were drawn on all sorts of subjects which admitted of feeling appeals. The imagination was enlisted in this warfare with the feelings, and instances of misery and suffering were dragged from every-day life, to witness to the truth and the power of Scriptural intimations. But all would not do; though the congregation manifestly increased in number, the dreadful, uncontrollable "yawn" continued as regular as the sun's ascension to his one-o'clock station in the heavens. What was now to be done? Vanity, self-conceit, besides all the more legitimate sisterhood of duty, honour, usefulness, and popularity, urged an onward movement—another effort—to accomplish that upon which my happiness as a man, as well as my respectability as a Christian, depended.

Shall I undergo the imputation of "religiosum nefas"—of fanaticism!—if I here state, that on my knees, and beneath the outspreading of an ancient oak, on a Sabbath afternoon, I first received the impression that there was something wrong—if not in the doctrines which I preached, at least in my method of stating and enforcing them. I preached against every vice,—I enforced every virtue,—I steeped my exhortations in all the oil of feeling,—arrayed them in all the sparkle of simile, in all the force of argument,—yet still they were comparatively inefficient. I read over my Bible anew, and, in particular, the Epistles of Paul; the scales seemed to fall from my eyes. I had all along been putting, inadvertently, the cart before the horse. I had been exhorting the blind to see,—the dead to feel,—the lame to run,—the deaf to hear,—and my exhortations had terminated in—nothing. In looking around me, I saw that the labours of many ministers, whose talents and acquirements were by no means of a superior cast, were not only acceptable, but highly useful,—that their churches were well filled, and their hearers delighted with their ministry. In looking inwards, I could not but feel, that to exhort to obedience, without pointing to the means, was little less than an insult, or an absurdity. I immediately threw aside my pen, my papers, my arguments, my pathetic addresses; and, with the Bible doctrine of "DIVINE AID" to be sought and to be imparted, ere one movement can be made advantageously in the Christian travel, I reached at once the source of the evil,—arrested attention,—clothed my pulpit stairs with red mantles and grey hairs,—filled the church from door to door,—and, as an *experimentum crucis*, almost immediately silenced my yawning auditors.

So far my experience goes; and with a word or two of inference, I shall conclude.

The doctrines of the Cross, taken in their broadest and most evangelical sense, are the only doctrines which,

being suited to the exigencies of our nature, will, or can be useful. You may reason, but the people sleep—or, if awake, the argument is either misapprehended or soon forgotten. You may make moving appeals to the feelings; but the iron taken from the furnace does not, with greater certainty, harden into steel, than does the natural heart under such temporary and evanescent excitement. You may give new meanings to old words, and discover great critical talent and taste in your disquisitions, but the hard-wrought artizan will not appreciate your labours. Whenever, however, you take up the doctrine of exposition, and hold up to his view a picture of himself, such as he is compelled to recognise, in all his native incapability and deformity, you have a hold of his attention, and through that grasp you may drag him, or, more probably, *draw* him, from darkness unto light—from the power and dominion of sin, to the power and the privileges and the freedom of the sons of God.

There is an advantage, too, in country congregations in particular, in extempore language. The speaker thus, and thus only, identifies himself with his hearers. In proportion as he acts upon them, they act upon him in return. In the act and the attitude of one who is counselling from the heart the hearts around him, the speaker feels an expansiveness of soul, and a facility, a richness, a warmth, and even an elevation of expression, which, in the solitude of his closet, he would never have attained. He feels that he is placed at the helm, and that whilst the ship advances under his control, he himself is borne along in the very act of directing. Extempore language is, of all others, the best suited to a country congregation; its very redundancies and inaccuracies render it so much the fitter vehicle for conveying a lasting impression. The great error of written sermons is, their accuracy and freedom from redundancies and repetitions.—"Gutta cavat lapidem." When the same idea is repeated again and again, under various and shifting aspects, as is generally the case in extempore addresses, the hearer's attention is not only arrested, but *fixed*, upon the subject of discussion. In approaching to the edifice, he has various peeps from various openings in the winding avenue. Now the frontway bursts upon his view from the left—now upon the right—now it moves away, and seems to lose itself amidst the trees on the one hand, and now amidst the gardens and the shrubberies on the other,—and long ere the visitor has alighted at the portal, his imagination has compassed, and his memory has stored up, the various aspects which the edifice presents. It is no longer to him the naked and unassociated outline of a simple building, but has so mixed and mingled itself with situation and sunshine—with light and shade—with tree, garden, park, and shrubbery, that any one of these associations will instantly recall the whole.

If this illustration apply to extempore addresses in general, it is peculiarly appropriate in evangelical preaching. There is a richness and a latitude in gospel doctrine, and gospel imagery, and gospel feeling, peculiarly adapted to amplification and illustration. The naked and definite virtues and vices present to the eye of the orator a sharp and a distinct outline. There is no blending or shading—no hovering indistinctness on the confines of each; but the Mount and the Temple of Zion are softened and sublimed on the eye, by the descending radiance of unseen divinity. It is impossible to contemplate them without feeling that all the surrounding landscape is hallowed by their presence, and that the points from which they may be viewed, and the lights under which they may be seen, are numerous, varied, and striking. It is not possible to touch a string in the mighty harp of Revelation which does not awaken another—and another—till the whole instrument be attuned into harmony and corroborative intonation. *Earnestness*, too, that first, second, and third thing in all popular addresses, is infinitely more compatible with extempore than with preconceived language. To what does Dr Chalmers owe nine-tenths of his popularity, but to his furious and overwhelming earnestness,—to the swelling features,—the hoarse intonations,—the convulsive graspings,—the onward, upward, sidelong, graceless movements,—the all that indicates to every child in the passage, and every gazer in the doorway, that the speaker is completely in earnest,—that, as with the combatants at Thrasymene, even an earthquake would pass under him unnoticed, whilst he is grasping and throttling his subject? But if Chalmers, all powerful as he is, even under the disadvantage of close and pertinacious reading, were to disengage himself from the Bible and the cushion, and to stand forward in the pulpit as he does in public meetings and assemblies, how much would be added to his gigantic stature, and how irresistible would be that earnestness, which was cramped and hampered by no reference to pre-expressed similes and pre-traced characters!

Let every young preacher, then, be an evangelical preacher; and, should his lot be in the country, let him carefully study his text, attune his whole soul to the spirit and importance of his subject, and then, in the faith that utterance will be given, let him utter boldly, earnestly—and he will thus utter successfully—the message of God to man. T. G.

THE ENGLISH LADY.

A FRAGMENT.

I HAD gone one evening with my old friend, the Minister of Glenfinnan, to visit some of his parishioners. It was a summer evening, and the breeze swept past, balmy with the odours of the birch trees and the mountain heather. In the midst of that romantic solitude stood a cottage, the tasteful simplicity of which corresponded well with the wild and interesting scenery.

"That cottage," said my friend, "was once the residence of no common men. It was in the winter of 17—that two brothers came to dwell in it; their names, their rank, were alike a mystery. They called themselves Fitz Clare; but it was understood that such was not their real designation, and the rustic dwellers of the glen knew too little of names or heraldry to have felt interested in the matter. I, however, felt a deep and searching interest; for the bearing of these two brothers was noble and commanding. They wore the Highland dress—they were inseparable—shunned all social intercourse, and sought only the society of each other. When they walked together in our lonely glens, with their black plumes mingling with their blacker hair, they looked as though they had been born to sceptres.

"There came with them a fair and dying girl. The tie which bound her to their fortunes was, like all connected with them, mysterious and unknown. A wife she was not; and even though the name of the English maiden had not differed from that of the brothers, her southern accents would have told she was the native of another land, whilst the Fitz Clares were evidently of Scottish birth. And yet the breath of censure could not have lighted on the pure and gentle creature; and when she wandered among our woods, in her melancholy beauty, the rustic turned aside from his path that he might not disturb the 'English lady.' Every Sabbath she came, leaning on the arm of the elder Fitz Clare, and humbly seated herself in the house of God. I never shall forget her, as she sat there in her pale loveliness, with her calm eyes raised to the heaven to which she was hastening. Sometimes I thought, when I saw her of a Sabbath morning, that a healthier bloom was beginning to glow upon her cheek. Alas! that bloom was but the fearful brightness of disease. Summer passed away, and autumn came; and not so fast did the yellow leaves

fade upon the branches, as faded the face of the fair English girl.

"At last, I was one evening called hurriedly to the cottage of the strangers, and I was led to the chamber of the lady. She lay upon a couch, supported by pillows; and it was evident that the hand of death was heavy upon her. The elder of the brothers leaned against the bed; his face was hidden by his hands, and by the dark masses of his black and disordered hair; but the convulsive groans that shook his giant strength betrayed the agony of his sorrow. The younger brother, too, was in the room, but his grief was quieter and more composed.

'You must now leave me,' said the dying sufferer, extending to each of the young men a fair pale hand. The younger pressed his lips often and fondly on that little hand, but the elder threw himself passionately upon the couch, and flooded her face with his tears. 'You must go, my beloved,' she softly whispered, 'else time will not be allowed me to reveal'——

'Yes! yes!' interrupted the young man, 'it must be so indeed;' and imprinting one more frantic kiss upon her pale brow, he rushed from the apartment.

"The lady turned her eyes after him with a long and eager gaze; then, with a strong effort, raised herself upon the pillow, and looked wistfully upon my face, as though she would fain have made me the hearer of some melancholy tale. The struggle was vain—no sound passed forth from her dying lips—the darkness of death was already on her brow, and her sweet eye had become glazed and heavy. Once I thought I heard her murmur, 'My babe—my fair darling.' But I know not; for the sounds were low and broken. I bent more closely over her; but it was too late,—her lips moved no longer,—and ere I could leave her side, she was a corpse.

"When I told the melancholy event to the two brothers, the younger bent his head, and said, 'It is the will of God;' but the elder fell down in a fit, like a weak woman, at my side. We placed him on a couch, and I opened a vein, and then left him to his brother's care.

"When I next saw the strangers, it was at the burial of the fair creature they had lost. The brow of the elder brother had assumed an air of stern and hopeless desolation; and when he heard the earth rattle on the coffin, the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. On the following morning they had left the glen; and now, the only remembrance of those mysterious people is the green grave of the English lady."

GENEVIEVE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

By William Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies," &c.

At this hour, while the toil-worn husbandman sleepeth—
While Guilt wildly revels, and Woe darkly weepeth—
In my pale midnight watch would I humbly address thee,
Beseech thy forgiveness, and fervidly bless thee,
My father!—My God!

My years are not many—my sins without number—
I have walk'd in a dream, now I wake from my slumber,
And look on the part in the past which I've borne,
As a travel-soil'd garment in weariness worn,
And thrown off at eve.

How happy are they who can find, in reflection,
No thought that cries, Shame! no abhorr'd recollection;
Whose days shed the light of tranquillity round them,
To cheer and support when the world has bound them
With soul-galling chains.

But wretched is he whose career is in blindness,
Who joins hands with hatred, and battles with kindness;
Who, keenly alive to a fine sense of pleasure,
Abandons the cup of delight for a measure
Of poison most foul!

And such have I been, but too long, to my sorrow;
I've done that to-day which I wept for to-morrow;
Still loving the right, and the wrong still pursuing,
Making vows to be wise, and yet madly renewing
Old follies again.

I have dreams—I have dreams by these dull midnight embers,
Of things which my soul with reluctance remembers,—
Of dear household scenes, where at morn, drooping-hearted,
With eyes raining tears, in my boyhood I parted
From friends now no more.

Their seats are all empty—it were vain to deplore them;
Yet I wish that dark fate for one hour would restore them,
Until from his lips whom those kind ones loved dearly,
They heard his heart's grief that he ever severely
Their fond bosoms pain'd.

That wish is opposed by the justice of Heaven;—
'Tis right man should suffer before he's forgiven;
And O! never dagger cut keener or deeper,
Than useless regret o'er the poor silent sleeper
We've injured and loved!

I see through the lattice the stars dimly gleaming—
Blest beacons of hope o'er a troubled sea beaming—
I turn from their light to the being that made them,
And pray that the beauty in which he array'd them
May one day be mine!

Thou know'st—O unknown!—whom to name can we never—
Who art what thou art—hast been still—shalt be ever—
Thou know'st that thy creature, now humbled before thee,
With his weak human sense doth sincerely adore thee—
Then hear him!—O hear!

O hear him!—now hear him, while the fire of his spirit
Is undimm'd by the curse all are born to inherit!
And grant that, unmoved by life's joy or life's sorrow,
Man's smile or man's frown, he may act on the morrow
The thoughts of to-night.

I ask not for riches—for power I care not—
To win them as most mortals win them, I dare not—
And the fame that I covet, I'll never here know it—
I may not deserve it—you cannot bestow it,
Blind brothers of clay!

But guide me, O God! in a course still improving!
As this orb round the sun, in thy light always moving;
And let nought unholy arise to conceal thee
From him who, whenever he ceases to feel thee,
Contentment hath none.

May my life-time glide on as these night-sands are going,
To eternity's ocean, a quiet stream flowing;
O my soul, be thy waters still pure as they now are!
Still bless'd—lest they wander—O Lord! with thy power
To turn them to thee!

Then I'll grasp thy cold hand, mystic Death! as the hoary
High-priest of a temple with clouds on its glory;
And though in the portal the pilgrim may falter,
He'll forward with joy when he thinks of the altar
Bright burning within!

STANZAS

WRITTEN ABOVE THE COFFIN OF MY FATHER.

By William Mayne.

My lonely spirit may go forth,
And search this mortal sphere,
It ne'er will find such precious earth
As that which slumbers *here*;
For in it deeply lie the whole
Priceless affections of my soul,

Yes! not a thought of love is left
Within my throbbing breast;
My heart, forlorn and deeply cleft,
Lies buried in dark rest;
My life is not my own—'tis shed
Into the cold breast of the dead.

My father! oft with joyful glow
I thought to be the stay,
On which the worn and drooping bough
Of thy declining day,
A firm and healthy hold might find,
Nor tremble in Misfortune's wind.

But suddenly and stern, thou hast
Been torn away from me;
And wildly through my heart has pass'd
The blow which shiver'd thee;
I felt the spirit's life-blood flow,
And in me trickle deep and slow.

I cannot raise mine eye to heaven,
To gaze upon thee there,
My lofty thoughts in vain have striven
With terrible despair;
My love, my whole affections stay
Deep centred in thy wasting clay.

And yet I call to mind the time
When we would fondly speak
Of living in another clime
Than earth's, so dark and bleak—
And in my mind I feel once more,
The struggle from the earth to soar.

But 'tis in vain—'tis like the frail
Convulsions of the bird,
Stretch'd, sorely wounded, in the vale,
Its flutterings unheard,—
In vain it wildly shakes its wing,
It cannot from the ground upspring.

And yet—and yet—I know this black
And awful fit will fly,
And let my struggling spirit back
To look inspired on high,
Where greatly blest abidest thou—
But ah! I cannot do it now.

Glasgow.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH SONGS FRENCHIFIED.

IV.—*Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon.*

Rivage émaillé,—doux côteaux,
Ne montrez plus votre allégresse!
Ne chantez plus, petits oiseaux,
Ayez égard à ma tristesse!
Tu romps mon cœur en gazouillant,
Oiseau, qui dans les fleurs te plais,—
De jours heureux me souvenant,
De jours partis,—ah! pour jamais!

Ici j'aimais faire un doux tour,
Voir des rosiers le beau mélange,
Où chaque oiseau chantant l'amour
Fait qu'à l'amour mon chant s'arrange.

Mon cœur fut gai,—je pris la rose,
Emblême si vrai d'Amour divine;
Mon faux amant a pris ma rose,
Et ne m'a laissé que l'épine!

V.—*My Love's in Germany.*

Mon amant est loin de moi;
Renvoyez-le!
Il combatte pour son Roi,
Mais il m'a juré sa foi;
Renvoyez-le!

Son armée est si petite;
Renvoyez-le!
Faut mourir ou prendre fuite,
La valeur a sa limite;
Renvoyez-le!

Ton amant gardait sa foi;
Belle dame!
Mais il périt loin de toi,
Combattant pour notre Roi;
Triste dame!

Ah! son âme est donc ravie;
Il est mort!
Il ne verra plus Julie,
Ni son aimée patrie:—
Tout m'est obscur en vie;
Plains mon sort!

LORMA.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

READY MORDEN; and VALERIE, OR THE CITADEL OF THE LAKE.—Copies of these works, which have just issued, or are about to issue from the Edinburgh Press, reached us too late in the week to appear among our literary notices to-day, but we hope to do justice to both next Saturday. The first is a Novel in three volumes, and the second a Poem in two. They are the *primitiæ* of two authors who have not hitherto been before the public.

ORGANS AND PRESBYTERIANS.—The discussion excited on this subject does not seem likely soon to lose its interest. Besides the pamphlet by CLERICUS, which we reviewed some weeks ago, two others are shortly to appear. The one entitled, "Observations on the Use of Instrumental Music in the Public Worship of God, addressed to the people of Scotland in general, and to the Members of the Relief Synod in particular; by a Presbyterian." The other, "An Apology for Instrumental Music in Churches," which we understand will be from the pen of the Rev. Mr Anderson of Glasgow, one of the Relief Clergymen in that city.

The Editor of the *Elgin Courier* announces a new monthly Miscellany, to be called the "ELGIN LITERARY MAGAZINE." Each Number is to contain 36 closely printed 12mo pages, and is to cost only 6d.

Mr Colburn has announced a New Weekly Paper, the first number of which is to appear next Saturday, to be called "THE COURT JOURNAL." Its pages are to furnish a mingled record and review of all matters and events, (political subjects alone excepted,) which are calculated to interest that class of readers who come within what is understood by the "Court Circle." This may seem to be an interference with the peculiar province of the *Morning Post*, and one or two other fashionable newspapers; but

it is in the hands of a spirited publisher, and we shall see how he gets on.

The Second volume of Mr Tytler's History of Scotland is announced for the 25th of this month. This volume brings down the History to the Accession of the House of Stewart; and contains an enquiry into the condition of the people of Scotland, in those early times.

We are informed that Moore has a new musical work in a state of considerable forwardness, which he designates, "Legendary Ballads." Many of the old melodies are selected by himself, and others supplied and harmonized by Sir John Stevenson, his old friend and coadjutor.

Mr Sheridan Knowles' "Alfred" is still in the hands of the Committee of Drury Lane, who paid him, some time ago, three hundred guineas for the MS., which the present lessee refuses to give. The Management of Covent Garden have expressed their willingness to pay the sum; but this offer the Drury Lane Committee have declined.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—Sir Humphrey Davy's death was announced officially at a recent meeting of the French Institute; but later intelligence has reached this country from Rome, by which we learn that this eminent individual is not only still in the land of the living, but that his health is improving so much as to afford fair hopes of his ultimate recovery.

The first number of an Irish Catholic Magazine, with themotto "Happy homes and altars *free!*" has just been published in Cork.

In the *Subaltern's* forthcoming volume of Tales of a Chelsea Pensioner, there are six Tales,—The Gentle Recruit,—A Day on the Neutral Ground,—Saratoga.—Marda,—A Pyrenean Adventure.—and The Rivals. The work will appear speedily.

Meeting of Fencers.—This elegant and gentlemanly exhibition, which is got up annually, with much taste, by Mr Roland, takes place in the Assembly Rooms next Saturday, when the combined influences of music and bright eyes will no doubt excite the *Artistes* to the most brilliant feats of arms.

Murray's Concert.—We were glad to perceive that Mr Murray's Concert-room, on Tuesday evening last, was filled to overflowing. As a violinist, Mr Murray is not more distinguished for delicacy and expression, than for fire and force of execution. Compositions which seem to have been intended to baffle all human fiddle-sticks are to him a mere pastime, and Maysoder or Baillot present to him no greater difficulties than he would find in a Scotch strathspey or Irish jig. We mentioned last Saturday that Miss Inverarity was to sing for the first time in public at this concert. We were much pleased with her *debut;* she has a rich and powerful voice, with which, after a little more cultivation and study, she may accomplish great things.

David Wilkie.—(*From the Oxford Literary Gazette.*)—The genius of Wilkie is at once original and national. The tranquil, and searching, and sarcastic spirit of the North is visible in all his compositions. He seldom rises into the region of poetry; and has no visions of angels ascending and descending. His heart and hand are with domestic life; and in scenes of household happiness or sorrow he is unrivalled. He has the excellence of the Dutch school, without its occasional grossness; and he has added a tenderness and pathos of his own, which lift his works into the region of perfect purity and elegance. His delicacy is, indeed, remarkable; not the delicacy alone which eludes what is offensive to modesty, but that nice perception of character, which avoids whatever is broad, staring, and *outre*. His genius seems akin to that of Allan Ramsay; and he has the same graphic taste, and the same skill in delineating ordinary life, which distinguished the author of the Gentle Shepherd; while the freedom of his touches, and the fascination of his grouping, remind us of Burns. On all his early compositions, his native land is impressed very legibly; and we love him for it.—Since Wilkie painted his first pictures, he has travelled in France and Italy, in Germany and Spain; and the character of his later works bears evidence of foreign lands. He has painted Pilgrims at Rome, and Patriots in Spain; and had he not done such wonders before, we would have welcomed his new productions and his change of style, as we wish to welcome all the works of our benefactors. But we think on the Blind Fiddler, on the Village Politicians, on the Rent Day, or on the Reading the Waterloo Gazette; and the Washing the Feet of Male or Female Pilgrims, the Hymn to our Lady, the Siege of Saragossa, and the Patriot's Council of War, fade away before them. Yet there is great beauty of grouping, and nice sense of character, and the most exquisite simplicity, and rich depth of colour, in these compositions, and we are not sure that they are not the best of his works. But our heart is so intensely national, that we cannot feel their beauty as we ought. We lament that such a spirit should squander its strength on Italians and Spaniards, and leave so many scenes of homebred joy, and humour, and seriousness, unembodied. Why should he seek abroad for what he can find in abundance at home? Every village abounds with character; every glen has its little coterie of peasants and politicians: the rustic at the plough, the shepherd on the hill, the weaver at his loom, and the blacksmith in his forge, are all characters, after their kind, modified by circumstances and education. To one acquainted with the fireside enjoyments, the rustic delights, the amusing absurdities, and harmless follies, of the agricultural population of the island, a thousand pictures present themselves, emblazoned with the original spirit and feeling of Old England. Our national poetry, too, is full of images of grace and beauty; and the songs of Scotland alone contain more scenes of a domestic and chivalrous nature than the whole Royal Academy could embody in a century.

Royal Society.—At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 6th instant, the Keith Medal, which had been adjudged to Dr Brewster, was delivered. The late Alexander Keith, Esq. of Dunnottar, conveyed the sum of one thousand pounds to trustees, to be applied in the manner which they should think best to promote scientific improvement. The trustees having had the approbation of Mr Keith, presented six hundred pounds to the President and Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as an unalienable fund, the interest of which, for two successive years, should be given as a prize to the author of the most important discovery in science made during the same period, in any part of the world: but communicated, for the first time, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and afterwards published in their Transactions. Some time ago, the prize for the first biennial period was awarded by the council to Dr Brewster. The prize, consisting, agreeably to the terms of donation, of a gold medal, and a handsome piece of plate, was delivered to Dr Brewster, by Dr Hope, V.P.R.S.E., at the meeting of the Society, held in their Hall on the 6th current. Dr Hope then stated, that the discovery for which the prize was awarded, was that of two new fluids existing in minute cavities in the interior of the crystals of several different minerals.

Theatrical Gossip.—The Coburg, Sadler's Wells, the Surrey, and the Adelphi, have brought their winter season to a close, but are soon to re-open. Ducrow is at Astley's, and as wonderful as ever. Easter spectacles are about to be produced at both the large houses.—Kean has been performing in Cork. We *do* wonder that he has not been brought here.—We have had Miss F. H. Kelly for four nights, in whose praise we cannot say much. She is to be succeeded on Monday by T. P. Cooke—the *sailor*, and the *monster*.—The young lady we mentioned in our last, made her *debut* in the part of *Rosina* on Tuesday. She is pretty, and has a sweet clear voice; but, from her inexperience and apparent timidity, it is impossible yet to decide as to her abilities. Her chief fault seems to be a want of animation; and we think it right to say, that if she aspires to the *premier role* here, she has still a great deal to learn.—Alexander is to open the Caledonian Theatre for a month next Wednesday.

Weekly List of Performances.

April 11—17.

Sat. *The Young Quaker, & King and Czar.*
Mon. *Romeo and Juliet, & Bottle Imp.*
Tues. *Point of Honour, Personation, & Rosina.*
Wed. *Jane Shore, Day after the Wedding, & Do.*
Thur. *Jealous Wife, & Valeria.*
Fri. Theatre closed.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ettrick Shepherd requests us to mention on what subject we should like his next communication to be. All we can say is, that with the genius he brings to bear upon every subject, we do not think he can go wrong. Let it be grave or gay—verse or prose—just as the mood is on him. The great rule we should like him to attend to is, that the *sooner* he favours us the better.

We shall be glad to receive the Botanical and Medical Notices which have been obligingly offered us.—The article by "a Northern Correspondent" will appear as soon as we can find room for it.—A review of Dr Memes's "History of the Fine Arts" in our next.—"R. T. T." of Glasgow makes some suggestions by which we may profit. The autographs we promised some time ago will be delivered with an early Number of the Journal.

In our next, a scene translated from the Wallenstein's Camp of Schiller.

We are much pleased with "The Auld Beggar Man," but should like to know a little more of its history.—There is good promise in "A Scene at Sea," by "L." of Greenock.—We regret that the Lines by "W. A," the Verses "On Spring," and "The Song of the Spirit," will not suit us.

Our London Letter of this week is unavoidably postponed.

THE

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LITERARY CRITICISM.

Reay Morden. A Novel. 3 vols. Edinburgh. G. A. Douglas. 1829.

This work puzzles us a little. The author is by no means destitute of abilities, yet his book is full of absurdities, and, what is worse, serious offences against sound morality and correct principle. In some passages there is excellent writing, strong original thinking, and highly proper notions regarding men and manners; in many others nothing is discoverable but the most careless composition, the most distorted and erroneous opinions, and infringements, of the most painful and reprehensible kind, on the ordinary laws of polite society, not to say of religion and virtue. The general impression left by the work is, that the author has talents, which he might have turned to a far better use; but that, not being guided by steady principles, and, moreover, being particularly inexperienced in novel-writing, he has produced a book which, by all ordinary readers, will be pronounced dull and disagreeable in the extreme. There is next to no plot; and as the persons introduced do not in any extraordinary degree excite our sympathies, the incidents connected with them possess little interest. Reay Morden is a young man of respectable family and tolerable prospects, who comes down to Edinburgh to study medicine, having previously fallen in love, first with a Miss Dunsmore, whom he has seen once or twice at Brighton, and then with a servant girl, called Susan, whom he seduces, and afterwards writes false sentiment about, *usque ad nauseam*. Getting tired of Edinburgh, he visits the Continent, returns to London, lives in the most dissipated and profligate manner, attempts to commit suicide, goes mad, is taken to Italy, meets there with some ridiculous adventures, having again fallen over head and ears in love with a girl at first sight, in a wood near Florence, quarrels with her, comes home, and after writing another volume to make up *three*, finally marries Miss Dunsmore, and becomes a reformed rake. As a story, therefore, Reay Morden is below contempt; and were it not for detached pieces of writing scattered through it, and particularly in the first volume, we do not know what redeeming points it would have possessed. Even these, however, of which we shall say more immediately, cannot excuse the recklessness, in point of morality, which pervades the whole; and the fact of this recklessness being coupled with some abilities, only makes their perversion the more conspicuous, and calls more imperatively for the critic's lash. We are willing to believe that this fault is partly to be attributed to the natural careless hardihood of a youthful writer; but though "youth should be fearless and free," it must be put through a course of severe purgation, if it ever presume to assail, in a printed work, those important barriers by which the decencies of life are preserved inviolate. On this score "Reay Morden" has our severest censure.

We have said, however, that the book contains passages which indicate talents much above mediocrity; and, as we are always anxious to cull an author's best things, rather than point out his worst, we subjoin several extracts, which we are sure our readers will peruse with considerable satisfaction. They evidently indicate a strong (rather than a very well regulated or refined) mind, which thinks for itself, and is not afraid to express its thoughts.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"I always love at first sight. I hate, abhor, detest, despise, abjure, the cold calculating clod, who thinks, compares, collates; examines from top to toe by square and rule; enquires about friends, connexions, interest, fortune; dives into petty matters of settlements, pin-money, dress, liveries, equipages, and establishments; looks into the rent-roll, sums the total cent per cent, and then proceeds right regularly to court; who, seeing a dragon in every woman, and perspective families in every girl, trembles at a marriage where Plutus is not priest; and fastidiously shrinking from the fascinations of beauty, as the sensitive plant at the touch of a finger, retires from the verge of feminine attraction, like the seaman from the wave before the frowns of a coming gale. No! I give a loose to my fancy;—I revel in ideal perfection; I roll in imaginative splendour; I see my mistress lovely, young, and fascinating; I endue her with the purity of the vestal hymn of a seraph choir, and picture her in my heated brain like the unfading flower of Syria, ever blooming, beautiful, and fresh. I would wish to be ever thus in love,—my mistress absent from my eyes, but her image reflected in all its vividness from the mirror of my heart;—for where's the honour of loving a woman—of behaving dutiful and kind—administering to her wishes, wants, and little numberless requisites—soothing her sorrows and assuaging her griefs, when she is young, lovely, interesting, and of large fortune? I question much if Jupiter himself would have required more to have rendered him a good husband and constant man. No! 'tis the loving, the adoring, the marrying—but in this, after all, we need not be *too* precipitate—a woman you have seen but once or twice, of whom you nothing know, but that she *is* a woman, and in whom you are likely to meet all the blandishments of the sex, mingled with reciprocal love; or, on the other hand, all the miseries, unhappinesses, and bickerings in the world:—'tis this, and this alone, that constitutes the honour. The very uncertainty makes it delicious."

THOUGHTS ON CHURCH-GOING.

"I am ever willing, at proper times and places, to breathe my aspirations to that Being of whose incomprehensibility I tremble to think; with whose goodness and greatness I am ever surrounded; and by whose might the heavens, the seas, the winds, and the tides, perform their stated tasks,—the wide world his foot-stool, the universe his resting-place! But it must be alone, in the thick and silent solitude of woods, and

wilds, and wildernesses, where the rough rocks give glory to his name, the mountain torrents thunder pæans to his greatness, and waving forests hallelujahs to his immensurable Majesty!—or in the meditative moments of unfathomable thought, when the soul, forgetting and forgot by things external, loses itself in its own awfulness, and turns to an Almighty cause, as the helpless infant to the mother's breast!

"In public worship, there is much to disturb attention,—'the pomp and circumstance of man,'—many passions brought into action, which slumber in solitude; and devotion not unfrequently has little to do with the internal councils at the hebdomadal purgation. I do not wish to be severe or cynical upon the fair sex, when I say, that I do not think there are many in any one congregation, taken at random, however large, above twenty and below thirty, who go to pray. Husbands; tittle-tattle; worldly ideas; dress; the confinement during the week; a new bonnet, pelisse, muff, or beau, are all powerful allurements in the eyes of females, which, added to the desire of being seen, admired, stared at, squeezed, and talked about, would cause them to visit the chapel of Satan himself, if he were but to become a fashionable preacher on earth. Let this not be construed into disrespect or bad opinion of the 'down of creation.' The fault is in human nature, and not in them,—'tis in the sex, not the individual. I love women too well not to admire even their peccadilloes. They err from a good motive—they dread singularity; and, being naturally gregarious, wherever one goes, all follow. If Lady Evergreen or Mrs Sims thinks Dr Crabjaw an excellent preacher and good man, she bores her acquaintances until they take seats in his chapel; and if she have a large circle of five or six hundred *friends*, and money to give them entertainments, they follow her like a flock of chickens; and, in a month or two, the worthy doctor's chapel is converted, from a house of prayer, to a fashionable assembly of scented beaux and ribboned belles. Those who doubt what I say, had better visit any of the fashionable 'killtimes,' or chapels, in London, and then they will possibly think less of chapel-going than I do. For my own part, I never visited any of these temples of fashion, that I did not come out infinitely worse than when I went in. I ever saw too much to distract attention,—too many beautiful faces,—and too many eyes darting contagious love; lips that pouted a wantonness of rosy health; and forms, and arms, and hands—not to say any thing of dress—that made me conjure up in fancy the palace of Eblis, or the Harem of Samarcand. There was so much beauty, and pomp, and human splendour, that the Creator was lost in his own works."

EDINBURGH.

"To a young man without acquaintances, Edinburgh, for the first month or so, is the very city of blue devils, *ennui*, and hypishness. There is no part in which he can stroll, and mingle with the youth and beauty of the season; no arcade, where elegant languor and fashionable folly may be seen to advantage; no saloon, in which all that is frail and lovely bloom, smile, and sigh. It is the city of professions; learning and literature there take precedence of fashion and parade; and, instead of the gala beau and flippant coxcomb, that one encounters in the west end of Babylon, the paper-bearing lawyer, and the hurrying medical, alone obstruct the way.

"Even Prince's Street is any thing but a fashionable resort; for, except a few awkward, meagre-looking ensigns, just on commission, and valetudinarian veterans, wounded at mud-walled forts in the East Indies, with here and there a pallid-faced debauchee of a medical student, looking as if he were the sentry-box, and not the watchman, of disease,—one or two respectably dressed lawyers, with occasional country-cousins, and little misses, like Virginias, going to school,—there is no pretension to gaiety or fashion. The *elite* do not think it quite the thing to be seen often in that street, and you soon become acquainted with all the faces that appear there; and as that part of the terrace, which is allotted to promenading, is not extensive, you will, in the course of the morning's walk, meet and re-meet the same persons so frequently, that you may count the wrinkles in the old veterans' faces, and the bought curls on the ladies' heads. No 'Shades,' nor 'Fives' Court,' nor any place, in short, as I heard a Cockney, who came to spend a week in the Modern Athens, exclaim, 'fit for a *Christian*.' This was certainly rhetorical; but antiphrasis was the favourite figure of the speaker."

A STUDENT'S INVENTORY.

"There were seven cane-bottomed chairs, one sofa, a tripod stool, with an earthen jar upon it, and two tables,—one in the middle of the room, the other in a corner. The latter was laden with books, plates, and instrument-cases, surgical, astronomical, surveying, musical, and geometrical,—piled up like a chapman's goods, one above the other, 'in much-admired disorder,' till they nearly touched the ceiling. On the floor were boxing-gloves, books again, and masks for fencers. In one corner shot-belts and guns,—half a score of whole and broken foils; basket-sticks, fishing-rods, and an innumerable quantity of bullets, shot, and slugs; over which lay an iron ladle, used for melting lead. On the other side, alembics and retorts; a galvanic battery, with electrical machine, jars, bottles, and vials, *sine numero*, of all shapes and sizes, ever described in a course of *Materia Medica*,—from the conico-spheroidal, to the globulo-cylindrical;—besides stoppers of cork, wood, and glass; flasks, quills, and pieces of leather; and last, not least, a bladder of hog's lard, pending by a piece of whip-cord from the top of the window. In various little *habitats*, were the relics of pneumatic apparatus; racks for holding vials, from which various coloured rags depended; while fragments and larger pieces of minerals, placed in wooden trays, divided into compartments, attracted the eye by their glittering, and relieved the dulness of the scene. There was scarcely space to move, without stepping on something; such as little brown paper parcels of powders, pounded minerals, and dye substances; and, once or twice, I was thrown into a violent perspiration by the explosion of detonating balls. The walls were decorated with many any-but-agreeable-looking plates of the human body; and others, representing what I at first conceived to be diagrams for studying the manner of piling cannon-balls, but, on nearer inspection, discovered to be Illustrations of Dalton's Theory of Atoms! There was also a caricature or two of the late Queen, Sir William Curtis, and Lord Petersham; several groups of human thighbones, legs, and arms, crost and figured, in the manner of armoury, to add to the effect. On the chimney-piece burned an old-fashioned bronze lamp, with a pale blue flame, round which were various skulls of animals,—as dogs, hawks, and crows; and, on the whole, this world of odds and ends recalled to memory the remembrance of those nameless repositories, about the neighbourhood of Wapping and the docks, over the black lintels of which, in white consumptive-looking characters, is inscribed, 'Dealer in Marine Stores.'

"I was on the point of ringing, to enquire if I had not been shown into the lumber-room by mistake, when I was attracted to the fireplace by one of those unseemly smells often experienced in the prosecution of anatomical studies, but of which, at that time, I had no idea: and, on peeping into the grate, saw a heart, which I supposed a sheep's, a calf's, or some other animal's, but which subsequently turned out to be a human creature's, in the last stage of putrefaction! I did not meddle with it, but got this information afterwards.

From this survey, I naturally looked up again at the mantel-piece, and saw what, in my previous examination, had escaped notice; viz. three or four lizards in spirits, a tape-worm, and what I sometime after learned was the dried windpipe of a man, who was hanged for murder. Above the mantel-piece, again, were different-sized bladders of different animals, hanging together like a bunch of onions. The pier-glass—such a glass! —was hung with weeds—I beg the shade of Linnæus pardon!—I mean plants of every description,—green, dried, and drying.

"In a recess, which the gloom of the apartment had at first prevented me from observing, but which, now that my eyes had become accustomed to the dim light, was very evident, I discovered a *piano forte*, an Æolian harp, and a case of duelling-pistols. On the piano was a tray of stones from the Mediterranean,—as the label informed me,—Borneo, Cape-Coast, and the neighbourhood of Seringapatam. 'Bless me!' ejaculated I, 'he's wrong here,' touching my forehead."

A good many more passages, of a similar kind, might be selected; but, as soon as this was done, little would be left behind but "leather and prunella." As a whole, we cannot recommend "Reay Morden" to our readers; but have some hopes that the author's next production will be of a purer and better kind.

Vallery; or, The Citadel of the Lake. A Poem. By Charles Doyne Sillery. 2 vols. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829.

We have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to this work. It is not without some of the faults incidental to young writers; but it contains many beauties which amply redeem its imperfections, and which, while they indicate the presence of genius, also imply the probability that its future achievements will be of no mean kind, seeing that so much has been done at the very outset. Mr Sillery's chief error is one which "leans to virtue's side;" his fancy is too exuberant, and, consequently, his descriptions are too protracted, and too frequently introduced. Had he lopped off a good number of the over-luxuriant shoots, his poem would have gained in strength what it lost in length, and would have afforded to ordinary minds fewer opportunities for cavilling and criticism. Our own opinions, however, with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, are never so much influenced by the absence of defects, as by the presence of beauty. We observe few errors in Mr Sillery's book, which may not easily be remedied when a little more experience has tamed the excursiveness of imagination, and given additional solidity to the judgment. We find, on the other hand, much to be pleased with, and hail with confidence and gratification this accession of a fresh and ardent-minded lover of the Muses to the list of those whose names are already familiar to the public ear.

We do not wish to praise indiscriminately, or to encourage unprofitably; we shall, therefore, mention the two leading circumstances which in our estimation entitle Mr Sillery to the commendations we are disposed to bestow upon him. The *first* of these is, that our author has evidently not taken to writing poetry (as too many persons do), merely because he felt his information was too limited, and his mind too uncultivated, to permit of his writing prose. It is a common mistake, that a certain susceptibility of feeling, together with a liveliness of fancy, are of themselves sufficient, not only to constitute a poet, but to enable him to produce poetry. No doubt they *will* enable a youngster to produce something which may, by courtesy, be termed *poetry*, and which, when copied neatly into a lady's album, may be read with much applause; but though Horace has said truly, that no man can be a poet unless he be born so, he never meant that a born poet might sit all his life playing with his fingers, and that whenever he opened his lips, poetry would flow spontaneously from them. No; the poet must work like other men. At school and college he must labour; he must explore the wisdom of philosophy, and the mysteries of science; he must see and become acquainted with the works of art and of nature. *Knowledge* must form the substratum of his poetry; and out of the things that *are*, he must weave bright fancies, which point perchance to things that may never be. This is a merit (and no small one) which Mr Sillery possesses. His classical lore, his scientific information, and his habits of industrious research, are apparent in almost every page. If he describes a tournament, the minutest laws and customs of chivalry seem familiar to him; and he consequently presents many vivid and glowing pictures of deeds done in the days of the shield and the lance, which even St Palaye, Froissart, or Sir Walter Scott, might not have been ashamed to own. If he speaks of an ancient castle, all the technicalities of architecture seem at his finger ends; if he ascends a mountain, geology opens up her stores for him; if he lands on an uninhabited island, botany pours her treasures into his lap; the still midnight finds him pointing to the heavens with the wand of the astronomer; and the vessel that bears him to distant lands, carries with it a curious observer of all the natural phenomena of the earth. Hence Mr Sillery's verses are calculated to convey, not pleasure alone, but also *instruction*, which ought to be the great aim of all writers, and the chief object of all readers. More than a third part of each volume is occupied with notes, illustrative of the text; and even a hasty glance at these will show that Mr Sillery has not been throwing away the invaluable spring-time of his days in dreamy listlessness—a poet, perhaps, from the cradle, but a poet still in a state of infancy. Mr Sillery has cultivated his mind; and the many indications of his having done so, contained in the work before us, is the *first* reason why we hold it worthy of commendation.

A *second* and no less powerful consideration induces us to bestow the meed of praise upon our author. Mr Sillery's *heart* is in the right place. His principles are pure, his feelings are strong, and his enthusiasm, as yet unimpaired, is all directed towards laudable objects. He is a passionate admirer of nature in all her moods; he is full of benevolence towards all his fellow-creatures; there is none of the littleness of false pride, or of morbid sensibility, or of harsh misanthropy, whether real or pretended, about his book. He writes, as a young poet always should, honestly and unaffectedly, pouring over his subject the warm glow of native, virtuous, and healthy sentiment. Here and there he is prosaic, extravagant, tedious, inflated;—but these are imperfections we are ever disposed both to forget and to forgive, in behalf of young genius nobly commencing a career where even to fail is honourable. We think there is every reason to believe that Mr Sillery will *not* fail. He is deeply embued with the best part of a poet's nature—the warm affections and generous aspirations of the soul, from which all that is selfish is excluded, and which elevate to eminence, simply by refining the grosser parts of our nature.

We do not intend dwelling on the story of "Vallery." It is a romance of the days of Chivalry, and full of the spirit of the times. In some respects, the plot is rather awkwardly managed, and a poet's privilege has been taken throughout, of infringing pretty extensively on the confines of probability. The scene is laid principally in Spain, though it changes occasionally to Arabia, and, for a canto or two, to an island (beautiful as the Isle of Palms) in the Persian sea. Several detached

passages which we shall extract, will supply a sufficient idea of the author's style and abilities. In chivalric descriptions, Mr Sillery is always very happy; take for example the following spirited passage, with which the second canto opens:

How dark are those woods in the solitudes where the spreading chestnuts grow!
How green are the oaks o'ershading the brooks that meand'ring through them flow!
How gloomy and still the pines on the hill, scarce waving a leaf to the breeze!
But how bright is the glance of shield and lance all glittering between the trees!
Ride forth! Ride forth! from the gloomy north, ride forth from the dismal wood;
Each lofty lance, advance! advance! and shield with thy cross of blood.
They come from between the elms green, a dashing and clashing tier;
All sheathed in steel, from head to heel, a hundred knights appear!
By the coronet in his helmet set, by the lofty plumes he bears,—
By the cross on the field of his burnish'd shield, and cuirass of gold he wears,—
By the gauntlets bright of silver white, in which his lance is grasp'd,—
By the baldrick fair, with jewels rare, and brilliant cuisses clasp'd,—
By falchion emboss'd, and cuirass cross'd, with crimson bands on gold,—
By yellow spur, and ermine fur, with cognisance unroll'd,—
By beaver barr'd, by knightly guard, by stately bearing bold,—
And by milk-white steed, I read, I read, that this is a baron of old.
He comes from the chase, with lance and mace, from hunting the wolf in his den,
With him from the heights a hundred knights are winding down the glen—
Through thicket and brake, by river and lake, and under the rocky steep,
Their chargers of black all follow the track that leads to the verge of the deep—
Their steeds are prancing, plumes are dancing, helmets glancing bright,—
While sabres are gleaming, armour beaming, and pennons streaming white.

It is not too much to say of the following graphic sketch of a knightly feast in Baron Vallery's castle, that it has an Homeric air:

Not Haerlem's organ, with its awful peals,
Roaring through twice ten thousand tubes at once,
Could equal the loud sounds of clashing bells,
Horns, trumpets, shalms, and ringing atabals,
Psalteries and timbrels, monochords and pipes,
Cymbals, tambours, bugles, and kettle-drums,
Harps, rotes, crowds, lutes, guitars, and dulcimers,
Which fill'd the hall, and roll'd along the dome,
Shaking the fretted work and drapery,
Like thunder flowing into harmony.
White plumes are dancing round the burthen'd board,
One hundred knights, all cased in polish'd steel,
Like iron pillars, on whose capitals
Wave ostrich feathers, at the banquet quaff
The ruby wine, and carve with gloves of steel—
Round flows the wine, and louder grows the mirth.
—The feast is o'er—the sewers remove the load—
The laugh increases—silver goblets ring—
Fruits of all kinds are piled upon the board.
"Flagons," the Baron cries;—"Cup-bearers, here,
Fill up these goblets! Tell the cellarer
We want more wine. Come, minstrels, sweep your harps."
"A toast!" a toast!" the gallant warriors shout:
"Long may the griffon on the banner spear
Of Vallery wave upon her lofty towers—
Joy to the Christian—trouble to the Moor—
Shame to the crescent—glory to the cross!"

We are not quite sure that even in "Marmion," many passages will be found more spirit-stirring, and accurately descriptive, than that which we subjoin:

Beneath the Baron's banner broad
A thousand knights had fain
Fought for the lovely cross of God,
In Palestine and Spain.
And, sooth it was a goodly sight
To see them on their steeds;
With blazing shields, cuirasses bright,
Gold, steel, and silver weeds—
With nodding plumes and lances long,
And scarfs of every die;
Silk penoncels on spear-heads strong,
Like rainbows of the sky;
Bold crests above their helmets set,
Rich arms upon their shields;
The red cross and the griffon lit
On gold and silver fields.
While battle-axe or martel hung
Beside each saddle bow;
And ponderous falchion clash'd and rung
With jewell'd hilt below.
To see the silver spurs on heel,
The fretted casque on head;
The chargers barded all in steel,
For war and tilting bred.
Their housings with escutcheons, too,
Emblazon'd every one;
Red, green, and sable, pink and blue,
All burning in the sun.
With chamfrons bright,
And plumage white,
And hoofs like arrows springing,
And arching manes
And golden reins,
And bells of silver ringing.
Of all those gallant warriors brave,
Alonzo was the bravest;
Of all those knights who bore a glaive,
Alonzo was the gravest.
And why?—the bloom of youth was bright
And fair upon his cheek;
His lip was red—his brow was white—
His arm was never weak—
Weak! 'twas the strongest in the fight,
The boldest at the siege;
While all the virtues of a knight
Adorn'd our hero liege.
And, O! how bless'd 'bove all mankind,
Is he, through life, in every part,
Whose armour is his honest mind,
And simple truth his dearest art;
Noble in aspect, good at heart,
To all deceit and evil blind,
Whose greatest joy is to impart
Friendship to those who little find.—
But love can tame the boldest soul,
As many a gallant heart has proved;
And need we add, to crown the whole,
The young, the brave Alonzo loved.

In a different strain, but one of much power and beauty, for so young an author, is the following passage:

The Psalmist, when he gazed upon the sky,
And saw those boundless, countless worlds on high,
Exclaim'd,—"O God! what is the son of man,
That thou shouldst deign to visit him?" But then
He had not known the microscopic ken;
He had not thought that every leaf is rife
With teeming worlds of happiness and life;
That every wave which o'er the ocean rolls,
Above, below, between the distant poles,
Bears not a drop without its world. Ah! yes,
A busy world of being and of bliss!
Wondering, we know that every grain of sand,
Which paves the sea and strews the fertile land,

May harbour in it tribes of every kind,—
Joyful, and vain, and busy as the mind;
That e'en the air itself, so pure and blue,
Swarms with innumerable insects too;
And that may lie beyond the ken of man,
Beyond the best assisted eye to scan,
A universe, within so small a spot,
As to elude his every power of thought.
'Tis this redeems man from his littleness,
From insignificance to power; 'tis this
That shows him he is not the least of all,
Though, in the sight of those bright spheres, so small.
Last, noblest attribute, the soul! the soul
Raises mankind at once above the whole;
Above the sun, above creation even,—
O glorious thought, to rank with souls in Heaven!

We are much pleased with the delicacy and simplicity of the following song, which might, we think, be very successfully set to music:

The rose that blushes bright to-day,
May wither on the morrow;
The bird that tunes its merry lay,
May change its notes to sorrow.
The beaming eye, which smiles in light,
May cease the cheek adorning;
The heart that dearly loves to-night,
May falter in the morning.
Ah! no—ah! no,
The *heart* can alter never;
Its ceaseless flame still burns the same,
Forever and forever.

The sweetest flowers but bloom to die,
The loveliest rose must wither;
The lark forget its summer sky,
The bee forsake the heather.
The truest friends that ever met,
Met only to be parted;
The happiest love that glows, may yet
Be cross'd and broken-hearted.
Ah! yes—ah! yes,
The brightest eye may languish;
The gentlest breast find only rest
Beyond a world of anguish.

The only other passage we can quote, expresses, in a pleasing and spirited manner, our author's attachment to the lyre and intellectual pursuits—an attachment which we hope he will carry with him through life, for *vita sine literis mors est:*

From heaven to earth, from earth to sky,
From east to west, and pole to pole,
O'er woods that wave, and waves that roll,
The mind can soar, the Muse can fly.
Yes, yes, the mind is ever free,
To climb the mount, or span the sea:
And, freer still, the Muse can find
In every flight another mind.
Be dumb the tongue, the eye be blind,
The limbs in iron fetters bind;
Be perish'd hope, be wrung the breast,
The forehead hot, the frame oppress;
The heart be wounded, cross'd, and torn,
The man, of every friend forlorn,
In darkness and captivity;
Yet still the mind, the mind is free!
From heaven to earth, from earth to sky,
From east to west, and pole to pole,
O'er woods that wave, and waves that roll,
The Fancy and the Muse can fly.

In conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying that we know of few young men of one or two-and-twenty, (and Mr Sillery is no more,) who have made so successful an appeal to the public, or one which should be more speedily recognised and encouraged, whether we regard the intrinsic excellence of this his first effort, or the promise it holds out of still higher things yet to come.

A Glance at some of the Beauties and Sublimities of Switzerland; with Excursive Remarks on the various Objects of Interest presented during a Tour through its Picturesque Scenery. By John Murray, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. &c. London. Longman and Co. Edinburgh. Lizars. 12mo. Pp. 282. 1829.

THE author of this work, which has just issued from the Edinburgh press, is entitled, from the specimen of his abilities before us, to take an honourable place among the scientific travellers of the day. Mr Murray has already appeared before the public as a scientific author, in his treatises on the "Light and Luminous Matter of the Glow-worm," and his "Manual of Experiments in Chemical Science," which have been received with applause. His Lectures, too, at the Surrey Institution, we know to have been characterized by that perspicuity and conciseness, which are best calculated to ensure success as a teacher. Willingly, therefore, do we introduce Mr Murray to our readers in the work before us; and we think we shall be able to favour them with a "glance at some beauties" of it, as well as of Switzerland.

Switzerland, which, like our own country, is the "land of mountain and of flood," possesses, for the man of science and the scholar, no common attractions. Its stupendous mountains, covered with eternal snows,—its icy glaciers, reflecting the sun's rays with a bewildering brilliancy,—its fertile valleys, its magnificent lakes, its lofty woods, and its bird-nest-like towns, present a *tout ensemble* totally different from that of any other Continental country; and the only wonder is, that it never produced a poet.

Mr Murray very properly omits detailing any thing connected with his journey from Paris to Geneva, as that has been described a thousand times, and frequently, too, by individuals who never saw either of those cities. "For me, the scenery of France," says Mr Murray, somewhat ungallantly towards *la Belle France*, "is void of charms; destitute alike of the peasant's hamlet, and the mansions of the great, neither pretty pleasure grounds decorate the landscape, nor 'beautcous semblance of a flock at rest,' is seen. The fields of France are naked and cheerless, and the woods are mantled in more than forest gloom, while the villages we pass through are of little interest." In like manner, our author has declined saying almost any thing of Geneva, but from the little which he *does* say, we extract the following passage:

GENEVA.

"On Monday we perambulated the city, which certainly has very little, as a city, to recommend it. It is characterised by much active industry within doors, the *savans* and *mechaniciens* being pent up in their closets and ateliers, and very little gaiety pervades the promenades. Some parts of the town are sufficiently picturesque; the overhanging roofs, for which it is remarkable, are, however, too lofty to screen the pedestrian from the rain, especially if accompanied by a high wind, and form no shade from the sun. The pavement of the streets is bad, and their irregularity is a considerable drawback from the internal appearance. The pavement of the inclined plane in the Hotel de Ville, by which we gain the arduous ascent that conducts to the Passport Office, is a curiosity of its kind, and perhaps unique. The city is tolerably well fenced in with walls within walls, draw and suspension bridges, and gates; while stakes and chains secure from surprise on the part of the lake. The small canton of Geneva, though in the vicinity of the Great Alpine chain and the mountains of the Jura, includes no mountains. The name of the city and canton has been traced by the etymologists to a Celtic origin; *Gen*, a sally-port or exit, and *av*, a river, probably because the Rhone here leaves

the Leman lake. The eagle on the escutcheon of the city arms indicates its having been an *imperial* city; and it is believed the key was an adjunct of Pope Martin V., in the year 1418. The motto on the scroll, "Ex tenebris lux," appears to have existed anterior to the *light* of the Reformation. The number of inhabitants may now be estimated at about 22,000; but it appears, by a census in 1789, to have been 26,148. In this *moral* city, it is computed that every twelfth birth is *illegitimate*. The number of people engaged in clock and watch-making and jewellery may be safely rated at 3000. In years favourable to these staple manufactures 75,000 ounces of gold are employed, which is almost equally divided between watches and jewellery. The daily supply of silver is about 134 ounces. Pearls form an article of considerable value in the jewellery, and have been rated at no less a sum than 1200 francs daily. 70,000 watches are annually made, only one-twelfth of which are in silver. More than fifty distinct branches are comprised in the various departments, and each workman, on the average, earns about three shillings a-day." —Pp. 4–6.

It is impossible for us to accompany Mr Murray in his journey to explore the Valley of Chamouni, and the other interesting features of Swiss scenery, and we shall rather proceed to make a few desultory extracts from his volume.

At Geneva, we have the following notice of

CALVIN AND CALVINISM.

"We observed, in our perambulations, the house from the projecting window of which CALVIN addressed the populace, and altogether it recalled to our minds the house of JOHN KNOX, in the Canongate of Edinburgh. In Geneva, however, we regret to say, the name of Calvin is almost *unknown* among the majority of its inhabitants. I asked a respectable-looking person to tell me where I could find out the house where the celebrated Calvin once lived; he was sorry, however, he said, to confess that he did not know whom I meant, for he had not heard the name of the *gentleman* before.

"The ecclesiastical court of Geneva is managed somewhat like that of the Church of Scotland, and candidates for the ministry go through an almost similar course of study and examination. The title *proposan* applies to the individual when he enters the priesthood; but when he is set apart to the charge of a parish, he then assumes the epithet *pasteur*. The oldest pastor of the city takes the title *doyen*; and the president over the *weekly* convocation or assembly of pasteurs, which meet, as in the Presbyteries of the Church of Scotland to regulate ecclesiastical affairs, is called, as in Scotland, *moderator*, though in the latter the Presbytery is *monthly*."—Pp. 175-6.

The two following passages are powerful and graphic:

THE ALPINE HORN.

"There was a wild romance in its notes, which was characteristic, in a very high degree, of all around. This instrument is about eight feet long, and its farther extremity rests on the ground. It is used among these mountains, not merely for the herdsman's call, but as an invocation for the solemnities of religion. As soon as the sun has shed his last ray on the snowy summit of the loftiest ridge, the Alpine shepherd, from some elevated point, trumpets forth, 'PRAISE GOD THE LORD!' while the echoes in the caves of the everlasting hills, roused from their slumbers at the sacred name of GOD, repeat, 'PRAISE GOD THE LORD!' Distant horns on lower plains now catch the watch-word, and distant mountains ring again with the solemn sound, 'PRAISE GOD THE LORD!' and other echoes bounding from other rocks, reply, 'GOD THE LORD!' A solemn pause succeeds; with uncovered head, and on the bended knee, the shepherd's prayer ascends on high. At the close of this evening sacrifice, offered in the temple not made with hands, the Alpine horn sounds long and loud and shrill, 'Good night,' repeated by other horns; while a thousand 'good nights' are reverberated around, and the curtain of heaven closes on the shepherds and their flocks."—Pp. 218-19.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GOLDAU.

"This terrible catastrophe occurred on the 2d September 1806, by the fall of the Rossberg, which rose, originally, 3516 feet above the level of the sea. This mountain has also been called Russberg or Spitzbüble. The eventful morning appears to have been ushered in with rain, which continued until noon; and, during the entire day, the heavens were sad and sombre, as if in anticipation of the event about to ensue. About two P.M., the forests and orchards, which compassed the Rossberg, appeared convulsed, as if shaken by the invisible hand of Omnipotence; and occasional fragments of rock were observed to fall. About an hour after, the villages of *Goldau*, *Lowertz*, *Rother*, and *Kussnegen*, were overwhelmed; and a once smiling valley, where 600 peaceful shepherds and their families dwelt, with their flocks and herds feeding on the plains beside them, was covered with the rocky wreck of fell desolation and ruin, which circumscribed a square league. It was a dread picture of destruction. Thus, in one awful moment, was an Arcadian vale turned into a Gehinnom valley of shrieking. In the ruin, were involved two churches, 111 houses, 200 granaries and stables, more than 400 persons, and at least 325 head of cattle. This fearful accumulation of the wreck of the Rossberg formed a new mountain, and diminished the apparent altitude of the Rhigi on this side, by elevating the plain at its base. Strangers, whom curiosity had led toward the Rhigsberg, were unfortunately overwhelmed, as well as the inhabitants of the plain.

"A melancholy colloquy is stated to have taken place between a child and her nurse, buried among the rocks, and separated from each other by them. 'Come,' said the child, 'do take me away.'—'The day of Judgment,' said the girl, in reply, 'will soon be passed; we shall then find ourselves in heaven, and be for ever happy.' A gentleman, of the name of Dettingen, had a pretty house on the side of the hill; at the moment when the waters of the lake of Lowertz rose, there were in his house a female servant and two of his daughters; one of these was five years old, and the other nineteen, the latter *dumb*. She was the only one saved.

"There is detailed a still more wonderful instance of the interference of Providence in the case of an infant of two years old, belonging to persons named Mettler, who, though seemingly swallowed up with the cottage in which it lay, was ultimately found calmly asleep on its mattress, on a mass of rubbish at some distance. In minutely examining all the circumstantial details of this remarkable instance of preservation, we find ourselves as utterly at a loss to account for it as Dr Zay seems to have been. The cottage had a solid roof, the windows were too small to permit the passage of the mattress, the door was locked, and the wooden walls and rafters were dashed to pieces. The infant, when taken up, *smiled*. The parents were absent from the village during the catastrophe, and, on their return, had the happiness to receive their infant uninjured.

"The effect on the minds of the survivors seems to have been that of stupor and total abstraction. They thought that the final day of doom had arrived, and that the fall of the Rossberg would be promptly followed by that of the Rhigi, and other mountains around; and indeed it seemed almost to realize the Apocalyptic vision of the Day of Judgment, "when the wicked shall say unto the mountains and to the hills, Fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb." It appears, from undoubted authority, that this is not the only catastrophe which the annals of the Rossberg have to record; as a former village, named Rother, was destroyed

by a fall from the same mountain, but the date is not well ascertained: 180,000 francs were contributed toward the relief of the unhappy few who survived."—*Pp.* 240–4.

We must now take leave of Mr Murray's work, in which he appears to advantage, both as a traveller and a man of science. In the first character, he is modest and observant; in the latter, ingenious and learned. We have heard that Mr Murray is a candidate for the Chemistry Chair in the intended King's College, London, and we shall be glad to learn that he has proved successful.

The History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.E. and F.A.S. Vol. II. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1829. 8vo.

THE first volume of this learned, and, we may safely say, national work, appeared last year, and will be continued at intervals till completed in six volumes. Mr Tytler stands so deservedly high in the literary world, that no congratulations of ours are necessary on the successful manner in which he is carrying on his labours. The second volume contains the history of the reign of David II., who succeeded Robert Bruce, and includes an Historical Enquiry into the Ancient State and Manners of Scotland; under which is comprehended the most complete details of the General Appearance of the Country,—Distinct Races in Scotland,—Ancient Parliament of Scotland,—Early Commerce and Navigation,—State of the Early Scottish Church,—Sports and Amusements of the People, &c. &c. Of all these subjects, the most ample, and hitherto unknown, illustrations are given; and we are confident that the talent and research which the volume indicates will add materially to Mr Tytler's literary reputation. We mention this work thus briefly at present merely to show, that we are not slumbering at our post; and we shall, in an early number, present our readers with a much longer review, when we shall take the opportunity of discussing, likewise, the contents of the first volume, published last year.

SCIENCE.

THE FORMATION AND HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

A New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature, are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. By Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Physics and Lecturer on Chemistry in the Andersonian University. London. Longman & Co. 1829. Pp. 621.

(Second Notice.)

WE now proceed, in Book II., from the primordial world, but still, in the antediluvian period, to the review of what are called SECONDARY FORMATIONS, or *those which present remains of once living beings*, previously, however,—considering what are expressively called TRANSITION ROCKS, which are mineral masses that denote the passage between the upright primitive, and the horizontal secondary strata,—between those of inorganic and organic evidence; because, in the course of the consolidation and re-union of their parts, a few of the organic forms with which the sea was beginning to teem, falling into their crevices, became imbedded in their substance;—and what is termed SUB and SUPER MEDIAL STRATA, in which England is so rich—in reference to the TERTIARY, or *upper* formations,—the chief of which intermediate strata, geologically speaking, is certainly GREYWACKE, although to us those strata called THE COAL MEASURES, are by far the most important. That sometimes has a schistose texture approaching to primitive clay slate, and amongst it is found alum-slate, which is merely an argillaceous schist, impregnated with carbon and sulphur; the latter probably in the state of sulphuret of iron. When exposed to the air, these get covered with a snowy efflorescence, just as happens to some of the argillaceous slates of our Coal Measures. This was finely exemplified in the waste coal-workings that form the Hurlet alum mines, near Glasgow. But certainly the most characteristic feature of this submedial formation, is the impressions of fish, indicating most clearly the dreadful turmoil which presided at its origin. In some places, they are found in a constrained posture, suggesting the idea, that they had actually perished in boiling water!

It cannot be doubted that the revolution which caused the vast accumulation of remains found at Monte-Bolca, must have been sudden, and that they were speedily covered after death, by the mineral deposit in which they are now buried; for one of these fossil fish, now in the galleries of the French museum, belonging to the genus *blochius*, had not time, before it died, to let go another fish which it was in the act of swallowing. In our climates, it is added, with that acuteness which is a pre-eminent feature of the work, when any fish, (and especially one furnished with an air bladder,) dies in summer, it remains at the bottom of the water, for two or three days; it then rises to the surface before it becomes tainted, and falls to the bottom to rise no more, till putrefaction disunites its constituent parts. Hence, if some days had elapsed between the death of the *blochius*, above described, and its getting impacted in the strata, it would have mounted to the surface, and thus have been separated from the fish, which it was swallowing, when arrested by the fatal catastrophe.

Fish found in the same locality, too, contain the bodies of others that had been newly swallowed, so quickly had they been killed. Fish are also found in more recent rocks than Transitions, and zoophytes are seen in limestone. Every locality and circumstance of these is delightfully given by the Doctor, but we can only refer to, not follow him. These are *sub*-medial. The medial, or carboniferous strata, comprise the coal measures—the main-spring of the manufacturing prosperity of Britain.

"There are three different substances to which the name of coal has been given:—1. Lignite or fossilized wood, in some places, retaining its texture very distinctly, and passing by a series of gradations from this state to that of jet. 2. Anthracite or stone coal, a substance destitute of bitumen, occurs on the Continent, in mica-slate and other primitive rocks. In the transition slates of Derbyshire, anthracite also occurs. Carbonaceous matters of this kind can never be profitably worked, so as to become objects of statistical interest. 3. The proper coal measures, called the Independent Coal Formation, by Werner, from its occurring in insulated basins. This great carbonaceous deposit is interposed between the mountain limestone and old red sandstone below, and the saliferous or newer red sandstone above. Coal is a peculiar compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in which the first principle greatly predominates. A little azote is also generally present. Some coals, when distilled at a red heat, afford a considerable quantity of bitumen or tar; others, such as blind coal, afford none, and burn without flame. By a series of experiments on peat and various lignites their gradual progress of bituminization was ascertained. By the application of heat, under compression, to jet, it seems to fuse into a substance like true coal. The incipient stage seems therefore the work of water, the final one, of fire. Whether these two agents have been conjoined by nature in her great coal formations, is altogether uncertain, and must be left to future enquiry. Certainly that hypothesis which traces the change to water alone, is the preferable. The coal districts exhibit no unequivocal tokens of igneous agency, except where they are traversed by whindykes. One is led to infer that the coal-basins have been originally lakes liable to alternate inundations; whence the alternate deposits of vegetable

matter, clay, and sand, afterwards converted into coal, shale, and sandstone, under great superincumbent pressure, possibly of the ocean."

While thus treating of a subject so deeply interesting to manufacturing Britain, with a fulness and condensation seldom before attempted, no collateral information escapes our author's research. Thus, it is remarked incidentally:

"Clay iron-stone, in beds or courses of nodules, is common in the coal-fields, yielding on an average about 30 per cent of metal. Indispensable as this is to all the arts which bring comfort to man, with what providential kindness is its ore here associated with its flux and fuel,—the limestone and the coal, whose combined action alone can make it useful! Most justly, therefore, does Mr Conybeare say, 'that it can hardly be considered as recurring unnecessarily to final causes, if we conceive that this distribution of the rude materials of the earth was determined with a view to the convenience of its inhabitants.'

"The inclination of the strata which the basin shape bestows on the coal measures, is an arrangement most beneficial to man. Thus the successive seams rise on its edges to the surface or near it; and thereby disclose the mineral treasures concealed beneath, which would otherwise have rested invisible and unknown. By the sloping position, many of the beds are not only brought within the reach of the miner, but the whole become more easily worked and drained. There is one device, however, in the coal measures, which, to a superficial thinker, will appear a defect in the fabric, though it be essential to their usefulness; I allude to the dislocations of the strata, usually called faults, because they seem defects, or, at least, put the miner to fault in his search after the coal. These intersections, whether by slips or whindykes, act as valves to the porous seams, or as floodgates to arrest the diffusion of the subterranean springs. By these natural dams, the water which might inundate the whole, or, at least, entirely submerge the richest deposits of the centre, is confined to a single compartment, from which it is in most cases practicable to drain it. These safeguards of mines are, therefore, not confined to coal basins, but are providentially distributed through every important mineral bed."

From such considerations, he, with happy tact and the great aim of the volume ever in view, illustrates and confutes in anticipation similar apparent contradictions in other aspects of nature. Between the medial and tertiary, as we have indicated, super-medial stratas, or the proper *Secondary Formation* of Geology, come to be treated of. These are of great interest, and the substances of which they consist are described in order and at length, which we cannot follow here, however tempting be the path.

It is singular, that among the supermedial strata, chalk, which is so frequent in Europe, should not be found in America, Mr Maclure asserting positively that it does not exist on that continent; and except in two or three spots of the Hebrides and Sutherland, a chalk formation is equally scarce in Scotland. It often produces a certain barrenness in the superior soil; but it is admirably remarked by Dr Ure, and we quote the passage as a specimen, extraordinary with most other scientific writers, but not unusual with him, of how admirably general information and precise science may be united, and made illustrative of, and aid in advancing, each other. "The chalk valleys, however, are often extremely fertile; of which the Kent and Surrey hop grounds, and the downs for pasturing sheep, afford examples. Beech is the tree best fitted for a chalky soil. The Chiltern hills in Oxfordshire were anciently covered with thickets and woods of beech, which afforded harbour to banditti. Hence the steward of the Chiltern hundreds, formerly an employment under the Crown, has become a nominal office, which members of parliament take under a fiction of law, in order to vacate their seats."

The strata above chalk, or the TERTIARY rocks, consist of various beds of sand, clay (London and plastic,) marl, and imperfectly consolidated limestone. That called London clay forms one of the chief of the superior strata. It holds—as on the Isle of Sheppey, &c.—some extraordinary remains of fruits, now exclusively of tropical growth, and of an extinct species of cocoa nut, figured in this work, &c. It occasions, however, a dense and barren soil, productive round the metropolis only by excessive working.

A clear summary of what had preceded, in respect to the TERTIARY strata, which, near the supermedial in England, amounts to about a mile in depth, is very properly wound up by an abstract of Cuvier and Brogniart's Memoir on that singular tract of country, called the *Paris Basin*—celebrated for a remarkable alternation of fresh water and marine strata. We wish we could follow our author through this most interesting portion of his work, but must content ourselves with a very brief outline.

The chalk forms the bottom of the basin, or gulf, within which are deposited the several formations of the Paris district. Ere this antique chalk floor was covered by these mineral strata, its surface must have exhibited hollows and prominences, in the form of valleys, hills, and terraces. These inequalities are still indicated by the islets and promontories of chalk, which rise up through the new formations in certain points. Hence the excavations made in these upper beds reach the chalk at very variable depths. Nor have the inequalities any relation with those of the actual surface of the land.

On reconsidering these beds, from the chalk upwards, we conceive first of all a sea depositing on its bottom an immense mass of chalk, and mollusca of peculiar species. This precipitation of the chalk, and of its attendant shells, suddenly stops; the sea retires, waters of another kind, very probably analogous to that of our fresh-water lakes, succeed, and all the hollows of the marine formation are filled up with clays, debris of land vegetables, and of fresh-water shells. But soon another sea, producing new inhabitants, nourishing a prodigious quantity of testaceous *mollusca*, entirely different from those of the chalk, returns and covers the clay, its lignites, and their shells, &c. By degrees the sea withdraws, and the soil is again covered with lakes of fresh water. We are led to believe that no organized bodies lived at that period in this sea, or that their exuviæ have been completely destroyed. Lastly, the sea withdraws entirely, for the third time. Lakes or marshes of fresh water take its place, and cover with the remains of their inhabitants the tops of almost all the hills.

Such are the chronometers with which Geology measures the progress of time. But that science itself must have a starting place, indicated by mightier phenomena than even these here described; and that point is THE GENERAL DELUGE, to the reality of which the belief of all nations and tribes bear concurrent, though individual, moral testimony, and of which each corner of earth's now serrated and rugged surface exhibits physical evidence. In the Third Book, we come to the second great division of this work, where is treated the Deluge, and the causes of the antecedent revolutions of the earth, and of organic beings. It is appropriately introduced by the expression of Cuvier, and the conclusions of De Luc and Dolomieu, that if there be any fact well established in geology, it is this, that the surface of our globe has suffered a great and sudden revolution, the period of which cannot be dated further back than five or six thousand years. This revolution has, on the one hand, ingulfed, and caused to disappear, the countries formerly inhabited by men, and the animal species at present best known; and, on the other, has laid bare the bottom of the last ocean, thus converting its channel into the now habitable earth.

Striking proofs of this lie at the very threshold of in-

vestigation, and in the mere necessity for the terms needful to describe phenomena, that meet us almost on the surface of the earth. Nearly the whole table lands, and gentle acclivities of the mountains, are covered with deposits of gravel and loam, to the production of which no cause now seen in action is adequate, and which can therefore be referred only to the waters of a sudden and transient deluge. This deposit is hence called *diluvium* by geologists. In it, the pebbles and loam are always promiscuously blended, whereas, among the regular secondary and tertiary strata, they occur separate in alternate beds. The term *alluvium* is bestowed on the marl, sand, and gravel, deposited by existing rivers and lakes, or on planes exposed to occasional inundation. The ablest writers, Cuvier, Buckland, Brogniart, Conybeare, &c. now adopt these distinctions.

With these distinctive appellatives in view, our author proceeds to the proofs, collected with astonishing research, and arranged with much skill, of the diluvian, or *flooding*, action of water having reached the summits of the loftiest mountains; and, as concatenated by him, they form the most interesting and irresistible chain of evidence we have ever seen in science, or even in jurisprudence or metaphysics. Among them it is remarked, —"In central Asia, bones of horses and deer, which were found at a height of 16,000 feet above the sea, in the Himmala mountains, are now deposited at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. They were got by the Chinese Tartars of Duba, in the north face of the snowy ridge of Kylas, in lat. 32° N., out of the masses of ice that fall with the avalanches, from the regions of perpetual snow. The preceding facts attest, that 'all the high hills that were under the whole heavens were covered' by the waters of the deluge."

Another species of proof is that afforded by what Hutchinson and Catcott showed long ago, that the surface of the earth in many places, where it is at present furrowed by valleys, must have been formerly continuous: and this in innumerable instances, *where streams do not exist at all*; in many chalk downs, for example, or where the existing streams, as has been demonstrated already, are quite inadequate to the effect—is thus powerfully clenched, by reference to a familiar illustration. But, besides all these, the saline impregnation of many of our plains furnishes an overwhelming proof of the present land being once submerged by the ocean.

The fact, then, of a universal deluge being demonstrated, an inductive enquiry into its causes naturally follows. These are eruptive powers, similar to those which raised the primordial land, acting under the bottom of the primeval ocean, rolled its waters over the ancient continents, many of which were broken down and sunk in the sea, whilst new territories were upheaved and laid bare, and are thus arranged:—

I. Volcanic Action—in treating of which, the account of Mouna Roa, in the island of Owhyhee, justly termed the most remarkable volcano ever described, forms a singular and novel feature. It is estimated to rise to the prodigious height of 15,000 feet, contains an enormous crater, eight miles in circumference, and includes a vast lake of molten lava, subject to horrific explosions and undulations. The crater, instead of being the truncated top of a mountain, distinguishable at a distance in every direction, is an immense chasm in an upland country, near the base of the mountain, and is approached, not by ascending a cone, but by descending two vast terraces. It is not visible from any point, at a greater distance than half a mile. The whole summit of its ancient cone seems to have fallen in, and formed the precipitous ruins which encircle the crater to a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. The bottom of the gulf within has a circumference of five or six miles, and a depth of 1500 feet, the descent being in general practicable. When Mr Goodrich visited this crater for the first time in 1824, he remarked in the cavity twelve distinct places covered with red-hot lava, and three or four from which it spouted to the height of thirty or forty feet.

But besides this, every other volcano of importance, and its phenomena, whence issue lava or steam, as in the Geysers of Iceland, is adverted to,—if we except an extraordinary one of mud in the island of Java, which might have been noticed. This forms a chapter as interesting, and even thrilling, as the finest romance we ever read. As to the causes of volcanic action, particularly of the formation of lava, Dr Ure agrees with the learned Sir H. Davy, whose admirable speculations—confirmed by still more admirable experiments—he explains and illustrates; and with him regards the causes assigned in older times, as the combustion of coal strata, &c. &c. as quite inadequate. With this we think it impossible not to agree, since the only objection to the present theory of the eruption of water can thus be obviated.

The second cause is,

II. Basaltic Eruption—in treating of which, a survey of the whole trap districts of this country is admirably given. The account of the Campsie range of hills is full of interest and beauty. The igneous origin of basalt we think he convincingly proves—negatively, from the existence of whindykes, traversing all rocks indifferently—and positively, from, 1. The identity of chemical composition in basalt and lava; and, 2. The constant occurrence of trap rocks in volcanic districts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FINE ARTS.

SCULPTURE.

History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. By J. S. Memes, LL.D. Constable's Miscellany. Vol. XXXIX. Edinburgh. 1829.

To produce a condensed and able history of the Fine Arts requires a highly cultivated taste, a vivid imagination, an intellectual refinement free from the trammels of any particular school, and a judgment almost mathematically true. We feel no hesitation in saying, that an author possessing these requisites in no slight degree has been at work on the present instructive and delightful volume. Easy and perspicuous in its arrangement, faithfully historical in its statements, vigorous and animated in its style, and often enthusiastic and eloquent in its descriptions, this work is entitled to a high rank among the elegant literature of the day; and we hail it as, in a particular manner, calculated to encourage and hasten the revival of that pure and classical taste which is alone able to secure great improvement in any department of art. Intellectual refinement is the very element upon which the Fine Arts feed;—they were never the slaves of mere power, never helped to swell the pageant of tyrannical triumph, nor were ever dragged captive at the chariot wheels of ostentation and pride. They sprang into celebrity in the free and intellectual country of Greece, where genius expanded all her prismatic colours, and where the more sturdy and heroic virtues walked hand in hand with all the gentler sensibilities of our nature. But if the public taste be vitiated, it is in vain to look for purity of design from the artist. There will always be found minds, and minds too of considerable power, willing enough to pander to public appetite. That this has been the case, alike in architecture, painting, and sculpture, we have more than sufficient melancholy proofs presented to us in our streets and exhibition rooms. Dr Memes has resolutely gone to the root of the evil, forcibly addressing himself to the public, that the artist may profit by their

improvement. He has not stopped to delineate all the petty and scholastic differences of art, but he has given a broad and intellectual *coup d'œil* of his subject; and we will venture to affirm, that most men who read the work candidly and attentively will perceive a new light breaking in upon what they had previously been pleased to denominate their *taste*; and, as one symptom of its amelioration, will become much more diffident regarding matters, concerning whose principles they will be forced to confess that, but yesterday, they knew nothing.

Our author commences his labours with an "Introduction," in which he shortly considers the theories that have been advanced regarding the existence of a standard of taste, and the nature of beauty. We are much pleased with the concise, clear, yet comprehensive manner, in which these points are treated. Intricate discussions on such subjects are too metaphysical to be useful; and, by attempting to carry the reader too far, they resemble rivers which have overflowed their boundaries, seldom retaining permanent possession of any portion of the ground they have usurped. Since the time when Aristotle wrote, "Τὸ γὰρ καλὸν ἐν μεγέθει καὶ τάξει ἐστι," hundreds have attempted comments on a text so vague; and so many have been baffled in its interpretation, that the interest may be said to gather strength with the difficulty. The notions which Burke promulgates in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful show, better than any other, to what unphilosophical conclusions we must come, when we attempt to discover general principles and fixed statutes, for the regulation of what must ever depend on such an endless variety of unconventional causes. Of the seven elementary principles, laid down by that writer, as the indispensable requisites of beauty in general, not one will be found applicable to *Architectural beauty*. Nay, sometimes they are at open variance with its most efficient causes. Aware of the danger of either generalizing too much, or of dwelling too long on painful and hazardous minutiæ, Dr Memes has first carefully cleared away all the unnecessary verbiage which has attached itself to the subject, and which, like the ivy, often totally obscures what it was at first only intended to adorn; and he then boldly and lucidly proceeds to the statement of his own opinions, which put the matter in its true light, clearly proving, that if by a *standard* be meant "a permanent rule of taste, beyond which human invention or genius shall never pass," there is no such thing; but, on the other hand, that, "as in every species of experimental science, those researches, in their practice the most carefully conducted, and in their inferences the most consistent, are regarded as the canons of scientific truth; so, in the liberal arts, those noble monuments which, during the longest period, and to the greatest number of competent judges, have yielded the most satisfaction, are justly esteemed standards of taste —rules by which all other works are to be tried."

Dr Memes discusses, as best illustrating the history and common principles of all, Sculpture, before either Architecture or Painting, and to a short consideration of this division of his work we at present intend to confine ourselves; but shall also proceed with him, in due time, to the two other interesting heads.

In Egypt,—that mysterious country, that Cheops of the earth, concerning which such mighty things are conjectured, and so very little really known,—whence science earliest began to dawn upon Europe, and the attendant arts to show their humanizing faces,—the first approximation was made to what may legitimately be termed Sculpture. But, however costly, we doubt extremely that Egyptian Sculpture was ever possessed of much beauty. In spite of all the extravagant commendation that has been heaped upon it—in spite of all the overdrawn descriptions of the emotions it excites in the beholder, which have issued, and are still issuing, from the press,* we are inclined to be even more sceptical than Dr Memes, as to the actual position it is entitled to hold on the graduated scale of art. That the Egyptians had many difficulties to contend with, no one will deny:—the very spirit of their laws and religious opinions were directly opposed to improvement of any sort, which they considered as only another term for innovation. Their gods, (unlike those of the Greeks,) instead of being embodied representations of ideal excellence, collected and arranged from the finest examples of human formation, more generally partook of the character of brutified monsters; which, whether merely symbolical or not, in no small degree assisted in retarding the progress of sculpture. In the nursery days of all countries, religion will be found to be the heart whence flow the arteries that feed and nourish them. Upon the character which religion first assumes depends a thousand circumstances; but none more than the progress and improvement of the Fine Arts. Sculpture may be said to have had its origin in Polytheism. Had the early inhabitants of Egypt, Greece, and Italy, entertained the religious opinions of the Covenanters, it is not probable that either sculpture, architecture, or painting, would ever have arrived at much perfection amongst them. But even had the Egyptians been willing to model their sculpture after the best examples of the human form, they would have failed to arrive at a good conclusion; because their own thick lips, and heavy contours, were immeasurably removed from grace or beauty. Their statues, possessing no indications of anatomical knowledge, and but little appearance of expression, sentiment, or feeling, derive their sole interest from their antiquity,—their position,—their magnitude, —and, in some few instances, the mysterious uncertainty with regard to the use and end of their formation. There may frequently be seen, in some of the wilder mountain passes of our own country, masses of detached rock playfully fashioned, by the hand of nature, into a resemblance of humanity, which will produce quite as much effect upon our sympathies as the Sphynx and many other of the graceless Egyptian relics. The uniformity of stiff and awkward attitudes, as if a common mould had been used for them all, shows great ignorance of drawing; and Dr Memes has very felicitously supposed that, in many cases, the outline was first traced from a body laid prostrate upon the block, and then finished afterwards with a vacillating and uncertain hand.

We turn with pleasure from this infantine appearance of the art, to its full power and thorough development in Greece. There sculpture attained the greatest perfection of which it is capable; for its capacity of improvement is much more limited than that of painting. The range which it possesses, however, is quite large enough to allow sufficient elbow-room for genius of the most aspiring nature. Even the fiery and enthusiastic spirit of Buonarotti had taken flight before he approximated to the sober majesty and exquisite finish which characterise the works of the Grecian masters. Of their standard of beauty, as displayed in the representation of their Divinities, much has been written; and some disciples of the school of Michael Angelo have even gone the length of denying that it is one which should regulate other artists, alleging that it is deficient in expression. It may, however, be almost demonstrated, that the stand-

* We here more particularly allude to the statements made in diverse letters recently published in the *Gazette de France*, copied in the *London Literary Gazette*, from M. Champollion, now forming part of the French expedition in Egypt. Though unwilling to doubt the accuracy of documents presented as it were in an official manner to our notice, we yet cannot help forcibly recollecting the erroneous opinions and strained embellishments with which M. Denon and others have already found it profitable to feed the public taste. If the discoveries asserted to have taken place, are truly of the nature described in M. Champollion's epistles, especially as respects the columns alleged to be the true type of the Grecian Doric, Egypt may assume a more important position than she has yet done in the history of the Fine Arts.

ard is a good one. Professor Camper, after measuring and comparing, with a laborious minuteness peculiarly Dutch, an immense variety of skulls, concludes his labours by triumphantly exclaiming, "If it now be asked, what is meant by a fine countenance, we may answer, that in which the facial line makes an angle of 100 degrees with the horizon. The ancient Greeks have, consequently, chosen this angle." This is going a certain length, but not far; for the question still remains unanswered, Why does the facial line, when at such an angle, appear more agreeable than any other? Sir Joshua Reynolds has attempted to get rid of the difficulty in a very ingenious manner. According to him, "beauty is the medium or centre of the various forms of the individual;—every species of animal has a fixed and determinate form, towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in a centre, or like pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point; and as they all cross the centre, though only one passes through any other point,—so it will be found, that perfect beauty is oftener produced than any one kind of deformity." "But," justly remarks Charles Bell, in his second Essay on the Anatomy of Expression, "how shall we reconcile this with the form of the antique? Though this theory may account for the straight line of the ridge of the nose being more beautiful than that which is concave or convex, because it is the *central* form, it will not explain the peculiarity of the form of the nose, brow, and eye, of the antique." "The true cause of beauty in the antique," proceeds the same author, "is the ennobling the form of the head, by increasing those peculiarities of character,—the indication of intellect and the powers of expression,—which distinguish the *human* form, and by carefully reversing those proportions which produce a resemblance to the physiognomy of brutes." Completely coinciding with this view of the case, we at once discover one of the greatest causes of our admiration of the Greeks, namely, the originality of thought, and scientific research, thus exhibited by them; and, even were their brightest efforts to be equalled by modern artists, still the grand source of our respect and reverence would remain for the minds that *first* conceived, and the hands which *first* palpably gave being to, an entirely new arrangement of forms, yet so aptly mingled, that they may be said to hover betwixt heaven and earth.

Here it is, luxuriating amongst the immortal productions of an immortal people, that Dr Memes' pen seems to bound under his hand like a "steed that knows his rider." Dr Memes has himself visited the country of glorious reminiscences, and he speaks with all the ardour and enthusiasm of one who had lingered amongst its ruins, and, in the inspiration of the moment, had called forth the mighty from their tumbling sepulchres, to pass in bright review before him. We cannot follow him through all his descriptions; but we must give one portrait:

PHIDIAS.

"This great master, the son of Charmidas, an Athenian citizen, was born about the 72d Olympiad, or nearly 500 years before our era, and studied under Eladas. His numerous works belonged to three distinct classes: Toreutic, or statues of mixed materials, ivory being the chief,—statues of bronze,—sculptures in marble. In this enumeration are included only capital performances, for exercises in wood, plaster, clay, and minute labours in carving, are recorded occasionally to have occupied his attention. The beauty of these miniatures was not inferior to the excellence of his greater works; at once sublime and ingenious, he executed grand undertakings with majesty and force, and the most minute with simplicity and truth.

"'Artis Phidiacæ toreuma durum
Pisces adspicis: adde aquam, natabunt.'
"'These fish are iv'ry—but by Phidias made:
From want of water only—seem they dead.'

"Of the works belonging to the first division, the Olympian Jupiter, and the Minerva of the Parthenon, colossal statues composed of gold and ivory, were the most wonderful productions of ancient art. The former, placed in the Temple at Elis, was sixty feet high, in a reposing attitude, the body naked to the cincture, the lower limbs clothed in a robe gemmed with golden flowers; the hair also was of gold, bound with an enamelled crown; the eyes of precious stones; the rest of ivory. Notwithstanding the gigantic proportions, every part was wrought with the most scrupulous delicacy; even the splendid throne was carved with exquisite nicety. The whole was finished before the artist had obtained the direction of the public works of the Athenians, in the 83d Olympiad, after a labour of ten years; the same date in which Herodotus read the second part of his history, the first regular prose composition that had been heard at Athens.

"About twelve years later was executed the Minerva, of inferior dimensions, being only forty feet in altitude, but equal, if not superior, in beauty of workmanship and richness of material, the nude being of ivory, the ornaments of gold. A flowing tunic added grace to the erect attitude of the goddess; in one hand was a spear, upon the head a casque; on the ground a buckler, exquisitely carved, the concave representing the giants' war, the convex a conflict with the Amazons, portraits of the artist and of his patron being introduced among the Athenian combatants—one cause of the future misfortunes which envy brought upon the author. On the golden sandals was also sculptured another favourite subject, the battle of the Centaurs, praised by historians as a perfect gem of minute art.

"Such admiration attached to these two works, that they were regarded as 'having added majesty to the received religion,' and it was esteemed a misfortune not to have been able, once in a lifetime, to behold them. Yet judged according to the true principles of genuine art, theirs was not a legitimate beauty. It does not excite surprise, then, to learn that Phidias himself disapproved of the mixed effect produced by such a combination of different substances, nor will it appear presumption here to condemn these splendid representations. It is not sufficient that a work of art does produce a powerful impression—it is indispensable to its excellence that the means employed be in accordance with the principles and the mode of imitation. Now, in the compositions just described, exposed as they were to the dim light of the ancient temple, and from very magnitude imperfectly comprehended, the effects of variously reflecting surfaces, now gloom, now glowing of unearthly lustre, must have been rendered doubly imposing. But this influence, though well calculated to increase superstitious devotion, or to impress mysterious terror on the bewildered sense, was meretricious, altogether diverse from the solemn repose, the simple majesty of form and expression, which constitute the true sublimity of sculptural representation.

"Statuary, or the art of casting in bronze, as the term was used by the ancients, Phidias carried to unrivalled perfection. The Amazon, the Minerva, at Lemnos, and in the Acropolis, were considered as the masterpieces in this department. The last, called the Minerva Polias, was of such majestic proportions, that the crest and helmet might be discerned above the battlements of the citadel at a distance of twenty-five miles, pointing home to the Athenian mariner, as he rounded the promontory of Sunium. Of these and other works, descriptions alone remain; we are consequently indebted for our positive knowledge of his style and principles to the marble sculptures of Phidias, in which department numerous admirable performances of his hand have also perished; but we have here an advantage in

the possession of undoubted originals denied in every other instance."

The Romans were to the Greeks in sculpture and architecture what bad engravers are to good painters; they served to multiply heavy and bungled copies of their works. There is nothing interesting in the review of Roman art. There is no originality of thought, no expansion of soul.

We pass in silence over the long slumber of art, during what may well be termed the dark ages, and hasten to a period when returning genius began to brighten the horizon of art. Michael Angelo Buonarotti, in himself a constellation, rose in 1474 and set in 1564. In whatever light we consider this man, his name has a right to a high place amongst the mighty of the earth; but we shall not presume to enter the lists with such a description as the following:

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

"For three-fourths of the sixteenth century, this extraordinary man presided in the schools, and by his style influenced much longer the principles of modern art. To him, therefore, during the most brilliant period in the annals which we are now feebly endeavouring to trace, is the attention chiefly directed. Nor only in one point of view is his genius to be contemplated. He has extended the grasp of a mighty though irregular spirit over our whole subject. Sculptor of the Moses, painter of the Last Judgment, architect of the Cupola —we behold him in the greatest of the works of art. It is this, more than any other circumstance, which has invested the character of his genius with a species of awful supremacy not to be enquired into: discrimination is lost in general admiration; and to him who thus seems to bear away the palm of universal talent, we are inclined to concede the foremost rank in each separate pursuit. His productions, thus dominating among the labours of man, bewilder the judgment both by their real and their apparent magnitude. Thus some giant cliff, rising far above minor elevations, while it serves as a landmark to the traveller, misleads his conceptions of its own distance and immediate relations of site.

Here it appears the proper, or at least simplest method, to present such gradual unfolding of the subject as each branch separately may seem to require, reserving a general view for such place as shall give the reader full command of the joint influences, bearings, and consequences of these details.

"In sculpture, the works of Michael Angelo are divided between Rome and Florence. They are not numerous, and few are even finished. Impatience of slowly progressive labour, united with indomitable activity and unwearied industry—fastidiousness of fancy, and exalted perceptions of excellence, joined with a reckless daring in execution, form singular distinctions of intellectual temperament. Hence have sprung the characteristic beauties and the besetting errors of his style in sculpture—a style discovering much that is derived from liberal and enlightened study of the sublime and graceful in nature, but still more of those qualities which arise from the peculiarities of an individual and erratic, though rich and powerful, imagination. Rarely do his statues exhibit that simplicity and repose essential to beauty in an art—grave, dignified, or even austere, and possessing means comparatively limited and uniform. Forced and constrained attitude, proportions exaggerated, expression awful, gloomy, and unearthly, forms of unnatural, of superhuman energy—these constitute the ideal of his composition. In giving visible existence to these ideas, his execution is most wonderful. A force, a fire, an enthusiasm, elsewhere unfelt, unknown, give to every limb and lineament a vitality, a movement, resembling more the sudden mandate of inspiration, than a laborious and retarded effort. The first impressions created by these works are thus irresistibly powerful; but they startle, surprise, astonish—do not soothe, delight, and satisfy the mind. An influence originating solely in the imagination, and in which the sensibilities of the heart have little interest, cannot long retain its power; the ordinary tone of feeling returns, and amid the unquiet and aspiring composition seeks for nature and repose.

"If the productions and style of Michael Angelo be compared with the great standards of excellence and of truth in sculpture—nature, and the remains of ancient art, he will be found to have deviated widely from both, or rather, perhaps, he has rendered both subservient to his own particular views of each. He has created to himself modes of imitation, which should in themselves claim a paramount importance, independent of all archetypes; while these latter are connected with the originals of reality, only as an intermediate step to the realms of fancy. Hence, round a false, though gorgeous and imposing art, his genius has swept a magic circle, within whose perilous bound no inferior spirit has dared with impunity to tread. Unfortunately, however, such was the fascination produced in his own age, when the forcible and imaginative were admired above the simple and the true, that his works became a standard by which the past was to be tried, and the future directed. As a necessary consequence, a prodigious and irreparable lapse was prepared for the art. The imitation of a natural style will ever be productive of good; it will ultimately lead to no imitation, by conducting to the primeval source. The very reverse is the effect of following a guide such as Buonarotti, who has departed from nature farther, we will venture to say, than any great name on record, whether in literature or in art. Irregularities and imperfections in almost every other instance of lofty genius, are forgotten amid the deep-thrilling pathos, or soothing loveliness, of natural expression; but amid the awe-inspiring, the commanding, the overpowering representations of the Tuscan, the soul languishes for nature. His creations are not of this world, nor does feeling voluntarily respond to the mysterious and uncontrollable mastery which they exert over it. The cause and progress of this dereliction of nature can also be traced. He had marked the perplexities and constraint under which his predecessors had laboured, in their endeavours to unite the forms and expressions of living nature with images of ideal beauty, overlooking the productions of classic sculpture, in which this union is so happily accomplished: because to his vigorous, rather than refined perceptions, its simplicity appeared poverty, he fearlessly struck into a line of art, where all was to be new—vehement—wonderful."

If our limits allowed us, we should feel pleasure in presenting our readers with several other passages, equally powerful; but we have room for only one—a descriptive sketch of Thorwaldsen, the most successful and celebrated of all living sculptors:

THORWALDSEN.

"Since the death of his illustrious contemporary, Canova, Thorwaldsen, born at Copenhagen in 1771-2, has occupied the public eye as head of the modern school. The character and powers of this master are doubtless of a very elevated rank; but neither in the extent nor excellence of his works, do we apprehend his station to be so high as sometimes placed. The genius of the Danish sculptor is forcible, yet is its energy derived more from peculiarity than from real excellence. His ideal springs less from imitation of the antique, or of nature, than from the workings of his own individual mind—it is the creation of a fancy seeking forcible effect in singular combinations, rather than in general principles; therefore hardly fitted to excite lasting or

beneficial influence upon the age. Simplicity and impressing expression seem to have hitherto formed the principal objects of his pursuit; but the distinction between the simple and rude, the powerful and the exaggerated, is not always observed in the labours of the Dane. His simplicity is sometimes without grace; the impressive—austere, and without due refinement. The air and contours of his heads, except, as in the Mercury—an excellent example both of the beauties and defects of the artist's style—when immediately derived from antiquity, though grand and vigorous, seldom harmonize in the principles of these efforts with the majestic regularity of general nature. The forms, again, are not unfrequently poor, without vigorous rendering of the parts, and destitute at times of their just roundness. These defects may in some measure have arisen from the early and more frequent practice of the artist in relievos. In this department, Thorwaldsen is unexceptionably to be admired. The Triumph of Alexander, originally intended for the frieze of the government palace at Milan, notwithstanding an occasional poverty in the materials of thought, is, as a whole, one of the grandest compositions in the world; while the delicacy of execution, and poetic feeling, in the two exquisite pieces of Night and Aurora, leave scarcely a wish here ungratified. But in statues, Thorwaldsen excels only where the forms and sentiment admit of uncontrolled imagination, or in which no immediate recourse can be had to fixed standards of taste, and to the simple effects of nature. Hence, of all his works, as admitting of unconfined expression, and grand peculiarity of composition, the statues of the Apostles, considered in themselves, are the most excellent. Thorwaldsen, in fine, possesses singular, but in some respects erratic genius. His ideas of composition are irregular; his powers of fancy surpass those of execution; his conceptions seem to lose a portion of their value and freshness in the act of realizement. As an individual artist, he will command deservedly a high rank among the names that shall go down to posterity. As a sculptor, who will influence, or has extended the principles of the art, his pretensions are not great; or, should this influence and these claims not be thus limited, the standard of genuine and universal excellence must be depreciated in a like degree."

We shall proceed to the consideration of Painting next week.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. IX.

In these "No Popery and Pro-Popery" days, I marvel that the adherents of the Catholic Church omitted one argument, which could not fail of operating powerfully on the motley citizenship of this overgrown metropolis. The argument I refer to is comprised in the astonishing pantomimes, gorgeous spectacles, and unaccountable sights, that surprise the eyes and gladden the hearts of all the men, women, and children, who sally forth in quest of civic entertainment during the holidays. For these we are indubitably indebted to the Lady of Babylon; and were the fact generally understood, it would serve her cause better in London than all the bulls, brazen or golden, that ever left their paddock in the Vatican. Had it not been for the attachment of Old Mother Church to fasts and festivals, saints and saint-days, and her diligent housewifery touching the outside of her cups and platters, the Cockney fry, young and old, might have sighed in vain for a pantomime at Christmas, or a melodramatic spectacle at Easter. And "why might not the imagination trace" the agile Harlequin to a monk of the order of St Dominic, and his faithful Columbine to the secluded sister of a convent, matchless in the exact observance of self denying precepts? If I am told, "'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so," I answer, "Not a jot."

Easter-Monday sent forth its crowds, anxious for amusement, and the theatres put forth their dazzling announcements to attract them. Covent-Garden speculated upon the popular taste for horrors, and "The Devil's Elixir, or the Shadowless Man," seemed to lend an appearance of unwonted gloom and grandeur to its bills. Drury-Lane resorted to the treasures of fairy legend, and "Thierne-na-Oge, or the Prince of the Lakes," operated powerfully upon the wondering optics of the sight-seeking spectators. Astley's proclaimed "The Storming of Seringapatam." The Surrey mingled "John Orery the Miser," and a pantomime called, "Love in a Humble Shed;" and the renowned Coburg turned "The Money Diggers," a story of Washington Irving's, into minor theatre dialogue, and managed to give the audience *terrible* satisfaction. It is unnecessary to spend much critical gravity upon these sublime doings. The Covent-Garden novelty was good in little except its scenery. A disobedient shadow occasioned much mirth, by obstinately persisting in its determination to act independently of the substance. Weekes played Dan O'Reilly, the chief acting part in the Drury-Lane piece, and acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of the audience.

I have visited Pandemonium, as represented in Mr Burford's panorama in Leicester-square. The subject of the painting is taken from Milton's description of the infernal empire, as embellished by the agency of Satan and his angels. Martin is palpably imitated in every part of the piece. The exhibition is certainly worth inspection, and the cits seem wondrously delighted with it. But a view of Sydney in the same building detained me much longer, and gratified me much more. It is executed with great delicacy; and the romantic character of the scenery almost made me wish myself of the number of those

"Doom'd the far isles of Sydney Cove to see."

Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny have arrived here, and have received the approbation of some highly competent metropolitan authorities. A group of statues in marble by Mr Carew, who is patronised by the Earl of Egremont, is now open to the public. In my opinion, they indicate an acquaintance with art more than the possession of genius.

AN ESKDALE ANECDOTE.

Extract of a letter from the Ettrick Shepherd.

Another time I chanced to be on a week's visit to a kind friend, a farmer in Eskdale-muir, who thought meet to have a party every day at dinner, and mostly the same party. Our libations were certainly carried rather to an extremity, but our merriment corresponded therewith. There was one morning, indeed, that several of the gentlemen were considerably hurt, and there were marks of blood on the plaster, but no one could tell what had happened. It appeared that there had been a quarrel, but none of us knew what about, or who it was that fought.

But the most amusing part of the ploy (and a very amusing part it was) regarded a half hogshead of ale, that was standing in the lobby to clear for bottling. On the very first forenoon, our thirst was so excessive, that the farmer contrived to insert a spigot into this huge cask, and really such a treasure I think was hardly ever opened to a set of poor thirsty spirits. Morning, noon, and night, we were running with jugs to this rich fountain, and handing the delicious beverage about to lips that glowed with fervour and delight. In a few days, however, it wore so low, that before any would come, one was always obliged to hold it up behind; and, finally, it ran dry.

On the very morning after that, the farmer came in with a wild raised look. "Gentlemen," said he, "get your hats—haste ye—an' let us gang an' tak a lang wauk, for my mother an' the lasses are on a-scrubbing a whole floorfu' o' bottles; an' as I cam by, I heard her speaking about getting the ale bottled the day."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IT IS NOT LOVE.

(From an unpublished Romance.)

By Thomas Atkinson.

It is not love—whate'er you say,
Whate'er perhaps I hope too well;
O! I have watch'd for many a day,
For looks such gladsome news to tell:
But, as the fire of feeling flash'd
Across a face that's more than fair,
I felt my inmost pride abash'd,
For, O, there was no passion there!

I know not if he e'er hath read
The meaning of my trembling true,
That, when I hear his lightsome tread,
Hath tell-tale been, I fear, to you.
I seek the shade when he is by,
Lest looks I cannot all control,
Or wishes breathed in but a sigh,
Should tell the secret of my soul.

Yet still I doubt he almost fears
How dear his presence is to me:
He asks not now why wandering tears
Steal to my eyes in hours of glee!
His kindness hath a pitying air;
At last adieu, he wore his glove!
O! if 'twould make him shun me, ne'er
May he suspect how deep I love!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

It is said that Mr Allan Cunningham's "Anniversary" is not to be published as an Annual any longer, but is to appear in monthly numbers, with beautiful engravings, the first of which will come out in July. We hope this report is not correct; for the alteration would be decidedly to the worse.—Mr T. Hood is not to edit "The Gem" for 1830.

We understand that 6000 copies of the first volume of Mr Murray's Family Library were subscribed for the first day, and a second edition is already in the press. One nobleman has subscribed for twenty copies of the whole series, with a view to distribution in that part of Ireland where his estates are situated.

The publication of the second part of Mr Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh is postponed till the beginning of next publishing season.

An enlarged edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, with copious notes, is preparing for the press, by the Right Honourable J. W. Croker. The work will extend to five volumes, and will appear before next Christmas.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer is nearly ready, from the pen of Todd, the editor of Johnson's Dictionary.

A new monthly publication, on the plan of the English Magazines, has recently been started in Paris. Casimir, Delavigne, Scribe, Veron, Rossini, and others, are to contribute to it.

Mrs Holland has in the press, Beatrice, a Tale, founded on facts.

Climate of St Petersburg.—In the streets of the Russian Metropolis, it is no unusual thing for one gentleman to accost another thus:—"Sir, I beg to inform you that your nose is frozen;" while the other politely replies, "Sir, I was about to warn you that symptoms of mortification have appeared on yours."

Works in the Press.—The following works will, we understand, be published speedily by Messrs Oliver and Boyd:—

Tales of Field and Flood, with Sketches of Life at Home, by John Malcolm, Author of "Scenes of War," "Reminiscences of a Campaign in the Pyrenees and South of France," &c. Small 8vo.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs, exhibiting remarkable Instances of the Instinct, Sagacity, and social Disposition of this faithful Animal: illustrated by Representations of the most striking Varieties, and by correct Portraits of celebrated or remarkable Dogs, from Drawings chiefly Original. Also, a Historical Introduction; and a copious Appendix on the Breeding, Feeding, Training, Diseases, and Medical Treatment of Dogs; together with a Treatise on the Game Laws of Great Britain. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., &c. Royal 18mo.

The Cook and Housewife's Manual, by Mrs Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St Ronan's. Fourth edition, thoroughly revised and greatly improved. A thick 12mo.

Stories from the History of Scotland, in the manner of Stories selected from the History of England, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart. Second edition, very greatly enlarged; with a Frontispiece and Vignette designed by Stothard, and engraved by James Stewart. Thick 18mo, half-bound.

An Epitome of the Game of Whist; consisting of an Introduction to the Mode of Playing and Scoring; the Laws of the Game essentially reformed; and Maxims for Playing, arranged on a new and simple Plan, calculated to give rapid Proficiency to a Player of the dullest Perception and worst Memory. By E. M. Arnaud; with a Frontispiece on Wood by Branston. 18mo.

Dinner of the Scottish Academy.—About a hundred persons sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, given, on Monday last, by the directors and members of the Scottish Academy of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, in their Exhibition Rooms. The evening was spent in much intellectual and social enjoyment; and we are happy to inform our readers, that one of the many well-known literary gentlemen who were present has furnished us with an interesting paper, which will speedily appear in the *Journal*, on the Progress of the Fine Arts in Scotland, suggested partly by this occasion.

Bonaparte.—A recent French writer says,—"Before the Revolution, Frenchmen chattered everywhere, and about everything; but Bonaparte said, 'Silence, gentlemen,' and France was hushed."

Theatrical Gossip.—In London, the Easter spectacles have been drawing to the theatres the spectacle-loving part of the community.—In Edinburgh, T. P. Cooke has been playing his favourite parts to respectably filled houses. Miss Clarke has performed the part of *Diana Vernon* once or twice, but not in a style which induces us to hope for very *rapid* improvement. Other theatrical matters are *in statu quo*.

Weekly List of Performances.

April 18—24.

Sat. *Rob Roy, & Rosina.*
Mon. *Protean Massaroni, Little Jockey, & The Pilot,*
Tues. *Rob Roy, & Luke the Labourer.*
Wed. *Presumption, & The Pilot.*
Thur. *Gordon the Gipsy, The Purse, & Rosina.*
Fri. *Gordon the Gipsy, Little Jockey, & Luke the Labourer.*

TO OUR READERS.

In a few weeks, the first Volume of The Edinburgh Literary Journal will be completed, and our readers will be glad to learn that an entirely new font of types is preparing for the second Volume, which, with one or two other improvements, will give the Journal a conspicuously elegant appearance. A Title-page and Index will be delivered with the last Number of the present Volume.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Want of room obliges us to delay till next week the Scene from "Wallenstein's Camp," and "A Real Love Sang," by the Ettrick Shepherd.

We are requested to state that the lines, signed "W. A.' mentioned as "not suiting us" in our last, were not by William Anderson.—The verses entitled, "The Noble Duellist," have too much of a political tendency for our pages.—The book sent us by "Q." has been lying for him at our Publishers for a week.—We regret that the verses by "J. R. P.," "T. P." and "C. M" will not suit us.

"Moral and Miscellaneous Essays," No. V., on the "Character of Robert Burns," is unavoidably postponed.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 25. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1829. PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Narrative of an Official Visit to Guatemala from Mexico. By G. A. Thompson, Esq., late Secretary to his Britannic Majesty's Mexican Commission, and Commissioner to report to his Majesty's Government on the State of the Central Republic. London. John Murray. 1829.

GUATEMALA occupies a central position between the Columbian and Mexican Republics. In consequence of the extraordinary variety of its soil and temperature, it yields almost all the productions of the frigid, temperate, and torrid zones. It might have been expected, that the importance of such a country, covering a surface of nearly seventeen thousand square leagues, and lying in the midst of those vast relations which now exist, and may hereafter be opened, between the Old and New Worlds, would at once have been fully appreciated; and that a description of its natural curiosities, political institutions, and commercial superiority, would have held a prominent place in the Journals of our American topographers. But the peculiar advantages which Guatemala presents to the British government, from its contiguity to that part of the Honduras shore, constituting the colony of Belize, have, somewhat unaccountably, been either altogether overlooked, or sadly undervalued, by our capitalists. There might be some pretext for such indifference, if these advantages were uncertain—if they could only prove comparatively limited in their effects—or if the acquisition of them would interfere with the internal policy of the Guatemalian Republic, and would consequently excite an antipathy on its part, detrimental alike to present security and ultimate aggrandizement. But why might not Guatemala become as valuable a colony as Buenos Ayres? The population of both republics is equal. Even the most insignificant district in Guatemala is capable of cultivation. In its numerous towns and villages the resources of trade are rapidly augmenting—a circumstance that would seem to augur favourably for the introduction of the more polished arts. Several navigable rivers intersect the country, which is also fertilized and ornamented with large lakes. If the proposed establishment of a water communication between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, by means of the lake of Nicaragua and the river St Juan, be accomplished, the traffic of Guatemala must improve. Viewing its financial affairs, even at the present moment, it will be found that they may safely bear a comparison with those of Mexico and the neighbouring republics. In short, a finer field cannot be afforded for British enterprise. Lord Bacon, in his Novum Organum, compares society to a pillar composed of four parts: agriculture—manufactures—commerce—and science. In Guatemala, the basement of this pillar has in some measure been laid. When the market with Great Britain is more extensively opened, and when, consequently, the demand upon the domestic stores of Guatemala becomes greater, a new impetus will be given to the spirit of industry. Under its genial influence, manufactures must flourish, and science will find ample scope for its operations. Nor are these conclusions deduced from unwarrantable premises. They rest not upon the success of conquest. Spain originally trusted to conquest in effecting *her* settlements; and what was the result? The Spanish invaders, enervated by luxury, made no endeavours to improve the victory which they had achieved. On the contrary, they exercised the most intolerant despotism, by reducing the inhabitants to bondage, and desolating their territories. In this manner the flame of civil dissension was kindled, the consequences of which were necessarily destructive to the stability of the Spanish power. Under no circumstances, therefore, can conquests be defended, unless in so far as they tend to ameliorate the situation of those over whom they have been obtained. Keeping this great principle steadily in view, and making those proposals which it becomes a humane and liberal nation to offer, and which it would be justifiable in a free and independent people to accept, Great Britain may, by establishing a permanent intercourse with Guatemala, enlarge her national wealth, and more effectually secure her possessions in the American States.

The great number of works on America which have been already published, might appear to render the present "Narrative" superfluous. Mr Thompson, however, was induced to lay it before the public, for the purpose of furnishing additional information in regard to a portion of these countries which has been least known or visited by Europeans. After having negotiated the Treaty of Mexico, he set off for Guatemala, in order to report to his Majesty's government on the state of affairs in that republic. The style of Mr Thompson's narrative is extremely perspicuous, and, what is of more consequence, it bears the impress of truth. There are no inflated recitals of "hair-breadth 'scapes," calculated to delight a modern Dido or Desdemona. We meet with no pedantic detail of geographical positions, or of mere latitudes and longitudes. His descriptions of scenery, without being tediously minute, are generally spirited. If he seldom displays much scientific research, there is considerable ability in his delineations of American customs and manners. Being merely an agreeable narrator of incidents which actually occurred, and of scenes which were actually witnessed, he almost entirely avoids original reasoning, and advances no political theories which deserve the title of novelty. In the absence of such qualities, however, his book is instructive, as being almost the only work illustrative of that part of America through which he travelled. In particular, his Historical and Statistical Sketch of Guatemala will be perused with interest.

Though such is our general opinion of Mr Thompson's narrative, we occasionally observe passages which are sufficiently frivolous in themselves, and assuredly impart little knowledge concerning the South American

Republic. For example, we read of this very remarkable occurrence:

"As I was taking up my reins to continue my route, I saw a fawn sporting on a rising ground within ten yards of me. It stamped its foot, advanced, stopped short, frisked, then stopped short again, and stared at me. I had mechanically drawn one of my pistols from the holsters, and had cocked it, whilst I was witnessing these manœuvres. The little animal still stood staring at me, with its large black eyes, innocent and unsuspecting, and its little black glossy nose and chin perked out in impudent defiance. It stamped its foot again, as offering wager of battle, gave another frisk, and darted off. What a fool I was, thought I, why didn't I pull the trigger? *I dashed my spurs into the sides of my little horse*, who never wanted that encouragement, and was up with my companions in a twinkling."

This magnanimity on the part of the late Secretary to his Britannic Majesty's Mexican commission, is only rivalled by his amiable deportment on the following occasion:

"In passing down the town of Antigua, I saw two or three children as they were squatting on the high window seats, amusing themselves with their playthings; they poked their little faces through the iron bars of the lattice, and I stopped to regard them; their beauty and innocence had attracted me; but, after gazing at them an instant, I passed on."

Mr Thompson's bump of *Philoprogenitiveness* is probably very large. But as a more favourable specimen of his "Narrative," we extract his account of

SANTIAGO, THE CAPITAL OF GUATEMALA.

"*Santiago de Guatemala*, the capital, stands in the midst of a large handsome plain, surrounded on all sides by sierras of a moderate height, and at the distance of from three to seven leagues. These mountains, which give to the view the whole valley of Mexico in miniature, are not so far off but that the eye may discover, through the rectilinear streets, in every direction, the verdure of the trees with which the surrounding heights are clad, and which, with the sloping meadow lands of different hues, affords a refreshing object, forming, as it were, a screen to the little city which lies in the midst, glaring with its white walls, and domes, and steeples of yessa-cement, in the rays of a tropical sun.

"The houses are all built in tropical squares of about 120 to 160 feet; and sometimes the front of one house occupies a whole quadra; but none of them exceed eighteen or twenty feet in height; of course they are only of one story—a precaution not so much suggested by fear of earthquakes, as enjoined by the old Spanish law.

"The streets are neatly paved, either with common stones, or more generally with a grey-streaked marble, which makes them very slippery, and riding or driving very dangerous. They slope from each side towards the centre, along which runs almost perpetually a streamlet of clear water, the edges of which being covered with verdure, give to the city a picturesque, though deserted appearance. In some few of the streets there are trottoirs, particularly in the Plaza, or chief square, where they are covered with a colonnade, extending all round the square, excepting on the side occupied by the cathedral; opposite to this is the palace, with the government offices; and, on the two other sides, are retail shops of all descriptions of dry goods; whilst the area is used as a market, where the Indians come daily to sell their poultry, fruit, and other provisions. In the centre is a fountain of excellent water, issuing from a crocodile's head of indifferent workmanship.

"Many of the churches are large, and of fine architecture. They are kept much cleaner and neater than they are at Mexico. A new one, called the Pantheon, with spacious vaults for a cemetery under it, is just being completed in an expensive style; and another, within fifty yards of it, is being constructed for the use of the convent of Augustin nuns. Another large church, newly erected at the west end of the city, was opened and dedicated to St Teresa on the 29th of May. The rest of the temples devoted to religion, and the nature of their endowments, have been already mentioned in the personal narrative.

"Viewed at a distance, few cities present a more beautiful aspect than this, and internally, though not strikingly pleasing, there is nothing in it save a degree of dulness that can excite absolute dislike. Its height above the level of the sea is about 1800 feet. The variation of temperature between the nights and days, so peculiar to the high table lands, is not found here; the mean heat, from the 1st of January to the 1st of July, is 75 deg.,—at night, 63 deg.: in the summer months, the average may be taken at 10 degrees higher;—a moderate temperature for a city situated such as this is, in 14 deg. 28 min. north latitude, and 92 deg. 40 min. west longitude."—Pp. 465-8.

We could easily give more extracts of a similar description, but rather refer our readers to the work itself, which will be perused with pleasure and instruction by all who feel interested in the rising prospects of Guatemala.

Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland. By W. M. Hetherington, A.M. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1829.

DEAR to all our tenderest and purest associations is the pastoral poetry of Scotland. We love it the more that our native land possesses no Arcadian climate, or any of the supernumerary luxuries of nature. We love it the more because summer—the season in which pastoral poetry is born—bonnily and blithely as it blinks upon our heathery hills and stream-enlivened glens, is with us, nevertheless, a fleeting and a wayward guest, balmy and beautiful in its hour of glee, but coy in its approach, and often sudden and hurried in its departure. The pastoral poetry of Greece and Italy is full of the voluptuous serenity of their unchanging skies; whilst ours is of a more chequered and April character,—"smiles and showers together." Is it, therefore, the less valuable? Nay, is it not, therefore, a thousand times *more* valuable? Is it not clouds that impart to sunshine more than half its glory? Is it not the gentle under-tone of sadness that gives to joy its most refining influence? The Scottish peasantry are no fabulous and ideal race; and it is among themselves that they have found poets to chronicle, in words fervent with the feeling and the strength of truth,—the simple joys and griefs that fling their sun-blinks or their shadows across the circumscribed sphere in which they move. Human nature, in whatever guise, is full of interest;—it is a great problem which all are anxious to solve, and the very highest will stoop to the very lowest in search of an explanation. From the sun blazing in the empyrean, to the small flower concealed among the grass, the distance, at first sight, hardly seems greater than from the mighty denizen of the high places of the earth, to the lowly cottar far away in his secluded shieling. But there is a connecting link; for, in the great scheme of creation, what is a sun more than a flower, and why may not the solitary peasant be called into existence for nobler purposes than even the proudest monarch? Cincinnatus was a peasant, but did he not save the Republic? Tell was a peasant, but did he not give freedom to his country? Burns was a peasant, but did the class to which he belonged cast a stigma on his genius; or was it not rather by elevating that class to his own level, that he gained the greenest laurel-leaf in his wreath of fame?

The peasantry of a country seem always more identi-

fied with the country itself than any other portion of its inhabitants. This is peculiarly the case with Scotland; for both our national poetry and music (the best food upon which patriotism can luxuriate) have almost entirely a pastoral origin. We must be understood, however, as using the word *pastoral* in its most extended sense, and not in its limited application to the affairs solely of sheep and cows, and an amiable but very imaginary set of personages ycleped shepherds and shepherdesses. Our poetry and music speak to us of a more varied range of rural scenes and objects, and of a people who can do more than listen to the bleating of their lambs, and babble softly to the running streams; they speak to us

> Of hearts resolved and hands prepared
> The blessings they enjoy to guard;

they speak to us of those external appearances of nature to which we have been accustomed from our childhood; —they assist in forming, and humour when they *have* been formed, all the peculiarities of national and individual character;—they become, in short, a part of ourselves,—they are entwined round the finest chords of our heart, and they vibrate with its every pulse. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"—"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon!"—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—"O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom!"—"Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?"—"The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away!"—"O waly, waly, love is bonny!"—"Lochaber!"—these are words and airs that will outlive the Grampians,—they will perish only when Scotland is no more.

The author of the tasteful and interesting volume before us seems to be deeply imbued with the spirit we have been attempting to point out. His plan of illustrating, in a series of Dramatic Sketches, the pastoral virtues of the Scottish peasantry, we think a happy one, especially as he very judiciously founds each sketch upon some little incident in one or other of our popular songs. We are thus as it were brought into more immediate contact with persons to whom we had been previously introduced,—old friends start up before us, and the past almost becomes the present. The author, speaking of himself in his preface, says, "To the country he owes his birth; there he spent all the bright years of infancy, boyhood, and early youth; among rural scenes and rural manners, the capacities of his heart were first called into action; and in the country it was, that while listening to the words of experience, virtue, and religion, from the lips of many a sage and manly peasant, his mind acquired what must continue to be its own peculiar modification of character." That modification seems well adapted for the task which Mr Hetherington has undertaken. An unobtrusive pensiveness, an ardent patriotism, and a sincere attachment to all the works of nature, characterize his "Sketches," in which there is not a thought that could offend the most fastidious. They are full of gentle feelings, lively pastoral descriptions, and agreeable and animated pictures of Scottish character. They bear the following titles, all of which will engage the sympathies of his readers:—I. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.—II. The Lowland Lass and the Highland Lad.—III. Cowdenknows.—IV. The Ewe Bughts.—V. The Tochered Maiden of the Glen. —VI. The Harvest Field.—VII. The Bush aboon Traquair.—VIII. The Old Maid.—IX. Logan Braes.—X. The Choice.—XI. The Rocking.—And, XII. The Snow Storm. Of these the first is our chief favourite, and from it we shall principally make our extracts. It opens thus:

Bessy Bell. Mary Gray.

M. Gray. Welcome to Lednoch! my sweet sister-friend!
Thrice welcome to my heart!
B. Bell. My dearest Mary!
Clasp'd in your arms, the heaving of my bosom
May tell my joy; but words and thanks are feeble.
M. Gray. Thou dear kind creature! but we two have known
And loved each other now so long, so well,
That many words of compliment were idle.
B. Bell. Yes, Mary, we have been two sister-streams,
Flowing from bordering fountains; playfully,
And singing with light glee, the one glides on,
A dancing, sparkling, joyous wanderer;—
The other winds along its silent way,
Trifling with meadow-flowers, and waving grass,
On its green margin.
M. Gray. Well, I'd rather be
The dancing, singing, sparkling one. What harm
Can spring from innocent mirth?
B. Bell. None, Mary, none;
But while one heart gives utterance to its joy,
Another broods in secret, silent rapture—
Yet gratitude may dwell alike in both,
And each may, like sweet flowers of different hue,
Reflect in its own character its sense
Of bliss.

Drummond, the friend and lover of the two maidens, enters soon afterwards, to inform them how desolating the ravages of the plague have become. He describes, first, its progress in London, which elicits the following reflections from one of his fair listeners:

B. Bell. Dreadful tale!
Alas for them! Poor wretches! 'mid that scene
Of all-accumulated miseries pent,
To them no strong untainted mountain gale
Comes, bearing on its wing the dews of life;
No lark, careering near the gates of morn,
Comes like a sweet-tongued messenger to tell
Of Heaven's returning love and clemency;
Even the bright skies hang lurid o'er their heads.
Oh! how unlike the dome of stainless blue,
Gilded with sunbeams, smiling over us,
With love and beauty most magnificent!
Poor wretches! Death is awful! but to die
In such a scene, where earth is one huge grave,
The air a pestilence, and heaven's own brow
Murky and scowling—'tis too horrible.

But the plague has already found its way to Scotland, and in the following spirited passage Drummond discloses the melancholy truth:

Drum. Forgive the unwilling messenger of evil;
And listen to me calmly. We have heard
With grief and pity of the fate of London,—
And 'twas a moving tale of awe and wonder;
Yet, deeming us by distance, and the free
Fresh breezes of our northern mountains, safe,
We felt, at most, that sympathetic fear,
Which mortals *must* feel when they talk of death:
But now the Pest its banner has unfurl'd,
And, like a thunder-cloud, comes lowering on,
Stemming the gale, and scattering wide around,
Even on our shores, horror, despair, and death.
High hearts, that had but leap'd with stern delight,
To meet assailing enemies, wax weak
With shuddering dread: Man's brow, that lofty brow,
Which burns in war, is blacken'd; woman's cheek
Is pale and haggard, red and wild her eyes.
In populous cities, where the mingled tide
Of human life its fullest billow rolls,
There hugest Ruin stalks, there reigns Dismay
With all her frenzied train. Dunedin fair
Trembles upon her rocky throne; Dundee
Mourns her lost thousands; ancient Perth groans deep,
As frequent funerals blacken o'er her streets:
Green youth, strong manhood, drooping age, alike
Betake them to the mountain solitudes
And distant glens, in headlong fearful flight,
There hoping to escape the blue destruction.
And now, charged with this tale of woe, I come
To warn you, and to speed you hence, away
To some remote retirement, where the gale,
Forever freshen'd by the breezy speed

Of some clear rushing stream, may yet repel
The dire contagion, till the sultry heats
Of summer have departed, and the keen
And vigorous winds of winter shall arise
To sweep afar the noxious exhalations,
And pour a healthful renovating flood
Of life through the glad air.

By their lover's advice, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray consent that a "Bower" shall be built for them in a secluded and romantic situation; and, having retired to it, they beguile the time in innocent recreations and friendly converse. Speaking to Drummond of patriotism, Mary Gray says,—

M. Gray. But, tell me, Drummond, how would you defend
That strange attachment to particular scenes
Which forms no trivial part of the romantic?

Drum. It scarcely needs defence. It is a bond
Between the living and the dead—a spell
Evoking all of lovely, good, and great,
That e'er have cast a grace, a dignity,
A glory, all-imperishable, o'er
The scenes that gave them birth, or saw their deeds:
And, when we tread that hallow'd ground, our souls,
Kindling, acquire the sacred inspiration,
Making their virtues ours. Breathes there a man
Whose soul can harbour villainous intents
Against sweet maiden-innocence, while near
The grave where lies the young, the beautiful,
The famed in tender song? Or who could dare,
With lawless purpose, or hands stain'd in guilt,
To violate the sanctity which reigns
Where calmly sleeps the grey-hair'd patriarch?
And who can tread the memorable fields
Where freedom's battle has been fought and won,
Nor feel thy mighty spirit, Independence,
Great in his bosom? Is there—can there be
A Scot who can behold red Luncarty,
Nor think he sees the hoary tumuli
Teem with the shades of his great ancestors?
Or who can steal, with sneaking, craven foot,
O'er ground that echoed once the undaunted tread
Of Wallace, Liberty's own chosen son?
No! while we breathe the air that proudly waved
O'er Scotia's banner on thy fated field,
Triumphant Bannockburn! we must be free!

We must pass over the scene in which the coming on of the plague, and the death of the two sister friends, is very affectingly told, and can only give an extract from Drummond's final soliloquy, (the whole of which is good,) after he has buried them in a grave of his own making:

Drum. My task is done! and what is now to me
The world—mankind—life—death—or any thing?
What am I to myself?
A record of what might have been, but was not!
A spectral semblance of what is, and is not!
A breathing form, dead at the heart, that dies not!
I am a fear, a wonder to myself,
Stricken and blasted to the core!—cease, cease,
Ye smouldering fires of fate!—and thou, my soul,
Be still, and learn to yield thee to thy doom!
Oh! what a precious spot of earth is this,
With its two little narrow grassy mounds!
There sleep the young, the beautiful, the good!
But goodness, beauty, youth, could not avail
The fell destroyer's progress to arrest!
Oh! who that had beheld them in their bloom,
Glowing with all the loveliness of life,
Could, even in his gloomiest moods of mind,
Have ever dreamt their death so near?
Death—Death—
Full of mysterious import is that word!
Breathed over recent graves, it is a spell
To call forth the departed; or to bear
Our souls beyond the limits of this world,
With all its scenes and beings palpable,
Into the land of shadows, doubts, and fears—
The land of hopes, of glories, and of truths!
Death!—yes, I feel its presence. Errors, mists,
And prejudices, from my mental sight
Depart, and truth, severe but glorious, beams
Upon my soul. O world! how false thou art!
How hollow are thy pleasures! In thy joys,
How treacherous! nought hast thou but it bears
The bias or the stamp of evil.—Love,
That even in thee some faint resemblance claims
To what it was erewhile in Paradise,—
To what hereafter it shall be in Heaven,—
* * * * *
Even Love, alas! full oft misleads the heart.—
Have I not felt upon mine own sad breast
Fall an unwonted, and a holy calm,
I knew not whence or wherefore, till my soul
Smiled at afflictions? And I look'd to heaven,
And to the earth around me, and I felt
On me and with me, the mysterious powers
Of that high world to come,—the World of Spirits!
Ye sister-spirits, newly enter'd there!
Do ye behold me from your bower of bliss?
And do your viewless hands even now prepare
To touch the master-chords of my jarr'd heart,
And tune its tones to soft harmonious peace?
'Tis done! 'tis done! and I repine no more.
That lone deserted bower, and these twin graves,
Shall they be all forgot? Shall future times
Of them know nothing? No! while flowery spring
Shall prank the greensward gay; while summer suns
Shall flush the full-blown blossoms on the boughs;
While autumn shall heap high her mellow fruits,
And savage winter wrap his brow in storms,
So long shall youths and gentle maidens come
In pensive pilgrimage, to view the bower
And graves of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

The plot of all the Sketches is of an equally simple and inartificial kind, but on this very account they are more true to human life. A great number of songs are introduced, in the style of the "Gentle Shepherd," and many of them are very sweet lyrical compositions. We have only room for one:

SONG.

'Tis sweet wi' blithesome heart to stray
In the blushing dawn o' infant day;
But sweeter than dewy morn can be,
Is an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee!—
An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee;
The half o' my life I'd gladly gie
For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee!

The garish sun has sunk to rest;
The star o' gloaming gilds the west;
The gentle moon comes smiling on,
And her veil o'er the silent earth is thrown.
Then come, sweet maid, O come with me!
The whisp'ring night-breeze calls on thee.
O, come and roam o'er the lily lea,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' me.

For wealth let worldlings cark and moil,
Let pride for empty honours toil,
I'd a' their wealth and honours gie,
For ae sweet hour, dear maid, wi' thee.—
An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.
Earth's stores and titles a' I'd gie
For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.

We have little doubt but that Mr Hetherington's modest volume will find its way to many a quiet cottage, and be read by the blaze of many a farmer's ingle, to a circle of admiring and delighted listeners.

Observations on the Phrenological Development of Burke, Hare, and other atrocious Murderers; Measurements of the Heads of the most notorious Thieves, &c. By Thomas Stone, Esq. President of the Royal Medical Society. Edinburgh. Robert Buchanan, Wm. Hunter, and J. Stevenson. 1829.

THIS is one of the most efficient knock-down blows which phrenology has yet received. Nobody can read

this pamphlet and believe in Phrenology; we question whether Mr Combe himself can. We should not be surprised to hear of his abruptly terminating his lectures in Dublin, and going into retirement for the rest of his life. "Assail our facts, and we are undone; phrenology admits of no exceptions," has been his continual exclamation. "Eh bien!" says Mr Stone, "we'll take a look at your facts, and see how they answer." Mr Stone's former pamphlet on the same subject was a learned and able one, but this is a thousand times more convincing, because there is no theorizing in it,—nothing but plain statements and incontrovertible deductions. He has "assailed their *facts*" with a vengeance, and has succeeded in making it perfectly clear, that there is no such thing as a well-established *fact* in the whole science. We do not speak rashly, nor do we speak partially. We have never been either phrenologists or anti-phrenologists. We have paid some attention to the subject, because all systems which pretend to explain the phenomena of mind must possess interest; but we never committed ourselves so as to have our vanity embarked upon either the one side or the other, and our eyes, consequently, shut against the truth, unless it coincided with the opinions we had undertaken to defend. If phrenology was true, and could be proved to be so, we should have been glad to have seen Mr Jeffrey, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr Stone, blown into the air, or scattered abroad on the four winds of heaven;—if it were false, we were equally prepared to see Mr Combe buried for ever under his own skulls, or reduced to ashes on a funeral pyre of his own "Journal." The paper war too amused us for a time. Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, are clever and ingenious men,—very tough customers, and able to bear a great deal without breaking. Jeffrey rode a tilt against them, but they were not unhorsed; nay, they gained ground by the rencontre, for Jeffrey did not "assail their facts," but undertook to prove, on metaphysical principles, what no man on such principles can either prove or disprove, that the mind does not act by means of separate faculties, but as a whole. Sir William Hamilton was the first who thought seriously of investigating the *facts* of phrenology, and he has certainly done a good deal towards bringing them into discredit, and will probably do yet more; but the present *brochure* of Mr Stone, who has followed in the same track, appears to us so complete a settler, that we do not think Sir William need give himself much more trouble with the matter.

The recent atrocities perpetrated by Burke and Hare naturally led all those who were interested in the truth or falsehood of Phrenology, to enquire whether the cranial development of these notorious persons corresponded with their acknowledged character. Mr Stone, having turned his attention to this enquiry, was led to make a very extensive induction of facts, and the result of his labours he now communicates to the public. He treats *first* of Burke's head. Burke was a professional murderer, and altogether one of the most unprincipled villains that ever breathed;—if, therefore, phrenology be worth a farthing, his *Destructiveness* ought to have been enormous, and his *Conscientiousness* and *Benevolence* very small. Whether this was the case or not, was what Mr Stone wished to find out. A difficulty met him at the outset, for though phrenology be a science of proportions, it is most unaccountably destitute of a scale of measurement. What phrenologists therefore mean by *large* and *small*, or by what laws they determine that an organ is either the one or the other, it is not very easy to say. But Mr Stone fell upon a plan which, whether it be the best that can be discovered or not, is at all events perfectly fair, and gives phrenology quite as good a chance as it does its adversaries. He compared Burke's cranium, 1*st*, with 50 crania collected by Sir William Hamilton; and 2*d*, with 50 crania collected by Dr Spurzheim, which are at present in the Edinburgh Museum. To ascertain the size of each cranium, he took, 1*st*, its lineal dimensions, including its length, breadth, and height; and 2*d*, he discovered its capacity, by filling the skull with sand, weighing the quantity each contained, and reducing the specific gravity of the sand to the specific gravity of the brain. He then measured carefully both the *absolute* size of the several organs, and the *relative* size, or proportion which each bears to the contents of the skull, or weight of the encephalon. Upon these principles, (in the propriety of which we can see no flaw,) he proceeds to give the size of Burke's cranium, the weight of the encephalon, and the measurements of his *Destructiveness*, *Benevolence*, *Conscientiousness*, and *Amativeness*. He then shows, 1*st*, that of Sir W. Hamilton's 50 crania, 37 have the organ of *Destructiveness*, in its *absolute* size, larger than Burke, and consequently, that Burke's Destructiveness is, in its absolute size, *below* the average of these 50 crania; and 2*d*, that the *relative* size of the same organ, or its proportions to the lineal dimensions of the cranium, is in Burke also *below* the average. The 50 crania collected by Dr Spurzheim furnish Mr Stone with nearly the same conclusions. He makes out also an equally convincing case in reference to the other three organs we have mentioned; and the general result is, that he most satisfactorily establishes these two counter-phrenological propositions,—FIRST, *The organ of Destructiveness in Burke was absolutely and relatively* BELOW *the average size, whilst Benevolence and Conscientiousness were absolutely and relatively* ABOVE *the average size*; and, SECOND, *The cerebellum*, (by which the organ of *Amativeness* is principally supposed to be influenced,) *was also* BELOW *the average size.*

Mr Stone treats, in the *second* place, of Hare's development; and, if it be possible, this turns out still more powerfully against the phrenologists than even that of Burke. To give variety and additional strength to his argument, he does not compare Hare's head with the two set of crania already described, but with those of 28 Englishmen, 25 Scotchmen, and 27 Irishmen, taken at random; the measurements of whose heads, made by Mr Stone himself, with infinite industry and perseverance, are set down in separate tables. The accuracy of these measurements is attested, both by Mr Deseret, who is a professed phrenologist, and Mr Holroyd, a president of the Medical Society. The counter-phrenological proportions deduced, in an unanswerable manner, from the case of Hare, are, that his *Destructiveness* is *not above* the average size; and that many individuals of exemplary character, while they possess a larger *Destructiveness* than Hare, exhibit a greater deficiency in the alleged organs of *Benevolence* and *Conscientiousness*. Though not bearing immediately on the point in question, Mr Stone mentions a peculiarity in the formation of the head of this miserable murderer, which serves to place phrenology in a truly ludicrous point of view. We quote the passage:

"The most remarkable and best-developed phrenological organ in the head of Hare is his *Ideality*. At the time we took the measurement, one of the most highly-gifted and popular of our poets was present, whose genius is peculiarly characterized by the vividness and power of his *idealism*. On applying the callipers to the organ of ideality in Hare, each leg of the callipers resting on the origin of the temporal muscle, and transferring them to corresponding points on the head of the poet, we found that Hare possessed a larger organ of ideality than the poet. When applied to the former, the callipers rested on the origin of the muscle; when we attempted to apply them to the latter, they came down far over the belly of the muscle. The experiment was several times repeated; and *from whatever point* of the organ the measurement was taken, the result proved to be the same. Hare's organ of ideality,

also, is larger than the same organ in Sheridan, Sterne, Canning, Voltaire, and Edmund Burke, the distinguished and eloquent author of the Letters on the French Revolution. Notwithstanding his superior development of the organ of ideality, it would be difficult to conceive a more stupid and miserable wretch than Hare. When we visited him, he was not inclined to answer any questions, until repeatedly assured by the Governor, that we were not sent by the Sheriff to make any investigation into the particulars of his case. To the enquiry, why in Court he had said it was indifferent which way he was sworn, and to the observation, that we had understood he was a Roman Catholic, he retorted, with a contemptuous sneer, he 'did not rightly mind what he was.' To the question, whether his conscience ever troubled him, he answered, with a laugh, 'No, with the help of God.' His whole demeanour was that of a man evidently devoid of every moral reflection; and he seemed, with his head adorned, as if in mockery of Phrenology, with large organs of Ideality, Causality, and Wit, to be only a few degrees removed from the very lowest of the brute creation."—Pp. 25-7.

The *third* division of Mr Stone's treatise is fully as interesting and curious as either of the two that precede it. He here considers the general question whether it be possible to distinguish the crania of murderers from other crania by the phrenological indications attributed to them? These indications are,—1st, A large endowment of the organ of *Destructiveness*. 2d, A deficiency in the development of the alleged organs of the moral sentiment; and, 3d, A deficiency in the anterior cerebral development, or quantity of brain before the ear, whilst the posterior cerebral development, or quantity of brain behind the ear, bears an undue proportion to the size of the head. To ascertain whether these indications actually exist or not, Mr Stone has carefully examined the crania of eighteen notorious murderers, whose skulls are preserved in the Edinburgh Anatomical Museum, the Museum of the Royal Physical Society, and the Anatomical Museum in the University of Glasgow. He has contrasted their measurements with those contained in his Tables of respectable living Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, and also with those of the cranium of the late celebrated Dr David Gregory, who was Professor of Mathematics in this University. The result of the whole induction (and Mr Stone proceeds to work in the most philosophical manner) is completely subversive of Phrenology. So far from notorious murderers being found to possess the anticipated phrenological indications, the truth of the following directly opposite conclusions is put beyond a doubt:—First, The most atrocious murderers not only fail to possess a large endowment of the alleged organ of Destructiveness, but have it very frequently, both *absolutely* and *relatively*, *below* the average size. Second, The most cruel and horrid murderers frequently possess a high development of the pretended organs of the moral sentiments, particularly those of *Benevolence* and *Conscientiousness*. Third, Murderers do not possess a less development of the supposed intellectual organs, nor a greater development of those to which the animal propensities are referred, than individuals of high intellectual and moral character. We cannot follow Mr Stone through all the laborious calculations by which he establishes these propositions, but we can assure our readers, that by referring to his pamphlet, they will find that there is not a single weak link in his anti-phrenological chain.

As if to make assurance doubly sure, Mr Stone concludes with a *fourth* head, under which, by a similar close induction of facts, and a reference to another table, which, like the rest, it must have cost him no small pains to prepare, he makes it clear, that so far from notorious thieves possessing the organ of *Acquisitiveness* larger, or that of *Conscientiousness* smaller, than individuals of exemplary character, *Acquisitiveness* is often absolutely and relatively *less*, and *Conscientiousness* absolutely and relatively *larger* in the former than in the latter. Yet, Mr Combe, upon this very subject, has expressed himself in these words:—"If two individuals were found to possess a larger development of *Acquisitiveness*; but if, in the one *Conscientiousness* was very large, and in the other very small, and we were told that the one was a thief, and the other an honest man, how complete would the refutation be, if the one possessing the larger *Conscientiousness* were found to be the rogue!" Now, this is exactly what Mr Stone has found, not in one or two instances, but in a dozen—"*Testatur utrumque caput*; and 'how complete is the refutation!' We shall allow Mr Stone to draw his inferences in his own words. His pamphlet concludes thus:—

"Formerly, it was maintained that the production of a single anti-phrenological fact would be sufficient to overturn the whole theory; but I am satisfied that, if phrenologists would only, as Dr Spurzheim terms it, '*go into nature*;' if they would have recourse to an *unselected* series of measurements, or manipulations, they would at once discover, that their system is no more than the 'baseless fabric of a vision,' and as false as any other superstition that has ever been imposed on the ignorance and credulity of mankind. The public is aware of the fair pretensions which the phrenologists have invariably held forth; yet, what has been the line of policy they have adopted? They have pretended to establish a system of philosophy founded exclusively on facts, and yet have never had recourse to any fair or candid *experimentum crucis* by which the truth or falsehood of their primary propositions might be determined;—they have adduced only *ex parte* evidence; and this, on their own showing, is of the most unsatisfactory kind, inasmuch as they have never established any standard by which the proportions of the alleged organs can be determined;—they have termed their organs, '*moderate*,' '*full*,' '*large*,' '*rather large*,' &c., and these terms, to the present day, have been used without any rule or definite principle, by which the application of them can be regulated;—they, with an inconsistency, and yet a gravity, worthy of Hudibras in his metaphysical disquisitions, persist in seriously maintaining a science of *proportions*, without *a scale of measurement*;—they wander over the country preaching their doctrines *ex cathedra*, as though they had really a foundation in truth; whilst it is a notorious fact, of which they themselves must be aware, that there is not a man of eminent science in Europe who has become a convert to them;—they profess to maintain, at all times, the principles of free and manly discussion; and, for this purpose, have founded a society in this city, for the admission of believers, and do not allow any stranger, who may visit it, to express an opinion;—they profess that their doctrines are as well established, and as palpable to every enquirer, as the most demonstrable truths in nature, yet do not agree among themselves on the most preliminary points;—Dr Gall ridiculed the bumps of Dr Spurzheim, Dr Spurzheim rejects with disdain the callipers of Mr Combe, and Mr Combe has been lately engaged in an open phrenological warfare with one of the most intelligent of his contemporaries on the subject of what is even the necessary result or tendency of their faith;*—they give an organ one function to-day, another to-morrow;—they maintain that a large organ of veneration is at one time the characteristic configuration of the head of a saint—at another, equally essential to that of the most notorious and professed infidel!† Lastly, come the interminable combinations of their imaginary organs; and thus, the phrenologists shift

* See the controversy between Messrs Combe and Scott.

† See the report of the development of *Voltaire*, Phrenological Journal, vol. iii. p. 571.

from argument to argument, from position to position, resembling the ghosts in Virgil's Inferno,—

"Huc illuc volitant, nec certa in sede morantur."

It is all one whether Phrenologists attempt to answer these "Observations," or remain silent upon them. They may *quibble*, but they cannot *reason* themselves out of the dilemma into which they have been brought. They may talk of the distinction between *power* and *activity*, or they may dive into all the subtleties and childish puerilities of counteracting combinations, but their logic will not be able to deceive any sound-witted man in the face of what is here established. Their science is either a science of signs, or it is not. If it is, their signs have been proved to be just as uncertain as the signs of an April sky;—if it is not, what is it? —*vox et præterea nihil!*

The Scots Law Chronicle; or Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation. No. I. To be continued Monthly. Conducted by Professional Gentlemen. Edinburgh, published by A. Fyfe, Law Chronicle Office; the country trade supplied by Stirling and Kenney, Booksellers, Edinburgh. 1829.

Looking at the prospectus of this work, we are inclined to like the project, and wish it success. It seems to be an attempt to convey to the public, in a form likely to be generally attractive, a condensed view of what is going on in the legislative tribunals of the country. We like this, because we believe that keeping the law of a country continually in the eye of the people increases their respect and affection for it, and by that means gives it a more vital and pervading influence on society. At the same time we would caution the conductors not to allow their desire of becoming popular to carry them too far. Law is a science—nay more, it is of all sciences the least attractive for the tyro or the dilettante—and this very circumstance renders it improbable, that the sphere of a work avowedly confined to legal discussions can ever extend beyond those who are inclined to go a little below the surface. As all such persons must necessarily have some acquaintance with the technicalities of law, the promise held out in the following sentence, if meant to attract them, was unnecessary;—"The conductors will endeavour to avoid technicalities, and to express their views in a popular manner." We fear, moreover, that this promise, if adhered to, will necessarily lead to superficiality in the execution of the work. A technical language is inevitable in every science—it is the necessary consequence of employing words in a more precise and definite manner than in common conversation. No person ever pretended to teach a science without the aid of a technical language, but one who knew nothing of the matter. And in the science of law, the peculiar nicety of many of the discussions render such a language, if possible, more requisite than in any other.—The enumeration of subjects proposed for consideration is comprehensive, and seems to us to embrace all that is required in such a work. Perhaps more—for we would beg leave to hint, that the "Sketches of the biography of our eminent legislators, &c." more particularly if we are to take No. I. for a specimen, may be omitted, without any detriment to the publication. We would also suggest, that a Digest of the Decisions in the Courts of Scotland, such as is given of the English cases, is quite sufficient. Considering the very able, it is true, but certainly very full and frequent reports, now published of our Scotch Decisions, we think the pockets of our young and briefless barristers are already sufficiently tasked, even though they are not exactly laid under the necessity of purchasing them twice. Of the manner in which the work is executed we shall be able to speak with more certainty in the course of a month or two. The first article is rather too redolent (at least to our taste) of the feelings and dogmas of a certain learned Theban, who laid down, (previous to the commencement of his enquiries,) that all laws were bad, and all lawyers rogues—an assumption which (without entering upon any discussion of its truth) does not seem likely to conduce to unbiassed research.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;
OR,
A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.
No. I.

"Stulta, jocosa, canenda, dolentia, seria, sacra;
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;
Quisquis es, hic aliquid quod delectabit habebis;
Tristior an levior, selige quicquid amas."

We have a pair of old slippers—so old that, as Wordsworth says, it is difficult to tell whether they were ever young. A considerable part of the sole of one of them is worn away; and three or four of our toes may be distinctly seen peeping out from the other. They do not cover our feet; they are mere apologies for slippers, —mere typical and shadowy representations. They were not slippers originally; they were a pair of dress shoes. In the far vista of the past, we can almost remember the time when they used to be as bright as a mirror, and chirped at every step we took across a drawing-room. We are not sure that we have not danced in them in our youth, and we daresay they divided the admiration which was at that remote period universally bestowed upon our exquisitely turned feet and ankles. But gradually they fell down in the heels; and, as if by a natural disposition, seemed to be transforming themselves into slippers. They felt that old age was coming on, but they had got attached to us, and were determined to die in our service. And die they shall; or rather, they and their master shall live and die together. We never had, and never will have, another pair of slippers. We should as soon think of marrying a second wife. We confess that they have lost their form and comeliness,—nay, that they imitate humanity most abominably, and that some of our best and dearest friends have even ventured to point against them the shafts of a too poignant ridicule. But, nevertheless, we remain unshaken in our attachment—a noble example of the "*integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*" They have accommodated themselves to all the outgoings and incomings of our feet; there is not a curve or a sinuosity,—a rise or a fall,—from our instep to our heel, from our ankle to the farthest point of our most elongated toe, with which they are not familiarly acquainted;—they have known us from our youth,—they have seen us in all our moods,—they have been the gentle dumb companions of many a happy and many a melancholy hour; and who, therefore, shall blame our affection for our slippers—peculiar, perhaps, but not the less tender and lasting?

We cannot help thinking that they have an expression essentially their own, and unlike that of all other slippers. Indeed we have always been of opinion, that, of all the articles of dress, none convey so accurate an idea of the character of the wearer as a pair of empty shoes or slippers. They are a domestic and endearing object,—they stand before the fire warming for you against your return home. They have probably been placed there by some fond and faithful friend;—your wife or daughter; they tell a long story of family comfort and household harmony. If a death takes place, what object more melancholy than the vacant slippers of the deceased? They look as if they anxiously waited his return, and are wondering why he has deserted them. That shall never be the fate of our slippers; they shall be buried with us.

When we put on our slippers, we cease to be any

thing to the wide world without. Shoes, and more especially boots, are associated with all the bustle and toil of active life; but around slippers there linger a calm repose—a refined selfishness—a careless independence. They imply no exertion; on the contrary, they are full of a soothing consciousness—a mellowed recollection—of duties that have been performed. There is in slippers that *abandon de soi-même*,—that dreamy languor,—that mild tranquillity, before which all more irritable feelings give way, and even critics become benevolent. No two beings can be more dissimilar than the man whose tight boots pinch his corns, and exacerbate all the tendernesses of his toes, and the man whose free and easy slipper hangs gently upon his foot—gently as a maiden of fifteen upon the arm of her earliest lover. When the boot is on, the world is a stern reality, full of the rubs and whips of fortune; but when the slipper succeeds, the face of nature is changed,—reality is a bugbear that fades into infinite distance, and there is bliss unfathomed in the recesses of an elbow chair, or in the soft *siesta* of a sofa.

We never can believe ourselves the Editor of one of the most successful periodical publications of the present day after we have put on our slippers. The quantity of labour we have to go through, both physical and intellectual, seems indissolubly connected with the springy elasticity of shoes, or the manly vigour of what are commonly called Wellington boots. In our slipper moments, we are *idem et alter*. Were we to review a book with our slippers on, the author would be as safe as a mouse running away from a lady. Not that our mind is altogether dormant, but that our heart is overflowing, and we feel an affection for all mankind. We could no more have said any thing severe of Mr Andrew Crichton had our slippers been on that night we wrote our celebrated article for the eighteenth Number of the JOURNAL, than we could have consented to break the legs of a butterfly on the rack. There are only two instances on record of our having given way to anger whilst we were wearing our slippers. The first of these was, when we tossed them both at our favourite cat, Moses, whom we detected eloping with the chicken we had destined for our supper; and the second was, when we found it necessary to take the liberty of making one of them acquainted with a part of a gentleman's person to which it had previously been an entire stranger.

We seldom exert ourself very much in our slippers. We drink coffee, read magazines and new novels, chat in a pleasant and familiar manner with any friend who may happen to drop in, stretch ourself on the sofa and allow all our children to scramble over us, write short letters, cut open the parcels which booksellers and publishers are continually sending us, or, finally, look over the communications we may have received during the day, and make up our mind as to their fate. Few people would believe the quantity of manuscript that passes through an Editor's hands in one shape or other. We confess, for our own part, we like to read manuscript, and we have a pleasure in breaking the seal of all the communications sent to us. We are sometimes wofully disappointed, for we always begin to read with the hope that the writer will turn out a man of talent, and the determination to do him all justice if he be so. Frequently, we are *not* disappointed;—the article may not be altogether first-rate, but it contains the germs and indications of genius, and with that we are always pleased. We never destroy a paper where there are a few good thoughts, however dull the rest of it may be. We lay it aside with the intention, as soon as we have time and opportunity, of pruning, condensing, and strengthening it, and then of giving it a corner in the JOURNAL. Thus, even our rejected are not neglected addresses. Our study is full of articles carefully tied up in different parcels, some of which may see the light when their authors are least expecting it.

Let us take up one of those parcels at random, and look over it in a friendly way together. We may probably find both variety and amusement here.—What comes first? A "Song" from Glasgow, of which the author in his letter "To the Editor" says, "I have given you a short one to save space—but if it is bad, it is too long; and if it is good, it is perhaps all the better for its brevity." There is sound sense in this, and the song itself well deserves publication:

I have loved thee, Mary Jamieson, as bridegroom loves his bride;
I look'd nae watch, I lo'ed nae star, when ye were by my side,
For my heart was aye your mailin' meet, my love, your ready fee,
Though loveless hame, and hameless heart, are a' ye've left to me.

Ye promised me your constancy, ye plighted me your vow,
Wi' looks o' deeper tenderness than I can think o' now;
But snaw upon the surgy sea, or dew upon the flower,
Melts not so soon, fleets not so fast, as fades love's little hour.

At the Cuckoo's time o' comin' ye were wi' me at the well,
At the Swallow's time o' flittin' I stood lanely there mysell;
Ye hung round me a' the simmer when the bonny braes were green,
But broken vows you've left me now, and stormy waves between.

Oh! woman's love, Oh! woman's faith, how fleeting frail ye be!
Wing'd wanderers, bee-like, seeking sweets from every flower and tree,
But why should I upbraid your choice? cold hearts are fated well,
A plenish'd purse their honeycomb, the halls of eild their cell.

What have we next? A prose sketch, entitled "Pictures of Life, No. I." It is a pity the whole of it had not been as good as the first paragraph;—it runs thus:

"I belong to that numerous class of mortals, who, independent though not rich, doze away their existence pleasantly perhaps, but uselessly. Although a Writer to the Signet, I am but nominally a lawyer; and though I do not refuse business, as little do I *push* it. No one cares how I live, or what I do; and when I die, I shall be as little missed as if I were a leaf dropping off a gooseberry bush, or a copying clerk starved to death in his lonely garret. There are moments when I think I was born for better things; but the feeling soon gets cold again. I am too indolent ever to make a figure in the bustling world; so I poker the fire till it quivers brightly up the chimney, let down the venetian blinds, draw the sofa a little nearer, and every thing looks so comfortable that I would not change places with a king."

What next?—"A Day in Dumfries." This is not an anonymous article; its author is a man of genius; but the too common fate of genius has been his—undeserved misfortune. There is power and interest in the following notice of

THE WIDOW OF BURNS.

"Upon enquiring for the house in which the poet had lived, I was shown up a narrow and rather hilly little street, bearing his name, at the farther corner of which the house is situated. In appearance it inclines to the respectable, is whitewashed, and contains a ground and upper story. A decent-looking weaver of seventy, and a robust tanner of fifty, were conversing at the door. Upon enquiring which was the identical house, 'Just this ane, sir,' replied the tanner; 'an' *auld Luckie* lives in't yet. Belike ye wad wish to see her; I'll tell her a gentleman wishes to speak to her, if ye think proper.' Declining his offer, he continued, 'Hoot! it's very com-

mon ; she'll think naething o't. Ye needna be blate, for ne'er a grain o' pride has *auld luckie Burns!*' I endeavoured to thank him, and withdrew ; for the epithet *auld luckie Burns!* sounded like blasphemy. Heaven and earth! auld luckie! Lovely Jean!—the idol of the poet!—the inspirer of his muse!—whose praise, in his words, has been sung by ten thousand times ten thousand tongues!—who lives as the spirit of music and of love in the imagination of nations! to be in a moment not merely divested of her divinity, and associated with humanity, but familiarly styled *auld luckie! luckie Burns!* by a tanner! Monstrous—humiliating—unpardonable!

"By a fortunate circumstance, an opportunity of visiting Mrs Burns occurred in the evening. We were shown into a small rather genteel parlour by a servant girl, who, with a young grand-daughter, compose the domestic establishment of the widow. Before me was a dark-complexioned, somewhat corpulent, plain-looking woman of sixty and upwards, dressed in a slate-coloured gown, a lighter shaded shawl, and a common muslin cap. Her manners and appearance were those of an old Scottish farmer's wife, in easy circumstances;—and this was Mrs Burns. Directing my attention to the original portrait of her husband by Nasmyth, 'That,' said she, 'is the only likeness he ever sat for, an' its ower coarse.' Turning to a print of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' over the mantel-piece, 'Ye'll ken where that's from,' continued she; 'it's reckoned an excellent thing.' Then pointing my attention to two miniatures which hang a little lower on each side of the print, 'You'll not know these,' added she; 'this in red is my son James, and that in blue his brother William. James, ye'll observe, is like his father's folk, but William aye took it o' my side.'

"Beautiful or accomplished Mrs Burns has never been. In person she may have been what in Scotland is termed a *likely lass*, possessing a good heart, an excellent disposition, and a knowledge of domestic economy. And in making choice of such a woman, Burns showed himself not merely possessed of the feelings of a poet, but the sense of a man. For, however we may admire the genius of that sex which we are born to love, 'All song and no supper,' I opine, would shortly produce a note of discord little in unison with the harmony of wedded felicity."

Ha! art *thou* there? These lines shall have a place without name or signature, and the reader shall judge for himself whether he ever read any thing by the same author before:—

Oh maid, unloving but beloved,
My soul's unchanging theme,
Who art by day my constant thought,
By night my only dream,
Thou think'st not, in thy pride of place,
When gay ones bow the knee,
How bends one distant lonely heart,
In earnest love of thee!

As saints in elder days but knew
One attitude of prayer;
And, turning to the holy east,
Pour'd all their spirit there;
So to thy home inclines this heart,
All distant though it be,
And knows but one adoring art,
This earnest love of thee.

Two letters from "D. V." of Dundee!—the name at full length, but we shall not mention it; for "D. V.'s" letters not having been inserted in the JOURNAL, "D. V." has seen cause to change his opinion both of it and its Editor, and has waxed bitter in the "Fife Herald." We had hoped better things of "D. V." seeing that he wrote to us on the 28th of November, 1828,—"Your JOURNAL has already become a decided favourite here: *esto perpetua.*" Mutability, thy name is "D. V."

Here are some poems by Alexander Maclagan; and we think it right that our readers should be told who Alexander Maclagan is. He is a young man in an humble walk of life—a plumber, we believe—who, without any advantages or encouragement whatever, felt something of the poet stirring within him; and though forced to struggle against his ignorance, both of orthography and grammar, has devoted many of his leisure hours to putting his thoughts in verse. He has been a reader of the JOURNAL since its commencement; and having taken it into his head that he would like to see the Editor, he called upon us one evening, and introduced himself to us in a modest manner, as a poet was entitled to do. His story and appearance, together with the manuscripts he brought with him, interested us. We lent him some books, and gave him the best advice we could. He has been improving rapidly, and if he writes many things as good as the following, he well deserves encouragement:

SONG.

By Alexander Maclagan.

Now summer's gane wi' a' her wiles,
Her rays o' gowd, her cheering smiles;
Her sangs o' joy, her hills o' green,
An' bonny winding groves between.
O where are now her happy days,
Her lauching gowans on the braes,
The crown o' flowers upon her brow,
The primrose sweet, the violet blue?

'The cauld white foam o' winter's wrath
Has cover'd o'er the winding path
That led me to the birken bower,
Where Love made short the langest hour:
Alas! nae primrose sweet is there,
But trees in frost stand shivering bare;—
Poor limpin' hare, and cushet doo,
Cauld, cauld maun be your biggin' now!

Saw ye the robin twittering past,
His wee wing riven in the blast?
See! mute he sits on yon auld tree,
An' the snaw-drift steeks his heartless ee:
Deprived o' shelter, food, and rest,
His tuneless bill sinks on his breast;
Cauld swinging on a naked spray,
He spends his weary winter day.

Loud howls the tempest o'er the hill,
On sleeping nature frozen still;
And turret grey frae ruin'd wa's,
Mix'd in the tempests, tumbling fa's:
And living streams, wi' winter's breath,
Hae turn'd as cauld an' stiff as death;—
How dear would be my humble strain,
Could it bring sweet summer back again!

We must add the following short piece, by the same author, of whom we hope to have more to say ere long, and in whom we should be glad to interest our readers:

MY LOST LOVE.

Sweet lady! touch thy harp again,
And sing me a soft and soothing lay;
A charm breathes round me from thy strain,
Like sunshine on a winter day.

Sing on, dear maid, though I am one
Who darkly look on all I see;
Mind not my mood, 'tis of a man
Who lives, when life is misery.

There *was* an eye that watch'd with mine
Each morning's glory—bright and new;
And when I said, "O how divine!"
There was a voice which said so too.

There was a little pulse that beat
Beside the veins where my life play'd;

There were two light bewitching feet,
That tripp'd with me where'er I stray'd.

There was a face—if I was gay—
Reflected back more fond delight;
For if I smiled, we both were day,
And if I frown'd, we both grew night.

There came an hour—a dreadful hour—
An *age* of woe it proved to me:
The mists of Death fell round my flower,
And wrapt it in Eternity.

Then, lady, touch thy harp again,
O sing me a soft—a soothing lay;
Would that the power were in thy strain,
To free a weary soul from clay!

Two unpublished poems by poor Knox, author of the "Harp of Zion," make their appearance next. The one is "To a Redbreast," and the other is entitled "A Song, or any thing you please." There are some sweet lines in the first particularly, but, as a whole, it is imperfect.

Poems by "T. T. S.;" and a letter which begins,—"Heaven knows what has possessed me; but no man was ever plagued with such horrid ugly fits of dulness. My brain is a perfect pandemonium of somnambulatory Morpheuses, playing fifty tricks with my eyelids." There is often a great deal of vigour of conception about "T. T. S.;" many of his detached thoughts are uncommonly bold and good, but he must cultivate his judgment and his style a little more. At present there is no dependence on him; he is excellent in one line, and in the next he is perfectly unintelligible. There is much hope of future excellence, however, in any one who can write thus:

A maid came blythesome to a racing stream,
On either bank encurtain'd from the eye
With rocks and trees;—a prodigality
Of thunder and of silence—shade and beam!
The dancing mist did whirl and smoke beneath
A mountainous fall, that, rolling down, did shake
The fringes of the rock-embowering heath,
As 'twere the breeze. Beyond, a silent lake
Lay mirroring the moon on heaven's breast,
Like to one mighty gem of amethyst.

It was to meet her lover. Starry heaven
Hath seldom spread its arch o'er one so fair;
The dews did cluster on her braided hair,
Like diamonds by the breezeless azure given;
Her cheek was like the latest tint of day,
Streak'd on the fading clouds,—a harmony
Of flush and brightness!—even as a sea
That, lit with moonlight, looks both dark and gay.

Or thus, in a poem called "His first Song:"

'Twas like the mountain eagle's flight,
Leaving his nested throne,
To meet the morning's early light
On the belted horizon!

His brightest song—his eldest—first!
'Twas one ecstatic thrill;
A mighty and a hallow'd burst
Of the deep impassion'd will!

"L. E." of Aberdeen thus begins a poem, which indicates considerable poetical feeling:

She knoweth not, she guesseth not, what love this bosom feels,
For aye the heart that's deepest moved, its passion most conceals:
The current glitters to the sun, and sparkles in his sheen,
While dark in shade the deeper stream flows on, and flows unseen.

But still let her with smiles, among the fair, the fairest move,
Unknowing of the silent heart that smile hath warm'd to love;
Unthinking, while her spirit's joy thus lightens in her eyes,
That joy should wake so deep a woe, those smiles so many sighs.

She cannot know, she cannot guess, how every hour we've met
In fancy I live o'er again, and never can forget;
How every look, and every smile, and every passing tone,
I've treasured up for dreams by day, and musings when alone.

The only paper remaining is a Letter from India. It has had a long voyage across the ocean, and comes from a man of talent and observation. It is dated Bhooge, September 24th, 1828. We shall give an extract from it, which will be read with interest. It treats of

THE MORALS AND CONDITION OF THE HINDOO WOMEN.

"You have heard much, and read much, of the purity, virtue, and simplicity, of the Hindoos, and that by authors who speak authoritatively, and who, one would have thought, should have known something of their manners. But it appears to me that many of these pictures have been sketched and finished without the authors having once issued from their closets; for they bear not a shadow of resemblance to the original of Indian life that has come under my observation.

"For one instance, female virtue has here no existence. All the women, both high and low, being degraded to the capacity of mere slaves, it is in vain to look for purity or virtue among them; and without this in a country, from whence are the most elevated enjoyments of mankind to spring? In truth, the men here may confine women by the most solemn bonds of which their religion is capable, as well as by locks, keys, and bars, which they may deem insuperable; still, in spite of all their ingenuity, they will give them the slip, and make the best improvement too that they can of their liberty, however transient it may be, and however much danger may attach to their offence.

"The degradation of the tender sex is here so abject, that even when a sepoy deigns to appear in public, accompanied by his wife, he walks in the most stately manner about twenty yards before her, while she is obliged to keep at that distance, or more, behind, creeping along like a slave, not daring to lift her eyes from the ground, or to look either to the right hand or the left. She is close-veiled, and one peep from under it, particularly at a British officer, would cost her dear indeed—at the least, a sound beating, in view of the man that was favoured with the glance.

"Honour is the virtuous woman's polar star; but in this country, nothing ever being trusted to the honour of women, they have none; and the more restraints are laid upon their liberty, the more certain they are to break through them. One cannot but wonder at their perversity in this respect, for the punishment attending the discovery of an offence, or even a supposed one, is prompt and dreadful.

"An extraordinary and shocking case of this kind occurred here very lately. It happened that a man brought a young woman to Bhooge, from the other side of the Gulf of Cutch. Whether she came as his wife or mistress I do not know, but she was accompanied by her mother. He had given them to understand that he was going to settle at Bhooge; but after getting them to this place, he informed them that he was obliged to go to Synde, an extensive province on the Indus. To this they both objected, and said they would return to Kattiwar. This moved him to jealousy, and he instantly suspected the young lady of having formed some intrigue among the military here, although there appeared to have been neither proof nor evidence of this.

"They began, however, to suspect him of being re-

ditating some terrible revenge, and took refuge in one of the temples. For several days he tried every art of dissimulation to draw them from their asylum, making the most solemn oaths that he had no intention of injuring them. But they knew their man too well to trust themselves again in his power, and kept by their sanctuary. When he found that nothing would prevail on them to come out, he entered the temple one morning at the hour of prayer, and just as the worshippers were kneeling before the idols, he drew out his scimitar unperceived, and at one blow severed the young woman's head from her body, and then with a back stroke from the same blow, cut off the head of the mother. Both were done in one moment, for these scimitars are as sharp as razors, and a second stroke is never required from them where there is no armour. The ruffian made no attempts either at flight or resistance, but suffered himself to be quietly taken and bound on the spot. He was tried for the murder, and condemned to be blown from the mouth of a cannon. When he came to the place of execution, he appeared even less concerned than any of the spectators, and abused the executioner, in no very measured terms, for not tying a knot in the way he wished it. He then ordered him to desist altogether, for he was a bungler, and where was there any necessity for binding him? The man desisted accordingly, and the fellow turned about his face to the cannon, and made a satirical bow to it, as if in mockery, and standing upright, and without fear, saw the match put to the touch-hole, and the next moment was blown to atoms. So much for Hindoo humanity and morality."

Hoping that the reader does not dislike us in our slippers, we shall take the liberty of speedily introducing ourselves to him again in similar *deshabillé*, and shall proceed in an agreeable and easy manner to make a few remarks on everything.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

No. I.

[FEELING it our duty to make the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL as much as possible acceptable to all classes of literary men in Scotland, we have pleasure in announcing a few papers on the interesting subject of the General Assembly, from the pen of a gentleman every way qualified for the task. They will be continued to the conclusion of the approaching meeting of that venerable court. We may also state, that we have in preparation a series of sketches of the most distinguished clergymen of the Church of Scotland, which will appear under the general title of "THE SCOTTISH PULPIT."—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

THE most remarkable ecclesiastical court in Britain is the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. We need say nothing of the Convocation of the Church of England, which, were it allowed to meet, would of course throw the Scottish Assembly into the shade. We must take things as they are; and certainly, at present, the General Assembly is without a rival. It is the *ultimatum* of the Presbyterian church-courts; and though its members cannot be said to be the representatives of the people with whom they are ostensibly connected, they form so numerous and respectable a body, that none can grudge them the possession of the privileges they enjoy.

It is not so much our intention to enquire into the history of the General Assembly, as to offer a few remarks on this *Clerical Jubilee*, (for such it is,) and its members. No one will deny that an annual court of this description, sanctioned by not a few of the trappings of royalty, yet preserving in a peculiar degree some of the characteristics of a popular tribunal, is of considerable consequence to any legal establishment, such as the Church of Scotland; the ministers of which, rejecting the doctrine of apostolical succession in ordination, choose rather to derive their orders from the *call* of the people. The whole system of Presbyterianism must be invigorated by these annual Convocations of its disciples. Once a-year the metropolis of Scotland becomes, as it were, the metropolis of Presbyterianism; and on these occasions college friendships are renewed, old associations revived, new connexions formed; and the minister of some remote and barren parish in the meridian of the Orkneys, or John O'Groat's House, the wilds of Inverness, Argyll, or Ross-shire, meets, and fights all his University "battles o'er again," with his old friend the minister of some parish more favoured by Heaven in the fertile counties of the Lowlands. The opportunity thus afforded, of attending both to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Church—of exercising the faculties of the mind, and of gratifying the affections of the heart, cannot fail to be attended by the most beneficial results. There is nothing like it in England, and we are sorry for it.

The external appearance, or what we may term the outward man, of the members of the Presbyterian Convocation, generally indicates the district from which they come. The clerical representatives of the Kirk from the North and West Highlands may be easily distinguished as inhabitants of a wild and sterile region, by their weather-beaten cheek-bones, loose black or carroty locks, and the discordant harshness of their voices, when they are emitting the genuine Doric of their own parishes. The air and gait of these *conscript fathers* point out not only the desolate hills and the bleak fields among which they vegetate, but that, in addition to their mortifications from nature, they have had to struggle sore in many a doubtful combat with some lank and imperturbable Seceder, going under the picturesque name of Burgher or Antiburgher, Old Light or New Light, Baptist, Methodist, or Independent, and with barefaced presumption erecting his meeting-house over against the manse. The Orkney and Shetland minister, moreover, may be easily seen to have lived on nothing else but fish—keeping one long Lent all the year over, till the time of the Convocation—when, as a sort of duty, that he may support the tabernacle whilst in the body, he makes daily the most ravenous attacks on beef, roast and boiled, mutton, veal, lamb, and similar savoury dainties. The ministers from the more fertile districts are also easily known, but by different marks. We do not in Scotland, as in England, frequently meet with parsons, whose manners at once show that they are more accustomed to hunt a fox or hare, shoot partridges, and carry fishing-rods, than to trouble themselves greatly about sinners, wielding the "sword of the Spirit," or poring over those most unpalatable of all languages, Hebrew and Greek. But the clergymen of the fertile Lowland parishes may, nevertheless, be distinguished by their sleek and smooth appearance, by their tendency to rotundity, and their smiling, contented faces, which inevitably suggest to the mind of the beholder good wheaten sheaves, a well-replenished manse,—a fertile glebe,—and a comfortable sum in cash, with an item for *communion elements*. Last of all, the Presbyterian pastors of cities and large towns are known by their air of superior dignity, by the less country-tailor expression of their dress, by their silk umbrellas, and by a certain *savoir vivre*, which prevents them from staring up at the windows, and gaping at the brass, copper, silver, and golden lions of the Modern Athens.

So much for the general appearance of the clerical members of the Presbyterian Convocation. But what of the laymen—the *ruling elders*, as they are called, who form a considerable part of the Assembly? It must be admitted, unless we be rigid enough to object to the uncanonical practice of admitting laymen to legislate in church courts, that these *ruling elders* add

greatly to the eclat and weight of the General Assembly. There are laymen in the sectarian synods also; but they are generally found wofully wanting in learning and influence; whereas, the laymen of the Convocation in St Giles' are, in truth, among its most respectable members, although it might perhaps be questioned whether all of these *ruling elders* are likewise "elders in Israel." They are, for the most part, officers and physicians, or intelligent and active lawyers;—a few are landed gentlemen,—and several noblemen and baronets are commonly appointed by the boroughs, but they very rarely attend. A marked difference may be observed in the oratorical powers of the lay and clerical members. The former speak like men of business and persons acquainted with the world, and consequently possess no inconsiderable influence in the debates; while the latter, with a few honourable exceptions, are too apt to fancy themselves in their pulpits, and to preach rather than argue.

In subsequent papers on this subject, we shall discuss more at large the nature of the General Assembly, and introduce our readers to the various parties into which this Presbyterian Convocation is divided.

THE DRAMA.

[We beg to introduce to the attention of our readers the first of a series of Dramatic articles, which will be continued regularly, by our friend, "Old Cerberus."—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

The multifarious matters which, in the earlier days of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, pressed upon the Editor's attention, have prevented him from paying quite so much attention to dramatic matters as we could have wished. But now that the bustle and confusion of leaving harbour are over, and that, with all his sails set, he is scudding under a prosperous gale, with little to do but to keep a good look-out, and hold on his course, we propose taking regular observations on the state of the drama; and if our readers do not find us at once "merry and wise," and prepared and able to lead the van of the whole dramatic fleet, cruising about in our Modern Athens, we shall confess ourselves not a little astonished. Yet, we do own that we are not as we once were, when the rising of the green curtain was like the opening of the gates of Paradise, and the fiddling that preceded it more divine than the songs of the Peris. We are now *grown up*, and fancy ourselves wise;—we know that the scenes are merely pieces of shifting canvass, and that, reversing Shakspeare's line, all the players are merely men and women. It is with no small grief that, when we look at ourselves in the glass, we perceive the reflected image of a *bona fide* critic, with wrinkled brow, curling lip, and heart of adamant. Greatly do we fear that, for us, days will never return like those "which now are past away." Yet, in our sentimental moments,—that is to say after dinner, just when the last glass of the first bottle is losing itself in the first bumper of the second,—we not unfrequently wish that we were still a child, and that all behind the green curtain was still fairy-land and enchantment. It is melancholy to think how soon the wild freshness—the ecstatic intensity of boyish feeling, is swallowed up in the engrossing absurdities of this whirlpool of a world. Who does not remember the first season of his theatrical existence?—the joyful anticipations of his evening happiness, which lent new wings to the winter day,—the great-coat, the additional handkerchief round the neck, the coach, the ride, and the arrival,—the heavenly music of the orchestra preparing to play "God save the King,"—the Sheridaniana of the inimitable wits in the gallery,—the standing and taking off your hat, in honour of his gracious Majesty,—the overture, and the tinkling of the silver bell, rung by some unseen but delightful hand,—the rising of the curtain—the breathless admiration—the magic of every scene—the unearthly beauty of every actress—the chivalrous excellence and princely bearing of every actor—the unequalled genius of every author—the more than Lethean forgetfulness of all external things, and the immutable conviction that you were gazing on reality! *Hei nobis!* what a change may be worked by that vile abstract idea—time!—But let the subject pass;—we must turn from these "*tempora acta*," and adapt ourselves a little more to the every-day comprehensions of the *equites populusque Romanus*.

Our *corps dramatique*, as it exists at the present moment, is not quite so good as it should be. It has of late been somewhat crippled by the temporary secession of Mrs Henry Siddons, and the final departure from the stage of Miss Noel. Gradually, too, there have been dropping off some of the *sine nomine* persons, who, separately, were weak and worthless as individual twigs; but, taken collectively, made a bundle of some toughness and utility. The sum of our desideratums are these;—a good actor for tragedy and grave comedy, such as Vandenhoff; a lady to take the leading parts both in tragedy and genteel comedy; a lady to sustain the first parts in opera; and a considerable reinforcement of supernumeraries, so that the inferior parts may not be so continually doubled as they now are, and that the "mobs," "soldiers," bands of "gipsies," "robbers," "sailors," &c. may look a little more respectable. We call upon the manager to attend to these things before the commencement of another season;—as the Benefits will take place very soon, it is scarcely to be expected that these additions will be made *immediately*. Nor let it be supposed that, notwithstanding its deficiencies, we feel any thing but a high respect and cordial esteem for our existing company. As a company of *comedians*, we are sure there is not a better out of London. Murray, George Stanley, Mackay, Jones, would reflect credit on any theatre;—Pritchard, Thorne, Denham, Mason, Montague Stanley, are much above par. The list of the actresses is not so strong; but Mrs Stanley, though not a polished, is a clever woman; Mrs Nicol has very useful abilities; Miss Tunstall is a very sweet singer. Mrs Renaud was once far superior to them all; but she is now so frail, through old age, that we solemnly protest against her ever appearing again on the stage, for we know of no exhibition to us more painful. Miss Mason has her heart in her profession, and may improve;—for Miss Gray we can scarcely say so much. Mrs Eyre has a quiet manner, and, on the whole, is rather dry and stiff, which prevents her real merits from being so much appreciated as they otherwise would be. Of the young lady, Miss Clarke, who is still, as it were, upon her trials, we shall have something to say ere long. In the meantime, we shall only add, that they may all expect *justice* from our hands,—both praise and blame, according as they deserve either the one or the other.

Mr T. P. Cooke has been here for the last fortnight. All the world knows that he is the best sailor that ever was on the stage, so it is needless to repeat it here. He has been very successful, too, as the *Monster*, in the "Fate of Frankenstein;" but we do not give him so much credit for this, for all he has to do is, to look as little like a human being as possible,—a mere melo-dramatic trick. His best parts are *Long Tom Coffin* in the "Pilot," and *Fid* in the "Red Rover." Both of these pieces are clever dramatic versions of Cooper's excellent novels. The "Red Rover," in particular, has a marine air altogether its own, and has been got up with great spirit. Indeed, it is one of the very best things that has been produced this season. Cooke takes his Benefit this evening.

Old Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SCENE FROM "WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP."

Translated from the German of Schiller.

The following scene is extracted from that striking, but almost untranslatable Overture, with which Schiller has prefaced his "Piccolomini," and "Death of Wallenstein," entitled "Wallenstein's Camp." It tells no connected story, but merely exhibits in various aspects the military life of the strange and discordant mass, which, drawn together from every quarter of the globe, acknowledged him as their leader. In the scene immediately preceding, a long discussion has taken place between the old and pompous Sergeant Major and Trumpeter of Terzkey's Carabineers, and two Light Horsemen, new-comers from the banks of the Saal, in which sundry speculations on the character of Wallenstein, and the sweets and sours of a military life, have been given. The discussion has been closed by the Sergeant Major announcing the important fact, that Wallenstein bore a charmed life, and held nightly intercourse with a spirit in a grey cloak, which slipped through the key-hole into his quarters, notwithstanding the exertions of the sentinels. In this stage of the proceedings, enters

A Recruit, who comes out of the tent, with a tin cap on his head, and a flask of wine in his hand, followed by a citizen endeavouring to hold him back.

Recruit. Greet my father and father's brother;
I'm a soldier now as well as another.

1st Light Horseman. See, here's a greenhorn caught in the net.

Citizen. O Franz! take heed; you'll repent it yet.

Recruit [*sings.*]

Drum and fife
And warlike chime,
Wandering life
From clime to clime,
With war-horse to ride,
Stout heart that can guide,
Broad sabre beside,
We hie far and wide,
As light and as free
As the finch in its glee,
By thicket and tree,
By sky and by sea,—
Huzza! by the Friedlander's banner I'll be.

2d. Jæger. A jolly good fellow as any you'll meet.

Cit. Let him go—he is come of good kin.

1st Jæger. And we,
I'd have ye to know, were not found i' the street.

Cit. I tell you, both money and means has he.
Only feel the fine doublet and neckcloth he's got.

Trump. No cloth is so fine as the Emperor's coat.

Cit. Of a snug little business he'll soon be the heir.

Trump. Free will and free quarters with us he'll share.

Cit. His grandmother's shop, too, along with the rest.

Trump. He would dirty his fingers with brimstone, at best.

Cit. And his godfather's store to his share will fall—
A cellar with twenty good butts of wine.

Trump. O! these he can share with his comrades all.

2d Jæger. Come, hark ye, brother, my tent you must join.

Cit. From his sweetheart, poor thing, would ye have him to part?

1st Jæger. Why not? It will teach him an iron heart.

Cit. His grand-dame will give up the ghost on the spot.

2d Jæger. That's lucky! the sooner her cash will be got.

Sergeant Major. [*Steps up with gravity to the recruit, and lays his hand on his tin cap.*]
Look ye, friend, it was very well thought in you,
To doff the old Adam, and put on the new;
With the helm on your head, and the blade on your flank,
Henceforth with a worshipful set you take rank,
And a loftier spirit must study to bear.

1st Jæger. And of all things, comrade, your cash don't spare.

Sergeant Major. You have paid your passage in Fortune's ship,
And the sails are spread for your future trip;
The world's before you to pick and to choose,
If you play for its stakes, you must venture to lose.
Your cit jogs on, for better for worse,
In the same dull round like a dyer's horse;
But the soldier has all things to hope, I trow,
While war is the watchword on earth, as now.
Look here at me—in this garb I wear
The Emperor's staff you see I bear.
All government on earth, we know,
From staff or baton forth must go;
The sceptre itself, so majestical,
What is't but a baton after all?
The man who has risen but a corporal to be
Has his foot on the ladder of sovereignty,
And may mount step by step to its topmost height.

1st Jæger. Ay! provided he can but read and write.

Sergeant Major. I'll give you an instance of what I say,
That chanced to myself but the other day:
There's Buttler—the chief of the corps, I trow—
He rank'd but as private in the line
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on the Rhine,
And yet he's a major-general now!
For Buttler knew well how to make his way.
All the world of his fame has got something to say,
While poor I, am put off to another day.
Ay, ay, and Fredland himself beside,
Our lord and master, with all his pride,
Who now rules all with a word or a glance,
Was himself but a pitiful noble once;
But his trust in the Goddess of War he put,
And thus did the seed of his greatness shoot,
Till next to the Emperor's self is he;
And who shall say what he yet may be?
[*Knowingly*]—For the sun of his glory is not yet set.

1st Jæger. He began with little and rose to great;
At Altdorf, even in his student's gown,
He bore himself (by your leave to say)
In such a riotous, racketing way,
In a trice he had knock'd his Famulus down,
And anger'd the Nuremberg gentry so,
That, will he, nill he, to jail he must go.
The jail was new built—and the magistrates meant
To give it its first inhabitant's name;
So what did he do, but wisely sent
His dog before him, the honour to claim,
And after the cur it's call'd to this day;
That look'd like a humorsome fellow, I say!
And of all the strange feats that the general has done,
For fun and for frolic I like this one.

[*A girl comes in to wait, and the 2d Horseman toys with her.*]

Dragoon [*interfering*]. Comrade! let that alone, d'ye hear.

2d Jæger. What the devil makes you interfere?

Dragoon. All I've to say is, the girl is mine.

1st Jæger. What! keep her all to yourself?—that's fine! Dragoon, you have lost your wits I see.

2d Jæger. In camp there's no private property;
And a pretty girl, like the sun, must be
As free to all as to you or me. [*Kisses her.*

Dragoon [*pulls her away.*] Be off, I tell you—no more I'll stand.

1st Jæger. Now for a frolic—here's music at hand.

2d Jæger. If you want a quarrel, all's one to me.

Sergeant Major [*interposing.*] Peace, gentlemen, all—a kiss is free.

A REAL LOVE SANG.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Love came to the door o' my heart ae night,
And he call'd wi' a whining din—
"Oh, open the door! for it is but thy part
To let an old crony come in."
"Thou sly little elf! I hae open'd to thee
Far aftener than I dare say;
An' dear hae the openings been to me,
Before I could wile you away."

"Fear not," quo' Love, "for my bow's in the rest,
And my arrows are ilk ane gane;
For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,
Which has proved o' the marble stane.
I am sair forspent, then let me come in
To the nook where I want to lie,
For sae aft hae I been this door within
That I downa think to gang by."

I open'd the door, though I ween'd it a sin,
To the sweet little whimpering fay;
But he raised sic a buzz the cove within,
That he fill'd me with wild dismay:
For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
And then sic an ardent glow,
That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart
War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.

"Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean,"
I cried, wi' the tear in my ee;
"Ay! sae ye may say!" quo' he, "but I ken
Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me."
And what do you think? by day and by night,
For these ten lang years and twain,
I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
And we'll never mair part again.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

The Life of Justin Martyr, by Dr Kaye, the learned Bishop of Lincoln, is on the eve of publication.

We are happy to understand that Mr George Joseph Bell, Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, has in a state of forwardness his Commentaries on the Law of Scotland, regarding Marriage Contracts, Family Settlements, and Trust-Deeds.

Charles X. has recently purchased the valuable collection of books connected with the life and works of Petrarch, made by M. Marsand, one of the Professors in the University of Padua, and editor of the admirable edition of the works of that great poet, published a few years ago. This collection, of which a catalogue was recently published at Milan, under the title of *Biblioteca Petrarchesa*, contains about 900 volumes, and is divided into three classes. The first comprises a complete collection of all the editions of the poetical works of Petrarch since 1470, the date of the first printed edition. The second comprises all the translations of the works of this poet into the French, Latin, Spanish, German, and English Languages; it includes the works of all the commentators on the poet, as well as copies of all the works connected with the biography of Petrarch. The third class is formed of a great number of manuscripts, on vellum and paper, of the poems, or of works connected with the poems, of Petrarch. The books, on their arrival at Paris, are to be deposited in the Louvre.

State of Learning in the Netherlands.—In a trial for libel, which has just terminated in the Netherlands, a strange proof of his knowledge of the Greek language was given by M. Kersmaker, the president of the court, who took an omega (Ω), the signature of the celebrated Dr Potter, for a small horse-shoe reversed!

Voltaire.—It has been questioned, whether Voltaire valued more highly his reputation as a poet or a prose-writer. The following anecdote throws some light on the subject:—A friend, calling on him one day, and finding him engaged in writing, would not enter, for fear of interrupting his labours, "Entrez, entrez," said Voltaire; "Je ne fais que de la vile prose."

The papers of Mr Stepney, who was British minister in Germany, in the time of Queen Anne, have been deposited in the British Museum. There are a number of the letters of Addison among them, and many other interesting documents.

The Marquis of Spineto is preparing for publication a Course of Lectures upon Hieroglyphics, delivered at the Royal Institution, and at the University of Cambridge.

Theatrical Gossip.—At the King's Theatre, Madame Malibran, formerly better known as Mademoiselle Garcia, has appeared as *Desdemona* with much success. Her singing is not considered superior to that of Caradori Allan, but her acting is represented as being in many respects equal to Pasta's.—Miss Smithson, whose continental reputation is so very great, is to appear speedily at Covent Garden; she has been detained by ill health longer than she intended at Amsterdam.—Weekes, at Drury Lane, continues to please the Londoners much; he seems to take the lead in humorous Irish characters.—Liston plays at the Haymarket during the summer.—Matthews is getting up a new "At Home."—T. P. Cooke proceeds from Edinburgh first to Dundee, and then to Belfast.—Our Theatre will be closed next week in consequence of the *Preachings*.

Weekly List of Performances.

April 25—May 1.

Sat. *Presumption, The Purse, & Rosina.*
Mon. *Guy Mannering, & The Pilot.*
Tues. *Red Rover, & Gordon the Gipsy.*
Wed. *Do., & Presumption.*
Thur. *Guy Mannering, & The Pilot.*
Fri. *Nelson, & The Red Rover.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

In the Advertisements of the Novel of "Reay Morden," which have appeared in the newspapers since last Saturday, we observe that, *by leaving out* three words of a sentence which occurs in our review of it, we are represented as applying praise to the work generally, which we only gave to "*some passages*;" and an impression is thus conveyed that we said nearly the very reverse of what we actually did say. We shall never silently submit to any such improper use being made of our critical notices. A passage may be abridged if its true spirit be preserved; but never if the abridgement is to pervert its real meaning.

Our second notice of Dr Memes' interesting work on the Fine Arts, and concluding notice of Dr Ure's Geology, are unavoidably postponed till next Saturday.—We shall be glad to have a call from the author of "The Correspondence of John Macdonald, Esq. and Doctor Dirleton."—Any explanation we may receive from Mr Crybbace we shall be glad to attend to.—We are sorry that "A December Evening," by "P. Q. R." of Dumfries, will not exactly suit us; we may remark, however, that it is *beautifully written*.—"Single Blessedness," by the Editor of the *Elgin Courier*, in our next.

The French Song from Aberdeen is good, but not equal to those of our Correspondent "Lorma."—"J. B." of Glasgow will not suit us.

We never notice anonymous contributions unless they be *post-paid*.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 26. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829. Price 6d.

TO OUR READERS.

It gives us pleasure to announce, that, in consequence of the numerous communications with which we have been favoured by our literary friends, we propose giving an additional half-sheet, or eight pages of letter-press, to the next Number (No. XXVII.) of the Literary Journal. We thus hope to be able to present the public, in *one* Number, with a set of Articles, of much value, from the following celebrated writers:—Dr Morehead,—Dr Gillespie,—Dr Memes,—Alaric A. Watts,—William Tennant,—The Ettrick Shepherd,—Derwent Conway,—John Malcolm,—William Kennedy,—Robert Chambers,—The Authors of the "Odd Volume,"—The Author of "Brother Jonathan,"—The Author of "Tales of a Pilgrim," and several *others* whose names we are not at liberty to mention. The same Number will contain a Review of Sir Walter Scott's new Novel—"Anne of Geierstein," and other interesting literary matter. We have also the pleasure of announcing, that the Autographs which we mentioned as being in preparation some time ago, are now nearly ready, and will be delivered on Saturday se'nnight, with the 26th Number of the Journal. They will form an elegant Frontispiece to the First Volume when completed, and afford specimens of the handwriting of *forty-four* of the most celebrated individuals of modern times. No additional charge will be made for either of these Numbers of the Literary Journal.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Ecarté; or, the Salons of Paris. Three volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

This is one of those books which, on the whole, had better been left unwritten; or, if written, the subject should have been treated in a more decided manner. The hero is a young man of respectable birth, fortune, and family, who gets involved in the very doubtful sort of society to be found frequenting the private gaming-houses in Paris. The consequences are, that his affections are alienated from his best friends, that he contracts a passion for play, and that, throwing off a virtuous attachment he was on the point of forming, he enters into a dangerous and immoral *liaison* with one of the fair but frail creatures who are constantly to be met with in the Ecarté saloons. If a very great deal of misery had been shown to be the result of all this conduct, no harm perhaps might have arisen from narrating it. But all the misery which does arise, seems to us to be pretty well balanced by the pleasure which the author is evidently willing to attach to these *dulcia vitia*. His hero gambles without any severe losses, or at least losses which produce any serious consequences; for though he is on one occasion arrested and taken to prison, his confinement is of very short duration, and his restoration to freedom is quite triumphant. The unhappy object of his illicit love dies wretchedly, but he himself easily recovers the blow; and all at once, as is usual in these novels, ceases to be a *roué*, marries, and becomes an exemplary husband. Besides, various glowing pictures are introduced of the state of society among the gambling circles, which, to a young and ardent temperament, would of themselves be more than sufficient to outweigh any risk that might be incurred in them. The general impression, therefore, left by the book, is of a very doubtful tendency; and, though we do not think the author destitute of abilities, we wish he had employed them in some more useful way.

We shall give one extract, which, while it describes the general character of the fashionable gaming-houses in Paris, will, at the same time, confirm the truth of our remark, that they are frequently spoken of in too soft and alluring terms:

A PARISIAN SALON D'ECARTE.

"Unquestionably nothing can be more seducing and exciting than the appearance of a gaming-table, when the rooms are brilliantly lighted up and full of company. The heaps of notes and gold that are piled upon the tables, as if destined to become the property of the first player of spirit and enterprise—the rich tints of the cloth, which acquire additional beauty from the softened light of the lamps—the lucky and occasional falling of the ball of the *roulette* table into the number backed by the player, securing thirty-six times the amount of his stake, and the long run upon a favourite and well-supported colour at a *trente et quarante* table, together with the facility of obtaining every thing that can satisfy and luxuriate the palate—all these things tend to fascinate and to subdue; while the passions, not yet called into more active and painful operation by heavy and repeated losses, leave wide and unrestrained dominion to the senses alone. If these, then, are the effects produced by an introduction to haunts where the society is confined entirely to men, how much more alluring must the scene appear, where, as is ever and exclusively the case at Frascati's, the rooms are moreover filled with women, of that splendid and more select description we have already described as the frequenters of the *salons d'ecarté*—women, who gaily challenge fortune with their purses, and lovers with their dark and sparkling eyes; and who, whatever may be their feelings or their weaknesses, are often gifted with minds of a superior order, with passions which scarcely know a diminution

in their intensity, and with wit, and elegance, and ease of carriage, sufficiently demonstrative of the sphere in which they once moved, and which is never wholly lost sight of in their subsequent life. These are the women who are most to be feared in these dangerous assemblages; for, although it cannot be denied, that, even at Frascati's, the females are not all of the same stamp, yet the comparative vulgarity and general inferiority of these rather serve as foils to set off the manners and accomplishments of the others, who seldom fail to cast the spell of their fascinations around the hearts of the young, the inexperienced, and the more generous of nature,—a fascination which is not easily shaken off, and which eventually leads to the last stage of demoralization.

"Several of these females were seated round the *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables, habited in elegant *costumes de bal*, and staking their money with an earnestness that would have surprised a stranger, thrown for the first time into the heart of so novel a scene—their eyes beaming with animation when successful, and firing with impatience when they beheld their gold *raked* up by the pitiless *croupier*. Whenever they hit upon a lucky run, they were all smiles, frequently turning round and addressing some amiable remark to those who sat next to them; but when they lost, they were *génées* in their movements, the place was exceedingly hot, or those who stood behind them were found to press too heavily on their magnificent plumes, and were requested to give them more room. The men who encircled the tables were principally players upon the system, and a motley and singular group. Here might be observed an elegant-looking Englishman, dressed in the last style of fashion, and throwing down his notes with a *nonchalance* which might have been translated into a sort of shame at the idea of being found guilty of nice calculation, in a game in which he wished it to be supposed he indulged rather as an amusement than with a view to gain. There sat a Frenchman, of sallow, emaciated, shabby, and ignoble appearance, casting his quick dark eye at the cards, which he mentally counted after the dealer, and eagerly searching, if a loser, to detect an error—now striking his forehead with his hand, after a few unsuccessful *coups*—now laughing and talking to himself, when fortune appeared to be enlisted in his favour.

"Here, too, might be seen a player, habited half *à-la-Anglaise*, half *à-la-Francaise*,—one of the number of those old residents in Paris, who make the public gaming-tables the means of keeping an apology for a carriage, with which they affect to maintain a sort of style; and who, in the expectation of winning a certain sum for their daily expenses, take their stations at the *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables, as regularly as the dealers and croupiers themselves. They were chiefly players upon the system. Amid these, however, might be seen others of more careless carriage and habits. There lounged a gay young Englishman, who divided his attention equally between his ill-supported game, and two splendid-looking women, who sat on either side of him, supplying the latter occasionally with a few pieces, as their own little banks were broken, and, in consequence, the object of rivalry between them. Opposite to him lingered a young Frenchman, of equal age, and supported in the same manner, expressing himself with vivacity when he lost, and hesitating not to borrow from his fair companions the instant his own funds became exhausted. The contrast offered by the tone and manner of these was striking. In fact, every variety and shade of character might be traced throughout the throng, which was numerous indeed, the tables being crowded, not only by those who were seated at the game, but by a triple row of players, who, incapable of procuring seats, now stood leaning over those who occupied them, and betting, either in pursuance of the new system, or on the principle of chance, as their several inclinations and caprices induced."—Vol. iii. pp. 5—10.

We may observe, in conclusion, that there are several scenes in "Ecarté" which border very closely on the licentious, and that we know of little advantage to be derived from its perusal.

The Divine Origin of Christianity, deduced from some of those Evidences which are not founded on the Authenticity of Scripture. By John Sheppard, Author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion," &c. 2 vols. London. Whittaker & Co. 1829.

We cannot agree with Mr Sheppard in thinking, that no English work has already anticipated his particular mode of proving the divine origin of Christianity. He undertakes to show, "that even if the New Testament had been unhappily destroyed, or its genuineness were not ascertainable; yet, provided the primitive spirit of the religion could be learnt from the writings of early believers, and those *indirect* proofs collected of its rise and progress, and their causes, which now exist, we ought not to reject it, but to judge that it came from God?" Now, this is just an attempt to prove the truth of Christianity by means of *external evidence*—a mode of proof abundantly antiquated. We do not, however, on this account, dispute the conclusive nature of such evidence. Indeed, all internal evidence, however forcibly and accurately stated, is *ex sua natura* open to controversy. And, while we deny the originality of the *plan*, we have been much pleased with the manner in which our author has digested and arranged the mass of indirect proofs which bear upon the subject.

In illustrating his leading proposition, Mr Sheppard explains the manner in which Christianity differs in principle from all religions that men have fabricated, and from any which it can be supposed they would fabricate. He refers to the cruelties and impurities connected with the Hindoo superstition—to the obscene mythology practised in Greece and Rome, where the mind had in many respects attained its utmost vigour and highest refinement—as well as to the Mahometan faith, which, if not openly sanctioning, is at least lenient to, the evil passions and tempers of man. The inference from such premises is irresistible. Christianity, if invented, was invented *by* and *for* the same human nature which has devised and accepted other religions. How, then, does it happen, that while these sanction man's natural propensities, the Christian creed should be distinguished by the most refined and unbending morality? Our author farther maintains, that Christianity, even as propagated and received in successive ages, with great degrees of declension or aberration from its original principles, has specifically differed in its effects from all other religions. He also notices at some length the various admissions of persons not professing Christianity, as to the moral character of Jesus, and that of the early Christians; he then enters into an elaborate dissertation respecting the opposition which was, *ab initio*, offered to the doctrines of the Bible, and concludes with some observations in support of the resurrection of Christ, and regarding miracles.

No person can peruse the work without perceiving indications of superior talent. Mr Sheppard is not satisfied with stating ingenious theories upon those important points which he discusses. His results are uniformly deduced from substantial data, applying to all the bearings of his subject. We are not presented with a tissue of *ex parte* statements, plausibly expressed and artfully supported. He anticipates the attacks with which his views will be received; and if, in his zeal for laying before his reader a candid representation of both sides of the question, he may seem to make admissions which prudence might repress, the issue is

variably demonstrates that he adopts this course for the purpose of strengthening his own arguments, by the completeness with which he refutes those of his antagonist. The absorbing interest of his enquiries, on many occasions, excites that warmth and energy of thought which so eminently characterise the writings of Chalmers and Paley; and indeed we can scarcely suppose any man so destitute of feeling, as to prosecute such investigations without catching, in some degree, the spirit of his theme. In the supplements to the different sections of his book, Mr Sheppard has introduced occasional reflections, which, though forming no part of the direct topic, frequently exhibit it in a more convincing light. His notes also display considerable historical research. On the whole, Mr Sheppard's present publication fully supports his former reputation as an author; and, relying on the evidences as to the divine origin of Christ which are brought forward, he may confidently ask,—"*Quæ tandem mens avida æternitatis, vitæque præsentis brevitate permota, contra hujus divinæ auctoritatis lumen cultumque contendat?*"

A History of the Rise, Progress, and Suppression of the Rebellion in the County of Wexford, in the year 1798. To which is added, the Author's Account of his Captivity and Merciful Deliverance. By Geo. Taylor. A new edition, corrected. Dublin. Curry and Co. 1829. 12mo, pp. 194.

Mr Taylor, the author of the work before us, was a personal sufferer in the Irish rebellion of 1798, and narrowly escaped being murdered by the rebels. His work, so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, is completely corroborated by the best authorities; and it has this additional advantage, that it supplies the reader with various interesting particulars, which Mr Taylor received from his own personal friends, who were eyewitnesses of many of the scenes he has recorded, and, like himself, sufferers for their loyalty.

The county of Wexford is notorious for the events which took place in it during the rebellion of 1798; it was, indeed, the chief scene of those atrocities which stain the Irish history. Certain parties, styling themselves White-boys, Steel-boys, Oak-boys, Right-boys, and Defenders, had for a considerable time disturbed the peace of the country, and eventually they all coalesced under the general title of United Irishmen. With the contemporary example of the French Revolution before their eyes, and, as they were all Roman Catholics, animated with the most relentless hatred towards the Protestants, their objects were as iniquitous as they were treasonable. A number of factious demagogues arose among them, men of desperate fortunes and unprincipled characters, whose study it was to keep alive the flame of discontentment, and excite the wretched peasantry to the most dreadful excesses. On the 26th of May 1798, the rebellion began in Wexford, headed by a ferocious and fanatic priest named Murphy. Six worthies of this name, all priests, rendered themselves conspicuous by their subsequent proceedings. On the 27th, two bodies of the rebels appeared at Oulard and Kelthomas. At the latter place, they were defeated by 200 or 300 yeomen; but at Oulard, where they were commanded by Murphy himself, they were victorious. That incendiary soon after got possession of Enniscorthy, and set the houses of the loyal inhabitants in flames, besides committing many atrocities. At the head of 15,000 men, he took the town of Wexford. The battles of Clough, Ross, Arklow, and Vinegar Hill, besides other minor engagements, followed; and it is not less shocking than true, that the priests, by whom the wretched and deluded populace were stimulated, scrupled not to celebrate the rites of their religion amidst murder and blood. The cruelties the rebels exercised towards the loyalists are hardly paralleled by the atrocities of the French Revolution. They shot, stabbed, hanged, and spiked, men, women, and children; but their favourite mode of executing their sanguinary revenge, was by filling barns with their prisoners, and then setting them on fire. The massacres at Scullabogue, and at the bridge of Wexford, where their unoffending victims were butchered in the most horrible manner, are eternal proofs of what may be expected from an ignorant and barbarous peasantry, when they have the ascendency, led by unprincipled demagogues and fanatical priests.

In a literary view, Mr Taylor's narrative is homely enough in style; but we have every reason to believe it an honest and correct account of the Wexford Rebellion.

The Last Hours of Eminent Christians, compiled from the best authorities, and chronologically arranged. By the Reverend Henry Clissold, M.A., Minister of Stockwell Chapel, Lambeth. London. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1829.

This is a work which ought to find its way into every family circle. The examples which are given in the "last hours" of some of the greatest and most illustrious men, who, we may safely say, were the glory and the renown of their several ages, must have a most powerful effect on the minds of the young and the ignorant, in directing their attention towards those elevating truths of Christianity, which were the consolation and the hope of those departed worthies, whose faith we are commanded to follow, considering the end of all things. The volume before us may be safely set down as a happy model of enforcing Christianity by example, inasmuch as it contains no abstract reasoning, but lays before the reader matters of fact.

Mr Clissold, in his preface, which is somewhat too long, tells us the reasons which induced him to undertake this work; and with his observations we cordially agree. History is, in reality, a great drama, in which the parties are brought before us for instruction and edification; and is interesting solely on account of the names which adorn its annals. It is no small consolation to the Christian, though at best it is but the conscious homage of truth, that the most distinguished men in past ages were under its salutary influence. It is impossible for us to give any thing like a condensed view of Mr Clissold's excellent work, as it is divided into short narratives, delineating the closing scene of these great men; but our readers will find in it "the most illustrious examples of devotion, tranquillity, fortitude, and prudence, together with the most striking instances of the brevity and uncertainty of human life," written with great interest, apart from any encouragement of enthusiasm or fanatical zeal. A list of the names of some of those illustrious individuals whose last hours form the subject of Mr Clissold's book, will enable our readers to appreciate its contents much better than were we to lay before them any detached extract. We find, among others, St Ignatius; St Cyprian; St Gregory Thaumaturgus; St Basil; Gregory Nazianzen; St Augustine; St Austin (first Archbishop of Canterbury); the Venerable Bede; Wickliffe; John Huss; Jerome of Prague; Æneas Silvius, surnamed Pope Pius II.; the Chevalier Bayard; Oecolampadius; Zuingle; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Sir Thomas More; Tindal; Luther; Cruciger; Lady Jane Gray; Bishop Hooper; Bishops Latimer and Ridley; Melancthon; Archbishop Parker; Sir Philip Sidney; Tasso; Richard Hooker; Tycho Brahe; Beza; Scaliger; Henry, Prince of Wales (son of James I.); Cardinal Robert Bellarmine; Dr Launcelot Andrews; Bishop of Winchester; Bishop Bedell; Archbishop

Laud; Grotius; Charles I.; Archbishop Usher; Dr Henry Hammond; Bishop Saunderson; Pascal; the Earl of Clarendon; Dr Lightfoot; Sir Matthew Hale; the Prince of Condé; Archbishop Sancroft; Richard Baxter; Mary, Queen of William III.; Archbishop Tillotson; the famous preacher Bourdaloue; Locke; Bishop Bull; Bishop Burnett; William Penn; Addison; Elizabeth Rowe; Boerhaave; Colonel Gardiner; Dr Isaac Watts; Dr Doddridge; Bishop Berkeley; Lord Lyttleton; Dr Johnson; Lord Kaimes; Gesner; John Howard; Sir William Jones; Dr Paley; the Princess Amelia; the Princess Charlotte; and our late venerable sovereign, George III. There is appended a well-written sketch of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York; and the volume concludes with a number of notes on various other distinguished individuals.

Mr Clissold is a clergyman of the Church of England, but he has rendered willing homage to the piety of other communions,—Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Dissenters; and a spirit of pure and genuine Christianity pervades his work.

Vallery; or the Citadel of the Lake; A Poem. By Charles Doyne Sillery. Two vols. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

We have already spoken of this interesting work at some length. We return to it, because there are one or two other extracts of much beauty which we wish to lay before our readers. What we especially like in Mr Sillery is, that his style is formed after no particular model; it is fresh and luxuriant, and altogether his own. We detest that cant of criticism which affects to discover little bits of imitation scattered through a work of two volumes; and which prides itself, not upon pointing out the intrinsic merits or defects of poetry, but on raking together, from all quarters, passages which may, in one or two of their thoughts, resemble other passages. Upon this principle, every body who ever wrote might be shown to be a copyist; but this is not a principle by which any one who understands poetry will for a moment be guided. The following reflections, suggested by the calm of a summer's night, together with the description which follows, of a shower at daybreak, and the coming of morning, are exceedingly beautiful:

Ah! there are moments when the mind is calm,
  Placid and tranquil as an inland lake
O'er which the zephyrs scarcely breathe their balm,
  Stretching serenely pure from brake to brake—
  Ah! there are moments when the thoughts do take
Their flights above the skies, and worlds that roll
  Below the Heaven of Heavens, and thus can make
Mortals their mockery, spurning earth's control—
The soul's not in the world, but the world in the soul!

The world is in the soul.—Hast thou ne'er seen
  The volumed vapour, freed from narrow cell,
Ascend on high, and, when it was between
  The clouds and thee, roll out with billowy swell,
  Expanded and expanding o'er the dell,
Blazoned with gold and purple sunbeams bright,
  Till melted into ether?—Canst thou tell,—
Since such a vapour fills yon heavenly height,—
How must the soul, once freed, expand in bliss and light?

Even in its fetters of corrupting clay,
  There's something so immortal and sublime,
Something so awful and unearthly,—yea,
  Unknown to earth, with all its founts of crime,
  Mocking mortality,—the grave,—Death,—Time,
In the immortal soul; that ocean,—earth,—
  Rivers, mounts, vales, it grasps!—each zone,—each clime,—
From the cold poles to the equator's girth,—
The soul's a world of worlds,—increasing from its birth.

Higher and higher still my thoughts do rise
  'Bove yon pale planets that so purely burn;
Higher and higher still beyond those skies,—
  Blue, boundless, beautiful! Creation's urn!
  In earth or heaven,—Ah! wheresoe'er I turn,
The Book of God lies open to my sight.—
  Read, study, ponder, meditate and learn,
O thou, my soul! these words divinely bright,—
I lose myself in Him,—in Goodness, Love, and Light.

Lo! o'er the welkin sails a white-fringed cloud,
  That laves the fading forehead of the moon;
Now it is gathering in a darker shroud,—
  And now 'tis o'er the pinnacle of noon:
  The stars are dimm'd; while, in a pale festoon
Of circling light, Diana holds her way;—
  It rains; the dusky woods receive their boon
Of liquid pearls,—the breezes freely play,
And soft the trickling shower falls on each blossomed spray.

The hush is over.—Hark! from every bower
  The song of birds,—the murmuring of the streams,—
The droning beetle, and the weeping flowers,—
  The lizard nestling 'midst the orange gleams,—
  The cricket chirping where the bamboo teems,—
The dancing rain,—the living wind,—the sea
  Rousing her billows from their coral dreams,—
The insect hum,—the whispers on the lea,—
There wants Aurora but to raise the jubilee.

She comes,—in glory walking from the east!
  Health on her cheek, and roses on her brows;
With robes of purple o'er her azure breast,
  And golden hair, that round her fair form flows,
  Breathing perfume which vanquishes the rose,
And gathering up her diamonds from the woods,
  To meet them 'midst the vapours that repose
In fairy isles above the liquid floods,
And now she wakes the hymns of all her solitudes!

We have room for only one other passage, expressive of a young poet's delight in nature, which must be read with pleasure:

Even from my childhood has my soul been fill'd
With love for what it look'd on, and become
A part of that around it—insects,—birds;—
Objects inanimate,—a tree,—a flower,—
A wood-crowned mountain or a placid lake,
Have been its idols; but the gems of life,—
The fly,—the bee,—the butterfly,—the worm,—
Its wonder,—sunshine,—rapture,—and delight!
To me they are the characters of Heaven,—
The writing of Jehovah on the book
Of Nature; and I've learn'd more from them,
Than I could do in pondering o'er the tomes,
The thrice ten thousand volumes of mankind.
I've learn'd to meditate thereon, and turn
Thence to the contemplation of my God,—
Th' All-wise, Almighty Author of the whole,—
To love,—to fear,—to worship,—to adore!
Roll on, dark days of trouble and distress,
Come, glorious dawning! come, celestial light!
Oh! may I see the day when all my mind,
Self-lit, shall burn with rapture, that I may
Pour forth my soul in poetry to Him
Who sits sublime amid the cherubim!

We call on Mr Sillery to go on steadily and boldly—"*successo acrior ipso*"—and we have the most sanguine expectations of the result.

Pinnock's Improved Edition of Dr Goldsmith's Abridgement of the History of England, with a Continuation to the Reign of George the Fourth. The 21st Edition. London. Whittaker & Co. 1829.

The improvement made by Mr Pinnock on Dr Goldsmith's History of England, consists in dividing

the work into sections, and appending Questions for examination to each, together with explanations of the most difficult words which may occur. This plan has been found of great utility in schools; and accordingly, under his care, as editor, Goldsmith's History has now come to the twenty-first edition. To each of these, additions and improvements have been made, and the consequence is, that the last edition is always better than the one which precedes it.

The Child's First Meaning-Book, on a Plan entirely New. By the Author of the Writer's and Student's Assistant. London. Whittaker & Co. 1829.

THIS is a book of Monosyllables, to instruct young children in *spelling* and *reading*, and at the same time to make them conversant with the *meaning* of words. The fault of most spelling-books, for children beginning to learn, is, that monosyllables are too often explained by pollysyllables; as—"Air, the *element* which we breathe,"—"Fast, an *abstinence* from food,"—"Pain, *sensation* of *uneasiness*," &c. It is evident that this is no explanation at all. The author of the useful little work before us has contrived to explain 1800 words of one syllable, by words of one syllable, and 1200 monosyllables more, by words not exceeding two syllables. The plan is excellent, and the execution not inferior.

A Guide to Purchasers of Horses; with a Postscript on Equestrian Equipment. Glasgow. Robertson & Atkinson. 1829.

A CAPITAL waistcoat-pocket companion for all who speculate in horse-flesh, or entrust their persons on the back of the animal.

SCIENCE.

THE FORMATION AND HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

A New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature, are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. By Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Physics and Lecturer on Chemistry in the Andersonian University. London. Longman & Co. 1829. Pp. 621.

(Concluding Notice)

THE next department of Dr Ure's work treats of the constitution of the primeval world, and the revolutions which it underwent, deduced from geological phenomena, on physical principles.

The first of these phenomena is *the interior heat of the earth.* From the experiments of *Fourier*, *Arago*, and *Berges*, here luminously detailed, we are led to the conclusion, that there is an increase in the heat of the earth as we descend, of nearly one degree of Fahrenheit for every sixty-five feet; although this internal heat has, in all probability, been decreasing since the flood. That this increase in the ratio of descent is occasioned by the existence of a great central interior fire, seems the only rational way of explaining it; and it appears to be proved by the experiment, *à priori*, in respect to it, if we may so speak, that also explains the cause of the gradual declension of interior temperature, as well as that which has taken place on the surface since the flood; which is thus simply and familiarly put:

"If we apply heat to the flat bottom of a deep vessel (of iron, copper, &c.) which contains several alternate layers of sand, clay, and stony slabs, condensed as in the supermedial strata of England, and covered with water, we shall wait in vain for any distinct manifestation, at the top, of the subjacent fire. In fact, the lowest layer will become compacted by the heat into a schist impervious to liquids, so that the incumbent water will never arrive at the calorific source, and, severed by bad conducting matters, can never grow appreciably warm. In the great boilers of steam-engines, many results to this effect daily occur, which form sources of very serious annoyance. Wherever the waters of supply are calcareous, more especially selenitic, they let fall a crust of gypsum on the bottom, which progressively thickens, so as to intercept a large portion of the subjacent heat; and by separating the iron from the water, allows the metal to become ignited, and to burn away. Such a deposit has been known to grow several inches thick, with a stony hardness; and, till laboriously chiselled off, it has rendered the vessel quite inoperative for raising a due supply of steam."

Well, indeed, may Dr Ure remark, with perhaps too self-denying brevity,—"The first age of the world, then, extending probably through several centuries, fully realized the universal and unfading spring of the poets. Under such fostering powers of vegetation, the coal-measure plants were matured, in countless myriads, with a rapidity to which modern experience can furnish no parallel."

From such facts, the four following propositions seem to be fully established:—1. That a great portion of the present dry lands, more particularly the secondary strata,—which are replete with sea shells of the most delicate texture, distributed entire in regular beds,—have lain for a long period at the bottom of the primeval ocean.—2. That within the schistose crust of the globe, explosive materials exist, which have given evidence of their convulsive and disruptive powers in all its terraqueous regions, and in every age of the world, from the protrusion of the primordial dry land till the present day.—3. That the ocean, at whose bottom many of our present earthy strata were deposited, has not been lessened by dissipation of its waters into celestial space, or by their absorption into the bowels of the earth;—and 4. That, therefore, its channel must have been changed by transference, of a great portion at least, of its waters, from their ancient to their present basin; an effect referable to volcanic agency, which has operated by sinking the old lands, and upheaving the new.

The objection to these, suggested by a reference to the change in the globular figure of the earth, is obviated, by reference to a simple experiment.

"If we hold a powerful magnet, a little way above a surface of iron filings, strewed upon a table, no change will ensue, because the friction between the solid plane, and the particles, is equivalent to a cohesive force, and prevents them from obeying the magnetical attraction. But if we momentarily suspend the counteracting force of friction, by causing the table to vibrate with successive blows, then the magnetical attraction will become effective, and the iron filings will arrange themselves in beautiful curves, accordant with the known laws of magnetism. In like manner, the partial disruptions and tremors of the terrestrial strata, during its transition diluvial state, would permit a corresponding portion of its shattered surface to arrange itself, conformably to the centripetal and centrifugal powers under which it revolves, and cause a partial approximation, in its figure, to the oblate spheroid of rotation."

From the view taken of the antediluvian climates, we are naturally led to expect that the upper strata which resulted from the sudden overturn here inferred, would exhibit specimens of the flora of the ancient world. Our examples of these form a rich fossil herbarium, here opened up to our familiar view with circumstances of peculiar interest. We wonder that bones and shells should have preserved their original and organic forms amid "the wreck of matter and the

crash of worlds,"—the pressure of rocks,—the insinuations of moisture,—and the ravages of flame; but that fragile leaves, and buds, and blossoms, should find an embalming sepulture amidst convulsions that upheaved the solid earth, is almost beyond astonishment. Yet such is the fact, and so perfectly are they preserved, that treatises on their botanical classification have appeared. The latest and best of these are by a very young, but already justly distinguished Frenchman, M. Adolphe Brongniart, son of the coadjutor of Cuvier, and worthy of such a sire.* His researches are at once curious and profound, and the world and science are already his debtors, while he has scarcely numbered the years that would entitle him to sit on the first form at Eton College.

Having endeavoured to solve one enigma of the primeval world—the fervid temperature of even its circumpolar zones, the Doctor next offers some remarks illustrative of another geological difficulty—the transfer of the ocean from its ancient to its present bed. Perhaps the most striking example diluvian eyes have ever witnessed, of the force of the uprearing power of the agitated inferior strata, in reversing sea and land, so often referred to, was that narrated by Maria Graham, as occurring in Chili in 1822. "On the morning of the 20th November, it appeared that the *whole line of coast, from north to south, to the distance of above* 100 *miles, had been raised above its former level.* The alteration of level at Valparaiso was about three feet, and some rocks were thus newly exposed, on which the fishermen collected the scallop shell-fish, which was not known to exist there before the earthquake."

Incidentally, with respect to the coral reefs which rise in the southern Indian ocean, it is remarked, that what has formerly been published about the immense erections which the saxigenous polypi are capable of executing, is erroneous, and greatly exaggerated.

We now approach a portion of the work of singular daring and power. It is boldly headed at the outset, "The DELUGE DESCRIBED," and is necessarily more speculative and hypothetical than any of the preceding portions; but it is still much in the spirit of the following admirably condensed paragraphs:

"The period of the deluge is fixed, by the best chronologists, in the year 1656 from the creation, corresponding to the year 2348 of the Christian era. According to Blair, 'On the 10th day of the second month, which was on Sunday, Nov. 30th, 2347, God commanded Noah to enter into the ark with his family; and the next Sunday, Dec. 7th, it began to rain, and rained 40 days, and the deluge continued 150 days. On Wednesday, May 6th, 2348, the ark rested on Mount Ararat. The tops of the mountains became visible on Sunday, July 19th, and on Friday, Nov. 18th, Noah came forth out of the ark, with all that were with him.'

"When the barriers of the ocean began to give way before the explosive forces, the waters would invade the shores, and spread over the sunken land, augmenting prodigiously the evaporating surface, and thus bringing the atmosphere to the dew point, a state of saturation to which, previously, it could seldom, and in few places, attain, on account of the area of the dry ground being great relative to that of the sea. From this cause, as well as from the immense quantity of vapours which are known to rise from craters into the higher and cooler regions of the air at the period of eruptions, an immense formation of cloud and deposition of rain would ensue."

It will here be observed, how the bases laid down on atmospheric phenomena, at the outset, which cursory readers would think out of place, are made to tell with prodigious and condensed effect; as also in what follows:

"Many persons have ascribed to the descent of rain from some super-aerial ocean, a great part, if not the whole, of the waters which then inundated the earth. The atmosphere, however, is merely the circulating medium through which aqueous particles are transferred from moist to dry places. Supposing it universally saturated at a temperature of 80° Fahrenheit, round an aqueous sphere, it could receive vapour merely equivalent to its dew point, amounting at the utmost to a pressure of only one inch of mercury, or 13.6 inches of water. This is all that could fall from it in its transition from moisture to absolute dryness; a quantity incapable of producing a general deluge. The formation and descent of rain constitute merely a process of distillation, when a direct circulation of vapour is established through the air above, and a retrograde circulation of water on the surface below. But this circulation can never raise the ordinary level of our seas in the slightest degree."

From the absence of rain, and consequently those currents of air and wind occasioned by evaporation and deposition, it is ingeniously inferred, that all animal and vegetable products now found, must there have been originally located—"for they would find their sepulture at home."

We before adverted to Mr Penn's idea, that the ratio of land to water was inverted by the deluge; for he assumes that our actual seas correspond in surface to the antediluvian lands, and our actual lands to the antediluvian seas. But the researches of Professor Buckland on the Kirkland and Franconia caves, as well as those of Baron Cuvier on the grotto of Oiselles, concur to prove that these were dens inhabited by antediluvian quadrupeds, and therefore must have formed a portion of its dry land.

With Mr Penn's proportion of land and water, our author conceives the terraqueous globe would not have been habitable by man, and his companion animals. It would have possessed nearly three parts of earthy surface to one of aqueous, whereas there is now fully three of aqueous surface to one of earthy. Or, since dry ground is the heating surface, and water is the cooling, the heating faculty of that ancient globe would have been three times greater than the present, and its cooling faculty three times less; making a ninefold difference in calorific constitution between the two,—without taking into account the proper heat of the antediluvian seas. The proportion, however, of the former writer, though inaccurate, is so far correct as showing that there was more land than now; and thence our diminished temperature is clearly indicated. But if the primeval seas were of less extent, they were deeper, as we have said, and hence in greater proximity with the fixed and explosive metals, and would, after the deluge, soak down and cause, by consequent volcanic eruptions, those vast accumulations of lava which every part of the world exhibits.

We now draw near the end of this masterly work, which, before concluding, contemplates the Animal remains or Ruins of the Deluge,—in reference merely to their living characteristics, as contrasted with their types in the present time, and the era of the emergence of the present earth. It is from this survey, as eloquent as it is novel, ingenious, comprehensive, and profound, yet simple and Scriptural, that we glean.

"The theologian may probably recognize, in the picture of the deluge so sublimely sketched in the 104th Psalm, allusions which favour the idea of the postdiluvian earth having been peopled with animals by a new creative fiat; while through Noah, mankind are all the children of Adam. 'The waters stood above the mountains; at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy

* When in Paris, we visited the Institute of France, and in the hall of the Academy of Sciences, when the members had assembled, we felt ourselves amid the most august and illustrious congregation in the world. A young gentleman—so young as to appear yet boyish—showed us the most marked attention in naming the most distinguished individuals among sixty, who are all famous. We sat in a recess of the window together, and exchanged cards. His bore the name—Adolphe Brongniart.

thunder' (volcanic explosion ?) 'they hasted away. *The mountains ascend, the valleys descend** unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they *turn not again to cover the earth.* Thou hidest thy face, they' (beasts both small and great) 'are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. *Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.*' The language of the last sentence must surely mean something more than the generation of animals, and the propagation of plants, in the ordinary way. Can it be so applied without profanation?

> That "Arch which spans the radiant sky,
> When clouds prepare to part,"

Holy Writ assures us, was unseen by man before the flood. That it was natural it should have been unknown, is evidenced from the constitution of antediluvian earth and atmosphere; and our author makes it obvious, not only from the emphatic words in which the meteoric ensign of Heaven's favour is announced, as well as from the holy purpose which it was ordained to serve, but from the change that had taken place in these in relation to each other, that it must have been equally strange, as it was glorious, in their sight; for antediluvians, occupying possibly on their devoted lands, a portion of a great continent now covered by the Pacific, might never have witnessed a sunshine shower. A canopy of clouds indeed might often be stretched in the cooler upper regions of their skies, but the aqueous vesicles, in descending through the warmer aerial strata below, would return again to invisible vapour.

With a refutation of the absurd pretensions to an antiquity inconsistent with Divine Writ, of the pretended tables of Hindoo astronomy, given to the world by *Bailly*,—as triumphant as the confutation of the *Canon of Ricuperos*' notion of the earth's age, deduced "from coats of Sicilian lava, which is furnished at the outset,—a work of rare, vast, and varied lore, and destined to become as popular as the Natural Theology of Paley, concludes—itself a full, noble, and, we should think, well-nigh immortal, commentary on the passage from Schlegel quoted by us before.

The result of equal proportions of genius, labour, and skill, and bringing down information on all it treats of till the close of the last year, it will make Geology still more a popular study, by showing it to be a delightful, and rendering it an easy one; and he who, even at his fireside, has armed himself with a knowledge of the leading principles of that science, like the student of Botany, need not dread the solitude of the dreariest wilderness, nor the silence of the loneliest desert. Henceforth, to such an one, a voice will speak from every barren rock, and wisdom will unfold itself in every herb that rears its stunted head. No spot in Nature's domain can be wearisome to him; while even the most favoured of the sites of earth will, in the terms of "*Paris Basin*," "*Oxford Clay*," &c. acquire an associated and elevated interest.

To aid in directing the attention of manhood and youth to such pure, ennobling pursuits, has been our aim. To diffuse those consolatory conclusions, which science, *rightly interrogated*, brings to the bosom of the ingenuous, but perhaps nervously excited, lover of truth—that are here, in the true spirit of Philosophy united to Religion, skilfully concatenated—has been our aim. If we shall, however humbly, have assisted this work in doing either—by making its merits early, and, in so far as our voice extends, widely known—we shall not speak of our labour, for that has been one of love, and of delight—but of our pride:—we are more than rewarded.

* These descriptive words in Italics are the Hebrew text, as printed in the margin of our Bibles.

It were easy to allay such lofty praise with hesitated hints, and to assume sagacity in discovering faults; but where general and sustained eloquence abounds, we cannot condescend to dwell on a few inflated and sounding phrases. These are too trivial to be blemishes, and will be unseen in the second and succeeding editions, to which the book must hasten. A brief Glossary of technical terms will be a proper addition to these. The typography of the work is a credit to even the city of the Foulises and Uries; and the liberal spirit of the publishers has enriched the work with a series of illustrations in copper and wood, numerous and costly, much beyond the general rule of the trade.

FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. By J. S. Memes, LL.D. Constable's Miscellany. Vol. XXXIX. Edinburgh. 1829.

In a strict point of view, Painting owes little or nothing to the Ancients. The only merit possessed by the Egyptian painters is a certain correctness of linear profile, which may have been first acquired by the tracing of shadows. Many of their works still remain, with the colouring almost as fresh and vivid as when it was first laid on. These have been principally found on the walls of temples, tombs, or hypogeums. Like their sculptures, they are allegorical, grotesque, and graceless,—though not without interest, from considerations unconnected with taste. As to Greek paintings, we are acquainted with them only by description; although, were we implicitly to believe all that has been written concerning them, they were no less entitled to rank as models, than the wonderful existing creations in the sister art of sculpture. But though we cannot fail fully to appreciate the judgment of authors, which is shown to such advantage in their minute accuracy of criticism when applied to sculpture, yet, as Dr Memes justly observes, "taste being necessarily formed upon the very models on which it passes sentence, cannot be admitted as evidence beyond its experience." For this reason, and for others which he has stated, and in which we entirely coincide, we are disposed to think the alleged proficiency of the ancients in this branch of art rather problematical. The history of Greek painting, given us by Pliny and others, is too unnatural to be strictly true. If the Greeks had arrived at such eminence as is pretended, we should certainly find a greater number of names enrolled as professors of the art; only fifteen are mentioned by Pausanias, whereas one hundred and sixty-nine are recorded by the same author as devoted to sculpture. The Greeks would certainly not have been contented with cold, though divine, beauty, had they been acquainted, to a great extent, with the magic force of which the pencil is capable. But, however the case may have been, as next to no relics of Greek painting now exist, it can have had no influence in forming the Italian school, wonderful and unrivalled as it is, and whose pre-eminence must ever be considered one of the very few family traits which serve to prove that the inhabitants of modern Italy are the descendants of the ancient Romans. So far, therefore, as mechanical execution, design, colour, and all that relates to painting as a practical art, is concerned, the moderns owe nothing to the ancients. It is only when we come to consider the mighty influence their sculpture has always had in the formation of taste, that we are forced to concede to them the praise of having probably given the first impulse to the minds of all great painters.

The gap which occurs in the history of painting from the time that the Romans abandoned it as an art, only worthy of being practised by their Greek slaves, is tre-

mendous. During those ages of ignorance, a faint trace of its existence occasionally appears, but is again quickly lost in gloom. At Florence, early in the 13th century, a decided forward motion is first perceptible, though not till the middle of the 15th century did oil painting find its way across the Alps, being first introduced into Italy by Van Eyck of Bruges. To Leonardo da Vinci, undoubtedly, belongs the appellation of Father of the Italian school. His was exactly one of those bright spirits which we rejoice to find hovering on the confines of darkness, and pointing the way to excellence and perfection. Contrasting the state of art when he first appeared, and when he left it, we may well assign him a seat beside Michael Angelo and Raphael; as a *genius*, we must probably place him higher than either. Not contented with the multitudinous pursuits of art, he plunged with avidity into the more intricate paths of science. Descended from a noble and wealthy family, he is a rare and striking instance of a mind paralysed, neither by pride of birth, nor means of worldly ostentation. In speaking of him, Fuseli thus expresses himself: "He broke forth with a splendour which eclipsed all his predecessors. Made up of all the elements of genius,—favoured by form, education, and circumstances,—all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist; architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, philosopher; and sometimes empiric, he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but, without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed, in her turn, each. Fitter to scatter hints than teach by example, he wasted life insatiate in experiment. To a capacity which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy, that at one moment lent him wings for the pursuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity. We owe to him chiaroscuro, with all its magic; but character was his favourite study—character he has often raised from an 'individual to a species, and as often depressed to a monster from an individual.'"

Next to Da Vinci appeared the "mighty Florentine;" and though Tintoretto has been called "*the lightning of the pencil*," from his rapidity of execution, yet the appellation more particularly characterizes the illustrious Buonarotti. His mind, fervid and restless in the extreme, seems to animate every touch of his pencil, and gives a sort of hurrying grandeur to his compositions, looked for in vain in the productions of other masters. The adage,

> "By tedious toil no passions are express'd;
> His hand, who feels them strongest, paints them best,"

seems never to have been absent from his memory. On viewing his works, our feelings are akin to those of Cain, when led by Lucifer through regions of unknown beings, and forms of dim, uncertain magnificence. The power and originality of conception displayed by Michael Angelo carries captive all attempt at criticism, and judgment itself is prostrated at the foot of genius. Contemporary with this fiery spirit appeared the sweet, the inimitable Raphael; but, as in the comparison instituted between them by Dr Memes, the distinctive properties of both are admirably given, we extract the following passage, which is both energetic and eloquent:

COMPARISON BETWEEN MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL.

"It is only in the individuality and profoundness of expression, that Raphael reaches the sublimities of art. In the abstract conception of form he is inferior; hence, in the representations of mythological existences, he becomes feeble in proportion as he generalizes. It is this that discriminates between the Roman and the Florentine. The former is the painter of men as they live, and feel, and act; the latter delineates man in the abstract. The one embodies sentiment—feeling—passion; the other pourtrays the capacities, energies, and idealities of form. Raphael excels in resemblance; he walks the earth, but with dignity, and is seen to most advantage in relations of human fellowship. Michael Angelo can be viewed only in his own world; with ours he holds no farther communion than is necessary to obtain a common medium of intelligence. In the grand, the venerable, the touching realities of life, the first is unrivalled; his fair, and seeming true, creations cause us to reverence humanity and ourselves. Over the awful and the sublime of fiction, the second extends a terrible sway; he calls spirits from their shadowy realms, and they come at his bidding, in giant shapes, to frown upon the impotency of man.

"To contend here for superiority is futile—each has his own independent sphere. The style of Raphael has justly been characterised as the dramatic, that of Michael Angelo as the epic, of painting. The distinction is accurate, in as far as the former has made to pass before us character in conflict with passion—in all its individualities of mode; while the latter represented and generalized both character and passion. The first leads us from natural beauty to divine—the second elevates us at once into regions which his own lofty imaginings have peopled. Hence, than Michael Angelo's prophets, and other beings that just hover on the confines of human and spiritual existence, the whole range of art and poetry never has, and never will, produce more magnificent and adventurous creations. This is his true power—here he reigns alone, investing art with a mightiness unapproachable by any other pencil. But when the interest is to be derived from known forms, and natural combinations, he fails almost utterly; never can his line want grandeur—but grandeur so frequently substituted for feeling, and when the subject cannot sustain it, presents only gorgeous caricature. Human affection mingles in every touch of Raphael, and he carries our nature to its highest moral, if not physical, elevation. Hence, his supernatural forms may want abstract majesty and overawing expression; but they display a community in this world's feelings, without its weaknesses or imperfections, by which the heart is perhaps even more subdued.

"If this be a true estimate of the powers of these great men, and we have drawn our inferences from impressions often felt, and long studied, no comparison can be more unjust, nor less apt, than the one so frequently repeated, that Michael Angelo is the Homer, Raphael the Virgil, of modern painting. The Florentine may justly take his place by the side of the Greek. Not so the Roman and the Mantuan. The copyist of Homer, nay, frequently his translator, whose nature is taken at second-hand,—whose characters, in the mass, have about as much individuality as the soldiers of a platoon, and little more intellectual discrimination than brave, braver, and bravest, must occupy a lower seat at the banquet of genius than the original, the ever-varied, and graphic artist. The great error in estimating the merits of these masters appears to have arisen from not considering them separately, and as independent minds. Michael Angelo, indeed, created, while Raphael may be said to have composed; but he discovered and collected—he did not derive his materials. Michael Angelo found the art poor in means, undignified and powerless in composition; he assumed it in feebleness, and bore it at once to maturity of strength."—Pp. 166-68.

Circumscribed as we are, it were vain to attempt, even excursively, to follow the history of painting from its golden age, down to the present day. We must be contented with merely naming the bright stars which here and there shine pre-eminently forth, even among the rich galaxy that surrounds them. The founders of the Florentine and Roman schools have already been considered;—that of Venice next claims attention. Here colour was carried to its utmost power, and the "*nimi-*

um ne crede colori" of Virgil (Ec. ii.) entirely forgotten. Titian decidedly claims supremacy;—and though he may too implicitly have yielded to the fascination of colour, yet he has shown a genius entirely independent of all meritricious effect. He is remarkable for his exquisite finish; and if we agree with the opinion expressed by Du Fresnoy,—

"Maxima deinde erit ars, nihil artis inesse videri,"

we must give Titian the full benefit of this praise. Of Corregio, another artist for whom we have always entertained a peculiar affection, we would willingly quote some of the able remarks of Dr Memes, but our space forbids. We reluctantly, also, pass over notices of many other artists of great celebrity in the Italian school, especially Daniel di Volterra and Domenichino, who, with Raphael, in the opinion of Poussin, produced the three masterpieces of art. The Caracci, Guido, Albani, Salvator Rosa, and many others, could only be done justice to in separate treatises, as they each possess merits of a peculiar and distinctive kind. Plutarch ascribes to Simonides the following saying, which appears applicable to the school of Italy alone, and with which we must conclude our hasty remarks on it:—Ζωγραφιαν ειναι φθεγγομενην την ποιησιν, ποιησιν δε σιγωσαν την ζωγραφιαν.

The Transalpine schools of painting, as long as they retain their indigenous features, have always appeared to us to rank immeasurably below those of Italy; when, on the other hand, they have united the peculiarities of the Dutch and Flemish schools to the severer graces of the Romans, as was the case especially with Teniers and Vandyke, they become worthy of the closest study. In its theory, painting is only interesting as long as it reaches the mind. The Dutch school has ever addressed the eye, with a precision and minutiæ truly admirable, but left the heart and head unemployed. The famous picture, for example, by Quentin Matsys, of the Misers, we admire only for the accuracy of its detail,—there is no breadth of effect. One great auxiliary in painting the Dutch have peculiarly made their own,—we mean chiaroscuro, which, though perhaps more appropriately applied to inanimate objects, Rembrandt has extended to portrait and history.

Of the French school of painting Dr Memes has spoken at some length, and with much discrimination; and, after paying not unmerited praise to the present English school, he ends with a short notice of the rise and progress of the art in Scotland. We have already transgressed our limits, and must confine ourselves to one extract, which gives a short account of our own national school:

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

"We may now turn our attention for a little to the past state of painting in Scotland. During the eighteenth century, though there can hardly be said to have existed any separate style, so as to merit the distinction of a school apart from that of the empire generally, yet several very respectable Scottish artists are found to have practised both in London and Edinburgh. In the latter capital, towards the close of that period, a school gradually arose, which, considering the resources of the country, the opportunities of improvement, the means of patronage, and latterly, the merits of its individual masters, especially of its head, the late Sir Henry Raeburn, displays an inferiority certainly not greater than might reasonably be expected. Or we will go farther: when the invigorating influence of royal countenance and protection upon the fine arts, the superior wealth and intelligence congregated in the seat of legislature, are viewed—all concurring to foster and advance art in the capital; and when, on the other hand, we reflect, not merely on the absence of these advantages, but on the positive detriment of a non-resident nobility, whose presence might in some measure supply other deficiencies, it must be matter of astonishment, not that Scottish painting is inferior, but that it is so nearly equal, to that of London. But there needs not an appeal merely to relative excellence; the absolute merits of some of the masters now in Edinburgh, or belonging to Scotland, are not surpassed in their respective departments. It is far from the intention, in these remarks, to institute any invidious distinctions, but to state fairly the claims of Edinburgh, and that the talents of her artists, and the zeal of her people, place her, not among the secondary cities, but among the capitals of Europe. It ought also to be remembered, that in no instance are the arts of any kingdom more indebted, than those of the British Empire to Scotsmen. Not to mention the exertions of Gavin Hamilton, himself an artist, whose discoveries and knowledge of antique art materially assisted the general restoration of taste—and we do know that, in this light, Canova both regarded and ever spoke of him with gratitude—there are two cases more immediate to the present purpose. Sir William Hamilton, at his own risk and expense, though afterwards, as was only proper, in part repaid, made the most splendid collection of ancient vases now in the world, excepting that of Naples. These are in the British Museum, and have not merely refined taste, but have most materially improved the useful arts of the country. The Earl of Elgin's inestimable treasures of ancient sculpture have enriched Britain with examples of unrivalled excellence, and which have already mainly contributed to the present superiority of her genius in art. These precious remains, with indefatigable assiduity, at a ruinous and hopeless expenditure, collected—an enterprise in which kings had formerly failed—he gave to his country on repayment of not nearly his own outlay, though we have reason to know, through the late venerable Denon, that the former government of France offered to the possessor his own terms. The meritorious act of removal indeed has, with schoolboy enthusiasm, and maudlin sentimentality, been deplored as a despoiling of a classic monument. How utterly absurd is this, to lament that the time-honoured labours of ancient Greece did not sink for ever beneath the violence of the despot and the ignorance of the slave, instead of being, as now, in the midst of an admiring and enlightened people, shedding abroad their beauty and their intelligence, again to revive in our living arts!"—Pp. 247-49.

We know of no treatise on Painting, within a similar compass, which we can so sincerely recommend to our readers, as that of Dr Memes.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MORAL & MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

No. 5.

THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT BURNS.*

"Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex;
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis."

Hor.

THERE is no difficulty in deciding on the claims of Robert Burns as a man of genius: they are universally acknowledged; and the Scottish bard is now placed in the first rank of poets. Both Mr Lockhart, and his able reviewer, Mr Carlyle, have done ample justice to the character of Burns, considered in this point of view.† But there is another aspect in which it is the duty of the biographer impartially to view him. While we admire the genius of the poet, we must not forget the rela-

* The above able paper on the character of Burns, presents one view of the picture, to which, as Editor of an independent Literary Journal, we do not hesitate to give admission, leaving our readers to form their own opinion as to its justice.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

† See Lockhart's Life of Burns, and Edinburgh Review, No. XCVI. Art. I.

tions and duties, the dispositions and actions, of the man: and in this last point of view, the labours both of Mr Lockhart and his reviewer have, in our judgment, been but very partially successful.

There are two prominent features of Mr Lockhart's work, to which we request the attention of our readers. The first is, that in the course of his narrative he relates a series of facts in the Life of Burns, which exhibit him as a man enslaved to the most base and sordid lusts; not as an occasional transgressor of the rules of a high and uncompromising morality, but as habitually a violator of some of the plainest and most sacred dictates of conscience throughout the latter half of his life. The second point to which we allude is this—that the impression which the narrative, as a whole, was evidently intended, and is calculated, to leave on the reader's mind, is, that if Burns was not a positively virtuous man, yet, with all his failings, he was, on the whole, by no means worthy of severe blame. Such is the impression, in regard to Burns, which the Edinburgh Reviewer also aims at producing. To us it appears, that the man who can admit the facts in Burns's history which have been alluded to, and yet deliberately come to such a conclusion respecting his character, must be labouring, if not under a culpable obtuseness of moral perception, at least under serious misapprehension and prejudice. We are aware that it is, as in general it ought to be, an invidious task to speak evil of the dead; but, when men whose talents give to their opinions weight in general society, presume to claim the sympathy, and all but positive approbation, of mankind, for the character of one who, with great talents and some moral virtues, was yet a notorious profligate—an open despiser of the laws of God and of all virtuous society, it is time to lay delicacy aside, and it is not unbecoming to expose that false charity which "calls evil good, and good evil—puts darkness for light, and light for darkness."

With the view of presenting the moral character of Burns as a whole, in what appears to us to be its true light, let us attempt, in the first place, briefly to sketch a few of its most prominent features. That Burns was a man of excessive pride, will scarcely be denied by any one who knows his history. Even his biographer, Mr Lockhart, who yields to none in admiration of the poet, admits (we quote from his work, p. 148,) that "*jealous pride* formed the *groundwork* of his character." A groundwork of pride, laid in such a mind as his, could hardly want a superstructure of impiety; and that Burns was, in fact, a profane and irreligious man, appears but too evidently from his life and writings. It is true, that through the moral darkness which broods over these, there here and there glimmers the light of a purer spirit; occasionally we find a poem or a letter, the production of some happier moment, breathing the spirit of religion—a spirit, however, which soon gives place to that impious disregard of things sacred, which was the prevailing tone of his mind. Of the other vices with which Burns was chargeable, his pride and want of all practical religion were, in our judgment, very much the source. Had his mind been imbued, as it ought to have been, with the spirit of Christian humility, he might, and undoubtedly would have, borne up under all the difficulties of his untoward situation. But, pressed as he was from without by the hardships incident to the lower ranks of life, and from within by a haughty and ambitious pride, which disdained to be fettered by any laws, and could with difficulty brook the thought of a superior, it ought not to be greatly wondered at that he gave the reins to the basest appetites of our fallen nature, and became at length, through perseverance in vicious habits, what his history must convince every man of impartial judgment and proper feeling that he was,—a confirmed profligate. On this painful subject we refrain from entering into details already sufficiently known to all who are acquainted with the melancholy story of Robert Burns. It is by no means our intention to represent Burns's character as devoid of all moral excellence. He was naturally endowed, in no common degree, with some of the finest susceptibilities of our nature; nor were all the excesses of which he was guilty sufficient to destroy the virtuous sympathies of his heart. He was moreover a thoroughly honest man; and, although we cannot but consider his excessive dislike at being under any kind of pecuniary obligation as in no small degree the result of his characteristic pride, and by no means worthy of that admiration which has been bestowed upon it, yet his hatred of falsehood, and contempt of what was mean and ungenerous, are traits of character worthy of sincere approbation. We have thus endeavoured impartially to sketch what appear to be the most remarkable features of Burns's character, and shall only express it as our decided opinion on the whole—that by no laying of the good over against the bad, is it possible fairly to come to any other conclusion than this, that the character of the man, even in the sight of his fellow-men, is the just object of severe reprobation.

The article in the Edinburgh Review to which reference has been made, is written almost throughout in a strain of apology for Burns, not the less imposing, perhaps, that its able author refrains from entering into any formal or laboured defence. Of this general strain of apology, the following loose and most fallacious statements will afford a specimen. "The influences of that age," says he, speaking of the age in which Burns lived, "his open, kind, and susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him to repel or resist; the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy; he spent his life in endeavouring to reconcile these two; and lost it, as he must have lost it, without reconciling them here." And again: "We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock 'amid the melancholy main,' presented to the reflecting mind such a 'spectacle of pity and fear,' as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only Death opened him an outlet." Now we ask, what is the impression which these passages are calculated to make on the reader's mind? Unquestionably this—that Burns in his heart hated those evil propensities and vices by which his character was stained;—that he was through life engaged in an active and unceasing warfare against them;—and that his ultimate defeat in the struggle was altogether the effect of a resistless force of circumstances acting in direct opposition to his own will. We must confess, that in the whole history of Burns we can find no marks of any such warfare. We deny that he spent his life in carrying on a struggle with vice—that he offered any real, voluntary, habitual resistance to "base entanglements." It is true, that he often felt—bitterly felt—the sting of remorse and disappointment; and these *effects* of his vices he certainly did hate, and would gladly have parted with. But, that he hated his pride, or his profanity, or those sins into which his profligacy led him,—this is a statement altogether unsupported by proof.

We cannot help remarking, that there is a something in the style in which this reviewer is pleased, for the most part, to speak of the defects of Burns's character, completely adapted to shut out from the reader's mind the thought of what common men know by the names of sin and guilt,—a certain beautiful, though somewhat mystic and transcendental dress, in which, for the most part, he clothes his account of Burns's aberrations, by means of which you are almost irresistibly led to think of them, not with those feelings of reprobation which

naked vice is fitted to call forth, but rather with that sympathy which is due to misfortune without blame. Thus, comparing in one place Burns's life to some unfinished building,—"The plan," he beautifully says, "of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticoes, firm masses of building, stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated; with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace towards the purposed termination." The true sense of this passage we should give briefly thus:—Burns had the finest talents given him by nature; and, had he but used them aright, what might he not have been! In another place he expresses himself thus:—"In such toils," alluding to Burns's professional employments in the excise, "was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted, and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste;"—a passage which, interpreted literally, implies that the blame of Burns's ruin lay with his fellow-men; but which, in the language of truth and real life, just amounts to this:—First, That it was the lot of Burns, as it has been of many another man of noble genius, to drudge at an employment in which there was nothing great or worthy of his mind; and secondly, That, by profligate habits acting upon a constitution naturally nervous and irritable, he wore out the vigour of his body, and greatly wasted the energies of his mind. Once more, apologising for Burns's life, he says—"Granted the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy; for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs?" Will it be credited that, of this very Robert Burns, whom he thus virtually acquits of all blame, (for what man is or can be "all-wise and all-powerful,")—that of this very man he had before spoken in such appalling terms as the following:—"For now, with principles assailed by evil example from without, by 'passions raging like demons' from within, he had little need of sceptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild desires and wild repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldlings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men, and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by the red lightnings of remorse." Of this man it is, that the same reviewer afterwards says—"With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns." And, finally, it is with respect to this man and Lord Byron that he speaks, in another place, thus:—"They were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth: they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain this divine behest lay smouldering within them, for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it." True, indeed! if Burns and Byron were missionaries to their generation of a purer truth, they *had* to die without articulately uttering it. Certain at least it is, the "higher doctrine, the purer truth," is not to be found in *The Holy Fair* or *Don Juan*.

We cannot attempt to notice every thing which Mr Lockhart has advanced, by way of apology for Burns, in the course of his Biography. It appears to us, indeed, that his defence of the poet owes not a little of its effect to the incidental use of certain softening phrases, to express the darker shades of his melancholy history —an expedient, by the way, the success of which ought certainly to recommend it to all whose object it is to extenuate whatever guilt and deformity may stain the character of those whom they admire. There are, however, of Mr Lockhart's more formal apologies for the poet, one or two which we cannot help noticing. In one place, he prefaces an account of the origin of certain faults, which he had just before related, by the following passage:—"Of these failings, and indeed of all Burns's failings, it may be safely asserted, that there was more in his history to account and apologize for them, than can be alleged in regard to almost any other great man's imperfections." Now, we shall willingly grant to Mr Lockhart the truth of all that he states respecting the origin of these *failings*, as he is pleased to term them. Let it be supposed that they at first took their rise from a burning desire in the poet's soul to be distinguished, from his conscious possession of uncommon talents for conversation, from appetites naturally fervid, from a characteristic contempt of "nice and scrupulous rules;" yet all this cannot change the essential nature of those vices which, through such means, became fixed elements of his character. The truth is, that if it be admitted as forming any apology for the vices of Burns, that they arose from such and such causes, there are few characters so guilty as not, on the same principles, to admit of defence.

Mr Lockhart allows that "it is possible, for some it may be easy, to imagine a character of a much higher cast than that of Burns, developed, too, under circumstances in many respects not unlike those of his history, —the character of a man of lowly birth, and powerful genius, elevated by that philosophy which alone is pure and divine, far above all annoyances of terrestrial spleen and passion." But then he asks, "Could such a being have delighted his species, could he even have instructed them, like Burns? Ought we not to be thankful for every new variety of form and circumstance, in and under which the ennobling energies of true and lofty genius are found addressing themselves to the common brethren of the race? Would we have none but Miltons and Cowpers in poetry; but Brownes and Southeys in prose? Were the doctrine of intellectual excommunication to be thus expounded and enforced, how small the library that would remain to kindle the fancy, to draw out and refine the feelings, to enlighten the head by expanding the heart of man! From Aristophanes to Byron, how broad the sweep, how woful the desolation!" Not to dwell on what is sufficiently obvious, that all this, even supposing it true, has no bearing on the question of Burns's culpability, we cannot but express our astonishment, that Mr Lockhart should ever have given to the public the passage which has just been quoted. Are we then to be gravely told, that a profligate rake, who can dress up the tale of his midnight revels in a drapery far more fascinating to the sense of most men than midnight revellings are abhorrent to their minds,—that such a man is a better instructor of his species than he who, with a powerful genius, has spent his days and nights in the school of a "pure and divine philosophy?" If such are the instructors to whom Mr Lockhart would bring our youth, we like him not for a pedagogue. But "ought we not to be thankful for every new variety of form and circumstance in and under which genius addresses us?" Yes, truly, thankful for every variety! and, though it should be Atheism, or debasing lewdness, or brutish intemperance, or malignant revenge,—if these are "forms in and under which the ennobling energies of genius are found addressing themselves to the common brethren of the race," surely we ought to be thankful for them! Would we have none but Miltons and Cowpers, Brownes and Southeys? From Aristophanes to Byron, how broad the sweep, how woful the desolation!

But we must close these strictures on Mr Lockhart

and his Reviewer. We are quite aware that the opinions which have thus been expressed will, in the judgment of many, stamp their author as an impenetrable bigot, and "narrow-minded puritan in works of art." There are many, very many, who, provided a man possess genius, and provided, always, that he is unimpeached on the point of honour, feel very indifferent as to his morals in other respects, whether he be profane or religious, profligate or temperate. To all such, our old-fashioned, sober way of thinking, will be far from agreeable; nevertheless, it will not do to lower the standard of truth to suit them. One remark more, and we have done. When a man of genius sits in judgment upon the character of a man of genius, allowance is due for the partialities of a brother. In this circumstance, some excuse is to be found, not only for Mr Lockhart and his Reviewer, but also for one who needs apology perhaps more than either, because, with a character for sound and strict morals which has more than once procured for him, from Mr Lockhart, the appellation of the "great moral poet,"—he, too, has lifted his pen in defence of Robert Burns. It is deeply to be lamented that Wordsworth, in the enthusiasm of generous sympathy with a kindred genius, should have lent himself to write an apology for Burns, wherein *he*, the "moral poet," speaks with disapprobation, if not contempt, of the "rigidly virtuous," and which profane wits will find ample enough to cover whatsoever of impiety or of profligacy they also may be able to adorn with poetic charms.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

No. II.

We have already offered a few remarks on the appearance of the members who compose the General Assembly. We now proceed to the Court itself.

The Assembly is a very dignified court. There is something peculiarly fine in the idea of a national ecclesiastical synod, convened annually in a systematic manner, for the dispatch of business. The Assembly had indeed at one time greater power than it now possesses. Our readers, we presume, know something of its history in the reigns of James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth; and they are also aware, that the time has now gone by when this court was an object of fear to the government,—when it even defied the power of Oliver Cromwell; and when, by his command, it was found necessary to cause Colonel Cotterell to surround the house where it was held with an armed force, and peremptorily dismiss the members. Yet it is still,—though shorn of its power and influence,—a court, the meeting of which is of great importance to the Established Church—a *magnum et venerabile nomen;* and its members must necessarily look forward to its convocation with no common interest.

The court is constituted in a peculiar manner: a nobleman is always appointed by the King to be the representative of royalty, dignified with the title of the *Lord High Commissioner;* and this functionary walks in procession to and from the meetings of the Assembly with a guard of honour, and with a limited, though at the same time imposing, parade of dignity. During the two Sundays which intervene during the sittings of the court, a procession is got up, and the Commissioner proceeds to St Giles' in state, where sermons are preached before him by ministers appointed by the court for that purpose. He also holds levees every day before the opening of the court for daily business; those levees, which are held on the first day of the Assembly (which is always on a Thursday), and on the Sundays, are best attended. Finally, there is abundance of feasting and making merry: the Moderator gives his breakfasts, and the Lord High Commissioner his dinners, not to mention many other private occasions.

It is not absolutely necessary, according to the constitution of the Kirk, that the Moderator or President of the meeting should be a minister. The celebrated George Buchanan once held the office; but he was, so far as we know, the only instance of a layman being called to the Moderator's chair; and custom has, in a manner, now sanctioned that no one but a minister be elected. It is right that it should be so; for in an ecclesiastical court, it would be preposterous, not to say uncanonical, to elect a layman as President. It was only in a late Assembly, however, that a learned judge —a *ruling elder*—vigorously maintained that he, or any other member, had as good a right to the Moderator's chair as the Reverend Principal (Haldane of St Andrews) who so ably filled it; nay, if we recollect right, the said learned judge even hinted that, on some future occasion, a lay member would probably propose himself as a candidate. The thing might be done, but we believe with little hopes of success. The case of George Buchanan would be found of little weight as a precedent; because Buchanan, though a layman, was a Professor or Doctor of Theology, and lectured as such in the University of St Andrews. Let us only observe the duties of the Moderator. This functionary is chosen annually,—that is, a new Moderator is always elected at the annual meeting of the Assembly. It is the duty of the Moderator, as President of the Convocation, to open and conclude every sederunt with *prayer;* and when the assembly has concluded its business, the Moderator addresses to the members a speech, (having first addressed the Lord High Commissioner,) in which, *as a clergyman*, he terms them *right reverend* and right honourable. This being done, he dissolves the Assembly in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, by the same authority, appoints when it shall meet again. During the sitting of the Assembly, too, the Moderator, *pro tempore*, is, or ought to be, the great channel of communication between the church and the government. It is utterly impossible that he can be re-elected: at least, we never heard of such a procedure in the annals of the court. At the subsequent meeting, the Lord High Commissioner walks in procession to the church or cathedral of St Giles', where divine service is performed, and a sermon is preached before him by the last Moderator, after which the court assembles in the aisle; the Lord High Commissioner submits his commission to the Assembly, which is read, and duly registered; the old Moderator constitutes the court, and the first thing done, is to proceed to the election of a new President, which being accomplished by a kind of popular election—popular, however, more in name than in reality—the old Moderator vacates his seat to his successor. Now it is not very likely that the church of Scotland would admit a layman into her pulpits; and it is less likely that, when she can get clergymen to undertake the office of Moderator in her supreme ecclesiastical court, she would consent to the duties being done by proxy.

Our readers are aware that the Church of Scotland, for nearly a century, has been divided into two parties, termed the *moderate*, and the *popular* or *evangelical* party; or, as they would be termed in England, the *court* and the *country* parties—the *High Church* and the *Low*. The former of these parties are generally *Tories*, the latter *Whigs;* and their mode of preaching is very different, yet both profess to follow rigidly the doctrines and usages of the Kirk. Since the days of Principal Robertson, the historian of Scotland, the former of these parties have always possessed the ascendency in the Assembly; and it is from that party that the Moderator is generally chosen: indeed, we may say, *has been chosen*, with only *one* or *two* exceptions, for more than half a century. The election of the Moderator is completely on the close or borough system, it never coming to a fair trial of votes, for the new Mo-

derator is generally appointed or nominated by the stronger party some months before the meeting of the Assembly.

In our next paper, we shall advert to other peculiar features of the General Assembly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

The auld cripple beggar cam' jumping, jumping,
Hech! how the body was stumping, stumping,
His wee wooden leggie was thumping, thumping—
Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

And aye he hirchelled, an' hoasted, hoasted;
Aye he stampit his foot an' he boasted;
Ilka woman an' maid he accosted—
Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

The auld wives cam' hirpling in scores frae the clachin,
The young wives cam' rinnin', a' gigglin' and laughin',
The bairnies cam' todlin', a' jinkin' and daffin',
And poukit the tails o' the queer auld man.

Out cam' the young widows, a' blinkin' fu' meekly,
Out cam' the young lasses, a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,
Out cam' the auld maidens, a' bobbin' discreetly,
And gat them a smack frae the queer auld man!

Out cam' the big blacksmith, a' smeekit and duddy,
Out cam' the fat butcher, a' greasy and bluidy,
Out cam' the wee cartwright, the auld drucken body,
An' swore they wad batter the queer auld man.

Out cam' the lang weaver wi' his biggest shuttle,
Out cam' the short snab wi' his sharp-cutting whittle,
Out cam' the young herd wi' a great heavy bittle,
An' swore they wad flaughter the queer auld man!

The beggar he coust aff his wee wooden peg,
And he showed them a brawny sturdy leg,
I wat but the carle was strappin and gleg—
O saw ye e'er sic a brisk auld man?

He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife,
He pecheled the butcher, wha ran for his life,
He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife—
O ken'd ye e'er sic a brave auld man?

He puffed on the weaver, he ran to his loom,
He skelpit the snab hame to cobble his shoon,
He shankit the herd, on his bog reed to croon—
O ken'd ye e'er sic a strang auld man?

The wives o' the town then a' gathered about him,
And loudly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him;
They hissed the poor louns, who had vowed they wad clout him—
O ken'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man?

A LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

I would write you a dozen letters, coz,—
A dozen letters a-day;
But I'm growing so old and so stupid, coz,
That I don't know a thing to say:
'Tis a long—long time since we met, dear coz,
And I'm sadly changed since then;
I hardly think you would know me, coz,
I'm so very like other men.

I mind when you used to tell me, coz,
That I never would sober down;
And through my teens and my twenties, coz,
I was wild enough I own;
But, like a regiment of men in red,
They have all march'd by at last;
And the sound of their music and merry tread
In the distance is dying fast.

It is very strange to consider, coz,
What a few short years may do;—
They have made a respectable man of me,
And a wife and mother of you.
But, oh! that I were a boy again,
And you a girl once more,—
When we wander'd together among the woods,
Or pick'd up shells by the shore!

And do you remember the garden seat,
Where we read the Arabian Nights?
And do you remember the neat little room,
Where I made my paper kites?
I am sure you remember the big kite, coz,
That was higher a foot than me;
For you know you let go the string one day,
And it flew away over the sea.

I am sure you remember the pony, too,
That we used so to kiss and hug;
And the pup that we thought a Newfoundland pup,
Till it turn'd out a black-nosed pug;
I am sure you remember the dancing-school,
And my pumps always down in the heel,
That were sure to go dancing off my feet
In the middle of every reel.

O! what would I not give now, dear coz,
For a single king's birth-day;
I see there are squibs and crackers still,
But their magic is gone for aye!
Thus all the hopes of my boyhood, coz,
That rocket-like went forth,
Have blazed for a little, and then gone out,
And fallen unmark'd on the earth.

Have the flowers as pleasant a smell, sweet coz,
As they used to have long ago?
When you wander out on a summer night,
Has the air as soft a glow?
Do you stand at the window to count the stars
Before you lie down to sleep?
Do you pray for your father and mother now,
Then think they may die, and weep?

Ah! what have we got by experience, coz,
And what is a knowledge of life?
It has taught me that I am an author, coz,
And that you are another man's wife!
And what is the use of my authorship,
Though it gain me a short-lived eclat,
If I'm soon to become an old bachelor,
And you, coz, a grandmama?

Then, pr'ythee, don't ask me to write to you, coz,
Any more of these foolish letters,
For a feeling of sadness will haunt them still,
And memory hold them in fetters;—
But I'll come to you sometime in August, coz,
And join in your children's revels,
For I'm dying to get to the country, coz,
From the blue and the printers' devils.

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that a Life of Oliver Cromwell, comprising the History of the Commonwealth, from the year 1642 to the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, by M. Russell, LL.D., the learned author of the "Connexion of Sacred and Profane History," will form two volumes of Constable's Miscellany, which will appear in the course of the ensuing summer or autumn.

A Fourth Edition of the Rev. A. Keith's (of St Cyrus) excellent work on The Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the fulfilment of Prophecy, particularly as illustrated by the discoveries of recent travellers, will be ready in a few days.

We understand that a volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. Dr Campbell of Edinburgh, is in the press, and will be published shortly.

A Memoir of Mrs Anne H. Judson, wife of the Rev. A. Judson, Missionary to the Birman Empire, may be expected in a few days.

TABLES OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—We have received a copy of a little work of merit and very general utility, by William Elgen of Aberdeen, Teacher of the Commercial and Mathematical School in that city. It consists of Tables for converting Quantities and Prices by the old weights and measures, into the corresponding Quantities and Prices by the Imperial Standards, and conversely. It is to these accurately-constructed Tables that we are inclined to attribute the fact, that more has been already accomplished in Aberdeen and the country adjoining, in bringing the New Act of Parliament into operation, than has been yet done in any other part of Scotland, or even in England.

THE COURT JOURNAL.—We have received the first Number of the *Court Journal*—a new periodical, which has just been started by that most enterprising of all publishers—Henry Colburn. It is the common cant, we observe, among a certain set of *literati*, to sneer at Mr Colburn's indefatigable exertions as a publisher; but in this cant we do not choose to join. We consider the republic of letters indebted to Mr Colburn. He publishes, no doubt, a *quantum sufficit* of stupid books, because there is a *quantum sufficit* of people who *write* stupid books; but he also publishes a great number of very clever books, and his whole soul is in his profession. Having no Archibald Constable now, we wish we had a few more Colburns. This is no *bought* puff; and if our readers will take the trouble of referring to some of our notices of Colburn's books, they will find that we praise or blame solely as our own judgment dictates; but we like to pay a compliment where it is deserved. The *Court Journal* is very elegantly *got up*, and if *exclusive sources of information be secured*, will no doubt succeed. We must confess, that we scarcely see sufficient proofs of this being the case in the first number. Unquestionably the best paper it contains is, "Some leaves from the Journal of the Countess * * * *." We wish the *Court Journal* all the success it may merit.

Mr Mactaggart's work on Canada will appear very shortly. It will exhibit the resources, productions, and capabilities of that interesting colony, and will contain, we are informed, much new and curious information.

Mr John Gordon Smith, M.D., and M.R.S.L., has in the press Craigmillar Castle, and other Poems.

A very splendid work on the Antiquities of Mexico, comprising Fac-similes of the Ancient Mexican Paintings and Hieroglyphics, preserved in the principal Libraries of Europe, is shortly to be published by Messrs Whittaker and Co. It is to extend to four volumes imperial folio, which will contain 800 Engravings,—the price, coloured, 150 Guineas, and plain, 75 Guineas. The whole is to be illustrated by most curious inedited Manuscripts from the originals. This work will be a most valuable addition to the Histories already existing of the Antiquities of the World.

The author of the Opening of the Sixth Seal, is preparing for publication a Plain and Practical Guide to the Attainment of Knowledge, including a plan for a course of study, by which the acquirement of useful learning will be much simplified. It is intended that the publication shall be cheap, in order to place it within the reach of all classes.

Four hundred pages of Moore's long expected Life of Lord Byron are now printed. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is in the publisher's hands, and the work, which will consist of a thick quarto, will appear, it is expected, before the conclusion of the season. It is said to be interspersed with original letters and poems, after the manner of Mason's Life of Grey, and Hayley's Life of Cowper. Moore has already left Lord Lansdown's, where he has been residing since the death of his daughter, and is now in London, superintending the progress of the work.

The illustration of the *recherche* pursuits of fashionable life, says the *Court Journal*, by means of novels, is now about to receive its highest perfection. The class of fashionable authors has risen in rank from private gentlemen to peers; and we are now assured, that a work, to be called "The Exclusives," from the pen of an authoress of Royal blood, is actually in the press.

The new novel, by the author of Pelham, is entitled DEVEREUX, and will be published early next month.

Mr Loudon is about to publish an Encyclopædia of Plants, which will contain no fewer than nearly ten thousand engravings on wood, and will be written in the popular style of his volumes on Gardening and Agriculture.

The most attractive dramatic novelty which has recently appeared in Paris, is a tragedy by M. Alexandre Dumas, entitled *Henri III. et Sa Cour*. It is written completely in the style of Shakspeare's historical dramas, the unities having fortunately now gone very much out of fashion in France. The play in question represents the *haute compagnie* of Paris, as it existed about the year 1580. Mademoiselle Mars sustains the principal female part, the *Duchess de Guise*; and her conception of the character is represented as very superb. "The best tragedies of Racine and Voltaire," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "would appear cold next to such a piece as 'Henry III.;' but if Racine and Voltaire were now living, and would avail themselves of the freedom afforded by the imitation of Shakspeare, they would, of course, produce plays infinitely superior to that of M. Dumas."

In the last No. of an interesting London Periodical, conducted by the Editor of the Amulet, and entitled, "The Spirit and Manners of the Age," we observe the following passage, which we think an exceedingly good one:—"We suppose that many of our readers are natives of the *north countree*. To such we would recommend the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, a Weekly Register of Criticism and Belles Lettres, to which the greater number of distinguished Scottish writers are regular contributors." We heartily coincide in this recommendation, only we have so many readers already, that it may look greedy in us to wish for more.

Theatrical Gossip.—Matthews has been very successful in his new "At Home." It is called *The Spring Meeting*; and besides the usual variety of story, jest, personation, and transformation, it contains six comic songs; 1st, A *coup-d'œil* over his preceding "At Homes;" 2d, London Newspapers; 3d, Doncaster Races; 4th, A Ship Launch; 5th, A Concert at Woolwich; and 6th, The Lord Mayor's Show. His imitations of Dr Kitchiner and De Begnis are represented as exceedingly good. Yates varies the entertainment with two monopolylogues,—*Love among the Lawyers, or Courting in Court*, and *Harlequin and Mr Jenkins*,—both of which are very clever and amusing.—Sontag has returned to London, and brought with her a sister, said to be as accomplished and *seductante* as herself, who will appear speedily at some of the Nobility's Concerts.—We are happy to understand that, notwithstanding the lugubrious paragraphs which have been making the round of the Newspapers, Kean is by no means so ill as has been represented. He is expected to appear soon at the Dublin Theatre.—Madame Caradori, and our townswoman Miss Isabella Paton, are both performing in Dublin at present.—Our Manager's Benefit is to take place on Tuesday, on which occasion he is to have the assistance of his friend T. P. Cooke. Every box is taken, and the house will of course be a bumper. Our theatrical friend OLD CERBERUS will, no doubt, have something to say on the subject next Saturday.—We understand that a national historical drama, on the subject of the Gowrie Conspiracy, by a gentleman residing in this city, is to be performed next Tuesday evening at the Caledonian Theatre; and, from what we know of the author's abilities, we are inclined to augur favourably of its success.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 2—May 8.

SAT. *The Red Rover, & The Pilot.*

Theatre closed during the week.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to inform "Questor," that the seven Numbers of the *Literary Journal*, published last year, will of course be included in the first volume; and that, in future, the *Journal* will be made into volumes regularly every half-year; and to each volume a title-page and Index will be given.

The Verses by Dugald Moore, author of "The Africans, and other Poems," and also the Stanzas by "Siam," of Glasgow, will appear as soon as we can find room.—We regret that the Lines by "M." of Glasgow, and "T. H.," will not suit us.

"Letters from London, No. X." in our next.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 27. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1829. PRICE 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist.* By the Author of Waverley.

> "What! shall the noble blood of Lancaster
> Sink in the ground?" SHAKSPEARE.

Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. 3 vols. 1829.

To say that Sir Walter Scott is the most extraordinary man of his age, is merely to echo, in feeble terms, the voice of all Europe. We have already shown that we do not pay homage to his gigantic mind with a blind idolatry; but we are perhaps on this very account the more prepared to offer sincere admiration at the altar of his genius, feeling assured that, like Arabian frankincense, it will burn the brighter because unalloyed by the base weed of fulsome flattery. Some months ago we stated boldly (many thought *too* boldly) our feeling of the over-cautiousness displayed by Sir Walter, in his reluctance to deliver decided opinions upon many disputed questions of much importance and interest, which in the course of his voluminous writings necessarily presented themselves to his consideration. This, if it be a fault, is no doubt only a fault of omission, and may very easily be forgiven in the presence of so much transcendent excellence. Where is the man who has cast his mantle over so large a portion of literature, and so successfully distinguished himself in all its different walks? Let us take, for a moment, a short review of what this Leviathan of modern authors has already done,—what he may *yet* do, Heaven only knows. He *has* done so much, that no memory can recollect the titles of one half of his works; and it has cost us some trouble and research to prepare the following statement.

Sir Walter, then Mr Scott, first appeared before the public in 1799, (just thirty years ago,) as the translator of a tragedy from the German, called Goetz of Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand. It was published in London, we believe anonymously, and has been little heard of since. In 1802, he published the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, with an Introduction and Notes, 2 vols. 8vo. In 1804, Sir Tristrem, a Romance, by Thomas of Ercildoune, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary; in 1805, the Lay of the Last Minstrel; in 1806, Ballads and Lyrical Pieces; in 1808, Marmion,—and the Works of John Dryden, in 18 vols. illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author; in 1809, the State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, with Historical Notes, and a Memoir of his Life,—and Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts, in 12 vols. 4to; in 1810, the Poetical Works of Anna Seward, with Abstracts from her Literary Correspondence,—and the Lady of the Lake; in 1811, the Vision of Don Roderick; in 1813, Rokeby; in 1814, the Works of Jonathan Swift, with Notes, and a Life of the Author, in 19 vols. 8vo,—the Lord of the Isles,—and the Border Antiquities of Scotland and England;* in 1815, Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,—the Field of Waterloo,—and a work on Iceland; in 1819, Account of the Regalia of Scotland,—and Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations; in 1820, Trivial Poems and Triolets, by P. Carey, with a Preface; in 1822, Halidon Hill; in 1827, the Life of Napoleon, in 9 vols. 8vo,—Memoirs of Larochejaquelin, with a Preface, for the first volume of Constable's Miscellany,—and the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther on the Currency; in 1828, Tales of a Grandfather, *first series*; and in 1829, Tales of a Grandfather, *second series*. Add to these, Harold the Dauntless, and the Bridal of Triermain, which originally appeared anonymously; Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; Lives of the Novelists; Characters of the late Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Somerville, George III., Byron, and the Duke of York; the Visionary, three periodical papers, which originally appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, on the state of the country in 1820; and innumerable anonymous contributions to different periodical works, among which we may particularly mention the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, *Edinburgh Annual Register*, &c. &c.

Sir Walter's Novels have come out in the following order, and each has consisted of three volumes, unless in the exceptions which we particularise. In 1814, Waverley; 1815, Guy Mannering; 1816, The Antiquary,—and Tales of my Landlord, *first series*, consisting of the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, 4 vols.; 1818, Rob Roy,—and Tales of my Landlord, *second series*, consisting of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, 4 vols.; 1819, Tales of my Landlord, *third series*, consisting of the Bride of Lammermuir, and the Legend of Montrose, 4 vols.; 1820, Ivanhoe,—the Monastery,—and the Abbot; 1821, Kenilworth; 1822, the Pirate,—and the Fortunes of Nigel; 1823, Quentin Durward; 1824, St Ronan's Well,—and Redgauntlet; 1825, Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols.; 1826, Woodstock; 1827, Chronicles of the Canongate, *first series*, 2 vols.; 1828, Chronicles of the Canongate, *second series*; and now, 1829, Anne of Geierstein. It is interesting to know, as a curious literary fact, that, as stated in the "General Preface" to the cabinet edition of the novels on the eve of publication, "the original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of an amanuensis." These novels make in all sixty-six volumes, and are for the most part closely printed, and contain a much greater quantity of letter-press than is usual in similar productions.

This is a stupendous catalogue; and contrasting it with that which could be presented by any other man

* Pronounced *Guyrstein*.

* It was in this year also that the first of the Waverley Novels came out, but we shall conclude our list of Sir Walter's miscellaneous works before speaking of them.

of our age, we cannot help applying to Sir Walter what Shakspeare has made Cassius say of Cæsar,—

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

Not as a mere colossus, however, in material bulk is Sir Walter to be admired. "*Materiem superat opus.*" "*Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.*"

As a poet, he is not classed with Lord Byron,—the most illustrious poet of modern times—solely because their styles are so different, that it would be extremely difficult to institute a comparison between them. But shall we say that the bard of "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," the restorer of all the chivalry and pageantry of the royal days of Scotland,—the poet-painter of past ages,—he who brings before us groups of the gallant and the fair of yore, more full of individuality and life, than the breathing statues of a Buonarotti or a Canova,—shall we say that he has drunk less deep of the Castalian spring, than even the glorious "Childe," walking in inspiration over the Alps and Apennines? View him also as an Essayist,—a strong and comprehensive thinker upon a great variety of subjects, and possessed of the most intimate and multifarious information upon all;—as a Biographer, pointing out with admirable discrimination all the lights and shades in the character of those whose lives he undertakes to illustrate, and with nice precision, and unfaltering fidelity, nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice;—as a Critic, directing his critical powers to objects worthy of his attention, and seldom erroneous in the opinions which his matured judgment dictates, whether it be in matters of taste, feeling, or intellect;—as an Historian, upon whose merits posterity, will decide with more propriety than can be done by his contemporaries, but who, even in that high and dangerous character, stands at present so unscathed amidst all the cavillings of party spirit, that it may be safely anticipated time will do for him what it has done for Camden, Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson; and that, long after the present generation has passed away, Scott will take his station with these—*magnum et venerabile nomen*;—and, last of all, as a Novelist, whose prolific and inexhaustible abilities bewilder the minds of common men, turning their strength into weakness, and, like the Egyptian sphynx, or pyramid, standing a perpetual monument of the puny achievements of those who have preceded or followed in the same path. If, in all these capacities, we regard Sir Walter Scott, we cannot avoid being lost in wonder at the prodigious effusion of *mind*—of *soul*—of the *ethereal essence*—which has emanated from him; and we must feel painfully startled into reality, when we meet one who, like the "giant of the western wave," we probably conceived to be "looking from his throne of clouds o'er half the world," moving through the streets of his native city, encased, like ourselves, in a frail and mortal body. But mortality and Scott are as widely separated as earth from heaven. His very name is the embodyment of his country's glory; and whilst his country exists, and after she has ceased to be, that glory will remain. Worlds may be annihilated, but the dwelling-place of *mind* is the universe.

We have partly been led into the foregoing reflexions by the extremely delightful work whose title we have put at the head of this article, and with an early perusal of which we have been favoured. The day is perhaps gone by when the announcement of a new Novel by the "Author of Waverley" created a thrilling sensation of pleasure among all ranks and classes; but if this emotion has subsided, it is because the public now look upon such an announcement as a necessary, rather than a luxury, of life; and because every individual who reads at all, knows that he will read the new novel as much as a matter of course, as that he will take his breakfast and dinner on any specified day of the week. Amazement at the hitherto incredible feats of one man, has already been exhausted, and seeing that in his person all known calculations of chances have been rendered nugatory, we can do no more than "take the goods the gods provide us," and, in their prodigality, almost forget our thankfulness.

Sir Walter has not yet entirely overrun *every* country with his genius, but he is fast approximating to the condition of the Royal Macedonian, and, if he does not weep himself, his readers will soon weep for him, that there should not be new lands for him to conquer. Scotland, England, France, Palestine, Germany, have been all made to pour their riches at his feet; and in the novel before us, we are in Switzerland—a kindred land of "mountain and of flood." The time chosen is nearly four centuries ago; but in all its features of natural sublimity and beauty, Switzerland then was the same as Switzerland now; and even the character and habits of its people,—a simple and hardy race, detached from the rest of Europe by their barrier of hills,—have undergone far fewer changes than have taken place elsewhere. It is not our intention to attempt any regular analysis of the story, well knowing that no such analysis could do the author justice, and that, moreover, it would be high treason against all novel-readers to disclose the secrets of a tale which they anticipate so much pleasure in discovering for themselves. A few of the more striking beauties of the work, however, (and they are many,) we shall endeavour to point out, without infringing upon the interest to be derived from its entire perusal.

The novel opens with a very brief historical sketch of the state of Switzerland during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when attention first began to be attracted to the Swiss Cantons, by their heroic struggles for independence, and final success. It is in the year 1474, when Helvetia was respected by the neighbouring countries as a free state, that the tale begins. At this date, its inhabitants "retained, in a great measure, the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were intrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle, were wont to resume the shepherd's staff, when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens, from the eminence to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them." The first chapter introduces us to two travellers travelling by the mountainous passes of the Alps, from Lucerne to Bâle. They are Englishmen, and give themselves out as merchants; but the reader is soon led to suspect that they are journeying *incognito*, and are of much higher consideration than they pretend. They are father and son, and have assumed the name of Philipson, the Christian name of the younger, who is the hero of the novel, being Arthur. A very splendid piece of descriptive writing follows, in which we have an account of the gathering and bursting of a storm among the Alps. The travellers lose their way, and are exposed to very imminent peril, the appalling nature of which is narrated with the most inimitable graphic power. Happily they are at length rescued, by a party of Swiss from the neighbourhood of the old Castle of Geierstein, or Rock of the Vultures. This party turns out to consist of Arnold Biederman, the Landamman, or chief magistrate of the Canton of Unterwalden, and his sons, who reside upon a farm among the mountains in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Geierstein. Along with them comes another, who is mainly instrumental in saving the life of Arthur, and this is Anne of Geierstein, the Landamman's niece, a mountain maiden, but of noble birth,—the daughter of one of the best families in Switzerland, and worthy of her lineage, combining all the delicacy of a woman with all the heroic spirit of a man,—a beautiful concentration, as it were, of Flora M'Ivor, Diana

Vernon, and Rose Bradwardine. That Arthur and she must fall in love with each other, of course, instantly flashes on the mind of the veriest tyro; and as to all novel readers the heroine is an object of paramount interest, we have much pleasure in extracting the following admirable portrait of

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

"An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an encumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ancle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings, which secured it on the front of the leg, were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of party-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed, was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face, whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeming ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal.

"I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step—above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity."

Our travellers are invited to the Landamman's house, where they spend some days. Arthur becomes intimately acquainted with the sons of Arnold Biederman, joins with them in their athletic sports, and gains no small reputation for his activity and skill. A cousin of these young men, by name Rudolph of Donnerhugel, is also introduced to us, a youth of an ardent and ambitious temperament, and withal a passionate admirer of Anne of Geierstein. As might have been expected, Arthur and he are not at first disposed to regard each other with much complacency, and the consequence is, that almost at the very commencement of their acquaintance a challenge is exchanged between them. Excellent as Sir Walter's descriptions in general are of combats of this kind, we do not think he has been often more successful than in his account of the duel which took place between Arthur and Rudolph at sunrise, in the court of the old Castle of Geierstein. The whole scene is so spirited, and can be read with so much interest as a detached incident, that we do not hesitate to extract it:

"Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the court-yard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

"The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords, the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armour was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them, enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung around Rudolf Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder, considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

"'Thou art punctual,' he called out to Arthur Philipson, in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. 'But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my kinsman Ernest's,' he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt towards the young Englishman. 'Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better.'

"The Englishman looked at the weapon with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

"'The challenger,' he said, 'in all countries where honour is known, accepts the arms of the challenged.'

"'He who fights on a Swiss mountain, fights with a Swiss brand,' answered Rudolf. 'Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?'

"'Nor are ours made to wield scythes,' said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him—'*Usum non habeo*, I have not proved the weapon.'

"'Do you repent the bargain you have made?' said the Swiss; 'if so, cry craven, and return in safety. Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk.'

"'No, proud man,' replied the Englishman, 'I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand; my own good sword shall serve my need now, as it has done before.'

"'Content!—But blame not me, who offered thee equality of weapons,' said the mountaineer. 'And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death—yon waterfall sounds the alarum for our conflict.—Yes, old bellower,' he continued, looking back, 'it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle;—and look at it ere we begin, stranger, for if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters.'

"'And if thou fall'st, proud Swiss,' answered Arthur, 'as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul—thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above thy

grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman.'

" ' The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is,' said Rudolf, scornfully, ' that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle.'

" The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action—a court-yard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

" Methinks, said he to himself, a master of his weapon, with the instructions of Bottaferma of Florence in his remembrance, a light heart, a good blade, a firm hand, and a just cause, might make up a worse odds than two feet of steel.

" Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the court-yard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him, and drew his sword.

" Rudolph had at first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of his tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man, reminded the Swiss of the deficiencies of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determine to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder, an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist, had Arthur's sense of honour permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight, and the facility with which he wielded it—then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upwards. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust, or parry.

" ' Strike, Englishman!' said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

" ' The longest sword should strike first,' said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not over-estimated the justice of his own eye, or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged towards his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm, of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backwards, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which enclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

" They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, ' On your lives, forbear!' "

It is the Landamman who interrupts them, and thus the lives of both are probably saved. He was indebted for his knowledge that the rencontre was to take place to the watchful care of Anne of Geierstein.

The scene is now speedily changed. The Swiss Cantons, provoked by some encroachments on their liberties made by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and one of his ministers, Archibald Von Hagenbach, to whom the Duke had intrusted the government of the frontier town of La Ferette, determine on sending a deputation to the court of Charles, either to obtain reparation for the injuries received, or to declare war in the name of the Helvetian Cantons. The members of this deputation consist of Arnold Biederman, Rudolph Donnerhugel, and three others. As the two Englishmen are also on their way to the court of Charles, they agree to travel with the deputation; and as Count Geierstein, Anne's father and Arnold's brother, who has attached himself to the Duke of Burgundy, is anxious for his daughter's return to the paternal roof, she also proceeds along with the rest, together with a female attendant. An escort of twenty or thirty young Swiss volunteers—for the expedition is not without danger—complete the cavalcade. The remainder of the first, and the whole of the second volume, is occupied with an exceedingly interesting and varied account of the different adventures which overtake the deputation, or its individual members, in the course of its progress. Among these may be mentioned, in particular, the whole account of the night-watch in the old castle in the neighbourhood of Hâle, including the mysterious moonlight appearance of Anne of Geierstein to Arthur, and Donnerhugel's wild and wonderful narrative of the supernatural circumstances supposed to be connected with her family. Among them, also, must in a still more especial manner be mentioned all the scenes at the frontier town of La Ferette, where we are made acquainted with the ferocious governor, Archibald Von Hagenbach, Kilian, his *fac-totum*, a no less odious miscreant, and Francis Steinernherz, his executioner, who has already cut off the heads of eight men, each at a single blow, and is to receive a patent of nobility as soon as he has performed the same office for the ninth. The English travellers fall into the hands of these notable persons, and are saved from death, after a succession of the narrowest escapes, only by a general rising of the inhabitants of the town, who have been long disgusted with the cruelties perpetrated by their governor.

The third volume collects all our former friends in Strasburg, where the Duke of Burgundy has for the time fixed his residence; and he is of course, among many other new *dramatis personæ*, brought upon the stage, and a portrait sketched of him, vigorous and complete, as if fresh from the pencil of Hans Holbein. But here the incidents follow each other in such quick succession, and the interest is so involved and well worked up, that we shall not diminish the value of its charms by breathing one word concerning it. We are sure our readers will thank us for our forbearance, and own that they may safely trust to our prudence in future.

We shall not say with which of Sir Walter's former novels we are inclined to class "Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist;" but this we will say, that it will not lose its own peculiar attractions, though placed by the side of any of them. Stamped of course with a few of the strong family traits which distinguish all the Waverley Novels, it is nevertheless, in many respects, very different from most of its predecessors. There is a freshness in its style,—a simplicity, but a completeness in its characters,—a delightful absence of effort, yet a continual production of strong effects,—which are all in admirable unison with the majestic beauty of the scenes among which the plot is laid, and by contemplating which the author's mind was probably gradually imbued with their influence. The manner in which the supernatural appearances of the White Lady of Avenel, in the "Monastery," is managed, has been often objected to; and perhaps one of the chief blemishes of "Anne of Geierstein" is the attempt to make us almost believe that Anne is not altogether earthly, and the rather awkward and unsatisfactory manner in which we are disabused of this belief. This, however, in the present instance, is a very trifling defect; and truly glad are we to perceive (for it is a matter of European interest) that Sir Walter's imagination is as vigorous as ever, and, did the fates permit, could no doubt flow on, like a mighty river, broadly and rejoicingly, a thousand years hence, as it does at this day.

Tales of Field and Flood; with Sketches of Life at Home. By John Malcolm, Author of "Scenes of War," "Reminiscences of a Campaign in the Pyrenees and South of France," &c. &c. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 329.

We have no desire to meet with the man who will not read this book with pleasure. He must be a person something like Hare, the murderer, with one eye considerably higher up in his head than the other, a fang or two in his ugly mouth like the tusks of a wild boar, and a ropy display of uncombed tresses, thick, wiry, and matted. He must have spent his infancy in plucking the wings off flies, and squeezing spiders to death,—his boyhood in hunting cats, and depriving them of all their nine lives in slow succession,—his youth in drowning and hanging dogs,—and his manhood in knocking people's brains out in the dark.

Seriously, this is a book of tales and sketches which all "the gentle and the good" will peruse with delight. In the first place, it is prose by a poet; and all the world knows that no one can write prose, at least imaginative prose, so well as a poet. In the next place, it is such prose as all men ought to try to write, but which few mere authors *can* write—natural, simple, and unaffected, containing the spontaneous feelings of the writer in language found without an effort. And in the third and last place, it is prose thickly studded with thoughts which are in their spirit and essence, if not in their outward shape and garb, *poetry*. To descend more to particulars:—The volume contains nineteen sketches, which may be divided into Tales, Comic Pieces, Sentimental Pieces, and Descriptive Pieces. There are six tales, and their titles are—Francesca Zamora—The Secret of the Sea—The Parting and Return—The Soldier's Grave—Helen Waters—and the Brothers. They are all short, and characterized by great simplicity of plot, pure feeling, and natural pathos. Mr Malcolm never aims at exciting interest by any highly-wrought story; he feels that the human heart, in its best and healthiest state, may be easily touched; and, discarding the too common stimulus of extravagant and distorted passion, he needs not the aid of the dagger and the bowl to invest with a tender interest the griefs which, in the ordinary course of life, too frequently assail humanity. There are five comic pieces, entitled, An Orkney Wedding—The Borough—Jack O'Flanagan—The Bachelor—and The Young Poet. Our author has a great deal of quiet humour, and gives it out in the most effective of all ways, as if there was nothing humorous about it. The "Orkney Wedding," and "The Borough," in particular, contain many things equal to some of the happiest touches of Washington Irving. There are four sentimental pieces—The Bivouack—London—First Love—and Scenes of Memory. These differ from the tales only in this, that they contain no story. They are full of tender and interesting reflections, calculated to soften and refine the heart. The descriptive pieces are likewise four in number, and are called—Life in Camp—A Trip to Paris—Recollections of Ireland—and A Day in the Orkneys. Like all the rest, they do much credit to Mr Malcolm's genius.

It will be seen by the account we have thus given of the contents of this handsome volume (which is just on the eve of publication) that they are of a varied and most agreeable kind, and will afford as entertaining light reading as one could wish to while away a summer's day with. To make good our words, we shall present a few extracts. We begin with a comic sketch, and beg to introduce our readers to

AN ORKNEY WEDDING.

"Upon entering the withdrawing-room, which the good people with admirable modesty call *the ben*, we take our seats among the elders and chiefs of the people, and drink to the health of the young couple in a glass of delicious Hollands, which, unlike Macbeth's 'Amen,' does not stick in our throats, although we are well aware that it never paid duty, but was slily smuggled over sea in a Dutch lugger, and safely stowed, during some dark night, in the caves of the more remote islands.

"The clergyman having now arrived, the company assembled, and the ceremony of marriage being about to take place, the parties to be united walk in, accompanied by the best man and bride's maid,—those important functionaries, whose business it is to pull off the gloves from the right hands of their constituents, as soon as the order is given to 'join hands;' but this they find to be no easy matter, for at that eventful part of the ceremony their efforts are long baffled, owing to the tightness of the gloves. While they are tugging away to no purpose, the bridegroom looks chagrined, and the bride is covered with blushes; and when at last the operation is accomplished, and perseverance crowned with success, the confusion of the scene seems to have infected the parson, who thus blunders through the ceremony:—'Bridegroom,' quoth he, 'do you take the woman whom you now hold by the hand to be your lawful married *husband?*' To which interrogation the bridegroom having nodded an affirmative, the parson perceives his mistake, and calls out, 'Wife, I mean.'—'Wife, I mean,' echoes the bridegroom; and the whole company are in a titter.

"But, thank Heaven, the affair is got over at last; and the bride being well saluted, a large rich cake is broken over her head, the fragments of which are the subject of a scramble among the by-standers, by whom they are picked up as precious relics, having power to produce love-dreams. And now the married pair, followed by the whole company, set off to church, to be *kirked*, as the phrase is. A performer on the violin, not quite a Rossini, heads the procession, and plays a variety of appropriate airs, until he reaches the church-door. As soon as the party have entered and taken their seats, the parish-clerk, in a truly impressive and orthodox tone of voice, reads a certain portion of Scripture, wherein wives are enjoined to be obedient to their husbands. The service is concluded with a psalm, and the whole party march back, headed as before by the musician.

"Upon returning from church, the company partake of a cold collation, called the *hansel*, which is distributed to each and all by the bride's mother, who for the time obtains the elegant designation of *hansel-wife*. The refreshments consist of cheese, old and new, cut down in large slices, or rather junks, and placed upon oat and barley cakes, some of the former being about an inch thick, and called *snoddies*. These delicate viands are washed down with copious libations of new ale, which is handed about in a large wooden vessel, having three handles, and yeleped a *three-lugged cog*. The ethereal beverage is seasoned with pepper, ginger, and nutmeg, and thickened with eggs, and pieces of toasted biscuit.

"These preliminaries being concluded, the company adjourn to the barn, where the music strikes up, and the dancing commences with what is called the Bride's Reel; after which, two or three young men take possession of the floor, which they do not resign until they have danced with every woman present; they then give place to others, who pass through the same ordeal, and so on. The dance becomes then more varied and general. Old men and young ones, maids, matrons, and grandmothers, mingle in its mazes. And oh! what movements are there, what freaks of the 'fantastic toe,' what goodly figures and glorious gambols in a dance, compared to which, waltz is but the shadow of joy, and quadrille the feeble effort of mirth upon her last legs.

"Casting an eye, however, upon the various performers, I cannot but observe that the old people seem to have monopolized all the airs and graces; for while the young maidens slide through the reel in the most quiet and unostentatious way, and then keep bobbing opposite to their partners in all the monotony of the back-step, their more gifted grandmothers figure away in quite another style. With a length of waist which our modern belles do not wish to possess, and an under figure which they cannot, if they would, even with the aid of pads, but which is, nevertheless, the true court-shape, rendering the hoop unnecessary, and which is, moreover, increased by the swinging appendages of huge scarlet pockets, stuffed with bread and cheese, behold them sideling up to their partners in a kind of *echellon* movement, spreading out their petticoats like sails, and then, as if seized with a sudden fit of bashfulness, making a hasty retreat rearwards. Back they go at a round trot; and seldom do they stop until their career of retiring modesty ends in a somerset over the sitters along the sides of the room.

"The old men, in like manner, possess similar advantages over the young ones; the latter being sadly inferior to their seniors in address and attitudes. Nor is this much to be wondered at, the young gentlemen having passed most of their summer vacations at Davis's Straits, where their society consisted chiefly of bears; whereas the old ones are men of the world, having in early life entered the company's service, (I do not mean that of the East Indies, but of Hudson's Bay,) where their manners must, no doubt, have been highly polished by their intercourse with the Squaws, and all the beauty and fashion of that interesting country.

"Such of them as have sojourned there are called North-westers, and are distinguished by that modest assurance and perfect ease and self-possession, only to be acquired by mixing frequently and freely in the best society. Indeed, one would suppose that their manners were formed upon the model of the old French school, and queues are in general use among them; not, however, those of the small pigtail kind, but ones which in shape and size strongly resemble the Bologna sausage."

But it is impossible, in our limited space, to do Mr Malcolm justice, by merely selecting a particular tale or sketch. One of the chief charms of his volume is the sweet flowers of sentiment that enamel every page. This we conceive to be the distinguishing feature of his style. He tells no intricate and pulse-exciting stories—he aims at no profundity or dazzling originality of thought—but he contents himself with breathing over his compositions the almost feminine grace of a gentle and polished mind. The only deviation from this predominating tone of the work, consists in the occasional introduction of a very felicitous strain of humour. We have singled out a good number of short detached passages, both grave and gay, and by stringing them together in the following fashion, without observing any particular order, we think we shall be able to convey a correcter idea of Mr Malcolm's style than by any other mode of extract:

A WEDDING SUPPER IN ORKNEY.—"At length the supper is announced, and a rich repast it is; quarters of mutton boiled and roasted, flocks of fat hens, in marshelled ranks, flanked with roasted gee-e, luxuriously swimming in a savoury sea of oiled butter, form the *elite* of the feast; from which all manner of vegetables are entirely excluded, being considered as much too humble for such an occasion. The company do ample justice to the hospitality of their entertainers; and even the bride, considering the delicacy of her situation, has already exceeded all bounds of moderation. This, however, is entirely owing to her high sense of politeness; for she conceives that it would be rude in her to decline eating as long as she is asked to do so by the various carvers. But now I really begin to be alarmed for her; already has she dispatched six or seven services of animal food, and is even now essaying to disjoint the leg and wing of a goose; but, thank Heaven! in attempting to cut through the bone, she has upset her plate, and transferred its contents into her lap; which circumstance, I trust, she will consider a providential warning to eat no more."

A POWERFUL PREACHER.—"'Ah, sir!' exclaimed the elder, in the tone of pathetic recollection, 'our late minister was the man! He was a poorfu' preacher; for i' the short time he delivered the Word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five Bibles!'"

A RECRUIT.—"'Shoulder arms!' exclaimed the Captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder; but the execution of the order was any thing but simultaneous; and one man, it was observed, was still 'standing at ease.' Upon being challenged by the Captain, and asked why he had not 'shouldered' along with the rest, 'What the deil's a' the haste, (quoth he,)—canna ye wait till a body tak' a snuff?'"

TEA AND TURN-OUT.—"The evening entertainments were of that kind denominated 'Tea and Turn-out,'—a mode of treating one's friends having the show of hospitality, but denying the power thereof. Tea and Turn-out!—gentle reader, only think of such a hoax. My blood yet runs cold at the thought—Tea and Turn-out! Early in the forenoon, a maid-servant, all smiles and roses, would enter and present a gilt paper card, whereon the eye caught the words 'Comp'iments,—company at tea,—spend the evening,' &c.—the last words seeming to insinuate a delicate hint of supper; but thus it is that our feelings are cruelly sported with, and hopes are excited which are never intended to be realized. In consequence of such *promissory*-notes, how often have I arisen from a comfortable fireside at home, have adjourned to a cold room above stairs, and dressed for supper, when, alas! supper was not *dressed* for me. The festivities of the evening commenced about six or seven o'clock, according to the rank of our entertainers; and as it seldom happened that any waiters were in attendance to hand about the tea, an excellent opportunity was afforded to our Lotharios of showing their attention to the ladies in that way; but in doing the thing with an air, the consequence frequently was, that the fair ones received into their laps, instead of their hands, the elegant china vases, together with their scalding contents. Next were presented various kinds of rich sweetbread, pleasant indeed to the eye, but, upon a

nearer acquaintance, betraying an air of antiquity not altogether agreeable. As soon as the refreshments of the evening were over, the conversation became general, and occasionally *particular:* our absent friends were not forgotten, nor were their most private and delicate concerns overlooked. About nine o'clock a general *rising* took place, which, not being resisted on the part of our entertainers, we read our fate in each other's eyes, and made a simultaneous movement towards the door; whence, with ill-suppressed chagrin, we descended into the street, and made the best of our way home."

WELLINGTON.—"Passing along, amidst the vast and unknown crowd, I recognize a face of which even the glance of a moment awakens a world of proud and glorious recollections. Fourteen years have now rolled away since I last beheld it, and then but for an instant, as it shot past me through the blaze of battle, and vanished in its storm; but no one who has once seen, can ever forget that of the Duke of Wellington: it is, moreover, but little changed, and still wears the same placid smile, and calm dignity, which never for a moment forsook it, even in the mortal struggle and earthquake shock of battle."

THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.—"Let not him who has sojourned in a distant land give way to his longings to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and retrace the walks of his youth,—let him keep the mountains and the sea betwixt him and his place of birth. Shrined in his heart, and glowing with the light of happier days, lies that fairy-land of memory; but to revisit its scenes would be to dash the picture with shade, and to strike out from it the fair familiar faces that gladden our dreams, or touch them with the dreary traces of time,—let him therefore enjoy the beauteous vision as it exists in memory, but not seek to view the reality with a faded eye, and a disenchanted heart."

PERE LA CHAISE.—"Pere La Chaise is a pleasure ground of graves, a succession of trees and tombs, a blending of beauty and desolation, where the pale monumental ranges are veiled with bough and blossom, and garlanded with wreaths of flowers. Perhaps there is too much of this—too much of a baby cheat—in dressing up the grave in a gay attire; yet, upon the whole, the effect is pleasing, and, I think, takes away rather from the horrors, than the solemnity, of the last abode."

LOVE.—"It is the general belief of the world, that love cannot exist without hope. Of the falsehood of this opinion, bear witness, ye countless tombs, decked with its garlands, and watered with its tears."

A COLONEL'S WIT.—"The colonel's wit could not certainly be said to be superficial, at least it did not lie upon the surface; on the contrary, it was too deep to be perceived, or appreciated by any officer in the regiment, with the single exception of the adjutant, who generally seated himself at the mess-table on the colonel's left hand, and was the first who, by his laugh, announced to the wondering mess that a good thing had been said. Regularly as the responses of the clerk in the service of the church, or as thunder follows lightning, did the adjutant's roar follow the colonel's flash; and as not to be delighted at the joke of a commanding officer would at once indicate a want of taste, policy, and politeness, no sooner did the adjutant make the accustomed signal, than we took the time from him, and the ready laugh ran along the table in the manner of a *feu de joie.*"

SECOND SIGHT.—"Oh! may'st thou never know, as I do, from fearful experience, that the gift of prescience is a curse. Others have their days devoted to joy, and nights redeemed from care; but to me, from the visitations of the phantom future, no time or place is sacred. In the brightness of the morn, I see the gloom of the coming eve, and in the lustres of the festal hall, the glare of the dim dead-lights. In the beaming eye and the face of bloom, I behold the wan cheek and the benighted ball, and in the bridal robe the long listless shroud. Even now it is swathed breast-high around yon young sailor, whose phantom is gliding past me in pale similitude, all dripping from the cold sea wave; and he, unconscious thereof, is revelling through 'the dance, while death is at the door.'"

FIRST LOVE.—"First Love! thou visitant from heaven! whither art thou fled, with all thine angel-retinue of nameless, undefined, but blessed emotions? Where now the flushings of the cheek, the wild beatings of the heart, the sweet delirium, and the trance of joy? They are gone—all gone! all, save their memory, which rises through the 'shades of other years,' on the hour of reverie, and the lonely night."

We take leave of this volume, assuring its author that we never meet him but with pleasure, whether in prose or verse, and hoping that he will soon again present us with some more of both.

The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. VII. Published in April, 1829. Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, jun. and Richter, London.

The Foreign Review, and Continental Miscellany. No. VI. April, 1829. Black, Young, and Young, London.

WE have been told by those minute and curious investigators, called entomologists, that certain insects are found, on being viewed through a microscope, to be subject, in their turn, to the annoyance of yet more diminutive parasitical animals. We must confess that we never set about reviewing reviews, without being reminded of this fact, which, indeed, seems to be only one exemplification of the great law of nature, that we must all prey upon one another.

We class the two periodicals whose names appear at the head of this article together, because they stand in the relation of a closer rivalry than any other works of the kind, and challenge a perpetual comparison. Out of respect for seniority, we begin with the Foreign Quarterly. This Number contains, in the first place, two able and instructive historical articles, which are,—Art. I. on Sismondi's History of France,—a just appreciation of that author's merits and defects; and Art. VIII. on Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire. Art. VI. is a Statistical Account of Mexico, replete with information. Art. V. is rather a poor article, *a propos* of the "Causes criminelles célèbres." Art. IV. contains a great deal of interesting details respecting the old Scandinavian mythology. It will be seen, therefore, that in this Number of the Review there is abundance of good solid materials. Then, for light reading, we have in Art. II. a pleasant *catalogue raisonnés* of Dutch poets, which, however, has failed to convince us that there is much poetry among them;—in Art. III. an eloquent exposition of the ancient national poetry of Spain;—and in Art. VII. a criticism of the works of Victor Hugo, which reminds us strongly of the manner of an amiable and ingenious friend, rather addicted to Devil's elixir, and such pernicious potations. There is, lastly, an article on the *late* Catholic Question, which, notwithstanding the apology prefixed, does seem to us out of place in the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Foreign Review contains two political articles—Art. I. on the affairs of Russia; and Art. VII. on the difference between our King and the young Duke of Brunswick—remarkable only for the virulence of their vituperation. Art. VIII. is a review of Guizot's History of England, from the accession of Charles I. to the restoration of Charles II. It is superscribed (rather absurdly) Guizot, English Revolution of 1688, and is liable to nearly the same objection as the Foreign Quarterly's dissertation upon Catholic emancipation. Art.

II. on Symbolism and Mythology, and Art. IV. on Arabian literature, are too pedantic to be amusing, and too superficial to be instructive. Art. V. History of the Roman Law, is rather insipid. But by far the best articles in the Number are—Art. III. on Klopstock's Life and Odes; and Art. VI. on Voltaire. Were we not afraid of compromising our critical reputation, in the event of our being mistaken, we would say that they strike us as coming from the same pen—that of an author of conceptions as magnificent, of glimpses into the hidden workings of the human heart as deep, as any critic of the day; though his works be defaced occasionally by clumsy attempts at wit, of which he has not one particle in his composition; and by a spirit of mysticism, engendered and fostered by an overweening reliance on his own powers, and contempt for the opinions of others. Upon the whole, although we feel ourselves bound, on this occasion, to award the prize to the Foreign Quarterly, it has (owing solely to the two articles last mentioned) been closely contested. The minor details of both works—the short reviews of the one, and the critical sketches and miscellaneous literary notices of the other, are much upon a par.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

REMINISCENCES OF FORMER DAYS.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

One day about the beginning of Autumn, some three-and-twenty years ago, as I was herding my master's ewes on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, I perceived two men coming towards me, who appeared to be strangers. I saw, by their way of walking, they were not shepherds, and could not conceive what the men were seeking there, where there was neither path nor aim toward any human habitation. However, I stood staring about me, till they came up, always ordering my old dog Hector to silence in an authoritative style, he being the only servant I had to attend to my orders. The men approached me rather in a breathless state, from climbing the hill. The one was a tall thin man, of a fairish complexion, and pleasant intelligent features, seemingly approaching to forty, and the other a dark ungainly youth of about eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly marked manly features. The very model of Burns, and exactly such a man, as that, had they been of the same age, it would not have been easy to have distinguished the one from the other.

The eldest came up and addressed me frankly, asking if I was Mr Harkness's shepherd, and if my name was James Hogg? to both of which queries I answered cautiously in the affirmative, for I was afraid they were come to look after me with an accusation regarding some of the lasses. The younger stood at a respectful distance, as if I had been the Duke of Queensberry, instead of a ragged servant lad herding sheep upon it. The other seized my hand, and said, "Well, then, sir, I am glad to see you. There is not a man in Scotland whose hand I am prouder to hold."

I could not say a single word in answer to this address; but when he called me Sir, I looked down at my bare feet and ragged coat, to remind the man whom he was addressing. But he continued, "My name is James Cunningham, a name unknown to you, though yours is not entirely so to me; and this is my youngest brother Allan, the greatest admirer that you have on earth, and himself a young aspiring poet of some promise. You will be so kind as excuse this intrusion of ours on your solitude, for, in truth, I could get no peace either night or day with Allan, till I consented to come and see you."

I then stepped down the hill to where Allan Cunningham still stood, with his weather-beaten cheek toward me, and, seizing his hard brawny hand, I gave it a hearty shake, saying something as kind as I was able, and, at the same time, I am sure as stupid as it possibly could be. From that moment we were friends; for Allan has none of the proverbial Scottish caution about him; he is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner: you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence, of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies. Young as he was, I had heard of his name, although slightly, and, I think, seen one or two of his juvenile pieces. Of an elder brother of his, Thomas Mauncey, I had, previous to that, conceived a very high idea, and I always marvel how he could possibly put his poetical vein under lock and key, as he did all at once; for he certainly then bid fair to be the first of Scottish bards.

I had a small bothy upon the hill in which I took my breakfast and dinner on wet days, and rested myself. It was so small, that we had to walk in on all-fours; and when we were in, we could not get up our heads any way, but in a sitting posture. It was exactly my own length, and, on the one side, I had a bed of rushes, which served likewise as a seat; on this we all three sat down, and there we spent the whole afternoon,—and, I am sure, a happier group of three never met on the hill of Queensberry. Allan brightened up prodigiously after he got fairly into the dark bothy, repeating all his early pieces of poetry, and part of his brother's, to me. The two brothers partook heartily, and without reserve, of my scrip and bottle of sweet milk, and the elder Mr Cunningham had a strong bottle with him—I have forgot whether it was brandy or rum, but I remember it was excessively good, and helped to keep up our spirits to a late hour. Thus began at that bothy in the wilderness a friendship, and a mutual attachment between two aspiring Scottish peasants, over which the shadow of a cloud has never yet passed.

From that day forward I failed not to improve my acquaintance with the Cunninghams. I visited them several times at Dalswinton, and never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember of seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination.

When Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr Morrison read the Mermaid of Galloway, while at every verse I kept naming the author. It had long been my fixed opinion, that if a person could once succeed in the genuine ballad style, his muse was adequate for any other; and after seeing Allan's strains in that work, I concluded that no man could calculate what he was capable of.

I continued my asseverations to all my intimate friends, *that Allan Cunningham was the author of all that was beautiful in the work.* Gray, who had an attachment to Cromek, denied it positively on his friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions; but then he suckled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott, (then Mr Scott,) I found him decidedly of the same opinion; and he said he wished to God we had

that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again.

I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the right horse, and sent it to Mr Jeffrey; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying, that he had read over the article, and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure. I have the article, and card, by me to this day.

Mr Cunningham's style of poetry is greatly changed for the better of late. I have never seen any improve so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling caldron, and when once he began, it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end. If these reminiscences should meet his friendly eye, he will pardon them, on the score that they are the effusions of a heart that loves to dwell on some scenes of our former days. JAMES HOGG.

Mount Benger, May 6, 1829.

SPRING MEDITATIONS.

By the Rev. Dr Morehead.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.
VIRG. *Ecl.* 3.

ALTHOUGH the approach of Spring has been a favourite subject with the poets, and with meditative writers, ever since verse or prose were resorted to as vehicles for sensibility and emotion, yet it is a subject which never palls upon the reader, but always comes with an aspect of freshness and novelty. The season itself, indeed, returns every year, like a new creation; and although it is invariably attended with the same general features—of the revival of the fields—the budding of the trees—the woods changing from the dull hue of winter into the most refreshing green—and the glow of beauty over all the face of nature—there is still something so miraculous in the change, that it constantly strikes the very dullest minds with some feeling of surprise, and every one is ready again to surrender his imagination to all the pleasing and delightful sentiments which the season engenders. Amidst a general similarity, too, there is always a great variety in all the particulars of natural processes. Since the beginning of the world, there has been no year the exact image of another; the same progress of decay and renewal has ever gone on, yet attended with very different circumstances. The winter sometimes suddenly disappears, and the whole beauty of creation breaks forth at once: at other times, again, an unnatural duration is given to the season of cold and dreariness, and nature seems to have laid aside her genial powers, and to be frustrated in all her attempts to rise from her tomb.

The present season has been one of this last description. It is now the beginning of May, and, instead of having made any advance into the gorgeous splendours of Summer, we are only yet in the first openings of the Spring. It is not many days ago since the snow-flakes were flying around us.—the flowers, with which the gardens had begun to bloom, had a cheerless and pitiful aspect, while their tender heads were shaken by the chill and ungenial gales. The young leaves seemed inclined to draw back again under the bark, from which their first tips were starting; and it is only within a day or two that a more decided progress has been apparent—that, when the evening comes, we think a change has been made since the morning—the rich crimson of some fruit blossoms opened a little farther from their covering—and a gayer fringe of green crept over the dry twigs of the woods. Every shower now seems to draw up vegetation from the fields, and when the sun looks out between the intervals of the rains, his beams lighten up a more beautiful and glorious world. A season of this kind, with all its melancholy of hope deferred, is perhaps more interesting than one which advances more according to rule. Its slightest improvement is a matter of deep interest. Almost every single leaf has a charm. We do not, in these circumstances, look upon nature in the mass, but we watch every new production, with something of the feeling with which a mother hangs over the cradle of a sickly child. Every tinge of a deeper dye is a promise of better days, like the olive leaf brought by the dove into the ark. Thus there are no aspects of nature that are not profoundly beautiful, because there are none that do not teem with the most lovely associations; and which, when pursued through all their moral analogies, do not open upon the thoughtful mind, the most hopeful views of Providence and of man.

The untutored manners, or brutal habits, of uncultivated men, often occasion an utter despair even in persons of philanthropy—if they are of too fastidious and delicate a spirit—of any improvement taking place among them, and they are apt to leave them to all the vices and miseries of their condition, without making even an effort for their relief. Yet, under the rudeness of the winter rind, long as it may be of softening and bursting, the production is forming of the most beautiful and delicate leaves and petals, and the finest tinges of colour are evolving, and a paradise of beauty is breaking out from the most rugged knots of the gnarled oak. Why then despair, that the coarseness of rude minds, which may seem to be sealed in ignorance, or even fettered in chains of vice, may, under the culture of Christianity, and of an improving age, refine into much polish even of external aspect,—that neat and cleanly habits may come in the place of slattern and slovenly ones,—that the inhabitants of a village may at last vie in all that is really polite and courteous, with those of a court,—and that with all these outward improvements, those of the heart and the understanding may keep pace? I hope much from the attention in the present age paid to the education of the poor—an attention which is now, in our populous cities, where the parents cannot themselves look after their children, seeking and saving them from destruction, bodily and mental, in the first openings of infancy,—and is in our villages bestowing upon the peasant boys and girls an education which might serve for the elementary training of princes. I cannot help fancying to myself, that whatever is offensive in the rusticity of Scottish manners, will, under such training, be speedily dispelled; and when I meet, where I now reside, the village children, on their way to and from school, and witness their civil address, which rather enhances than impairs their native simplicity, I can imagine something like a classical character and elegance intermingling with our pastoral manners.

The severity of the Scottish Reformation discarded all the gayer scenes of the superstition which it superseded. Some of these still remain in England, too, interwoven, I believe, with the pleasing remnants of Paganism. We have no Maypole in Scotland—no Queen of the May—none of the rustic theatric representations which might have been the origin of the drama of antiquity. I fear most of our meetings of the youths of both sexes terminate in coarser and less innocent relaxations, from the want of those more elegant and imaginative amusements. But, with the advancement of education, a happier and more refined taste in pleasures will be introduced; and dance in the open field, by the side of rustic streams, and where the broom and wild roses supply natural wreathes for the heads of the maidens, will take the place of the crowded barn or the steaming alehouse.

If these changes should ever be realized, there would

be no need for the erection of a Maypole in the beautiful village above alluded to. Nature has erected one, the most splendid and gorgeous that was ever danced round by shepherdesses or by fairies; and the chill of the year seems to have had no effect in repressing its almost supernatural glory. It is a sycamore tree, of a very peculiar kind, which, in its first bursting into foliage, seems to be one mass of the most living gold, and throws off the sunbeams in dyes the most accordant to the source of light from which they come, and to the delicate season of young and dancing leaves. Different places are remarkable for their different beauties; but I will venture to say there is no such tree to be seen as this sycamore—not for its size, though that is venerable—nor for its form, though that is symmetrical and complete—but for that tinge of glory which sits upon it, and which seems almost to belong to a brighter world. There is nothing, indeed, so sacred or so marvellous which I could not imagine it to represent. It might be the tree of good and evil in the midst of the primeval Paradise—or it might bear the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides—or it might produce the golden boughs which were borne as gifts to Proserpine by those who were favoured with the permission to descend into the lower regions. There is almost in its aspect an appearance of life and intelligence; and I should be afraid to pluck a branch from it, lest drops of blood and a human voice should follow from the wound. It is around its sacred trunk that I would have the youths and the maidens of the village to assemble, and carol songs expressive of the pure affections of the heart, and join in the dances of gaiety and innocence.

I know I may be thought an enthusiast in my hopes of the improvement of the world; but we shall see. "In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth."* So says the greatest, perhaps, of poets, and one of the noblest-minded of men. But as these vernal seasons, we see, often do not return to us without much check and disappointment, we must, even if we would enjoy them, walk by faith as well as by sight; and it is only carrying the same faith a little farther, to throw off a still worse "sullenness," and to "partake in the rejoicing with heaven and earth," not only of that material nature which lies around us, but of that high and spiritual nature which is everywhere concealed under the "human form divine."

Corstorphine, May 9, 1829.

THE TWO PAINTERS OF GENOA.

By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," "Personal Narrative of a Tour through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," &c.

EVERY traveller who has made the round of Genoa, and who has been conducted by his cicerone through the Palazzo di Serra, must have observed, at the top of the great staircase, two pictures,—both, evidently, of the same lady,—and both, as obviously, caricatures. The following may be supposed to be the origin of this singular circumstance.

Old Bandalino, the rich goldsmith of Genoa, died some few years after that city had been delivered, by Doria, from the difficulties in which it had been involved through the silly quarrels of Charles V. and Francis I., and when the fine arts had sprung into new, though but transient life, under the invigorating influence of freedom, and the shelter of a Durazzo and a Serra. Bandalino was prouder of being an artist than if he had inherited the highest order of nobility; and when, upon her nineteenth birth-day, the lovely Giulietta became the sole possessor of her father's wealth, and the richest as well as the handsomest woman in Genoa, she found the possession clogged with the unwelcome condition, that, within one year, she should become the wife of an artist.

Giulietta, although surrounded by every luxury,—though her house might have been called a palazzo, from the excellence of its architecture, the richness of its decorations and sculptured vases, and statues and fountains that adorned the inner courts,—though she had her sedan chair, and her running footmen,—yet Giulietta fretted unceasingly, on account of the hard condition by which the enjoyment of her inheritance was fettered; not because the lovely Genoese found her secret wishes thwarted by the condition, nor because she felt any unconquerable aversion to the holy state of matrimony,—but because she disliked any dictation in a matter of this kind. Time passed on, and the condition was as far from fulfilment as ever. Had Giulietta been of a different temperament, she would have spurned the riches which were to be secured only by compliance with so arbitrary a command; and would have permitted her uncle, Valetti, who already began to look scrutinizingly at his niece's possessions, to take them all; but such was not Giulietta's disposition. She was proud of living in a house like a palazzo,—proud of her gallery of sculpture and painting,—and proud of all that distinguished her from the daughter of a plebeian; and, therefore, Giulietta was firmly resolved to fulfil the condition upon which alone these distinctions depended. One consolation, indeed, the fair Genoese possessed—she had a choice of artists; for it may easily be believed, that no sooner were the terms upon which she inherited Bandalino's riches known, than all the artists of Genoa were at her feet. Many times did the noble Marquis di Serra, the patron and friend of her father, and himself a painter of no mean note, condescend to advise with Signora Giulietta, and to recommend the speedy adoption of the only one of the two alternatives which would put her in the possession of her father's wealth. Save Farenzi or Castello, there was no artist in Genoa upon whom the choice of Giulietta could possibly have fallen: she loved neither; and, as the claims of both to excellence in the arts were reputed to be equal, she declared her intention of bestowing her hand upon him who should paint the best portrait of her; and it was commanded that the portrait should be presented at the Palazzo di Serra on the morning of her twentieth birth-day—precisely one year from the death of Bandalino—and that judgment should be pronounced by the Marquis, who was the first amateur artist in Genoa.—Pass we now to the *studio* of Farenzi.

"How intolerable an interruption," said Farenzi, as it was announced to him that Signor Valetti was in the ante-chamber. Farenzi was sitting in his *studio*, contemplating a picture which he had just placed in the most advantageous light; it was the face and bust of a young female, and the finishing touch of the painter was yet wet upon the thick tresses that veiled her bosom. Farenzi hastily turned the picture, and desired that Valetti should be admitted. "How now?" said Valetti, as he entered; "to-morrow the birth-day of the Signora Giulietta, and where is thy painting?"—"The picture is ready," replied Farenzi. "And so is thy rival's," returned Valetti. "I have but now left him; he had just thrown down his brush; it is a choice picture, Farenzi;—but show me thine An excellent picture," said Valetti,—"a most excellent picture; but"——"But not equal to Castello's, you would say."—"Equal—nay, superior to his," continued Valetti; "but not so likely to please her for whom it is designed:—Castello's is the portrait of a more beautiful countenance." A pause ensued, both continuing to look at the picture. "I was almost so much your friend," resumed Valetti,

* Milton.

"as to wish, a few moments ago, that I had your rival's picture under my brush for one second, and I would spoil that angelic smile which hovers round her lips—I'd make a caricature of my niece."—"Would that you had!" said Farenzi. "Nay," returned Valetti, "that is your business, not mine; but Castello sups with me to-night,—I have got some Greek wine that will hardly let him leave me till after midnight,—all will be still at eleven,—and you know the way to his apartments." Valetti took his leave, and a squeeze of the hand showed him that his hint should not pass disregarded. When he was gone, Farenzi continued to ruminate upon what had passed. Valetti he knew to be one of the greatest rogues in Genoa; but he was unable to discover how roguery could in this matter advantage him:—true, he was Giulietta's uncle, and, consequently, her heir, in case of her not fulfilling the condition upon which she inherited her father's possessions; but it was impossible to imagine how he could be influenced by sinister motives in his professions of friendship for one of the rivals for the hand of his niece, since the success of the other would be equally fatal to his own wishes.

Not many minutes after Valetti left Farenzi, he presented himself at the *studio* of Castello, whom he found employed nearly in the manner he had represented to his rival. "Ah! Castello," said he, "you may burn your brushes when you please, Farenzi will carry off my niece."—"Have you seen his picture?" demanded Castello. "It is Giulietta herself," returned Valetti; "it is Giulietta herself; your picture," continued he, turning to look at Castello's work, "is the portrait of a pretty woman,—but it is not my niece; her eyes, Castello,—it is there that Farenzi has shown his skill. So truly am I *your* friend," added he, taking Castello by the hand, and throwing into his countenance an expression of sorrow, "that since I know I cannot myself inherit my niece's estates, there is no man in Genoa whom I would more willingly see in my place: even now, when Farenzi left me for a few moments, I was almost tempted to take up his brush, and make a caricature of my niece."—"There is then no remedy," said Castello. "There is nothing without a remedy," replied Valetti, "so as we have but courage to attempt it."—"Show me how," returned Castello, "and I will prove to you I know how to estimate a kindness."—"Farenzi sups with me to-night; it is only vaulting over his garden wall, when the clocks strike eleven,—for he will scarcely leave me till midnight; it is full moon, and the picture cannot be mistaken. Nine, to-morrow morning, is the hour appointed by the Marquis; and the discovery and the hour will arrive together."—"At eleven, then, Farenzi will be absent?"—"Even so," said Valetti, as he left the room.

As eleven tolled from the church Dell Annunciada, Farenzi and Castello stole softly, each towards his rival's dwelling. Valetti had posted himself in a convenient place, to enjoy the success of his stratagem,—and, soon after, he saw the two artists, muffled up, pass each other, and in a little while return. It was now almost midnight, and Farenzi and Castello, each satisfied in his own mind that he had made a caricature of his rival's performance, and secured his own success, threw himself upon his bed, having first neatly folded up his own picture by the light of the moon, to be ready against morning. It so happened, that both the artists slept until it was almost time to present themselves before the Marquis, and hurrying on their doublets, and taking the pictures under their arms, they hastened to the Palazzo di Serra. The rivals were admitted, the Marquis was seated with Giulietta at his right hand, and the priest, who was to unite her to the successful candidate, on his left. The artists unfolded the pictures, and presented them to the judge. "What! villains," said he, the moment he cast his eyes upon them, "are you in league to insult my protegé, the Lady Giulietta, by caricaturing her?" at the same time turning the pictures to the astonished painters. The artists looked at the pictures,—then at the Marquis,—then at Giulietta,—and then at each other, and almost at the same instant, the truth flashed upon them both—that each had in his turn been made the dupe of Valetti. The Marquis listened to the detail, and then spoke as follows:—"You," said he, addressing the two painters, "have proved yourselves unworthy of this prize, by having endeavoured to gain it by dishonest means. As for Valetti, his claim I defeat thus:" and, taking Giulietta by the hand, he led the way to the chapel, where all was already prepared for the nuptial ceremony. And so, the two painters were punished for their meanness,—Valetti got nothing by his cunning,—Giulietta respected her father's will,—and, if the Marquis married only a goldsmith's daughter, he got the goldsmith's fortune along with her, and the prettiest woman in Genoa to boot.

JANET AND THE CATHOLICS; OR, THE "ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM."

A NITHSDALE ANECDOTE.

By Dr Gillespie.

It has frequently been observed, that our Scottish peasantry are possessed of a natural sagacity, which often places them, in matters of common-sense, more than upon a level with the upper ranks of society. Of this observation, the following anecdote may serve as an illustration.

All Scotland is aware of the existence of the once noble, and, we earnestly hope, soon again to be ennobled, family of Nithsdale. The Maxwells of Munshies are the representatives of this family, and, with a consistency which does them credit, continue still to adhere to the long persecuted, but now happily emancipated, religion of their fathers,—to that religion in the faith of which Lady Winnifred Nithsdale lived and died, who, with a presence of mind, and a talent almost unequalled in the annals of affection, rescued her husband, after the rebellion of fifteen, from the Tower of London.

Almost 40 or 50 years ago, a poor widow woman tenanted a small cottage, which she held of the laird, through the agency of his factor. This poor woman had seen better days, but her daughter had been decoyed into matrimony, misery, and death, by an Irish drover; and her eldest son, who succeeded to his father's lease of a good farm, had lost himself in that slough-of-despond, cautionry. The second son had gone to bed in a sloop, which rode at Arbigland quay; but never rose again, as a Solway spring-tide laid the vessel during the night on her beam-ends, and she immediately filled, so that all hands perished. The poor woman, at an advanced age, and from the circumstance of her husband's having rented for some years a farm of Munshies, was permitted to remove to a remote cottage, where she had a kail-yard and a cow's grass allotted to her. The once young, sprightly, and playful Janet, had gradually ripened into the careful, charitable, and even gash gudewife, and was now destined to settle down in her twilight of being into the hooded, staff-supported, yet still sagacious Janet. Old Janet was known to every body, and kind to every body, and, as she often expressed it herself, every body was kind to old Janet of the Divet Knowe.

There are, and were, a great many loose characters in that neighbourhood, owing principally to the travelling Irish, dealers in cattle; but whether it was, that the story of her daughter's unfortunate marriage was generally known amongst them, and consequently had its influence, or that they were naturally unwilling to commit depredations upon a being at once so esteemed and so helpless, these ragamuffins lighted their pipe at Janet's turf, dried their habiliments, rested their travel-

wearied limbs, and departed with blessings on their lips "to the kind auld body" that harmed no one. Matters went on in this smooth and comfortable way with Janet, from year to year, without any further crooks in her lot, except what arose from disappointment, when a rainy Sabbath prevented her attending the preachings during the occasion. For it must be told, not less to the credit of Janet, than to that of her liberal and generous landlord, that though both were steady and even zealous in their several creeds, yet that neither molested nor traduced the other. The laird would pass Janet on Sabbath, as she travelled, under her tartan plaid and platted toy, with a bent back and a tottering step, churchwards, and receive her acknowledgment with a smile as benignant as if Janet had been on her way, with others of his household, to her mass, or worship of the Virgin.

The factor, however, as is not unfrequently the case, was a man of a kidney somewhat different from his lord. Janet's devotedness to her own faith appeared to him as a daily impeachment of his, and of his master's, during a season when Catholic chapels were burnt in Edinburgh, and Popish riots got up in London. Instead, therefore, of consulting his superior on so trifling an affair, this man of zeal and parchment took upon himself to warn Janet's cow from her free pasturage in the moss, against the ensuing term. To Janet, her cow was her all. What did all her weekly earnings at the big and the wee wheel amount to, in comparison with the subsistence which she drew from her sweet and kirned milk, her orra cheese and pound of butter, which always brought about a halfpenny a-pound above the market price? To take Janet's cow from her, and leave her her house, was a kind of cruel mockery; it was only giving her the means of protracted starvation. Accordingly, Janet's staff was not idle for many days, weeks, and months, in her visits to the cottage, or factor's house, which was hard by. The factor, however, was inexorable, though polite to excess. He was sorry—extremely sorry; but really, during these times, one could not be too cautious, and Janet's house was one of frequent meetings, Protestant prayer-meetings, and the grand cause was evil spoken of; and burnings, and headings, and hangings, for conscience sake, were fast returning in high places; and, in short, Janet's cow, like the gudeman's mother, was somehow always in the road, a great encumbrance, and a drawback on the letting of the farm; and—and—in short, the factor was engaged—sorry he could not remain any longer, and must wish her a very good morning.

Janet's sagacity, and trust in her God, and, with all reverence be it said, in her earthly lord, did not even here desert her. She dressed herself in her Sabbath, nay, even her sacramental attire, in that very beautifully striped and spotted gown in which she had been married, and away she set, making a slow haste towards "the Place," which stood at a distance of some miles. She arrived, unfortunately, on the day of a Roman Catholic festival—a day on which the Virgin in particular was supplicated. Not one of the servants, as is usual on such occasions, would admit "a heretic" within the walls of the building; and Janet had the mortification to find, that the very dogs had taken up their master's cause, and, unlike some dogs of the present time, were decidedly anti-Protestant. As good fortune, however, would have it,—and good fortune is at all times a welcome and a valuable friend,—Janet chanced to catch a glance of his honour, as he passed from one door to another. Her cough of arrestment was effective. His honour halted, looked round, and observing Janet, waved her out of his presence; but Janet understood her Bible and her interest better than to yield to one repulse. She took her seat, therefore, on the stairway, laid her fellow-traveller and support alongside of her, and, looking up to heaven for forgiveness for her trespass on the confines of Papal dominion, remained immovable. The puppy factor, whose name was Crichton, and whom his master had unwittingly spoiled on account of his real or pretended religious zeal, assailed Janet with abuse, and, laying violent hands upon her person, had actually threatened to thrust her down stairs by brute force, when Janet, who abhorred Crichton, seizing her staff, and facing boldly her antagonist, cautioned him to stand off, for if he presumed to lay an unhallowed hand upon her, or so much as touch her with his wee finger, not all the saints he impiously worshipped should be able to save him from her vengeance. The dogs, who generally take an interest in jarring and discordant noises, were immediately aroused, and the whole inner court rung to their challenge. His honour, luckily for Janet, re-appeared, and, after having fathomed the nature of the disturbance, and dismissed the factor with token of disapprobation, heard and granted Janet's petition, inviting her, at the same time, through the intermediate hall into the kitchen, to receive some refreshment.

As Janet passed along, her eye was arrested by an image of the Virgin Mary, which overspread a table or altar at the upper extremity of the room. Janet's spirits were up, and consequently her courage was proportionally elevated; she ventured to arrest his honour's attention, by an enquiry into the character and purpose of the image before her. "That," said the Maxwell, "is the Virgin Mary, to whom we Catholics pray that she may be pleased to intercede for us with her son."—"An what for dinna ye gang to the fountain head at ance?" responded Janet instantly, and in a tone of decided reproach, mixed with pity. "I'll tell your honour how it fared wi' mysell, in a case ye ken o'. I gade lang and dreich to that vile creature Crichton, but I might as well hae bidden at hame; he neither had the power nor the wish to serve me; but, whenever I applied to your honour, the thing was dune at ance. Na, na, ye maun *see himsell* if ye wish to be served."

HUMBUG.

By John Malcolm, Author of "The Buccaneer," "Tales of Field and Flood," &c.

Dr Johnson defines humbug to signify imposition—an explanation which does not convey the proper meaning of the word. Humbug bears the same relation to imposition that compliment does to falsehood; it is a kind of *delicate* deception, affording pleasure both to its author and its object. To the latter, because happiness consists in being well deceived; and to the former, because it excites the flattering consciousness of superior sagacity, thereby producing a self-complacent internal *chuckle*, usually expressed by the phrase, "laughing in the sleeve." It moreover affords a delightful seasoning to many of our most refined pleasures, to which it stands in the relation of curry to rice—giving a high relish to what would otherwise be rather insipid. But perhaps my meaning will be better understood by stating a case or two in point.

I believe most people will allow, that there are few pleasanter things than a bottle of prime Champagne, shared with a friend on a sultry summer evening; but how much is the enjoyment heightened if you have been enabled to enjoy the ethereal draught at a trifling expense, in consequence of having gulled the gentlemen of the excise.

Again, flirting with a young lady's foot under the table is, doubtless, an elegant, innocent, and imaginative amusement, especially if she happen to be an heiress; but how immeasurably is the pleasure exalted, by being coupled with the circumstance of a gruff and jealous guardian seated at her side, to whom—while in the act of making secret *impressions* upon his protegé—you are all the while descanting upon Catholic emancipation, or deprecating the loose morals of the age.

Without humbug, society could not exist in its present polished state. What, for instance, would become of those arts and sciences which have for their object the repair and improvement of the human body—the subject of humbug from top to toe?—for what are Macassor oil and corn-plaster? Can the latter pluck from our toes "a rooted sorrow," or the former retain the hair upon our heads when disposed to take its leave?—alas, no! the corns will remain, and the hair will drop away; and the only certain cure for baldness, after all, will be found in that old hackneyed thing—a wig. And what is phrenology—founded upon bumps and bones—itself a *bone* of contention?—what, but a tiresome, fantastic, impudent, and superannuated humbug.

And now a word or two upon medicine. When last in London, I observed in several of the principal streets, and especially the Strand, numbers of slow-marching pedestrians, bearing aloft large and signpost-looking boards, whereon was placarded in large letters, "Dr Eady;" then followed the name of the street, and the No. of the house where that great man resided; and last, to make assurance doubly sure, but printed in very small type, (as if the information was meant to be conveyed in a whisper,) were the words, "first door round the corner."

Struck with the unpretending character of this announcement,—Admirable man!—thought I—but born in too late an age of the world, and "fallen on evil days;" thy excessive modesty will never do—thou dost not tell us in what thy great excellence consists, and what diseases are the peculiar object of thy care. Dr Solomon proclaimed the name and nature of his genial restorative to the very ends of the earth; but, unlike him of the *Balm*, thou boastest of no universal panacea, efficacious alike in consumption and inflammation! Thou blazonest forth no list of cures, vouched by the names of thy grateful and renovated patients, such as cluster like a cloud of witnesses around the panegyrics on the Balm. In this age of obtrusive quackery and pretension, thy retiring modesty will be allowed to blush in the shade, unnoticed and unknown. Seldom wilt thou feel pulses or pocket fees—save when, perchance, some luckless wight, pining with secret ails—which, like maiden's love, have been rankling unrevealed—wooed by the nature of thy announcement, and the silence and secrecy connected with the idea of "first door round the corner," makes a pilgrimage to thy temple of health, and seeks, at thy hands, a relief to his sorrows.

Having thus soliloquized myself into feelings of veneration for the doctor, I had almost made up my mind to obtain the honour of his acquaintance, although I saw no other way of accomplishing that object than by calling at the "first door round the corner," and, by feigned indisposition, worming myself into some of the secrets of that wisdom which seemed so obstinately to court the shade, when I recollected that such a mode of introduction would cost me a guinea—a circumstance which made me pause and reflect.

What—thought I, upon mature consideration—if, after all, I have made a wrong interpretation of the doctor's placard, and if its *seeming* modesty, in reality, implies such celebrity as to render the mere mention of his name and residence sufficient announcements to the public?

This view of the matter certainly gave a very different turn to his character; and yet, so much do the extremes of impudence and modesty resemble each other, that the one explanation seemed just as likely to be correct as the other; and the reader, I dare say, has, by this time, anticipated what, upon enquiry, I found to be the case—viz. that the whole placard affair was a piece of exquisite humbug!

After all,—sighed I, upon making the melancholy discovery,—the doctor is not worse than the other great wonders of the world—than Napoleon or Oliver Cromwell—those conquering, canting, and splendid humbugs. And men and things—the mightiest and the meanest—the north-west passage and the Thames Tunnel—antiquarian relics and Belfast almanacks—popes, statesmen, smoke-doctors, and curers, or rather killers, of bugs—are they not all humbugs?

TRADITIONS OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellion," &c. &c.

In numerous places throughout Scotland, spots are shown, where, according to the belief of the common people, "the plague was buried." It is now happily so long since this dreadful epidemic afflicted the country, that few know what is implied by this tradition, or even what the plague was. All that is generally to be learned from the populace upon the subject, simply is, that within this mound, or beneath this stone, LIES THE PLAGUE, and no one would break the one or remove the other for any consideration short of life and death.

Owing to the depressed, or rather non-existent, state of the medical science in Scotland previous to the beginning of the last century, and the meagreness of almost all the public records, still less is to be learned respecting the plague from written than from oral sources. When it last appeared in Edinburgh in 1645, such was either the paucity or the inefficiency of the native physicians, that the magistrates were fain to employ a foreign empiric named Joannes Paulitius, at the salary of eighty pounds Scots per month, to attend the innumerable sick. The Council Register of the period presents only the edicts which the magistrates issued on the disastrous occasion—most of which, though apparently very judicious and effective, give us no idea of the symptoms or treatment of the disease. The records of Parliament show little more than that it was occasionally found necessary to remove the legislative body from an infected to an uninfected place. And even in the minute chroniclers of the time, such as Birrel, Balfour, &c., we only find such notices as that "ye peste was knawin on Tuesday to be in Simon Mercerbanks hous," or that perhaps it "had arrivit fra Perthe sum tyme last week, and ye Parliament had yr for lifted."

In the utter absence of all authentic intelligence upon this curious subject, tradition, feeble as it is, may surely be allowed to lift up its voice. The few memoranda which I have been fortunate enough to collect, are not of course so confidently to be relied upon as may, in future times, the Medical Journal's papers on that grand child of "ye peste"—the Typhus Fever. Yet, as it is proverbially allowable, in case of "not getting preached in the kirk, to sing mass in the quier;" and as a Scottish school-boy of the last age, who could not obtain the grand prize of a copy of the New Testament, would have never thought of rejecting, on that account, his own proper premium of the tale of King Pepin, so ought the public by no means to despise the uncertain succedaneum of history, which, as a distinguished modern poet once observed, has many more attractions than its principal,—

"And can we say which cheats the most?"

In a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shown, under which, it is said, the plague was buried. There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a poor shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernible; it is a plain ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green, and the field-daisy blooms as sweetly, as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery and mortal disease. The

plague was introduced into this house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and, instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who, being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision, that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the intreaties of the poor shepherd, they went *en masse*, and, closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth around and over the cottage, till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation, about half a day, the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wailings were heard finally to subside. The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking Heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in that district.

Whether it was customary, in the country, to resort to such cruel, though perhaps justifiable, measures as the above, I am unable to say. But spots almost precisely similar to that in Teviotdale are pointed out as the burial-places of the plague at Nether Minzion, in Tweedsmuir, where the shepherds are scrupulous to prevent their sheep from feeding within the little circle which enclosed the tomb of the plague; and near Prestwick, in Ayrshire, where are also shown the ruins of a house, built by Robert Bruce, for the reception of lepers, still called King Case. In order, moreover, to show that individual suffering was little considered in cases where the public welfare was endangered, it may be mentioned as one of the rules of a leper-house at Greenside, near Edinburgh, that the penalty imposed upon any inmate who should venture out of doors, was no less than death; and that, with a view at once to the prevention of such a misdemeanour, and its prompt punishment, a gallows stood constantly *in terrorem* at the end of the house.

At Peebles, a place is shown in the neighbourhood of the town where "the plague was buried." It is a low mound, like a grave, but much larger, situated in a marshy valley, called the Gytes. Children designate this place Sampson's Grave, probably on account of its appearing to be such a grave as would hold that scriptural hero, whose bulk is popularly supposed in Scotland to have been of a piece with his strength. Besides, however, this place where "the plague was buried," a corner of the churchyard (the north-east) is also shown as the place where "the people who died of the plague" were interred; and that this was always regarded with the same sort of superstitious horror as that which usually invests unconsecrated places like Sampson's Grave, is proved by the circumstance of this department of the burying-ground not having been opened till within the last twenty years, when, it is said, there were not wanting people who had their apprehensions for the consequences of such a bold measure. There seems to be a sort of contradiction in the traditions of Peebles upon this equivocal point, which may, perhaps, be settled if we can suppose that the churchyard was used on the last occasion of the infection, when people had become enlightened enough to know that the pest, contagious as it was above all other diseases, ran no chance of spreading among, or injuring, the dead; and that Sampson's Grave was the burial-place at a former period, the tradition connected with which survived the latter occasion, unaffected in its more superstitious details. To explain further, it must be understood, that where solitary spots are pointed out as the grave of the plague, an idea seems to obtain that the last infected person or family was buried there, and, like the 'scape-goat sent abroad into the wilderness, took away all danger from the surviving community.

Connected with the popular remembrance of the plague at Peebles, a curious circumstance is preserved, which, if others will believe in it as firmly as myself, may go far to settle the long-disputed question among modern physicians,—"Is the plague infectious and communicable by the atmosphere, or contagious, and only to be imparted by the touch?" When the distemper last visited the town, it is said to have extended no farther eastward than the Dean's Gutter, a water-channel which then intersected the High Street, like the celebrated boundary of the Sanctuary at Holyrood. All to the westward of this line was devastated by the awful distemper, while the very first house to the eastward, and all beyond, were perfectly uninfected. This will remind the reader of the infected and uninfected quarters of the Turkish capital, as described in the books of travellers; but whether such measures as those regularly taken in the foreign cities still subject to the plague for the prevention of contagion, were resorted to at Peebles, is not recorded.

In the south-east corner of the old churchyard of Burnbank, in Perthshire, lie interred Margaret Drummond, wife of Sir George Muschet of Burnbank, and her three daughters, all of whom, according to a decayed inscription on the tombstone, fell victims to the plague, which, in the puritanical language of the period, is there styled, "the Visitation."

A tradition of Kincardineshire favours the theory that the plague is popularly believed to have had a bodily form. On the farm of Mondynes, in the parish of Fordoun, and at no great distance from the banks of the river Bervie, stands, in the middle of a ploughed field, a large stone, underneath which the plague is said to have been buried. At the last occurrence of the pest in Scotland, say the country people, there dwelt in this district a benevolent warlock, who determined to free his country for ever from the terrible destroyer. By dint of spells, he succeeded in drawing towards him the whole material of the plague, and winding it up round his fingers, as people wind thread. The clew reached the size of a man's head before every particle was collected. When completed, he took it in his hands to the spot mentioned, put it into the earth, and covered it with this large stone. All this was done by spells, the power of which ceased when the stone was laid down; so that, according to the popular belief, if that were to be removed, the ball would burst forth, explode, and the plague would again overspread the country.

When the plague occurred in Dundee, early in the sixteenth century, all the infected were compelled to retire from the town, and either reside in the suburbs or bivouack in the fields without the walls. A massive fragment of the ancient wall of the town, containing the gateway of what is called the East Port, still remains in one of the streets of Dundee. Upon the top of this, Wishart, the celebrated Reformer, is said to have preached to those infected with the pestilence, who lay upon the ground below. It has survived all the rest of the wall, and was lately repaired at considerable expense, out of reverence for the memory of Wishart.

Amidst the ruins of the ancient Collegiate Church of Methvin, in Perthshire, it is popularly believed that a great treasure lies concealed. This, it is said, would not have been permitted to lie so long, had it not been understood that the plague was also buried in the same place, and would burst out if any excavations were at-

tempted. Some excavations *were* once attempted by the country people; but, before they had got many feet beneath the surface, a suspicious-looking vapour arose, and a low terrible voice was heard to vociferate, as from some remote recess of the ground, "Let sleeping dogs lie!" whereupon the shovels and mattocks were instantly abandoned by the adventurers, whose task no one has ever since thought of resuming.

At Linlithgow, there is preserved a curious relic of the plague—namely, a coffin or box, which was used in conveying all the persons who died of that distemper to their last abode. It possesses no peculiarity of appearance, except that it seems calculated to contain a body of the largest size, and that the bottom is a lid, moving on hinges, with a pin, which serves by way of lock. The tradition of the town bears that the bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves successively in this general coffin, and, when brought over the hole, permitted to drop in, by merely withdrawing the pin. This indecorous mode of interment, so opposite to the ordinary customs of the Scottish people, presents us with a dreadful idea of this disorder, and of the hardening effect which its ravages gradually produced upon the feelings and ordinary sympathies of humanity.

("*Traditions of the Plague in Edinburgh*," *in our next.*)

NATIONAL POETRY—ANECDOTE CONCERNING THE POEMS OF BURNS.

By Dr Memes, Author of the "Life of Canova," "History of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture," &c.

"Siedon le Muse su le tombe, e quando
Il tempe con sue fredde ali vi spazza
I marmi e l' ossa, quell Dee fan lieti
Di lor canto in deserti, e l' armonia
Vince di mille e mille anni il silenzio!"

THE expression, National Poetry, is frequently, but without due discrimination, applied to designate the entire poetical literature of a country. The less extended import of the phrase marks that species of descriptive and sentimental poetry which embodies in a lore—familiar and dear to a whole people—their peculiar customs, localities, traditions, feelings, emotions, and interests. To compositions of this class, which constitute not the least affecting of those ties that bind man to the soil that gave him birth, it is singular to consider how small a portion of the extant poetry of all ages can rightly be assigned.

What is generally termed the National Poetry of Greece, is chiefly historical, or borrowing its incidents from distant tradition; in both instances, indeed, the poet seldom, if ever, travels beyond the interests and connexions of his country; but his scenes and characters are grand abstractions, in which there could rarely have been entertained an intensity of individual fellowship. Every Greek was taught to venerate his country as the birth-place of unconquered ancestors—as the land of genius; but seldom is he called upon to love it as the home of those charities, the sweets of which he himself was actually enjoying.

In this particular aspect of the subject, Roman poetry is still more barren of nationality. Both in Greece and Italy, the "rural muse,"—where her labours were not merely descriptive,—derived her themes from sources altogether artificial and unnatural. In all instances, poetry was more the acquirement and solace of the learned and refined, than the "household words" of the people.

Our limits do not permit us to extend these principles to modern poetry, nor to investigate how far the different nations of Europe are possessed of a poetry truly and individually national. But we are not sure that, even in the poetry of England—that native land of cherished homes and warm hearts—one entire work, or one writer, could be pointed out, welcome alike, and understood from the cottage to the palace. In contradistinction to this, the allusion we are about to make to Scotland and to Burns must have already been anticipated by the reader. Burns is the poet who, above most others, has succeeded in giving to his countrymen a language and imagery universally felt and appreciated—who has invested, with dignified and attractive influence over the affections, circumstances and characters whose very commonness makes their actual occurrence pass unheeded—preserving still their lowliness, their truth, and their simplicity. In this he has perhaps shown a more exquisite perception of poetic beauty and of natural feeling, than is required to array, in all suitable splendour, the most gorgeous scenes—or spirit-stirring events—or even to rise "to the highest heaven of invention." On this subject, however, abstract criticism or profound speculation would avail little in illustrating our principles. These are practical—and let an example of practical influence tell of the power of the Scottish muse over the movements of the Scottish heart. The following anecdote is related on the faith of one—a soldier and Christian—who witnessed the circumstances, and who now fills a hero's grave.

In the grenadier company of a Scottish regiment, forming part of the British army in Spain, were two privates, known among their companions as the "twa friens," from the steadiness of their mutual attachment, and otherwise much respected for propriety of conduct. In one of the last skirmishes which took place among the Lower Pyrenees, when our brave fellows drove their opponents from one intrenched height to another, to the very confine of the "sacred territory," one of the "friens" received a severe wound in the thigh. During the few weeks in which our troops were in cantonments previous to entering France, the wounded of the regiment in question lay in a church, and among them the individual now mentioned;—his friend, in the intervals of duty, most affectionately watching over him. On one occasion our informer, while visiting and cheering the sick of his own company, finding himself placed within a few feet of their bed, but in a position where he remained unseen, could not forbear stopping to admire the behaviour of the two friends; and, as he confessed, his heart melted, even to tears, on hearing their conversation. "Jamie," said the wounded man, "I feel sae strang the day, that I fain wad hear you read to me."—"I am most willing," replied his companion; "but I fear we can get nae books here, an' it is far to my quarters, and ye ken I dinna like to leave you."—"Look," was the answer, "in my knapsack, there is twa books there—the Bible and Burns' poems! If ye read," continued he, looking up to his friend with a grateful smile, "I dinna muckle care which ye get." But seeing his companion look grave and rather displeased, the patient immediately added—"Oh dinna think, Jamie, I undervalue the word o' truth, or wad compare the divine volume wi' ony human production; but what I mean is, that in my present condition, my mind, when ye read Burns, would be sure to turn upon something gude, for his descriptions are sae clear and sae sweet, that they bring ither days and ither places to mind—my pains are forgot,—my thoughts wander far away,—our ain hame rises before me, wi' its green knowes, gowans, and glinting burn,—and oh, Jamie, I think upon my mither, and upon Jeanie,—and my heart, a' the same as wi' the Bible, rises to God, through whose kind providence I hope to return, never to leave them nor Scotland mair!" The soldiers mingled sobs and tears together.—To the reader we leave the inferences.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

By William Tennant, "Author of Anster Fair," &c.

Ωσπερ οἱ ἰατροι ἀιει τα ὀργανα και σιδηρια προχειρα ἐχουσι προς τα αιφνιδια των θεραπευματων, ὑτω τα δογματα συ ἑτοιμα ἐχι προς το τα θεια και ἀνθρωπινα ἐιδεναι.

M. Antonini, Lib. iii. 13.

Plus prodest, si pauca præcepta sapientiæ teneas, sed illa in promptu tibi et in usu sint, quam si multa quidem didiceris, sed illa non habeas ad manum.

Seneca, De Benefic. 7.

WERE one to make choice of a pocket-book of prudential maxims, of every-day use and salutary practicability, for the regulation of life, it should neither be the Enchirdion of Epictetus—nor the poetical precepts of Theognis—nor the Dissertations of Antoninus—nor the Golden Sayings of the Seven Sages of Greece—but the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel. Familiarized as we are from infancy with this precious manual, seeing it vended at penny-cheapness by itinerant hawkers, and carelessly thumbed at old women's schools by the vulgarest of village children, we little consider that it contains within itself a treasure of wisdom, worthy of the name of the great Oriental prince it bears. It is King Solomon's proudest trophy; it would do honour to the greatest monarch, the greatest philosopher, that ever existed. It comprehends, in compendious space, all the most useful wisdom diffused throughout the voluminous dissertations, and moralities, and maxims of antiquity—the marrow, I may say, of the wisdom of all sages, and of all ages. Its rules for conduct are distinct and intelligible, without any sophistry; its observations on life strikingly just, without any refinements of speculation; its invitations to wisdom attractive, without any aim, artifice, or superficial embellishment. Even the memory, as subsidiary to the judgment, is assisted by the equally balanced and contrasted clauses into which each verse is, like the Hebrew poetry, for the most part regularly adjusted. So simple are the precepts as to be comprehended even by the child; so profoundly wise, as to command the reverence and sanction of the man of years and experience. Nor are they addressed to one sect of philosophers, or to one people; they are of universal application, and of immediate, obvious, reference to human conduct and affairs: there is not a day, not an action in our lives, to which they cannot be squared and adapted; they are accommodated to every country, every age and stage of life, every profession and class of society, every diversity of civilisation. The king and the beggar, the simplest rustic, the profoundest statesman, may draw from them excellent counsel. And it may with confidence be asserted, that any man that sallies out into the complicated business of life, deeply impressed with the influence of this little volume, and taking its rules for his regulating chart, will conduct himself gracefully in every possible situation, and attain that honour, happiness, and prosperity, which are the necessary fruit of that prudence which it inspires.

What a glory is this for the royal sage their author!—for him, whose penetrating sagacity detected every winding labyrinth of the heart of man,—who, from the height of his throne, cast his glance downward into the diffusive mass of society that lay beneath him, discriminating all the joys, and wearinesses, and pain, of human existence,—and who, as an antidote to its sorrows, and an enlivener to its pleasures, presented us with this inestimable gift, the fruit of his meditations and experience! His personal glory, that of his wealth and his conquests, have disappeared; but the fame of the man "*who filled the world with proverbs*," is fresh in every land. How much higher a glory is this than that of the multitude of vulgar kings and oppressors! The memorials of Assyrian monarchs, their towers, their walls, gardens, and sepulchres, are extinguished, mouldered down into the very soil that supported them, having left not a trace;—the monuments of Egyptian tyranny exist only as immense encumbrances on the earth, testifying to future ages their enormous inutility, and recalling (if they ever recall) the names of their founders only to be execrated as the debasers of the human race to the rank of beasts of burden:—But the name of Solomon shall be ever uttered with admiration and blessing, as that of one who not only ennobled humanity by his splendid personal example, but still continues, by the influence of his heavenly wisdom, to refine, and elevate, and render happy, our nature;—a name imperishable throughout earth and her islands, so long as wisdom is "*the principal thing!*"

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

No. III.

WE mentioned in our last paper, that the Moderator of the Assembly has, for more than fifty years, generally been chosen from that party in the Scottish Church known by the name of the *Moderate Party*. It will be right to state what may probably be the causes of its almost exclusive possession of the Moderatorship. The truth is, that, if not the most talented, at least the wealthiest, ministers of the kirk attach themselves to the Moderate party; we do not mean those who may have private fortunes, for such ministers are doubtless to be found likewise among the Evangelicals, but those who are in possession of the best benefices. Now, situated as the kirk is,—its ministers, neither as a church, nor as individuals, remarkably rich,—nay, the church, as a *church*, and three-fourths of its ministers, the very reverse,—it is of the utmost consequence to elect an influential minister to the Moderatorship. By many members of the Assembly, the office, which is one of great dignity, would be declined, as it is attended with very considerable expense, which a country minister, with a benefice of from £150 to £250, and with a large family to provide for, could not afford. The Scottish clergy are all too poorly paid for the duties they perform, and are in general very unable to encounter extraneous expenses for the sake of a short-lived honour. All that the Moderator receives to enable him to support his rank, is £100 from the funds of the church, which is nothing at all in comparison with his necessary expenditure during the sitting of the Assembly. If he be an Edinburgh minister (for the Assembly always meets in the metropolis) it is another thing, as he has his own house, in which he can entertain his brethren; but if not—and it is very rare that he is—besides his other expenses, which are by no means trifling, he must live in an hotel; he must pay servants, &c.; he must give a public breakfast every morning to the fifteen Synods of the Scottish church in rotation; and in short, the £100 from the funds of the church will be found not to clear him one-half, if he supports his station with respectability, as the highest ecclesiastical functionary in the church. This circumstance alone, therefore, would be a strong inducement to elect the Moderator from that party, the ministers of which are generally better beneficed than those of the Evangelical party.

It is probably for this reason, together with another we shall mention immediately, that there is seldom a canvass for the Moderator's Chair. The members of the court do not seem to trouble themselves much about it: they know that there must be a Moderator, but they allow the leading members to manage the matter in their own way. Several great men have sat in the Moderator's Chair, and, generally speaking, the court has always shown due discrimination, and a just homage to piety and learning. There is one instance, however, to the contrary, which the Church of Scotland ought unceasingly to regret, and which, we doubt not, many of its ministers do regret, as a most unpardonable neglect

of a great man, equally distinguished for his virtues as he was for his high birth, whose name will not soon be forgotten in Scotland, and to whose excellences his venerable friend, himself now also departed, and equally distinguished for his virtues and his high birth, has paid a noble tribute. We allude to Dr John Erskine, whose life has been so ably written by the late Sir Henry Moncrieff. Dr Erskine was brought from a country parish to the Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, was of ample fortune, and connected with some of the best families in Scotland. He was a man of piety and learning, an admirable preacher, and a sound theologian; he was the correspondent of Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the colleague of Dr Robertson, and the leader of the Evangelical party. Yet this great man was refused the only honour which the Kirk of Scotland can confer on its members,—that of being Moderator in the General Assembly. There is an anecdote told by the late venerable Sir H. Moncrieff, in his Life of Dr Erskine, which is not unworthy of being here mentioned. Dr Erskine was *once* proposed as Moderator, and, strange to say, the votes on both sides of the house were equal. Dr Robertson had the casting vote, and he gave it against Dr Erskine, his reason being, that his vote had been *pre-engaged*. A certain minister, a member of the court, (we forget his name, as we have not Sir Henry's work beside us,) on being asked by one of his brethren, when he came out of the court, if Dr E. was elected, shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Not this man, *but Barabbas*."

But there is another cause which materially influences the election of a Moderator. The *Moderates* have been hitherto the leaders in the Assembly, and decidedly exceed the *Evangelicals* in number; moreover, they are well supported by the *ruling elders*, on the votes of three-fourths of whom they can always count. At what time the Moderates obtained the mastery, it is needless to enquire; suffice it to say, that the influence of Principal Robertson gave that party dignity and consistency; and ever since his time, though the party was powerful in the Assembly many years before, they have retained their ascendency. These two parties are, of course, violently opposed to each other—they are like the Tories and Whigs in the House of Commons—the Ultras and the Liberals: nay, on some subjects, the Evangelicals approximate to the Radicals or Cobbettites,—root-and-branch-men,—and, if they may be credited, the General Assembly has as much need of reformation as the House of Commons.

It is said, however, that the Evangelical party is on the increase in the Assembly, and that its adherents will speedily be the majority, and will materially alter the decisions of the court. Of this we have our doubts, for, notwithstanding the undeniable increase of the Evangelicals in the church, we greatly fear that they will never be able to keep their ground in the Assembly. We shall afterwards state the reasons which induce us thus to speak; meanwhile we may observe, that on the vigour of the proceedings of the Assembly at their annual convocation, a good deal depends. The Kirk is surrounded by numerous opponents. The Scottish Episcopal church is now rising with prosperity from her feebleness during the last century; the different sects of the Seceders are becoming every day more numerous; there are hosts of minor sectaries, such as Independents, Methodists, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Glassites, &c. who did not exist in Scotland a century ago, and who are now actuated, especially the Methodists, by the keenest spirit of proselytism.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. X.

I HAVE been making a regular tour among the newest sights of the Metropolis, inspecting every one that came in my way without regard to the standard of utility or the fitness of things. Among the fairest and most curious of the pencilled tribe is the British Diorama, painted by Roberts and Stanfield, and designed to show the various effects of light and shade. The mechanism by which the pictures are brought before the eye is very ingenious, and the general effect wonderful. There is an astonishing appearance of reality about every scene. Through the windows of a Gothic pile, in which the aspect of the long dreary aisles almost chill the spectator, streams in the actual sunshine, and, after shining upon pavement and pillar, disappears as if intercepted by the dusk wing of a thunder-cloud. One of the pictures represents the entrance to the village of Virex, in Italy. The painting is good, and the subject, to me at least, captivating. The little village is girthed in by mountains, and, in looking upon it, I felt as if I had been the discoverer of a retreat yet unvisited by sin or sorrow. In the disposition of light, the peculiar witchery of the Diorama is manifested;—the freshness of morning, the warm flush of mid-day, and the imperial purple of the best tints of evening, alternately impart novelty and truth to a scene in perfect harmony with the cherished fantasies of a romantic spirit. A view of the Temple of Apollinopolis in Egypt exhibits the effect of the fierce African sun upon a gigantic monument of the stupendous industry of the slaves of the chissel. The gloom of midnight is well imitated in a picture of the City of York, which is injured, however, by an attempt to mimic the firing of the Minster—a lure for the herd, one of whom completely overturned my enjoyment of the Diorama. The person of whom I speak was a well-dressed caitiff, about the age at which thrifty citizens grow rich. The man, I have no doubt, was worth a plum. He had the visible characteristics of an adept in securities, home and foreign, and was accompanied by an unlovely female, gorgeously decorated. They placed themselves near me, while the Egyptian temple displayed its massive symmetry in the immediate presence of "the god of gladness." I was wandering at that moment within sight of the everlasting pyramids. Suddenly the smooth-apparelled caitiff addressed the unlovely female: "Ha!" said he, gaping at the picture, "there's the York Minster, I calculate." More rapidly than the genius of the lamp ever transported Aladdin, did the villainous observation of this execrable cockney hurry me from the sublimities of Egypt to the abominations of Cheapside.

I have seldom spent an hour more satisfactory than in inspecting the collection of portraits for Lodge's great work, in the rooms of Messrs Harding and Lepard. They are copies merely, but they are copies of authentic likenesses, by the best masters of English portraiture, and they have been executed so as to abate no jot of the resemblance. The collection contains about two hundred portraits of distinguished characters, whose names emblazon the page of British history during the most interesting epochs between the reign of Henry the Seventh and of George the Third. Of the illustrious array, none so fixed my attention as Graham of Claverhouse. The expression of the face is searching, and the nether lip is curled as in scorn, but there is nothing petty in his proud glance;—one feels as in the presence of a man elevated by a sense of inborn nobleness, and the impression is confirmed by the shade of lofty melancholy, which gives a touching grace to the patrician features of "bonny Dundee." Sir Walter Scott has depicted him well, if this be a correct resemblance.

I entertain a profound veneration for Italian genius, and it is, therefore, with reluctance that I express an unfavourable opinion of Signor Capello and his learned cats. The cats are certainly very comely and docile little quadrupeds, and betake themselves to their allotted tasks with the most becoming alacrity; but, in my simple judgment, their dexterity is not worthy of com-

parison with the tricks of any Savoyard's monkey, or the feats of the many sagacious pigs educated at home. I must admit, however, that the learned cats display considerable tact at knife-grinding. The owl at Waterloo bridge, honourably mentioned in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, is, I grieve to hear, removed from the scene of his useful labours. I entertained a high respect for the departed, partly on account of his personal merits, and partly from his wonderful resemblance to Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.

In a room in St James' street, there is at present a living phenomenon, who decoyed a matter of four shillings from my unwilling pocket. This prodigy of prodigies is announced as a female with a beard eight inches long, large whiskers and mustachios, aged 26, and a native of Piedmont. I was the sole visitor in the exhibition room, in a corner of which a monstrous dwarfish figure, in a costume of hateful yellow, beckoned me to approach a couch upon which it was perched. I advanced, not without some nervousness, when the odious wretch began to display its attractions, and to expatiate upon them in a vile mountain *patois*. It doffed its *chapeau*, and unrolled a long tuft of shining coal-black hair, pointed to its hirsute arms, and horrid grizzly beard, and perked forward its saffron-coloured chin, that I might convince myself tangibly that there was no deception. During these operations, the creature never ceased gibbering its *patois*. Looking upon its enormous head, which, with the exception of the Tartar lock, was completely bald, and marking the unnatural play of its extravagant mouth, I began to reflect that I, a solitary Christian, might have been wiled by some diabolical agency into a colloquy with one of the infernal imps; so, without fingering the patriarchal ornaments of the living phenomenon, I bolted from the place, and never breathed freely until I reached the Horse Guards.

A Mr Thomas Motley has invented a new kind of wrought-iron arch suspension-bridge, of which an ingenious model is now exhibited in the Strand. It presents the appearance of a bow and string. A line runs along the top of the bow, parallel to the string, which line is connected with the string by vertical lines. The string of the bow represents the foot and carriage-way, and on the parellel line is raised a floor, with an arcade of shops, which is the great novel feature of the design. A bridge of this kind over the Thames, from Charing-cross to King's Arms stairs, is in contemplation. The plan seems peculiarly suited to the erection of ornamental bridges. Another curious piece of mechanism is exhibited by Mr Young, who was sometime back a state prisoner in Portugal. It is a model of the prison of the Inquisition at Coimbra, and presents an appalling picture of the devilish ingenuity exercised by priest-craft and fanaticism for the affliction of mankind.

Matthews and Yates have conjointly commenced a spring "At Home" in the Adelphi. The chief performance is from the pun repository of Mr Thomas Hood. It made the folk laugh immoderately, which was the principal object. Matthews gave another story in the character of the old Scotch lady, but I thought it a failure. The best of his new anecdotes is a real adventure—the stage-coach near Carlisle, on his last journey from Glasgow to London. He hits off the peculiarities of a Yorkshire farmer, a Glasgow merchant, and a Northumbrian coachman, admirably. He also imitates Mr Brougham very felicitously.

On Monday night, Miss Smithson reappeared before an English audience at Covent-Garden Theatre, after a long absence upon the Continent. The house was respectably filled, considering the lateness of the season, and much anxiety was evinced to ascertain whether or not the returning wanderer, by displaying new claims upon public approbation, would justify the unmeasured eulogy of the arbiters of dramatic taste in the lively capital of France. When she made her entry upon the boards, she was greeted with acclamations loud and reiterated.

Miss Smithson's figure has gained something in roundness by her foreign sojourn. Her action is more elegant, and her carriage more easy, than it was previously. With the graces of the French school, she has also acquired some of its defects. Her eye, which is brilliant, and frequently very effectively employed, occasionally plays truant with the business of the scene; and the peculiar turn of expression which pervades her countenance in the enunciation of animated passages would lead me to believe, if I did not know to the contrary, that she was a daughter of Gaul. Miss Smithson's features are regular and pleasing. If I might touch upon so delicate a theme, I would insinuate a doubt that the organ of eloquence was out of proportion large; perhaps to the latitude of a rosebud ere it enters on its teens. Her voice is mellow and of ample volume, and her articulation measured to monotony.

Jane Shore was the part selected for her reappearance. The drama is a closet production—poetical, but unimpassioned, and an unsatisfactory touchstone of theatrical ability. Surveying at one glance the picture of the penitent minion of royalty presented by Miss Smithson, the effect was chill, and, as a skilful specimen of art, there was a general want of completeness. She made, however, some excellent points, such as where she rejects the addresses of Lord Hastings, and where, in the presence of Glo'ster, she advocates the rights of King Edward's offspring. Her last scene was managed with much judgment; and she deserves high praise for having throughout, in the face of strong temptations given by the author, and sanctioned by professional precedent, preserved herself almost from an approach to whining or extravagance. During the progress of the piece, and at its conclusion and announcement for repetition, the audience marked their sense of her deserts by thunders of applause. I heard some persons in the box I occupied say, that they preferred her style of acting to that of Miss O'Neil—and they compared her directly with Mrs Siddons. For my part, although I consider her superior to her London compeers, I feel incompetent to pronounce a decided opinion, until I see her abilities displayed in a character more in accordance with nature than Rowe's Jane Shore.

The Friendship's Offering for 1830 will be larger and more compact in its dimensions than its predecessors. I have seen some of the embellishments, which are beautiful specimens of art. One of them—a group listening to a rural politician, dealing forth the contents of a newspaper—is by Wilkie, and has the best characteristics of his quaint and graphic pencil.

THE DRAMA.

The Benefits are now pouring in upon us, and the monotony of the play-bills is over. Not more prankt with flowers are the meadows of summer, than those small quartos, of one page each, now are with brilliant and alluring promises. We know of no species of literature more varied or more delightful. Fashionable novels "of the De Vere class," personal narratives, auto-biographies, sentimental poems, cookery books,—all have become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." But look at the benefit play-bills!

> "Ever varied, ever new,
> How does the prospect charm the view!"

All that is interesting in the dramatic lore of the country swims before the eye; and sterner than the *marpesia cautés* must that nature be who can cast a cold and repulsive glance on the tempting and insinuating documents put forth by those who "beg to inform their friends and the public" that something is going to happen on a particular evening, which was never surpassed by any

thing that ever happened before. "Albeit unused to the melting mood," we confess we have a weakness towards benefit play-bills;—we "own the soft impeachment." We have caught ourselves actually stopping before shop-windows to read them. They are an admirable recreation for a lighter hour. Who prints the Edinburgh play-bills? Is it not Mr John Stark? They are admirably executed; and we would rather be the printers of these *Fugitive Pieces*, than of the Edinburgh Review or the Waverley Novels. There is much genius in the Saxon capitals,—great talent in the Bourgeois,—and infinite variety of conception in the Brevier. But let us descend from the species to the individuals.

Four benefits have already taken place this season,—that of Mrs Henry Siddons, of Miss Noel, of Mr Thorne, and of the Manager. The last was on Tuesday; and, as Henry Cockburn says, was a *bona fide* bumper. Murray was called for when the curtain fell, and, in returning thanks for the patronage of the evening, he said, with truth,—"I stand before you, after twenty years passed in your service, with the pleasing conviction, that so far from having retrograded in your good opinion, every succeeding year has but added to the kindness with which you honour me." Let it be even so, for the Manager's deserts are great; but let him beware of slumbering on his post. He is going to take a trip to London and Paris during the approaching vacation, and we trust he will pick up something good on his travels, to recreate us with next season. We have had scarcely enough of stars this winter, or of spirited and striking novelties. We have had plenty of small things, but we should have had something more brilliant and decided.

Turning from the benefits which are passed, to those which are yet to come, the first which arrests our attention is that of Mr Jones, which takes place this evening. The "Clandestine Marriage," "The Critic," and "Paul and Virginia," are the contents of the bill,—a sterling and judicious selection. But the pleasure we would otherways have in speaking of Mr Jones and his benefit is dashed with a shade of melancholy, when we know that he is about to retire from the stage into private life, and that it is to be his *last*;—

> "The last! the last! the last!
> O! by that little word
> How many thoughts are stirr'd,—
> Companions of the past!"

Jones has all his life devoted himself to comedy, but there is little that is comic in the consideration that we are about to lose a gay and pleasant performer, who walked hand in hand with mirth, and the very sound of whose voice was synonymous with enjoyment. A crowd of recollections come rushing on the heart, and we never suspected that the man was half so dear to us before. It is a solemn thing, the retiring from the stage of a popular actor. It is to all of us the visible pointing of the hand of time at an hour nearer the ninth hour;—it is like the tolling of a bell at midnight, startling the dull ear with the knowledge that a day is gone which can never be recalled. As to the more selfish question of how Jones's place is to be supplied, we shall not enter upon it at present. But when again shall we see upon our stage an outward man of such Parisian perfection,—when shall we again behold coats cut with a cut like unto his,—inexpressibles with so inexpressible an air of grace,—waistcoats which tailors went by hundreds to the gallery to see,—neckcloths tied *à la nœud Gordien* in a style that made every puppy in the boxes turn pale with envy,—hats or *chapeaus a bras*, which must have been produced by the maker in a moment of rarely-occurring inspiration,—silk handkerchiefs at which milliners looked and died,—boots that out-Duncaned Duncan,—stockings worth their weight in gold,—shirts, ruffled or unruffled, plaited or plain, which it would have been something to have worn but once during a long life, on one's wedding-day,—when shall we see all these again? They were "worth a thousand homilies;" and are *they* to pass away into the dreary obscurity of private life! For yet a little time we are to have Jones among us; let us make much of him. It would be folly to request our readers to go to his benefit, for there will be no room.

On Monday, Mackay prefers his annual claim, and surely he will "have that claim allowed." What! our *Bailie*, our *Dominie*, our *John Howison*, "deserted in his utmost need!" We know "auld Scotland" better. She will support her friends to the last, and cheerfully will she pay five shillings out of her breeches pocket (is it a bull?) on the benefit night of Mackay,—of her *own* Mackay,—of Sir Walter Scott's Mackay!—On Tuesday, Mrs Eyre, and on Wednesday, Miss Tunstall, appeal to us. May they both prosper! We have three heads; but we bark with only two of them, and they are sleeping at this moment. We say gentle things with the third.—At this present writing, Denham's benefit has not been announced; but we understand he is to make a bold and spirited attempt on that occasion. He is to play *Virginius*, and *Sir Archy Macsarcasm* in "Love à la Mode." This would draw a house, even though Denham's merits did not at any rate well deserve the compliment.

Old Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INDIAN WIDOW.

By Mrs Grant of Laggan.

Thy looks speak compassion, thy language a friend,
Yet think not, kind stranger, my purpose to bend;
Nouraddin's blest spirit awaits me the while,
And hovers around his pale corpse on the pile.

He whispers—he calls me—he passes like wind,—
Oh why should I linger in anguish behind?
Through this desolate earth should I wander alone,
When my light was all quench'd with Nouraddin's last groan?

Beloved and endear'd, in his shadow I dwelt
In his tender protection no sorrow I felt;
As our souls were united, our pleasures the same,
So our ashes shall mingle and hallow the flame.

Like a vine without prop shall I sink on the ground,
And low in the dust spread my tendrils around?
While the beasts of the forest shall trample with scorn
The plant thus neglected, despised, and forlorn!

You tell me my children forsaken will pine,—
(What a wound to a bosom so tender as mine!)
That their innocent cries shall ascend in the air,
And drown, with their clamour, my last dying prayer.

Oh still, my loved babes, ye cling close to my heart;
But, alas! with your father I never can part;
Yet Bramah, in pity, my truth to reward,
Unseen, will permit me my children to guard.

Adieu, gentle stranger! Oh linger not here,
Nor force me my triumph to stain with a tear;
The flames as they kindle I view with a smile—
How blest when our ashes shall mix on yon pile!

THE IRISH DEATH CHANT.

By John Malcolm.

The evening sun, o'er the waters wearing,
Shed parting smiles from his sinking sphere,
Where, wending down the green vales of Erin,
Slow moved the mourners around the bier;—
From each bereaved and forsaken weeper
Came floating far on the west wind's sigh,
The wail that rose o'er the fair young sleeper,
In doleful chorus—"Why did ye die!

"Why didst thou fall in thine early blossom
Of womanhood in the sweet May-day?—
Had love waxed cold in one trusted bosom,
Or Hope's bright fairy dreams fled away?—
Ah no—thy youth had no grief invaded—
No cloud had frown'd o'er thy morning sky—
No vernal bloom from thy spirit faded,
Nor friendship perished—why did ye die!

"With feelings pure and unsered by sorrow,
Thy heart's young mate by thy gentle side,
In thee the dawn of the coming morrow
Had seen a young and a happy bride;—
But death's cold shadow hath darken'd o'er thee,
When days were bright and when hopes were high;
And he who loved, can but now deplore thee,
And swell thy death-chant—why did ye die!

"Oh, still as twilight's soft star is burning,
When we at eve from our toil repair,
(With weary steps to our home returning)
We'll miss thy voice of glad welcome there;
But oft in dreams its lost music falling
Upon our slumber shall seem to sigh,
Till morn shall break the sweet spell—recalling
Our hearts to sorrow—why did ye die!"

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

*By John Neale, Author of "Brother Jonathan," and a series of Articles on "American Writers," in Blackwood's Magazine.**

On a blue summer night,
While the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light;
While the newly-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away,—
From a lone woody place,
There look'd forth a face,
With large blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,—
Brimful of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright!

'Twas the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness grew,
In the dropping of nature's dew—
Unheeded—alone—
Till his heart had blown
As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness blew;
Till every thought wore a changeable stain,
Like flower leaves wet in the sunset rain.

A proud and a passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of poetry;
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,
And a something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes,
Full of woe and surprise,
Like the eyes of them that can see the dead!

Looking about,
For a moment or two he stood,
On the shore of the mighty wood,
Then ventured out—
With a bounding step and a joyful shout!
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

STANZAS.

By William Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies," "My Early Days," &c.

O think it not strange that my soul is shaken
By every note of thy simple song;
These tones like a summoning spell awaken
The shades of feelings that slumber'd long:
There's a hawthorn tree near a low-roof'd dwelling,
A meadow green and a river clear,
A bird that its summer-eve tale is telling,
And a form unforgotten,—they all are here.

They are here, with dark recollections laden,
From a silvan scene o'er the weary sea;
They speak of the time when I left that maiden
By the spreading boughs of the hawthorn tree.
We parted in wrath;—to her low-roof'd dwelling
She turn'd with a step which betray'd her pain;
She knew not the love that was fast dispelling
The gloom of his pride who was hers in vain.

We met no more;—and her faith was plighted
To one who could not her value know;
The curse which still clings to affections blighted
Tinctured her life-cup with deepest woe.
And these are the thoughts that thy tones awaken—
The shades of feelings which slumber'd long;
Then think it not strange that my soul is shaken
By every note of thy simple song.

THE ELF KING. A BALLAD.

By E. B.

The Elf King sat in the greenwood tree,
And he was as merry as king could be;
For well had he quaffed the fairy wine,
That flings over all things a hue divine;—
The birds made music,—the leaves gave shade,—
And echoes with many a streamlet played,
And "Ho!" cried the elf in the greenwood tree,—
"Where is the mortal as happy as we?"

Then Puck, who loves a prank full well,
Out-sprang he of an acorn shell!

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* We doubt whether sufficient justice has hitherto been done in this country to the talents of the author of "Brother Jonathan." His book is full of vigour and originality, making you feel at every page that you have to do with one who thinks freely, boldly, and efficaciously. It contains descriptions of scenery, and illustrations of the natural passions of the human heart and soul, worthy of that prodigious continent, whose hills are mountains, and whose mountains are immeasurable,—whose streams are rivers, and whose rivers are seas,—whose woods are forests, and whose forests are eternal. The verses we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, do credit even to the novellist.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

" Be merry and drunk," said he, " as you will,—
I'll bring you a clown that's merrier still."
" A merrier mortal unless you bring,—
Who'll force us to laugh," said the elfin king—
" Until we drop down from this good oak-tree,
We'll bury you, Puck, in the Baltic Sea."

Away went the goblin, nor tarried he long;
But back to the wood with caper and song,
Through alley and glade both up and down,—
Merrily leads he a staring clown!
Then up he went to him and offered him drink,—
Nor ever the offer that clown would blink,—
But he guzzled till every drop was sped,
And tilted the tankard at Puck's own head!

His nose was red as a lobster's claw,—
His shoulder was round as the Misty Law,—
And his gooseberry eyes on every side,
Squinted and leered like a peacock's in pride;
He romp'd with the fairies,—and flouted their lord,
And cuffed little Puck till the goblin roared,—
And the Elf King laugh'd in the greenwood tree,
Till he lost his balance, and down fell he!

Down fell the elf, and down fell his wand,
But soon it was up in the clown's right hand,
And aye as each blow on his nut-helmet clatters,—
" I'll teach you," the clown cries, " to laugh at your betters!"
And ever as down on the king came his wand,
Away went a fairy out of the band,—
Crying,—" Lay it on well, and thanks to thee!
For each blow of his rod sets a poor soul free!"

STANZAS.

By Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of " Vallery; or the Citadel of the Lake."

[It gives us pleasure to add Mr Sillery's name to the list of poets whose compositions have already graced our pages, and to promise occasional contributions from his pen. When Abdulkari, the poet, came to reside in Babylon, the wise men of the city wished, if possible, to dissuade him from his purpose. They went to meet him, carrying with them a vessel filled with water, to which they directed his attention, in order to show him, that as the vessel was filled with water to the brim, and could contain no more, so was Babylon so filled with poets, that there was no room for him. Abdulkari at once understood this hieroglyphical mode of speech, and, stooping down in silence, he picked up a rose-leaf, which he laid so gently upon the water, that not a drop overflowed. The Babylonians were so delighted with the ingenuity of the poet, that they instantly led him in triumph to the city. We shall be glad to see Mr Sillery turn out the Abdulkari of the Modern Athens.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

I WATCH'D the moon with a straining eye,
Wither away from the silver sky;
I saw the blue of the atmosphere
Laugh into light,—serene and clear;
I mark'd the purple and pink-robed sun,
Tread out the pale stars one by one;—
But the op'ning day and the crimson'd sea
Brought no tidings, my love, of thee!

Then, I saw the sun, from his palace of noon,
Feed with pure light the vault of June;
I saw the dew which had gemm'd the corn,
In a mist of gold, on the zephyrs borne;
I saw the wild-flowers steal their dyes
From the blushing cheek of the glowing skies;
And I heard the murmur of bird and bee;—
But they brought no tidings, my love, of thee!

Now, I mark the stars relume their lamps;
And the mountains belted with sinking damps;
And the crescent moon, with a gentle light,
Silver the sable robe of night;
And I hear the nightingale's plaintive lay,
Like the voice of an angel melting away;—
But, beautiful though her music be,
It brings no tidings, my love, of thee!

Oh! I will lay me down and weep,
As a feverish child that can find no sleep;
For my brow is hot, and my heart is crush'd,
And the spirit of life from my blood hath rush'd:
Little I thought—though the pang was sore—
That we parted to meet no more—no more!
Would that my soul like thine were free,
For death will bring tidings, my love, of thee!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

IT has been proposed to Mr Hogg to take the Editorship of a new ANNUAL for Scotland, similar to those which have been so fashionable in England of late years. We know of no man whom the genius of his country would rally round with more willing enthusiasm than the Shepherd; but we are afraid, that even though the publishers were disposed to be as liberal and spirited as necessary, Edinburgh affords much fewer facilities for the execution of the ornamental part of the work than the metropolis, and this would be a considerable drawback. We confess, at the same time, that we have often wondered why Scotland, rich as she is in talent, should have no Annual of her own, and we should be exceedingly happy to see the experiment made.

We learn with pleasure, and at the same time with regret, that almost all the Ettrick Shepherd's works are out of print. He has given to the public fourteen or fifteen volumes of most amusing Scottish tales, and most of these have gone through more editions than one. Would not a strictly corrected and refined cabinet edition of these tales be a safe and good speculation? If published in monthly numbers, neatly embellished, on the plan of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, they would not fail to accompany them to many a shelf. At all events, Old Mortality and the Brownie of Bodsbeck ought always to be found beside each other. The Queen's Wake, too, which has gone through seven editions of 1000 copies each, and two of 1500, has been long out of the market. This surely ought to be remedied.

We are glad to understand that Mr Alarie Watts, who has lately met with a severe domestic affliction in the death of a beautiful child, has made considerable progress with the LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1830. This was one of the first of the Annuals, and has always been one of the best, if not *the* best. We have seen a list of the embellishments of the new volume, which are exceedingly interesting, and will fully equal those of last year.

The Prospectus of a Collection of Ancient Criminal Trials, selected from original Records by Robert Pitcairn, W.S., has recently been issued, and induces us to look for a very curious and interesting work, illustrative of the history, jurisprudence, literature, institutions, language, manners, customs, and superstitions, of Scotland. The only portion of the Books of Adjournal and other Records of the High Court of Justiciary as yet given to the public, is to be found in the Collections of *Abridged Cases*, by Arnot and Maclaurin; but both of these are very imperfect. Mr Pitcairn's Collection is to be upon a more regular plan, and a much more extended scale. He proposes selecting from the earliest Criminal Records now extant, which relate to the reign of James IV., and continuing his researches down to the present day. A striking picture will thus be presented of the most important features of society, progressively delineated through a long course of years. The work is to be issued in Parts, and it is to be hoped that they will appear at regular intervals. The price of each is to be fifteen shillings.

We observe that the Encyclopædia Edinensis is now completed in six volumes quarto. We look upon this as one of the most comprehensive and cheap Encyclopædias which has been offered to the public. The price (£12) scarcely exceeds the value of the engravings, which consist of 182 plates by eminent artists.

We have seen a map of the Basin of the Frith of Forth, including the Lothians, Fife, and Kinross, with parts of the adjoining shires, just published by Messrs Anderson and Hunter. It is beautifully engraved in Charles Thomson's best style, and is exceedingly minute and complete. We recommend it to the especial attention of tourists, and all persons interested in this district of the country.

Mr William Ellis, Missionary to the Society and Sandwich Islands, and author of the Tour of Hawaii, is preparing for publication a work on the South Sea Islands, including descriptions, of their natural history and scenery,—remarks on the history, mythology, traditions, government, arts, manners, customs, and language of the inhabitants,—with an account of their recent moral and religious improvements.

KING'S COLLEGE.—A letter from the secretary of King's College, to Mr Hughes Hughes, of the Isle of Wight, in reference to his withdrawal from the support of the undertaking, has been published, together with that gentleman's reply. Mr Coleridge assures Mr Hughes, that the system of government and education in the college will be strictly Protestant; and informs him, that the Charter solicited from the crown contains a clause by which all the official governors, as well as the members of the council, and all the professors, with the exception of those for the Oriental and modern languages, must for ever be members of the united church. Mr Hughes views any such provision as impracticable, after the late change in the constitution. By the fundamental rule of the college, of the nine governors, five are to hold civil offices, and four of these (the lord chancellor only being excepted) may now be Papists. Under these circumstances, he considers it impossible to establish permanently any Protestant institution in connexion with the state, and therefore persists in withdrawing from the undertaking.

The Librarian to the Barberini palace has lately discovered a copy of Dante, noted throughout in the handwriting of Tasso. The notes are very learned and critical, and show with what attention the author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* studied the *Divina Commedia*.

Mr W. G. Meredith of Brazennose College, Oxford, is about to publish Memoirs of Bernadotte, King of Sweden and Norway. The influence of Russia in the Baltic will form a leading topic in the volume.

A new Annual, to be called The Offering, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, A.M. is announced for 1830.

The Rev. J. Grant of Kentish Town is preparing for publication an Essay on the Coins of Scripture, as internal evidences of the truth of Christianity.

Mr Planché, who has devoted so much attention to theatrical costume, has announced a Series of Designs for the Costumes in Richard III., which will contain full-length delineations from the best contemporary authorities.

The Village Nightingale and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, author of Fairy Favours, &c., is nearly ready for publication.

Thomson's "Seasons" have lately been translated into Italian prose, and published at Florence. They have been already translated several times into Italian verse, but not successfully.

An Italian Professor has lost his chair at Pisa, for devoting two volumes of a work upon Comparative Anatomy to Gall's System of Phrenology, to which it appears the poor man had become a convert.

THE PARISIAN PERIODICAL PRESS.—Twenty-eight periodical papers are published daily in Paris;—eleven of these are newspapers,—six contain only advertisements,—and eleven are literary and scientific. Of the eleven newspapers, upwards of sixty thousand copies are printed. Besides these, there are thirty-two periodical papers, which appear at different periods,—from twice a-week to once a-month.

MR KNOWLES.—This gentleman is now delivering his lectures on Dramatic Literature, in Belfast, his native town. They are numerously attended, and seem to give the greatest satisfaction. In the *Belfast Guardian*, a spiritedly conducted paper, they are thus spoken of:—"The Lectures of this gentleman continue to be very interesting. On Saturday, his critical illustrations of the text of Shakspeare, delivered in familiar but impressive terms, were listened to with breathless attention. Having been requested to give some recitations from his excellent play of *William Tell*, he went through a part of two remarkable scenes in that drama in such a manner as to electrify his audience, who signified their approbation by a general burst of applause."—We hope Mr Knowles will visit Edinburgh soon.

THE REAL MEANING OF WORDS.—Instead of, "Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle?"—"Another patty?"—"Sir, some of this trifle?"—"I must insist on your trying this nice melon;" the language of hospitality should rather run this:—"Shall I send you a fit of the cholic, sir?"—"Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in your stomach."—"Sir, let me help you to a little gentle bilious headach."—"Ma'am, you cannot surely refuse a touch of inflammation in your bowels?"

Theatrical Gossip.—As somebody or other used to say—"Providence is very kind to Drury Lane." A new spectacle, borrowed from the Italian opera, called "Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici," is drawing great crowds to that house. It is very magnificently got up, and has introduced Mlle. Alexandrine, a celebrated *Danseuse* from Paris, to the London boards.—Sontag has re-appeared at the Opera; but, though she may be the *fashion* for a little while longer, she will never again *faire fureur*.—Our old friends, Fanny Ayton, Torri, De Angeli and his wife Castelli, who were here some time ago with De Begnis, are to sing this season at Vauxhall.—Kean and his son have been performing in Dublin. Madame Caradori has left Dublin for Belfast, where she is to sing for two nights in the theatre there, which is under the management of Mr Seymour from Glasgow. She is to be succeeded by T. P. Cooke. Seymour appears to be very popular in Belfast.—Wallack is expected shortly in London, after a successful visit to America; it is said that he will assume the management of Drury Lane on his return.—"We have heard it confidently stated," says a Brighton paper, "that Madame Vestris is married to a Captain Phillips, we believe of the Guards."—"The Corsair Conspiracy," mentioned in our last, was performed on Tuesday at the Caledonian Theatre with great success. Another new piece, by the same author, is to be produced next Wednesday at Mr Alexander's benefit. It will be called "The Highland Widow," and is founded on Sir Walter Scott's story in the Chronicles of the Canongate. Mr Reed Fitzgerald gave an entertainment in the Hopeton Rooms, on Wednesday last, in the style of Mathews, which was cleverly executed and respectably attended.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 9—May 15.

TUES. Theatre re-opened: *The Red Rover, & Nelson.*
WED. *Guy Mannering, & The Pilot.*
THURS. *The Red Rover, The Purse, & Monsieur Tonson.*
FRI. *The Beaux Stratagem, & Simpson and Co.*

TO OUR READERS.

WE cannot help looking with some pride on our present Number. We venture to say, that so varied a display of literary talent has seldom or never been presented to the public in the same space. It is also necessary for us to add, that we have found it quite impossible to give a place in the present Number, notwithstanding its enlarged size, to all the Communications with which our eminent literary friends have favoured us. We hope, however, to be able to overtake a considerable portion of the articles omitted to-day next Saturday. The Autographs of celebrated persons will also be delivered with next Saturday's JOURNAL, illustrated by a popular paper on the connexion between character and handwriting. The same Number will likewise contain (if space admits) communications from THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—the AUTHORS of the "ODD VOLUME," "TALES AND LEGENDS," &c.—DR GILLESPIE—ROBERT CHAMBERS—the AUTHOR of "TALES OF A PILGRIM"—DR MEMES, &c. &c. In next No. also will appear LETTERS FROM THE WEST, No. I.—THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. II., &c.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to request the indulgence of some of our Advertising friends, whose favours are necessarily postponed till next week.

We shall not be able to notice the *Monthly Magazine* this month.—"The Condemned Hussar" will not suit us.—We beg to assure "A Wellwisher," that the conduct of the persons to whom he alludes receives our unqualified contempt.—The Spanish Translations are not overlooked; it is our intention that one or two of the more popular specimens shall appear soon.

The verses with which we have been favoured from America shall have a place speedily.—"Lorma's" French version of "Scots wha hae," as soon as possible; we should be glad to have a call from him.—"Two Sonnets to his Taws, by a retired Dominie," are, on the whole, good; but they are either scarcely sentimental, or scarcely humorous enough.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 28. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829. PRICE 6d.

AUTOGRAPHS.

THE CONNEXION BETWEEN CHARACTER AND HANDWRITING—ANECDOTES.

WE have to-day the pleasure of presenting our readers with specimens of the handwriting of *forty-three* of the most eminent characters of modern times. Their autographs are collected into one page, which will form a handsome frontispiece to the first volume of the LITERARY JOURNAL, and which presents at one view a more interesting collection of signatures than, we believe, was ever before given to the public. Though some of these signatures have been already engraved, we are enabled to state, that *thirty-nine* out of the *forty-three* have been copied from manuscripts not before accessible to engravers.* Before, however, speaking of each more particularly, we are desirous of making a few general observations on the subject of handwriting.

The art of writing, which is now considered so necessary an acquirement by all ranks and classes, and the want of which almost unfits one for the ordinary business of life, was regarded in days of old with a mysterious reverence, as a holy, and nearly unattainable accomplishment. It is almost incredible, that Charlemagne, who reduced more than the half of Europe to his sway, and who called into life the slumbering spirit of civilisation, by giving to the conquered nations, laws, institutions, and literature, cultivated long and fruitlessly the art of writing, in which, by the testimony of one who was at once his secretary and son-in-law, he never attained higher proficiency than to be able to scratch his own name in huge sprawling characters. But it was impossible that this state of things could long exist; and a knowledge of writing has, in all subsequent ages, been regarded as lying at the threshhold of every system of liberal education. With the exception of the Germans, all modern European nations,—we do not know whether the modern Greeks be either a nation or European,—use the same written characters, making allowance here and there for some very unimportant deviations in a few of the minute details. As to the Germans, though we cannot speak with certainty, we strongly suspect that their written character is derived from the same source as that of the rest of Europe; and this suspicion is confirmed by an examination of some Scottish manuscripts of the 17th century, (now in our possession,) one-half of the letters in which, are formed in the same way as those now used by the Germans. Other circumstances, corroborative of this belief, might be mentioned, but as we are not at present bent upon any display of our antiquarian lore, we content ourselves with stating our impression.

But whilst the same general form of letter prevails throughout Europe, it is curious to observe how much the character of the people modifies that form, and affects the national style of handwriting. "An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian," says an ingenious author, "may be recognized as readily by his handwriting, as by his features and complexion." The Frenchman's is full of little frivolous embellishments; the Italian's is graceful, delicate, and supple; the German's is stiff, heavy, and pompous; and the Englishman's is a kind of compound of the three,—simpler than the first, less tasteful than the second, and much freer than the third. Engravers, writing-masters, and others who have occasion to study the subject, are well aware, that in so far as *direct* physical influence goes, there are two circumstances which principally affect handwriting; and these are, 1*st*, the manner in which the penman has been taught to move his hand and fingers,—from the wrist or from the elbow,—or in an angular or circular motion; and 2*d*, the manner in which he becomes habituated to hold his pen, either with the fore and middle finger both above the barrel, or with the former above, and the latter below. It is evident, however, that whilst these causes must, to a certain extent, affect the handwriting of individuals, they can never account for those national peculiarities, in the formation of written characters, to which we have just alluded, and which appear to bear a remarkable reference to the moral and intellectual peculiarities of the people at large. This naturally leads us to enquire into the *indirect* causes which influence the handwriting, and which have produced not only a distinct line of demarcation in the style adopted by different nations, but, as D'Israeli has remarked, have given to every individual a distinct sort of writing, as Nature has given to each a peculiar countenance, voice, and manner.

Writing is an attainment to be acquired only by means of the flexibility of the muscles; and this being the case, it seems to follow, as a necessary consequence, that the different emotions which agitate the mind, influencing, as they always do, the muscular action, will communicate themselves, through this medium, to the handwriting, which will thus represent, more or less, the mental idiosyncrasy of the individual. As a sign of character, handwriting has therefore this great argument in its favour, that, being a voluntary action, the *will* of him who holds the pen must possess a sway over it. In this it differs materially from phrenology, whose bumps are *involuntary* excrescences on the head; but comes into close analogy with the more rational system of Lavater; for, if it is likely that the voice, features, and gestures, should be affected by the passions, why should not the handwriting, which is just one little step removed from a pure mental operation, be also affected by them? It is true that the science of physiognomy, by one or two ingenious men, has been carried to a fanciful and ridiculous extent; and any rules which may be supposed to govern it, must be so continually met by exceptions, occasioned by a thousand different causes, that it must ever remain impossible to reduce it to a fixed and certain standard. The same remark, we suspect, applies with equal force to the subject of hand-

* For six of the signatures we are indebted to David Bridges, Esq., who politely favoured us with the use of his very curious book of autographs.

writing. But, nevertheless, this much we are inclined to believe, that if handwriting be studied as a science, taking always along with us the conviction, that numerous exceptions will continually present themselves to baffle our ingenuity, many curious glimpses may be got into character, and discoveries made, upon much sounder data than either phrenology or palmistry can furnish. We do not go the length of supposing that the adept in this art would ever be able to ascertain, by its means, the minuter shades of character. We do not think that he could satisfy the banker, by directing his attention to the mere formation of the letters, that the name upon a bill was a good name; or that he could convince the lover, by an examination of the delicate scrawl of his mistress, that the manner in which she crossed her T's, or dotted her I's, rendered it quite evident that she would make a very unfitting spouse. We are not quite so chimerical as this. All that can ever be ascertained from handwriting, is some of the more apparent and strongly-marked traits of character. As the voyager along a coast can discover from a considerable distance whether he is passing by a town, but cannot ascertain any of the minuter features of that town,—so the philographist (if we may use the word) will be able to tell whether the temperament be sanguineous, melancholy, surly, phlegmatic, nervous, or choleric; but how these temperaments may be modified by circumstances, he will be unable to say. The delicate and more evanescent emotions of the soul, betrayed by a mantling blush or downcast eyelid, can never be scratched on paper by the point of the pen; but the more decided and more pervading character of the mind will communicate itself to the shape of the letters. Let us take an instance or two.

How marked a difference there usually is between the handwriting of females and of men! Both are taught by the same masters, and according to the same rules; but the leading feature of the one is feminine delicacy, and of the other masculine vigour. This rule holds so universally, that few are at a loss to discover the sex of a correspondent by the mere address on the back of a letter. There are, it is true, exceptions even here, but in this case *exceptio firmat regulam*. We know a lady of a certain age, prodigiously blue, and a stern disputant on religious topics in particular, who, having occasion to consult one of our Edinburgh Divines concerning a dispute between the Presbytery and the Lady Directresses of a free school, of which she was one, unfortunately used only the initial of her Christian name in the signature; and the consequence was, that the Rev. Gentleman, who was not personally acquainted with his correspondent, misled by the boldness of the handwriting, not to speak of the strength of the diction, returned an answer in due time, addressed to —— ——, *Esquire!* But this, as we have already said, is a peculiar case. It is worth while noticing here, that the distinction between different female hands is much less marked than between different male hands. This is another fact which confirms our hypothesis. Pope has said libellously,

"Most women have no character at all!"

Had he said that there were fewer varieties in female character than in male, he would have been quite correct. This arises from their peculiar education and habits, which are much more monotonous than ours; and this monotony has communicated itself in a remarkable degree to their handwriting. But to give still additional force to our argument, look at the handwriting of the same man when in different states of mind. Is it not evident that these have had an influence over the motions of his fingers? If he write under the influence of strong indignation, for example, will his pen trace lightly what he feels so forcibly? If, on the contrary, he is in a gay and careless mood, will there not be a flowery redundance in his style of writing, very unlike the severe barrenness of his sterner moments. If these remarks hold good when applied to the same individual, they may, with equal propriety, be extended to the different predominating dispositions of different men. "Henry the Eighth," says Oldys, "wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." Upon this D'Israeli has well remarked,—"The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writings: bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the asserter of the Pope's supremacy, and its triumphant destroyer, spoilt many a good quill." In an interesting little French work, entitled, "*L'Art du juger de caractere des hommes sur leurs Ecritures*," specimens are given of the handwriting of Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland, and upon them the author remarks:—"Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The difference is in exact unison with the different characters of the two Queens." "Charles the First," says Oldys, "wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had." "Charles was the first of our monarchs," adds D'Israeli, "who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom; and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their handwritings, that he would not have been insensible to the elegances of the pen." In short, it may be laid down as a general rule, that handwriting is a symptom of character, though numerous circumstances must ever contribute to make it a very uncertain one. We fancy that we know something of the art *de juger du caractere des hommes sur leurs Ecritures*; but we are still so far from having reached perfection in this science, that we can assure our fair readers the album need not steal shuddering into the drawer at our approach, nor the billet-doux prefer a fiery death to the chance of being subjected to our piercing glance. Let us now, however, come a little nearer home, and see how the principles we have laid down will apply to the interesting autographs before us.

Let us in the first place remark, that signatures will be found in general to differ a little from the common writing of the individual, having often a more carefully assumed and premeditated character. But at the same time they seldom deviate very widely from the general style of a person's ordinary penmanship. It is also proper to observe at the outset, that the time of life at which the writing was made must always be taken into consideration in judging of an autograph. Thus, if we compare the signatures of Mrs Grant, Joanna Baillie, and Henry Mackenzie, with those of Washington Irving, Catherine Stephens, and Felicia Hemans, we shall perceive at once, that besides the natural difference inherent in the character of the handwritings, the advance of years has in the three former instances produced a peculiar modification of style, which in the three latter does not yet exist. The handwriting of a young and of an old person may be always distinguished. Of the *forty-three* autographs, engraved for the LITERARY JOURNAL, we cannot help thinking, that, with two exceptions, there is something in all of them which more or less indicates the character of their respective authors. We shall proceed to particularize those which may either appear to bear most strikingly on the subject in question, or concerning which we may have something curious to say.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.—We have placed the late Mr Constable's signature at the head of our list, both as a just tribute to a man whose memory the literary world of Scotland will long cherish, and as a compliment due to the father and founder of the highly respectable house of Messrs Constable & Co., under whose auspices, to say nothing of its former achievements, the

LITERARY JOURNAL has taken at once so complete a hold of the public favour. Nor is Mr Constable to be considered solely as an eminent publisher—the *most* eminent which this country ever produced; he is the author likewise, though the fact, we believe, is not generally known, of an entertaining work, entitled "Memoirs of George Heriot," which appeared shortly after the publication of the Fortunes of Nigel in 1822. It may be interesting to know, that the signature now engraved is copied from a letter which was written within a month of his death; and though he was then much debilitated, —labouring under afflictions both mental and bodily, "Enough to press a royal merchant down,"—it will be seen that his handwriting retained much of that free, bold, hasty, and decided character, which marked all his transactions, and which contributed both to raise him to the summit of prosperity, and partly also to bring him down from that summit.

ANNE GRANT, J. BAILLIE, F. HEMANS, CATH. STEPHENS, ANGELICA CATALANI, JANE PORTER.—The handwriting of all these ladies strikes us as exceedingly characteristic. We have given Mrs Grant of Laggan's *present* hand, in which may be discovered a little of the instability of advancing life; but there is a well-rounded breadth and distinctness in the formation of the letters, which seems to carry along with it evidence of the clear and judicious mind of the talented authoress of "Letters from the Mountains." We have also given Miss Baillie's present hand; and it will be perceived that it has less of the delicate feebleness of a lady's writing than any of the others. It would have been sadly against our theory had the most powerful dramatic authoress which this country has produced written like a boarding-school girl recently entered on her teens. This is decidedly not the case. There is something masculine and nervous in Miss Baillie's signature;—it is quite a hand in which "De Montfort" might be written. How different is the writing of Mrs Hemans! The very hand—fair, small, and beautifully feminine—in which should be embodied her gentle breathings of household love, her songs of the domestic affections, and all her lays of silvery sweetness and soft-breathing tenderness. Miss Stephens has a more common-place, but a very lady-like hand. There is not a great deal of mind in it, but a good deal of flowing grace. We like Madame Catalani's better;—we think it is evident, by her autograph alone, that she is a superior singer to Miss Stephens. There is a full Italian massiness in her signature that speaks to us of "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King;" and we almost hear the strains rolling in upon our ears in such a volume of sounds as no single human voice ever before produced. Miss Porter has a fully more masculine, though less tasteful hand, than Washington Irvine, with whom she happens to be in juxta-position; and the fair authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," certainly appears to have as masculine a *mind* as the elegant but perhaps somewhat effeminate writer of the "Sketch Book."

JAMES HOGG, WILLIAM TENNANT, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—We class these three poets together, because we believe they are nearly contemporaries, and because each is indebted to his own talents for overcoming many obstacles which stood in the way of his success. They possess genius, however, of a very different kind; and this is pretty strongly indicated by their respective handwriting. As to Hogg, we must say that we have given a very favourable specimen of the Shepherd's autograph, which our engraver has copied with the most accurate precision, as he has done all the rest. The Shepherd writes in general a more rugged and indistinct hand; but as the present signature was taken from an epistle congratulatory to a friend who had recently entered into the blessed and holy state of matrimony, it is probable that the bard of Yarrow thought it incumbent to present him with a piece of his very best calligraphy. There is, nevertheless, something honest, sturdy, and unaffected in the Shepherd's writing, which we like, because it speaks the true and manly qualities of his heart and head. Allan Cunningham has raised himself like Hogg; but instead of the plough, he has handled the chissel; and there is in his constitution an inherent love of the fine arts, which brings his thoughts into more graceful channels. We are well aware that there is a warmth and a breadth of character about Cunningham which mark "the large-soul'd Scot;" but, looking forward to his forthcoming Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, we do not conceive this to be in the least inconsistent with the easy flow of his tasteful handwriting. Tennant has a more remarkable hand than either of the other two. It is full of originality, and in this resembles his own "Anster Fair." The notion may be a fanciful one, but there seems to us to be, moreover, a sort of quiet humour in the writing, which makes its resemblance to "Anster Fair" still more complete. The principle upon which the letters are formed, is that of making all the hair strokes heavy, and all the heavy strokes light.

THOMAS MOORE, BYRON.—We put these two together, for the sake of contrast; and both are admirably illustrative of character. There is one general remark we may here make, with regard to handwritings, which, from the attention we have given to the subject, we believe will be found a correct one. Close and accurate thinkers seldom write what are called sprawling hands; their letters are all fully formed, and have little or no slope. We know of few exceptions to this rule, whilst, at the same time, we admit that the converse of the proposition may not always hold good; for a very careless thinker occasionally writes an upright hand. As corroborating, however, the truth of our rule, look at the handwriting of Dugald Stewart, of Thomas Chalmers, of Henry Mackenzie, of Thomas Campbell, of Sir Walter Scott, of Henry Brougham, of Moore, and of Lord Byron,—certainly the most correct and powerful thinkers in our list; and it will be found, in the case of all of them, that the writing is such as we have described. As to the two last—Moore and Byron, though both accurate thinkers, they no doubt thought very differently. There is a completeness and a finish about all Moore's poems, a something that pleases and dazzles, rather than elevates or sublimes, and the neat gracefulness of his hand implies this. There is more volume and grandeur about Byron, and consequently his hand is larger and stronger every way. The one writes as with a silver pen, the other as with an eagle's pinion. It is proper to state, that Moore's autograph is copied from the signature attached to the original of one of the finest of his sacred Melodies,—"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine."

F. LEVESON GOWER, JOHN GALT, WELLINGTON.—Our readers will think this rather an oddly assorted trio, but we have a reason for naming them together. Experience teaches, that another of the rules applicable to handwriting, in connexion with character, is, that letters with *disproportionately* long heads and tails, indicate either self-confidence, vanity, or ambition. We do not know enough of the private character either of Lord Francis Gower or Mr Galt, to say which of the three qualities their tremendous heads and tails indicate; but look at the signature of Wellington, and see how nobly and truly the characteristic mark of ambition points him out as the hero of a hundred fights, the premier of England, the pacificator of Ireland, and the leader of the two Houses of Parliament. His big W's, his L's, and his T's, look like church spires, losing themselves in the clouds. It is impossible that their haughty heads could ever stoop to an ordinary level.

THOMAS CHALMERS.—We know of few more striking examples of character infusing itself into hand-

writing, than that presented by the autograph of Dr Chalmers. No one who has ever heard him preach, can fail to observe, that the heavy and impressive manner in which he forms his letters is precisely similar to the straining and energetic style in which he fires off his words. There is something painfully earnest and laborious in his delivery, and a similar sensation of laborious earnestness is produced by looking at his hard-pressed, though manly and distinct, signature. It is, in a small space, an epitome of one of his sermons.

LEIGH HUNT.—Leigh Hunt's writing is a good deal like the man;—it is constrainedly easy, with an affectation of ornament, yet withal a good hand. The signature is copied from a letter written to a friend in Edinburgh in 1820; and as one part of this letter is curious and interesting, we have pleasure in presenting it to our readers. We are inclined to believe that there are many good points about Leigh Hunt, notwithstanding his having done some shabby things. We like the spirit of the following extract from his letter:

"And this reminds me to tell you, that I am not the author of the book called the Scottish Fiddle, which I have barely seen. The name alone, if you had known me, would have convinced you that I could not have been the author. I had made quite mistakes enough about Sir Walter, not to have to answer for this too. I took him for a mere courtier and political bigot. When I read his novels,—which I did very lately, at one large glut, (with the exception of the Black Dwarf, which I read before,) I found that when he spoke so charitably of the mistakes of kings and bigots, he spoke out of an abundance of knowledge, instead of narrowness, and that he could look with a kind eye also at the mistakes of the people. If I still think he has too great a leaning to the former, and that his humanity is a little too much embittered with spleen, I can still see and respect the vast difference between the spirit which I formerly thought I saw in him, and the little lurking contempts and misanthropies of a naturally wise and kind man, whose blood perhaps has been somewhat saddened by the united force of thinking and sickliness. He wishes us all so well, that he is angry at not finding us better. His works occupy the best part of some book-shelves always before me, where they continually fill me with admiration for the author's genius, and with regret for my petty mistakes about it."

FRANCIS JEFFREY, JOHN WILSON.—These are two names which stand at the head of the periodical literature of Scotland. The periodical writer must have a ready command of his pen and a versatile genius. He must be able to pass quickly from one subject to another; and instead of devoting himself to one continuous train of thought, he must have a mind whose quick perception and comprehensive grasp enable him to grapple with a thousand. See how this applies to the handwriting of Jeffrey and of Wilson. The style of both signatures implies a quick and careless motion of the hand, as if the writer was working against time, and was much more anxious to get his ideas sent to the printer, than to cover his paper with elegant penmanship. There is an evident similarity in the fashion of the two hands; only Mr Jeffrey, being much inferior to the Professor in point of physical size and strength, naturally enough delights in a pen with a finer point, and writes, therefore, a lighter and more scratchy hand than the author of "Lights and Shadows." It will add to the interest of Mr Jeffrey's autograph to know that, as his hand is not at all altered, we have preferred, as a matter of curiosity, to engrave a signature of his which is twenty-three years old, being taken from a letter bearing date 1806.

WALTER SCOTT, ROBERT SOUTHEY, DUGALD STEWART, ROBT. TANNAHILL, J. SINCLAIR, H. MACKENZIE, T. CAMPBELL, H. BROUGHAM, D. STEWART, CHAS. LAMB, W. ROSCOE, BASIL HALL, J. MONTGOMERY, WM. WORDSWORTH, A. ALISON, PERCY B. SHELLEY, B. R. HAYDON, D. WILKIE, ALARIC A. WATTS, W. JERDAN, H. MACNEILL, WASHINGTON IRVING.—The autograph of all these eminent persons is in favour of the connexion between character and handwriting, though perhaps not so strikingly so as in the instances we have already enumerated, and it is therefore needless to dwell upon them at much length. Sir Walter Scott has the hand of one who writes a great deal,—unaffected, rapid, and at the same time substantial. Dugald Stewart's is a hand worthy of a Moral Philosopher,—large, distinct, and dignified. Brougham's hand is a good deal like his own style of oratory,—impressive and energetic, but not very polished. General Stewart of Garth has a free, bold, military hand; his signature is taken from a letter complimenting in high terms Mr Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745. Charles Lamb's writing is that of a gentleman, but it is somewhat cramped and anxious. Montgomery's hand is far more redundant in ornament than one would have expected from so gentle and talented a Quaker; but the Quaker has been lost in the poet, as an old grey wall is concealed under a luxuriant mantling of ivy. The autograph now engraved is copied from the signature attached to the original of his beautiful poem on Night, beginning, "Night is the time for rest." Wordsworth writes a good hand, more worthy of the author of the best parts of the "Excursion," than of the puerilities of many of the "Lyrical Ballads." The signature of Percy B. Shelley is as free as its author's wild and beautiful poetry; but let it be observed that, according to the rule formerly stated, it is *not* the hand of a very clear or accurate thinker. The handwriting of Haydon and Wilkie seems peculiarly characteristic of their different styles of painting;—the first is the historical painter's, large and bold; the second is the painter's of national manners, smaller and more accurately defined. Alaric Watts writes an elegant hand, worthy of the editor of the most elegant of our Annuals. Hector Macneill's signature is from a letter dated 1806, in which, among other things, the poet says, "I beg, *once for all*, to assure you, that I shall never write a line in *any* Review as long as I live,"—an assurance which makes us regret the less that he was lost to his friends and the public before the appearance of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL. We do not see any thing particularly worthy of remark in the other autographs already named.

But we have stated that, in looking over these specimens of handwriting, two startling exceptions have presented themselves to the truth of the general proposition, that the character of the mind communicates itself to the penmanship of the individual. These exceptions will be found in the signatures of J. G. LOCKHART and of S. T. COLERIDGE. Lockhart writes a small, indistinct, hasty hand, not at all in unison with the vigour, precision, and originality of his style of thinking. Even his hand, however, is less to be wondered at than that of Coleridge. Who would have expected so pigmy and finical a signature from the gigantic intellect and gorgeous imagination of the translator of "Wallenstein," and the author of the "Ancient Mariner?" It certainly baffles all calculations; and though phrenologists would doubtless attempt to get rid of the dilemma by some ingenious quibble, all that we shall say upon the subject is, that our science is one which, like all other human sciences, admits of exceptions. The speculations, however, into which it leads, if not very instructive or profound, are curious and interesting; and we think our readers will readily forgive us for having thus directed their attention, at some length, to the conventional signs by which "thoughts that breathe" are taught to embody themselves in "words that burn."

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Brown's Select Views of the Royal Palaces of Scotland. With Letter-press Illustrations. By Dr J. Jamieson, F.R.S.E., &c. author of the Dictionary of the Scottish Language. Parts I., II., III., and IV. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1828 and 1829.

We really take some shame to ourselves for not having sooner noticed a work which, in every point of view, has strong claims upon our attention. A work so perfectly Scotch, treating of Scotch subjects,—drawn, engraved, written, published, and, we trust, pretty extensively sold, by Scotchmen,—ought not, even if its merits were less conspicuous, to be neglected by a Scotch review. But, besides all this, it is the first work of its kind, upon a subject alike interesting to the antiquary, the poet, and the man of taste; and the execution is, in all respects, so worthy of the design, that, independently of nationality, these illustrations of the old royal glories of Scotland well deserve a passing tribute of approbation.

In fact, it is rather singular that a work on this subject has not appeared long ago, in this age of graphical, topographical, and typographical illustration; and that, while every hole and corner of the royal palaces of England have been rendered familiar to the lieges in the splendid volumes of Pyne—while the very arcana of the royal dressing-room and bed-chamber have been published to the day—it should have remained for the enterprising conductors of the present work to embody, in these handsome quartos, the fast-fading remnants of our Scottish magnificence, which are daily disappearing. It is true, we have here and there a scattered notice of some of our old palaces, illustrated by a so-so plate, in some guide through Scotland or superannuated tour; but till now the subject of Scottish palaces has never, as far as we know, been separately treated, or exhibited in what Mrs Malaprop calls "a concatenation accordingly." And this is the more surprising from the very great superiority which, in many respects, the illustration of such a subject in Scotland must possess over a similar work on English palaces; for the royal residences of the south are almost without exception still occupied as such,—still snug and comfortable, though occasionally old-fashioned or venerable. Even time-honoured Windsor itself looks so white-washed, so swept and garnished, so cheerful and trim, that all feeling of romance is excluded. You look along one of its arched passages, and perceiving a dim-looking figure at the end, you set him down as some old gallant of the court, revisiting the glimpses of the sun. You walk up to him, and he turns out to be a respectable beef-eater, or a gentlemanly servant in livery, who pockets your shilling with much politeness. You turn over a page of Mr Pyne's book, and in the first plate that meets your eye, a strange vaulted building displays itself, lighted from the top. Figures in white array are moving up and down the floor, some brandishing large knives in their hands, while victims of different kinds seem extended on the altar. The smoke of the sacrificial fire fills the pile and wraps the figures of the officiating ministers in dusky vapour. Is this a Dom Daniel, a sacrifice to the Grand Lama, or a scene in the Inquisition? Nothing of the kind. It is merely the "Interior of the King's kitchen at St James's," and that fat high priest is the master cook.

These eating, drinking, and paying associations are sadly unfavourable to the picturesque. But we mingle with other scenes in tracing the remains of the Scotch palaces; for it is long since these were discrowned and deserted, and their splendour transferred to another kingdom. Most of them are in ruins and uninhabited; some, like Dunoon and Carrick, so completely worn away, that their original shape and size can no more be traced than those of the undefined and mysterious masses which cover the Palatine, and which once constituted the palaces of the Cæsars; others, like Falkland and Linlithgow, still entire, so far as concerns the walls, but with empty and roofless chambers, windows open to the blast, grass-grown floors and courts, black and deserted hearths, pillars, arches,—and armorial bearings half defaced or lost amidst ivy, wallflower, and lichen, and all silent, and lonely, and mournful,—all possessing that indescribable charm which nothing but ruin gives, and

> To which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

These capabilities, we think, have been turned to the best account in the present work, in which the pencil of Mr Brown, ably seconded by the grace of Miller, has produced a most beautiful series of views of these remnants of our Scottish palaces. Of Mr Brown we know nothing, but that he is a teacher of drawing in Glasgow, and, we believe, a young man. If we are not mistaken, too, we recollect having seen a large drawing in water-colours by him in this season's Exhibition, representing a ruin under a tranquil moonlight sky, (we suppose some subject intended for a future number of this work,) which possessed great strength and breadth of effect, with a manner of handling considerably resembling the style of Williams, and which indicated a promise of future excellence as an artist. Generally speaking, he has displayed great judgment in the points of view he has chosen in treating these subjects, and considerable taste and feeling in the selection of those lights and aspects under which he has represented them. It is needless to say, that his drawings have received every justice at the hands of the engraver, Mr Miller. For small engravings, such as these and William's Grecian views, his style, we think, is admirably adapted. In larger works, and, in particular, in historical subjects, Stewart is certainly superior to him; but for a "picture in little," some landscape gem of four inches by two and a half, the Quaker, for such we believe he is, is without a rival in Edinburgh.

Four numbers of the work have appeared, each containing three plates, with the accompanying letter-press. Of this latter part of the work, we may say at once that it is ably and learnedly treated, as indeed might have been expected from the author of the Hermes Scythicus, and the Scottish Dictionary; but, to our mind, the Doctor is occasionally rather too antiquarian and etymological; and we could willingly have exchanged a little of the discussion which takes place on these points for some additional picturesque description, or some of those fading traditions and dreadful legends of which there are always enough to be picked up among the ruins of old castles, more particularly in those princely halls which have been trod by the royal, the noble, and the beautiful; and which it is a pleasant, and not altogether a profitless task, to collect and preserve, before they have been entirely forgotten. A work of this kind is one, not of grave learning, but of amusement; and, in this department, we do not know a better model for imitation than Sir Walter Scott, who, amidst all his antiquarian descriptions, so gracefully interweaves these traits of superstition and chivalry, that even the dry bones of topography acquire life and motion in his hands. We daresay the Doctor, too, has seen a little German book by Gottschalk, on the subject of German ruins, (Ritter Vesten und Ritter Burgen,) in which we think a subject of this kind is very happily treated—the volume forming a pleasing *pasticco* of matters picturesque, antiquarian, and poetical; speculations on antique buildings; the life of the middle ages; the historical exploits, feuds, tournaments, robberies, courtships, and executions of their possessors, with many little notices of those graceful or gloomy legends with

which German imagination has peopled the old castles of the Rhein-Gegend, and of which, no doubt, they have a much wider stock than we can pretend to. Still we have quite enough to blend very agreeably with the graver tissue of history; and we confess we should like very much to see a popular work on Scottish ruins in general, got up in Gottschalk's manner, with better illustrations, (for our friend Gottschalk, and most of his brethren, are lamentably deficient in that particular,) and embodying, in the light, garrulous, and picturesque style of Chambers, the elite of our Scottish traditions.

Revenons à nos moutons, for we have almost allowed them to get out of sight. Number I. contains views of Dunstaffnage, Dunoon, and Falkland. Dunstaffnage, in point of accompanying scenery, is the most pleasing of these views. The ruin is situated on a rock, bathed by the waters of the Atlantic—skirted on the right by Loch Etive, and surrounded on all sides with rocks, wood, water, and every element of the picturesque. The view exhibits it under a tranquil and sunny glow, the palace forming only a small object in the middle distance. Very great dexterity is displayed in the engraving in avoiding the appearance of spottiness which, from the general diffusion of light, was not easy. Dunstaffnage, however, though interesting from its natural situation, makes no very prominent figure in Scottish history, nor can it boast of those associations with remembered names, which lend a charm to Linlithgow, Lochmaben, or Carrick. From the time when the fatal chair of royalty was transferred to Scone, after the union of the Scots and Picts, under the son of Alpine, the importance which Dunstaffnage had possessed as the favourite seat of the Dalriadic kings soon disappeared, and Dr Jamieson seems to think the castle soon became the prey of the invading Norwegians. It scarcely re-appears again in Scottish history except on the occasion of its being besieged and taken by Bruce in 1308, after his defeat at Dalree.

By the by, a whimsical instance of the fantastic tricks which etymologists do play with names, appears in the account of Dunstaffnage. There is another fortress, about two miles off, called Dunolly, or Dunollah, (probably, as the Doctor conjectures, Dun-Olaf, or the Fortress of Olave, or Olaus, a very common Norwegian name.) But it so happens, that in Gaelic, the word *Ollamh*, pronounced *Ollah*, signifies a physician, so that some ingenious etymologist makes this the Fort of the Physician, and gets up a very pretty theory of its being a castle allotted for the residence of the medical practitioner attached to the Royal Family. The notion of setting up a physician in a fortress, two miles off from the scene of action, is quite admirable, not to mention the extreme probability that his professional exertions would, in that age, have been so handsomely acknowledged.

Of *Dunoon*, which is situated in Argyleshire, on the right side of the Frith of Clyde, scarcely any thing remains; so that the artist has been obliged to give a sort of additional interest to the picture, by representing it under a stormy effect; and this he has done remarkably well. The dark and thundery sky opening in the centre with a watery gleam, the agitated sea, the boat sinking, and the fishermen clambering up the rock in the foreground, are strikingly grouped, and exhibited with remarkable clearness and force in Miller's engraving. The building, however, whatever may have been its extent, is now so entirely delapidated, that scarcely any vestiges remain of what it was. It is said, however, that there are still a number of vaulted apartments pretty entire under the ruins.

Next comes Falkland,—dark, dreary, melancholy Falkland,—one of those piles which now look as if murder and crime had marked it for their own, and which is in fact stained with a murder unexampled in cruelty, (except by that with which the Knight of Douglas polluted his Castle of Hermitage. It lies at the north-east foot of one of the Lomonds, and seems, at one time, to have been a building of great extent and magnificence. In one of these gloomy towers, which once occupied this site, did the unfortunate Rothesay fall a victim to the ambition of the Regent Albany. Inveigled under false pretences into Fife, the prince was shut up in the tower of Falkland, and consigned to a lingering death by famine. His life was for some time preserved in the manner described by Sir Walter Scott in the Fair Maid of Perth, by means of small cakes conveyed to him by a young woman, the daughter of the governor, through a crevice in the wall. Her brutal father, viewing the act in the light of perfidy to himself, gave her up to destruction. Sir Walter has not introduced, however, another effort made by a female employed in the family as a wet nurse, to preserve the life of the unfortunate prince. She actually, as mentioned by Boethius, Buchanan, and Pinkerton, sustained his life for some time with milk from her breasts, conveyed to him by means of a long reed. She also fell a sacrifice to her compassion.

Here, also, the unfortunate Mary was a frequent visitor; and here, according to Buchanan, Bothwell and the Hamiltons intended to seize her person, at the time that they contemplated the removal of Murray by death. The whole story, however, is extremely doubtful. Here, too, begins the first scene of that dark tragedy, the last act of which closed in Gowrie Castle. It was in the woods of Falkland that James received the strange message from Alexander Ruthven, which induced him instantly, with his hunting party, to spur for Perth, and produced that mysterious catastrophe, on which no distinct light has yet been thrown by the voluminous discussion which the subject has undergone.

Gloomy and deserted as Falkland now appears, it was at one time a place of much revelry and merriment. In this character it is alluded to in the poem of our royal author:

> Was never in Scotland hard nor sene
> Sic dancin or deray,
> Neither at Falkland on the Grene,
> Nor Pebillis at the play.

But it is time to say, with the old "Lord Lyon King at Arms,"—

> Fareweel, Falkland, the forteress of Fyfe,
> Thy polite park under the Lowmound Law, &c.

and to turn to fresh fields and pastures new.

And here is the gem of Scottish palaces, Linlithgow.

With much truth, though little poetry, did the Scottish Ariosto, imitating the Sternhold and Hopkins style of old Sir David, exclaim—

> Of all the Palaces so fair
> Built for the royal dwelling
> In Scotland, far beyond compare
> Linlithgow is excelling.

For undoubtedly, in architectural magnificence, this is the noblest ruin of them all; and even now the solemn grandeur of its deserted square, still complete, though the windows and roof are gone, is one of the most striking objects we ever remember to have witnessed, and justifies the admiration which it extorted even from the travelled Mary of Lorraine. An excellent engraving of the court is given, with a more distinct prospect of the palace and loch, from the east. In yonder apartment, the window of which is ornamented by a crown, the unfortunate Mary first saw the light. Here, too, her father, scarcely less so, was born. Those blackened walls and rafters exhibit the traces of the fire in 1745, occasioned by the carelessness of the royal army, that consigned the palace, which down to that time had been habitable, to ruin. And in this adjoining church, tradition places the appearance of the pretended apparition, which in vain attempted to warn James IV.

from the field of Flodden. Even a real ghost would, in all probability, have produced little effect on that obstinate monarch; but the truth is, that the phantasmagoria seems, in this case, to have been so bunglingly managed, that no one but a ninny would have taken the ghost's word for a thousand farthings; for the spectre, in this case, walked in, not through the key-hole, but the church door, and contrived to take up a position which allowed him quietly to make his exit through a private door in the north wall. The whole business was a weak invention of the enemy to prevent the intended expedition, and James, in all probability, saw through the artifice. The conclusion of the ghostly message shows pretty plainly from what quarter this angelic missionary was dispatched. He forbids James "to mell or use the counsel of women, quhilk, if thow doe, thow wilt be confounded, and brought to shame." The queen probably thought, that while it was politic to interfere with his military expedition, it would not be amiss, at the same time, to read him a lecture on his amorous extravagances.

Absurd as the story is, however, it has been turned to good account by Sir Walter in Marmion. His description of the disappearance of the figure is at once highly poetical, and a literal transcript of the language of old Pitscottie. Sir David Lindsay is the speaker:

> The wondering monarch seem'd to seek
> For answer, and found none;
> And when he raised his head to speak,
> The monitor was gone.
> The marshal and myself had cast
> To stop him as he outward past;
> But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
> He vanish'd from our eyes,
> Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
> That glances but, and dies.
>
> *Canto IV.* § 17.

"Before the king's eyes," says our old naive historian, "and in presence of all the lords that were about him, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but *vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind.*"

We shall perhaps resume the subject of these palaces some other day; meantime we cordially recommend the work to the public, and to Scotchmen in particular.

Waverley Novels—New Edition, with the Author's Notes. Waverley. 2 vols. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1829.

THE public have been already sufficiently apprised of the intended publication of this new cabinet edition of the Waverley Novels, which is to be completed in 40 volumes, a volume to be ready every month, and the price of each to be five shillings. The two first volumes, containing Waverley, are now before us, and we hesitate not to say, that a more beautiful book has never issued from the Edinburgh press. The typography is in Ballantyne's very best style, the paper is of an unusually fine quality, and the appearance of the whole is eminently tasteful and inviting. The frontispiece to the first volume is engraved by R. Graves, from a design by Stephanoff. It represents Flora MacIvor singing and playing on the harp to Waverley, in the foreground of a romantic Highland landscape. The vignette to the same volume is in Landseer's happiest manner. It introduces us to Davie Gellatley, (the very man, we are certain,) waiting at the *Dern Path*, with Ban and Buscar, two splendid hounds. Much, however, as we like these illustrations, the frontispiece to volume second pleases us still more. It is a beautiful engraving by Charles Rolls, from a design by Newton, representing the fine old soldier, the Baron of Bradwardine, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal church to his troops, with Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk. The vignette to this volume is by Stephanoff.

Passing from these external attractions, (which are of no common kind,) the present edition of the Waverley Novels acquires a peculiar interest, from its containing the last revisions and corrections of the author, and from the declaration contained in the General Preface that it is not probable he will ever again revise, or even read, these tales. A great deal of new and interesting matter is accordingly introduced in the shape of Notes and Illustrations; and the General Preface alone, comprising, as it does, an account of the author's early career, and private views and feelings with regard to the Waverley Novels, together with one or two highly interesting minor pieces, hitherto unpublished, (among which is the first chapter of the first Novel Sir Walter ever attempted, and an excellent chapter it is,) the General Preface alone is worth a great deal more than the price of the whole book. From it we shall cull one extract with which to grace our pages. It is an anecdote upon which Sir Walter's brother, Mr Thomas Scott, of whom he speaks in the most affectionate terms, proposed at one time to found a novel. It is finely and vividly told in the following words:—

ANECDOTE OF SCHOOL DAYS.

"It is well known in the South that there is little or no boxing at the Scottish schools. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting in parties or factions was permitted in the streets of Edinburgh, to the great disgrace of the police, and danger of the parties concerned. These parties were generally formed from the quarters of the town in which the combatants resided, those of a particular square or district fighting against those of an adjoining one. Hence it happened that the children of the higher classes were often pitted against those of the lower, each taking their side according to the residence of their friends. So far as I recollect, however, it was unmingled either with feelings of democracy or aristocracy, or indeed with malice or ill-will of any kind towards the opposite party. In fact, it was only a rough mode of play. Such contests were, however, maintained with great vigour with stones, and sticks, and fisticuffs, when one party dared to charge, and the other stood their ground. Of course mischief sometimes happened, boys are said to have been killed at these *Bickers*, as they were called, and serious accidents certainly took place, as many contemporaries can bear witness.

"The author's father, residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Crosscauseway, Bristo Street, the Potterrow,—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's-breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious, when, if ours were successful, we drove the enemy to their quarters, and were usually chased back by the reinforcement of bigger lads who came to their assistance. If, on the contrary, we were pursued, as was often the case, into the precincts of our square, we were in our turn supported by our elder brothers, domestic servants, and similar auxiliaries.

"It followed, from our frequent opposition to each other, that, though not knowing the names of our enemies, we were yet well acquainted with their appearance, and had nicknames for the most remarkable of them. One very active and spirited boy might be considered as

the principal leader in the cohort of the suburbs. He was, I suppose, thirteen or fourteen years old, finely made, tall, blue-eyed, with long fair hair, the very picture of a youthful Goth. This lad was always first in the charge, and last in the retreat—the Achilles, at once, and Ajax, of the Crosscauseway. He was too formidable to us not to have a cognomen, and, like that of a knight of old, it was taken from the most remarkable part of his dress, being a pair of old green livery breeches, which was the principal part of his clothing; for, like Pentapolin, according to Don Quixote's account, Green-Breeks, as we called him, always entered the battle with bare arms, legs, and feet.

"It fell, that once upon a time, when the combat was at the thickest, this plebeian champion headed a sudden charge, so rapid and furious, that all fled before him. He was several paces before his comrades, and had actually laid his hands on the patrician standard, when one of our party, whom some misjudging friend had intrusted with a *couteau de chasse*, or hanger, inspired with a zeal for the honour of the corps, worthy of Major Sturgeon himself, struck poor Green-Breeks over the head, with strength sufficient to cut him down. When this was seen, the casualty was so far beyond what had ever taken place before, that both parties fled different ways, leaving poor Green-Breeks with his bright hair plentifully dabbled in blood, to the care of the watchman, who (honest man) took care not to know who had done the mischief. The bloody hanger was flung into one of the Meadow ditches, and solemn secrecy was sworn on all hands; but the remorse and terror of the actor were beyond all bounds, and his apprehensions of the most dreadful character. The wounded hero was for a few days in the Infirmary, the case being only a trifling one. But though enquiry was strongly pressed on him, no argument could make him indicate the person from whom he had received the wound, though he must have been perfectly well known to him. When he recovered, and was dismissed, the author and his brothers opened a communication with him, through the medium of a popular gingerbread baker, of whom both parties were customers, in order to tender a subsidy in name of smart-money. The sum would excite ridicule were I to name it; but sure I am, that the pockets of the noted Green-Breeks never held as much money of his own. He declined the remittance, saying that he would not sell his blood; but at the same time reprobated the idea of being an informer, which he said was *clam, i. e.* base or mean. With much urgency he accepted a pound of snuff for the use of some old woman, —aunt, grandmother, or the like,—with whom he lived. We did not become friends, for the *bickers* were more agreeable to both parties than any more pacific amusement; but we conducted them ever after under mutual assurances of the highest consideration for each other.

"Such was the hero whom Mr Thomas Scott proposed to carry to Canada, and involve in adventures with the natives and colonists of that country. Perhaps the youthful generosity of the lad will not seem so great in the eyes of others, as to those whom it was the means of screening from severe rebuke and punishment. But it seemed to those concerned, to argue a nobleness of sentiment far beyond the pitch of most minds; and however obscurely the lad, who showed such a frame of noble spirit, may have lived or died, I cannot help being of opinion, that if fortune had placed him in circumstances calling for gallantry or generosity, the man would have fulfilled the promises of the boy. Long afterwards, when the story was told to my father, he censured us severely for not telling the truth at the time, that he might have attempted to be of use to the young man in entering on life. But our alarms for the consequences of the drawn sword, and the wound inflicted with such a weapon, were far too predominant at the time for such a pitch of generosity.

"Perhaps I ought not to have inserted this schoolboy tale; but, besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the whole accompaniments of the story are matters to me of solemn and sad recollection. Of all the little band who were concerned in those juvenile sports or brawls, I can scarce recollect a single survivor. Some left the ranks of mimic war to die in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands to return no more. Others, dispersed in different paths of life, 'my dim eyes now seek for in vain.' Of five brothers, all healthy and promising, in a degree far beyond one whose infancy was visited by personal infirmity, and whose health after this period seemed long very precarious, I am, nevertheless, the only survivor. The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, who had destined this incident to be the foundation of literary composition, died 'before his day,' in a distant and foreign land; and trifles assume an importance not their own, when connected with those who have been loved and lost."

We sincerely hope that Messrs Cadell and Co. intend throwing off a *very large* impression of each volume of the present edition of these Novels; for it is a book which *every body* will buy, and not to possess which will come to be considered a sort of literary delinquency.

The Hope of Immortality. A Poem in four Parts. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

THIS is a *respectable* poem—that is to say, the author is by no means an idiot; but he is a dull rogue, and his book, on the whole, is portentously heavy. It is too full of commonplaces about death, and long-winded attempts to prove, from the light of nature, that man's soul is immortal. It is a sad mistake to suppose that this constitutes poetry. Immortality is a dangerous subject to meddle with. It is not every body who goes into a churchyard, and gets sentimental over the tombstones, who can grapple with the mighty theme. The whole soul must be poured out upon it, and that soul must be no purling rill, but a deep, dark, rushing torrent. It makes us sick to hear the mawkish sentimentalities drawled out by old women with white pocket-handkerchiefs, who dare to envelope with their drivelling fantasies the awful majesty of death and futurity. Neither can we listen with patience—though, perhaps, it is very wrong in us—to the wise saws and modern instances of a divine, in his twenty-third year, who, because he has got into the pulpit, and feels the necessity of looking grave, deems himself justified in treating his auditors to all the declamatory insipidities and tautological moralities suggested by dissolution. In spite of his black gown we hate the spouter, for there is no more real feeling in what is uttered by his thick ugly lips, than there is in the twang of his precentor's nose, who hebdomadally murders the hundredth Psalm. Nor have we ever been able to reconcile ourselves to that tribe of poetasters who consider themselves great in elegiac stanzas and pieces of sublimity, founded on the grand revelations of religion. Mortal agony, and death, and eternal life, are not weapons for the hand of a rhymester. So many libraries have already been written about them, that it requires something more than the pen of an underling to venture upon adding another volume.

We shall just quote one stanza from "The Hope of Immortality;" and, with the author's leave, we shall print it in our own way. It runs as follows:—

"Open the grave, and ask the dweller there if it avails him that his life was spent in deeds of piety,—that he did share his substance with the poor, and that he went about still doing good? Is he not pent in the same miserable house of clay, as the polluted monster who hath sent Death and Destruction, in their wild array, through the abodes of men? They meet the same decay."

As this is a tolerably good piece of prose, we advise the author to give up dividing his lines into ten syllables.

The Family Library. No. II. The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, (*Bonaparte.*) With Engravings on Steel and Wood. Two vols. Vol. II. London. John Murray. 1829.

THIS volume of the Family Library is fully equal to the first, whether as regards its literary merits, or the beauty of its embellishments. There are nine engravings, and they are all good. The first, in particular, which represents Napoleon meeting the army on his return from Elba, is one of the most spirited things of the kind we ever saw. It is full of poetry, and is a gem of great value. The other subjects are, "Charge of Cossacks," "Head of Napoleon," "Head of Maria-Louisa," "The King of Rome," "Flight from Smorgoni," "Fontainebleau," "Waterloo," and "Tomb of Napoleon." Let Mr Murray proceed as he has begun, and the Family Library will yield to not one of the numerous publications of the day, whether they be cheap or dear.

Chapters on Churchyards. By the Authoress of "Ellen Fitzarthur," "Solitary Hours," &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

THE contents of these two pleasing and elegant volumes originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. They are from the pen of Miss Caroline Bowles, a lady of much refinement and delicacy of taste, and to whom, we observe, Mr Southey has dedicated his last poetical production,—"All for Love," and "The Pilgrim of Compostella." As the Chapters on Churchyards have come before the public in another shape, it is unnecessary to say more of them at present, than to assure such of our readers as may not yet have seen them, that they will find them characterized by a strain of pure and tender sentiment, expressed in classical and beautiful diction.

Stories from the History of Scotland, in the Manner of Stories selected from the History of England. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, minister of Douglas. Second edition, greatly enlarged. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. 18mo. Pp. 374.

THE fact of this excellent little work having reached a second edition, notwithstanding the publication of the Tales of a Grandfather, is a sufficient testimony as to its merits. In a modest and well-written preface, Mr Stewart says: "When I was engaged with the first edition of these stories, I little thought that I was about to enter the lists with so formidable a competitor as the Author of Waverley. Of the presumption of rushing voluntarily to so hazardous a competition, I must plead altogether guiltless. My humble work was ready to issue from the press, when the 'Tales of a Grandfather' were first projected; and my only advantage was, that I preoccupied the ground, when my mighty rival was only preparing to buckle on his armour." Mr Stewart published his work six months before the appearance of Sir Walter's first series; and though similar in design, it is different in execution. It is an elegant little volume, which ought always to accompany the "Tales of a Grandfather," and will be read with advantage, even after their perusal.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

SKETCHES OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

[As the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is now sitting, we think a few sketches of the leading characters who usually distinguish themselves at its meetings, may not be unacceptable to many of our readers. We trust that our sketches, though necessarily short, will be found accurate and impartial. We would wish it also to be understood, that we affect to settle no claim of precedence by the order in which we present them, this being entirely accidental. The gentleman who has favoured us with several papers on the General Assembly, is not the author of these sketches.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

I. DR INGLIS.

SINCE the death of Principal Hill, Dr Inglis, one of the ministers of the Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, has been at the head of the moderate party in the church. For this eminence he has not been indebted, like Principal Robertson, to his literary fame, or like his own predecessor, Dr Hill, to popular eloquence and official situation; he owes it entirely to the high character for intellectual energy, for wisdom, and especially for knowledge of church forms and ecclesiastical polity, which he has always sustained. Dr Inglis does not possess what are called popular talents: his speeches are remarkable, not for flights of eloquence, or for ready repartee, or for humorous allusion, but for strong reasoning, clear arrangement, and a very large share of what is understood by the term common-sense. He has now for many years distinguished himself in the debates, and principally influenced the decisions, of the Presbytery of Edinburgh. In the General Assembly, Dr Inglis is always listened to with the greatest respect—a respect which is equally due to his high talents, to the uniform integrity of his character, and to the philosophical view which he generally takes of the subject under discussion. Church courts are not very patient of mere eloquence: there the verbiage and the warmth which are not without their effect upon a popular audience, generally fail. Facts, sound sense, and decision, are the requisites most useful to a party leader; and Dr Inglis seems at all times willing to rest his cause upon these grounds, rather than show any desire to advance it by ingenious reasoning and plausible sophistries. In imagination, in fire, in glowing expression, in richness of illustration, in bursts of passion, he will stand no comparison with Dr Chalmers;—in acuteness, in point, in versatility of application, in humour, in vulgar, but yet *telling* satire, he yields to his usual antagonist, Dr Thomson: in dignity and forcible reasoning, and general wisdom, he is certainly superior to both.

It may be thought singular by some, that although at the head of the moderate clergy, whom their opponents are fond of representing as less orthodox in creed than themselves, Dr Inglis is admitted by all who have heard him to be a strictly *Calvinistic* preacher. We may remark, that the terms *wild* and *moderate*, as applied to the two great parties in the church, are characteristic of a difference in opinion upon questions of discipline, rather than upon the articles of their common faith. To separate the real *Calvinists* from the Arminians on the one hand, and Antinomians on the other, would require, if it were at all practicable, a new and very different division.

Dr Inglis has been sometimes accused of overbearing haughtiness, but we believe there is not much foundation for the charge. He and his great political opponent, the late venerable Sir Henry Moncrieff, had this in common—they were both distinguished for gentlemanly feeling, and a high sense of personal honour. They lived together, not, we believe, on terms of great intimacy—that could hardly have been expected—but of perfect courtesy; and entertained that reciprocal respect

for one another's talents and virtues which they so eminently deserved. Dr Inglis has, in the course of his life, made some very able appearances in public. His speech in the case of Professor Leslie, which came before the Assembly more than twenty years ago, was perhaps the ablest speech which has ever been made in that court. Of his controversial talents it may be enough to say, that upon the same occasion he entered the lists with the late Professors Playfair and Dugald Stewart, and bore away a divided palm. His late speech in the Presbytery upon the question of Catholic Emancipation, whatever may be thought of it in a political point of view, proves that he has not yet lost any of that vigour of mind which distinguished his earlier appearances.

II. SIR JAMES MONCRIEFF, BART.

We mention the learned Dean of Faculty, (if we may still give him that title,) not for the purpose of sketching a portrait of him, since his fame is more intimately connected with another profession, but because it would be unjust to omit his name in a notice of the eminent speakers in the General Assembly. Sir James has been for many years an active elder of the church, and, did we not fear to excite the jealousy of two of his own clerical friends, we should be inclined to call him the leader of his party, which is the evangelical. His learning and his knowledge of law make him an invaluable acquisition to his own side of the house, particularly as the moderates have generally a whole posse of learned Judges on their side. Sir James is not a pleasing, but he is a forcible speaker; his matter more than atones for his harsh voice and costive manner. There is no man of his party whose opinions are more valued by his friends, and respected by his opponents, than those of Sir James Moncrieff.

III. DR THOMSON.

As the leader of a party, Dr Thomson is perhaps deficient in dignity, in temper, in prudence; but as a debater in church courts, he is unrivalled. There is no one, either of his own party, or among the ranks of his opponents, who can with greater readiness detect a weakness, or with more dexterity patch up a flaw, than Dr Thomson. As a special pleader, he is quite a match for any lawyer in the house; and he never shows any reluctance to enter the lists with the weakest or with the ablest of his opponents. The one he overwhelms with irresistible sarcasm;—with the other, he uses nobler weapons; and, if he should be foiled in argument, he never fails to effect a safe retreat under the shouts of laughter which he can at all times command from every part of the house. But we should be doing great injustice to Dr Thomson were we to represent him merely as a special pleader, or as a witty satirist. A good cause can never be in better hands, for then he is as powerful in argument, and as truly eloquent, as he can be ingenious in the defence of error. His greatest fault, and his misfortune as a speaker, but especially as a leader, is, that he seldom proportions his zeal to the real importance of the subject under discussion: he is just as warm and vehement in battling a paltry point of form, as if it were a first principle affecting the safety of the Presbyterian establishment, or the authority of scripture. He is—rather a common weakness, we confess—never willing to acknowledge himself in error; and this, together with the indiscriminate violence as a debater to which we have just alluded, derogates from his authority as a leader, though they might be esteemed two very useful points of character in a mere partisan. Dr Thomson has, we believe, been involved in more personal disputes and controversies than any of his brethren; and it must be confessed that, however much we may question the propriety of his entering into some of these battles, few men could have fought them so well. The *orthodox* party has great and just confidence in his talents; and the *moderates* dislike him and fear him. Dr Inglis is the only man whom Dr Thomson himself appears to be afraid of. He is not less frequently the object of his attack, however; but, conscious perhaps that the clear head and the extensive knowledge of the veteran *moderate* are an overmatch for his own ingenuity and dexterity, he usually assails him with that ridicule which no man can direct with better aim, and which sometimes insures him an easy triumph, by making his opponent lose temper.

No man is listened to with more delight in the General Assembly than Dr Thomson. The students' gallery is crowded with grinning faces; and, at some explosure of laughter from below, every mouth in that nursery of the church is open from ear to ear, *guffawing* at the Doctor's joke—the majority of the laughers postponing till their own and their companions' mirth has somewhat subsided the anxious "What is it? what did he say?" which shows that they had taken his wit on trust. In this, however, they are perfectly safe; for, though the jest is sometimes old, and very often not a little coarse, it is always told with effect.

Dr Thomson is so well known as a clever writer and an admirable preacher, that it is not necessary for us to say any thing upon that subject. In the latter capacity especially, we could speak of him only in terms of unqualified praise.

IV. DR COOK.

Dr Cook is well known *out* of the Assembly by his intelligent writings on the History of the Church. *In* the venerable house, there is nobody whose manner and appearance more pleasingly engage the attention of a stranger. A good voice, ready expression, much available information on subjects becoming a churchman's attention,—these are qualifications of an Assembly speaker which he fully possesses.

But though, on the whole, a fair and a pleasing specimen of the order to which he belongs, and, in fact, the very man that we should like to put forward as the representative of our Church, in all clerical and clerkly attainments, we doubt whether he stands in the foremost rank—certainly he is not the first—of his competitors as an orator. If you have the fortune—and you will rarely miss it on a field-day—to hear him for a quarter of an hour on any question whatever, you have his gauge. No subject seems to inspire him—and none betrays him into an appearance unworthy of himself. On points of order, and form, and precedent, his minute knowledge is always serviceable; and his manner of address is well fitted to put such matters distinctly before the court. But on general questions, though not usually a lengthy speaker, he is often wearisome. His illustrations from history—almost the only quarter from which he illustrates at all—are seldom sufficiently spirited or striking; and his constant parade of moderation and impartiality, while it may gain for him with some a degree of confidence and favour, which a keener partisan would fail to procure, positively injures the effect of his speeches, by depriving them of that point, and heartiness, and fervour, which, as they are thought to be the best tokens of self-conviction, are usually found very necessary to convince others. In his reasonings, too general, too diffuse—if he cannot justly be accused of wandering from the point, he can seldom be said to march boldly up to it. Accordingly, great on an overture,* he fails in debate. At first you would suppose that his failure in debate arises solely from the want of enthusiasm—this being the chief apparent defect of his style of speaking; but the real cause of his failure lies a little deeper, and consists in the absence of that concentrative and synthetic power which is necessary to make good materials serve a direct and valuable purpose.

Altogether, however, Dr Cook is a credit to the As-

* An overture is a recommendation from a Presbytery or Synod, to the Supreme Court, to make or alter a law.

sembly and the Church, and it is with no unkind feeling, that, in addition to some strictures, which no man can better afford to have transferred to the debit account of his popularity, we venture to hint his too great partiality to the introduction (into his speeches) of a subject on which, says Lord Byron, "all men are fluent, and few agreeable."

V. DR MEARNS.

A shrewd, cautious, and searching Aberdonian; a great master of Divinity and Church Law; he speaks with little ostentation, and with a great indifference apparently to oratorical effect. Nevertheless, there is something interesting, independent of this great information, in his speeches. His language is good, and his manner earnest. But the thing most characteristic of his style of speaking is, its clearness and conciseness. Whether his object be to save the time of the court; or to secure for himself at all times a patient hearing,—no easy matter in such a place, but which he certainly does; or whether he is anxious to act on the rule, that the end of all speech is to convey the greatest possible measure of sense in the fewest possible words;—whether he have any or all of these objects in view, it is certain that no man expresses himself with more uniform, intelligible, and pithy brevity. But though a man of varied knowledge, and that of a kind, too, that might be made popular and interesting, the hardness and dryness of his manner are certainly far from engaging. In the Assembly his value was early ascertained, and he will always be held in due estimation. In the North he is, of course, a kind of oracle; and it is characteristic alike of the man and of his reputation, that when, at an early age, he declared himself a candidate for the Divinity Professorship of his College, which is in the gift of a Synod, and usually settled by comparative trial, there was nobody found willing to oppose so redoubted a champion.

VI. PRINCIPAL MACFARLAN.

The leading features of Dr Macfarlan's character are too striking to elude observation. In that rare species of intellect which enables one to pilot oneself safely through the intricacies of business—to weigh probabilities and improbabilities—to dispose and arrange a number of facts—to interpret and apply a series of legislative enactments—to concentrate, in short, at any given time, upon any given point, in the business of life, all his mental force, which constitutes the very soul and vitality of a public man, Dr Macfarlan is, of all the clergymen in the church, second only to Dr Inglis. Information at once extensive and minute, an accurate knowledge of all the details of ecclesiastical precedents, a thorough acquaintance with and rigid adherence to the established forms of process, and, above all, an aptitude of mind for applying these to individual cases, are the weapons with which he fights, and which he wields with dexterity and power. It is impossible to mislead him by any specious pretext. Amid a mass of collateral topics, he perceives intuitively the single question of which he is called to judge, and from that neither the treason of pretended friends nor the trickery of his adversary can divert him. It may have assumed one disguise in the Presbytery, another in the Synod, but in the Assembly Dr Macfarlan strips it of both, and displays it naked for inspection. He knows precisely, too, in what quarter his own strength or weakness lies; and he is at all times equally prepared for following in the pursuit, or covering his own retreat. He has many qualities that would have made him a great lawyer. The advice of such a man is valuable, and, accordingly, it is frequently asked, and always cheerfully and faithfully given.

As his views are always clear, so his language is simple and precise. While his manner is dignified, his style is by no means ambitious; it is more elegant than ornate. Impressed with the importance of public business, he thinks a knowledge of *things* preferable to the use of *words*, and has an utter detestation and contempt of all verbosity. His theological opinions are sound, liberal, and enlightened; his views of ecclesiastical polity are those of the school of Robertson, Blair, and Hill; and, in these days of frequent and sudden change, he is remarkable for consistency of conduct. He is cautious in adopting measures; but, his ground being once taken, he is immovable,—completely beyond the influence of threat or flattery. His party has implicit confidence in his honour and steadiness; and he has carried a majority of the Assembly along with him, against the combined forces of Dr Cook, the Solicitor-General, and the whole army upon the left hand of the Moderator. The very qualities which mark him out as a first-rate man of business, have perhaps prevented him from rising to eminence as a preacher. In the pulpit he has no passion, and little energy. He is tame and monotonous. His discourses are replete with good sense, but totally destitute of originality or feeling. His manner has too much Archiepiscopal stateliness for an every-day working Presbyterian minister. Even in preaching, however, this gifted individual has a faculty at command which few possess, and still fewer practise. He never reads his discourses in the pulpit. He commits them to memory, and delivers them with astonishing accuracy. So admirably are they recited, that he gives you, as it were, the very punctuation.

Closely allied to this readiness and retentiveness of memory, are his conversational powers. Having cherished from his youth a taste for polite literature, he has moved in those circles where it was to be found. He was the intimate companion of the late Professor Richardson, and always welcomed as a visitor by the most distinguished members of the College of Glasgow. In private life he opens his treasures, and scatters around him instruction and amusement. To this part of his character, combined with other virtues and attainments, he is not a little indebted for his professional success. It rendered him a distinguished favourite at Buchanan House. The Duke of Montrose was his earliest patron, and is now his confidential friend. On the death of the late Dr William Taylor, Dr Macfarlan was translated from the parish of Drymen, in which he had succeeded his father, to be the Minister of the Cathedral and Principal of the University of Glasgow. In both of these important offices he gives perfect satisfaction. The prejudices against him as a pluralist soon yielded to the influence of his virtues. He is exemplary in the discharge of his parochial duties—is devoted to the prosperity, and consequently highly esteemed by the professors and students, of that University over which he presides.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. I.

THE *non-literary* "Journals" in this region are full of heart-rending details respecting our weavers. These are not in the least exaggerated, in one sense. In another—that is, in as far as regards the *general* impression they are calculated to produce with you, and in other places where there is little manufacturing carried on—they are not literally accurate, inasmuch as they do not advert to exceptions to the general wretchedness which are not unfrequent. I was this day told, by an eminent manufacturer, of several of his hand-loom workers of fine goods being able to earn 15s. per week. Such instances are, however, too rare; and 5s. and 6s. may be nearer the average—from which loom-rent, beaming, and dressing for the web, have to be deducted. The "pirns" are generally wound in the worker's family, and they cost nothing but the labour. This is a frightful state of things for 40,000 human beings; yet, notwithstanding their destitution, their

conduct has, upon the whole, been most exemplary. To be sure, a few hundreds have once obeyed the call of their noisy delegates, and assembled in the open air; but one-half of them were as much unparticipating spectators as the larger portion of the crowd who went to *see* the sight and the speakers—*hearing* them was out of the question. Indeed, a large portion were boys—as yet happy and healthy—who were mighty glad of any excuse for a day's remission from their sixteen hours' labour, and revived their well-nigh forgotten experiences of the hand-ball and "shinty," while the M'Kays and the Kellys harangued their gaping grandfathers. It was at first proposed to exclude all of eighteen years of age and under from the meeting; but one of the delegates remarked that this would leave 5000 without an interest in their proceedings, and accordingly all were invited. It is wonderful that, in making this statement, it escaped the acuteness of men who are at least cleverer than their fellow-workmen, and more *bustling*, —paradoxical as it may appear,—though they be *lazier*, the conclusion as to the improvidence of their class which this fact forces upon one. If there be 5000 weavers of eighteen years and under, consequently that number must have been apprenticed to the trade within the last eight years—ten being the earliest period that boys can comprehend it. And what has been its condition during that period? Every second year as wretched as at present. The labouring man can never too soon learn that he must be the regulator of the value of labour, by adapting the supply to the demand. Perhaps one-tenth of these youths are married too, and, in another decade, will have sent their representatives of wretchedness to a field-meeting of 1839. It is odd the weavers have never discovered a tendency towards *single* blessedness; but, till they do so, there is little hope for them—since he who has half a dozen children is almost compelled to make them of his own trade, as it is the one of all others they can soonest aid him by learning.

A word as to the delegates. They are almost all clever, noisy chaps, who like speaking and writing much better than throwing the shuttle. From a common fund, they are allowed much more for exercising their powers in the one way, than they ever could earn by doing so in the other; and, consequently, no disaster can equal the return of tolerable times to them. Some of them are very old stagers in agitation. The others are fresh in the course. Men of middle life seem to keep aloof from their laborious idleness. There is, *as yet*, no example of their accepting of the out-of-door labour provided for their more athletic or industrious brethren by our Magistrates. This chiefly consists in forming a road, regarding the exact line of which a fierce controversy has been carried on between Dr Cleland and several proprietors near its proposed site. As to which party is in the right, I pretend not to decide. The path is likely to be drawn between them—where the truth may, after all, lie.

I am afraid these details may weary you. I fancy them the more interesting *out* of Glasgow, however, just because every body *in* Glasgow knows them so well, that our Newspapers do not think of noticing them.

These have for two weeks been filled—nearly to the exclusion of every thing else—with the proceedings of our two public meetings upon the East India question. The first of these was to form an Association of those more immediately interested in the trade—the second was to prepare a general petition against the monopoly. There is but one opinion here upon the subject. Of that opinion Mr Kirkman Finlay is unquestionably at the head. He was the chief promoter of both meetings, and speaker at them. Without caring about being an elegant, he is yet, in its best sense, a *good* speaker. He knows his subject thoroughly, and gave new and interesting information on it. There were some other speakers whose information and matter were also excellent; but it is pleasanter to read than it was to listen to their speeches. Oratory does not thrive among the opulent in Glasgow; and they seem afraid, lest any body not *yet* at their standing should exhibit any symptoms of being likely to excel in the art.

Our galeties are all over for the season. The latest were on the King's birth night. These consisted of a melancholy review, with very faint cheers, and a very strong east wind. Why the dragoons did not turn out, was a marvel; but the "third" are rather a stupid body. We expect the 12th Lancers here daily. They are commanded by a townsman, and are expected to be any thing but "heavy." After the review, sundry dinners were eaten, and after these, the Magistrates of Glasgow, in their own hall, and those of the various incorporated appendages to old Mother Clutha, in their respective town-halls, met those whom they had invited to drink the King's health, and other public toasts. The city meeting was an amazingly dull one. It could not well be otherwise; for especial care was, as usual, taken to exclude, by not inviting, almost every body who could have enlivened it. Will it be believed, that one, whom, whether we regard him as a citizen for twelve years among us—as an author of eminence—as a "general acquaintance" of every person of note here —or, as a social companion of great powers, would have been an honour and delight to any public meeting—was not asked?—I mean Mr J. S. Knowles. In the fine baronial hall of Gorbals, matters were better managed, and gentlemen nowise connected with its functionaries were invited, as a compliment due to their admitted talents. When Dr Ure entered the room, he was received with an applause, which could not but be gratifying to even a savan and philosopher. After the Magistrates and he had left the bench, where they had placed him side by side, an odd circumstance occurred, which caused some gossip. Certain worthies, determined in their loyalty to King George and old Port, insisted on drinking the health of the one, and finishing the bottles of the other, when, just as their reluctant chairman was proposing that they should not forget they were *guests*, and not payers of scot and lot, the gas was turned off,

"And in a moment all was dark"

as the muddled comprehensions of some of the party. The revenue was then considerably benefited, by a loyal demolition of crystal.

While the Magistrates of Gorbals were thus occupied in the baronial hall, their Glasgow brethren were patronising the ball, in its now eclipsed rival, the Old Assembly Rooms in Ingram Street. The meeting, however, was as cold as its purpose—charity, and very different from that which Cunningham, our inimitable fiddle-player, collected on his benefit night, when the ladies got so into the spirit of the dance, that daylight alone stopped their whirling.

Of other amusements we have had none, saving the fidgetings of a small body of "the unco guid," when your review of Mrs Ewing's Memoir reached us. It *was* diverting. You are aware that we have no theatre —for Alexander's house, as yet, deserves not the name. A most absurd plan has been started, to convert our Riding School, situated in the westernmost suburbs of the town, into one—just as if you were to turn Captain Carnegie's markets into a playhouse! There is to be a meeting about erecting another Riding School, if the present one be so misappropriated. Never did a city more require such an academy.—In the absence of players on the stage, your players on the fiddle have astonished us. Murray has performed here, and perfectly electrified the few who had the good fortune to hear him. Wilson also pleased us much as a singer. Yet, will it be believed, that Mr Thomson, brother to our own delightful female vocalist, who had the spirit

to bring these stars above our horizon, is minus many pounds by the astronomical experiment?

Every body is meditating a flight to the country, since the weather set in fine; and already the watering places are half filled, and the steam-boats wholly so. I will, by and by, give you some gossip from them, where it abounds.

A propos of steam-boats. Captain Ross is to set sail from the Clyde, for his Northern Expedition, in one built for the purpose. He was in town lately, and it augurs something for his success, say the seers here, that his tender is the vessel Captain Scoresby first visited the Polar regions in. A good thing was said of him at the annual dinner of the famous Literary and Commercial Society here t'other day. The witty chairman, when it was questioned whether he ever would pass to Behring's Straits, said, that he "did not at all doubt that the Captain would soon be in *straits past bearing!*" The scheme is not irrational, after all, and is at least spirited. An excellent account of the details of it is given in the last Westminster Review, which, by the way, has trebled its circulation in Glasgow since its resumption. Its amiable and talented editor was here lately, delighting us as much by the most unradical suavity of his manner, as by his varied information and polyglot knowledge. As a joke upon Ross, we presume, some wags advertised on Friday last that one of them would fly over the city. At least 20,000 fools and rogues were collected to see the achievement; and it says much for the peaceable character of our population, that they dispersed, under their disappointment, in the most good-humoured way.

Summer amusements are now the rage. A Cricket club has been got up with great spirit, and already comprises fifty of the finest young men in Glasgow, who, in spite of some pardonable little foppery about their uniform dress-coat, buttons with the mystic initial W. C. C., &c. are genuine lovers of the noble game. A Gymnastic club is also talked of, on the plan of your Six Feet one, but without its provoking *limitation*, or *extension*, rather. We have also some pretty good rowers on our river, but they are not yet equal to the Etonians, or they who haunt Christ Church meadows; but they will improve, doubtless.

An absurd burlesque took place last week; it was called Anderston Fair. That place is a suburb or pendicle of Glasgow, and was lately erected into a burgh. Some of its magistrates are very clever men—others of them no conjurors. But they must, forsooth, have an annual fair, with foot, pig, and sack (why not smock?) races, as if they had a village green and Maypole to run them on, in place of a dirty causeway and gaudy lamp-posts. Sickly silk-weavers, in dirty shirts, contested for the ten-shilling prize, and cadaverous cotton-spinners bore off the palm. Their speed was four miles an hour! A row of course concluded the whole, when a vast deal of blackguardism was exhibited, and the seeds of more sown. We are likely, however, to have no more of it, since a bailie got a black eye in the battle; and this *lese majesté* is never to be forgiven or forgotten in the annals of Anderston.—*Au Revoir.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MELODY OF YOUTH.

By Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

> And slight withal may be the things which bring
> Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
> Aside for ever:—it may be a sound—
> A tone of music. BYRON.

Delicious strain! upon my charmed ear,
Like evening's balmy breath upon a brow
Feverish with fruitless watchings, dost thou steal,
To bid my world-worn heart retrace the scenes
Where first it drank thy sweetness! What a crowd
Of home-bred joys—of visions loved and lost—
That simple cadence brings;—each lengthen'd note
Fraught with its own peculiar memory!—
Once was the strain (so passing mournful now!)
Gay as the dreams of boyhood, and like them
The source of blameless mirth to all around!—
But when, in after years, mid other scenes,
Again I heard that melody of youth,
Methought that even its lightest measures breathed
A sadden'd tone I never mark'd before.
Yet it *was* mirthful; for my wayward heart,
Tho' something tamed from what it used to be,
Was still all hope,—and had not wholly lost
The buoyant spirit only youth can know.
And now, once more I listen to those sounds,
How changed from what they seem'd when life was new,
And like the clouds that gird a summer sun,—
Tinged with ethereal brightness,—all things 'round
Gather'd a tone of gladness from my thoughts.

Breathe on, breathe on;—'tis soothing sweet to think,
That what thou wert in other years to me,
Thou mayst be still to many a youthful heart,
As joyous, warm, and true, as once was mine!—
Strain of my youth!—all mournful as thou art
To me,—the tears thy gentle notes awaken
Are grateful as the dew to drooping flowers;—
And though thy softest tones are always fraught
With memories sad of long departed joys,
Yet such their magic influence on my soul,
I deem them sweetest when they pain me most!

TAM BO, TAM BO.

By Allan Cunningham.

"Will ye fee wi' me, Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
Will ye fee wi' me, my heart and my jo?
And ye'se be at hame like my tae ee,
If ye'll fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me."

Tam Bo was steeve, and Tam Bo was stark,
Wi' an ee like a hawk, and a voice like a lark,
An arm o' might, and a step o' pride—
The flower of the lads of Closeburnside.

Unto the widow an ear he lent,
Upon the widow his looks he bent—
A mervie woman, and weel to leeve,
Wi' sense in her noddle, and silk on her sleeve.

"I'll give you sax merks, Tam Bo, Tam Bo,
Sax lily white sarks, my heart and my jo,
And sonsie sunkets when nane sall see,
If ye'll fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me.

"A gliff in the gloaming to daut and woo,
A gude sharp sock, and a weel-gaun plow,
Wi' a simmer sun, and a lily lea,—
Will ye fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?"

"A saft-made bed, and a gentle darke,
And late to rise, and soon frae wark,
A canny kiss, and uncounted fee,—
Will ye fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?"

Tam Bo he stammer'd, Tam Bo he stared,
"Say no, and take it," said Nancie Caird,
And gied her noddle a terrible toss,
To see the widow and Tam sae cosh.

"Thy bright looks run through me like swords—
Thy ripe round lips, wi' their sweet-waled words,

Will wile my heart, and then work it wo,—
I'm a fallible creature," quo' douce Tam Bo.

Now what to say, or where to look,
Tam wistna; while she gayly shook
Her clustering curls frae her blue ee—
"Wilt thou fee wi' a pitifu' widow like me?"

Tam yoked the plow, he furrow'd the lea,
He sow'd his corn, and then pouch'd the fee;
While the widow sat singing, nor lowne, nor low,
"He'd make a blithe husband, this young Tam Bo!"

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We are glad to learn that the first volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now in the press, and contains Lives of Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. The second volume is nearly written. There will be engravings in each, on steel and wood, and some of the latter, in particular, we understand, are exquisitely beautiful. The Lives are written with freedom, and their talented author has expressed his opinions boldly and honestly. In point of embellishment, these little five-shilling volumes will be scarcely inferior to the Annuals.

The Anniversary is to be discontinued as an Annual, and to be published under a new name, in monthly parts, each accompanied with an engraving. The first part is to appear on the 1st of July. Allan Cunningham is to continue the Editor.

Mr Blackwood announces a new novel, called The Five Nights of St Albans, which will appear on the 30th of this month.

A work, which promises to be of considerable interest to the admirers of female beauty, is announced for publication, under the superintendence of Mr Alaric Watts. It will consist of a series of portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of all nations, from an early period in the history of portrait painting to the present time; each portrait accompanied by a biographical notice.

Mr Northhouse, formerly editor, we believe, of the *Glasgow Free Press*, is preparing for publication a work on the present state of the principal Debtors' Prisons of the Metropolis; with a variety of anecdotes, illustrative of the impolicy and inhumanity of imprisonment for debt.

A volume of Stories of popular Voyages and Travels, with illustrations, comprehending abridged narratives from the recent travels of some of the most popular writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication.

There is preparing for publication, a new edition of Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary; the plants, &c. arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu; and comprising all the modern improvements and discoveries which have been made in the sciences of botany, horticulture, and agriculture, to the present time.

New Music.—We recommend to the attention of our readers a song published a few days ago, entitled, "The Mariner to his Bark," the words by Robert Gilfillan, and the music, with pianoforte accompaniment, by R. Tevendale. The words are flowing and good; and the music is spirited, original, and expressive, Mr Tevendale, though not so well known as his merits deserve, appears to follow closely in the footsteps of his late friend, R. A. Smith.

Painted Glass.—The beautiful red colour, so well known to antiquarians, so much admired in all old painted glass windows, and the method of manufacturing which has been considered as lost, has been reproduced in Germany by means of the oxide of tin. Much, however, depends on the manipulation; but, with proper care on the part of the workman, this splendid colour appears in all the brightness, and with the perfect transparency, which for some centuries was considered inimitable.

Theatrical Gossip.—Miss Smithson has apparently failed in London, and the sooner she returns to the Continent the better, for she seems to have little chance of being admired unless where she is not understood.—At the Literary Fund Dinner, which took place a few days ago, in London, Mr Price, (Manager of Drury Lane,) stated, that in consequence of the success of Miss Mitford's "Rienzi," two tragedies of very high character had been put into his hands by eminent writers; and he hoped that this example would be followed by others, whose efforts would redeem the dramatic muse from the stigma under which she has too long lain.—Hawes is to have the musical direction of the English Opera-house this season; and Miss Paton is already engaged.—The managers of the Winter Theatres are mutually agreed upon the ruin consequent to both houses by the continuance of the present exorbitant nightly salaries; and at the end of this season they mean to abolish that destructive system. Whilst between twenty and thirty pounds, *each*, are paid to Madame Vestris, Mr Young, Miss Paton, Mr Braham, and Mr Liston, every night they act, the respective theatres can scarcely hope to remain in a solvent condition. In the golden age of the Drama, when Mrs Siddons, Mrs Jordan, the Countess of Derby, Kemble, Suett, Farren, Edwin, Henderson, Bannister, Lewis, Munden, Incledon, and other excellent actors, graced the stage, from twelve to twenty pounds *per week*, was the highest sum given to any one performer.—Our friend, "Old Cerberus," has not favoured us with any dramatic criticism this week, probably because nothing very remarkable has taken place at the theatre. The Benefits have been going on prosperously.—On Monday and Wednesday next we are to have Madame Caradori, who, after Pasta, is probably one of the best Italian singers this country has seen. We hope, for a selfish reason, that she will be well attended, for we understand that the depression of theatricals during the past season here has been so much exaggerated in London, that it has been reported there that the audience has been several times dismissed from a want of sufficient attendance. This has lost us already Braham, Miss Paton, and Liston, who wont venture the journey after such rumours; and, should Madame Caradori return to London with a bad account of us, it may go a great way to defeat the manager's exertions for next season.

Weekly List of Performances.

May 16—May 22.

Sat. *The Clandestine Marriage, The Critic, & Paul and Virginia.*
Mon. *Every one has his Fault, & St Ronan's Well.*
Tues. *Secrets worth Knowing, He Lies like Truth, & Roslna.*
Wed. *Paul Pry, A Concert, & The Lord of the Manor.*
Thurs. *A School for Grown Children, & Alfred the Great.*
Fri. *The Recruiting Officer, & Cramond Brig.*

TO OUR READERS.

The next Number of the Edinburgh Literary Journal will conclude the First Volume, and with it a title-page and Index will be delivered gratis to our subscribers. The second volume will commence with the Thirtieth Number, which will be published on the first Saturday of June, and will be printed from an entirely new fount of types, which have been procured expressly for the Journal, and which it is hoped will still farther improve its appearance. A few copies of the first volume will be found on sale at the Publisher's as soon as ready.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A long poem by the Ettrick Shepherd, Traditions of the Plague in Edinburgh, "The Editor in his Slippers, No. 2," and other interesting articles, which are in types, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

Had Mr George Thomson's reply to the paper on the Character of Burns which appeared in the *Literary Journal*, been addressed in the first instance to ourselves, we should have had no hesitation in giving it a place, but it is impossible that we can copy it from the columns of a Newspaper. We regret this, because, for our own part, we look upon Mr Thomson in undertaking to defend Burns, in conjunction with Messrs Lockhart and Carlyle, as being entirely on the right side of the question, although, for the sake of fair discussion, we gave a place to an article of an opposite tendency, which we know to have contained the conscientious opinions of its author, however erroneous we and others may consider them.

In the list of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, given in our last, we omitted to mention "Peveril of the Peak," in 4 vols. published in 1822.

The Reviewer of the work mentioned by "Q." is not in Glasgow, nor is he personally acquainted with the author of the work reviewed.—"Laura" has our thanks.—We are afraid that we cannot avail ourselves, for good reasons, of the suggestion of "A Subscriber and Constant Reader."—The anecdote of "D. V." is characteristic; but we do not intend taking any farther notice of that individual.

"The Pains and Toils of Authorship," by the editor of the Inverness Courier, shall have an early place.

The "Sonnet" by Thomas Brydson in our next.—We regret that the verses by "Glottianus" will not suit us.—"Scotch and English songs Frenchified" in our next.

THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 29. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1829. Price 6d.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ. Editio emendatior et copiosior, consilio B. G. Niebuhrii, C.F. instituta, opera ejusdem Niebuhrii, Imm. Bekkeri, L. Schopeni, G. Dindorfi Aliorumque Philologorum, parata. Pars III. Agathias. Bonnæ impensis Ed. Weberi. 1828.

Idem. Pars XI. Leo Diaconus. Varii libelli qui Nicephori Phocæ et Joannis Zimiscis Historiam illustrant. Bonnæ, &c. 1828.

Idem. Pars XIX. Nicephorus Gregoras. Volumen I. Bonnæ, &c. 1829.

Idem. Pars XX. Cantacuzenus. Volumen I. Bonnæ, &c. 1829.

These are all the numbers that have yet appeared of a new edition of the Byzantine historians, undertaken by Niebuhr, the learned, ingenious, and indefatigable historian of Rome, with the co-operation of the most distinguished philologists of Germany. With regard to the editor of this work, it may not be unnecessary to inform our readers, that Niebuhr is a man who has served his sovereign with distinction in the most difficult diplomatic employments—who, even amid the distractions of public business, was ever the patron and promoter of science, and was mainly instrumental in the recovery of the most important of those ancient works which have had such an influence upon the views of the civilians of Europe—who has concentrated his naturally acute and comprehensive mind, stored with erudition, and formed in active life, to the production of a work which has cast new lights on the history of Rome and the whole progress of society—who had the honour of suggesting to Savigny those investigations which he has so successfully pursued—who has shown himself possessed, in addition to the talents thus evinced, of the most unbending independence, united to the most polished and courtly manners. Of the importance of that publication on which we are about to submit a few remarks to our readers, we need only say, that its object is to give to the public, in a comparatively cheap and accessible form, that valuable body of historians upon whose works our Gibbon has reared that stupendous structure of genius and research—his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

These writers form a body of history,—varying in value according to the native talents of the individual author, and to the state of literature at the time in which he lived, but always valuable as the production of the contemporaries, and as being thus at the least a monument of the time in which they were composed,—of the Eastern empire, from the translation of the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, down to the final capture of that city by the Turks. The period is one of deep interest to the student of human nature. It presents the instructive picture of a people—the descendants of a highly cultivated nation—gradually sinking in the scale of moral and intellectual elevation; yet still retaining, like clouds after sunset, a reflection of glories gone by—saved from utter degradation, by the last dying influences of arts and sciences which they could no longer comprehend or appreciate. It shows us not unfrequently the interesting spectacle of an individual superior to his fellows, burning with the old Roman spirit, though weakened by the enervating moral atmosphere that breathed around him, and hurried away despite his struggles, by the torrent that was sweeping the devoted empire to anarchy and overthrow. It paints to us the repository in which the arts and sciences of Greece were treasured up till the time should come when a few homeless fugitives should carry them to the west, there in a fresh and virgin soil to strike deeper roots, and spread out wider and richer branches, than even in that old and godlike land which was their native home.

Our limits do not allow us to enter upon this subject as we could wish: and we hasten to notice briefly in detail those numbers of the work which have already appeared. We intend, however, to revert to it occasionally as the succeeding volumes are published, and an opportunity may thus be sometimes offered of extracting from their pages what may at once be interesting and new to our readers. As we have, however, some little lee-way to make up, seeing that the philologists of Bonn have already got four volumes a-head of us, we dare scarcely promise the general reader much of minuter detail in to-day's paper.

Agathias.—The narrative of this historian's five books extends over the space intervening between A. D. 552 and 558. It comprehends a part of the reign of Justinian, and is principally occupied with the wars of Narses in Italy against the Goths, Franks, and Alemanni; with those of other Roman generals against the Huns and Persians; and with the history of the last bright service of Belisarius to an ungrateful emperor. It contains little that throws light on public business, or the constitution of the empire; but it embraces several interesting notices of the manners of the Huns, the religion of the Alemanni, the learning of the Persians, the state of science among the Romans, and their popular superstitions. Agathias was a man of good family, well trained in the polite learning of his time—such as it was—and afterwards a lawyer. His style is far from purity, and even grammatical correctness, and rendered not unfrequently ludicrous by an admixture of fine, high-sounding words, picked up in the course of his poetical reading. He was also himself a parcel poet, and most of his epigrams are still preserved, some of which are by no means unhappy. He is supposed to have been a Christian.

Leo Diaconus.—This author seems to have formed his style on that of Agathias, and to have carried some of its most glaring vices to excess. He is fond of describing battles; but, ignorant of tactics, he conveys no accurate notion of them. He is fond of putting fine harangues into the mouths of his generals, and seems to have placed the height of eloquence in affected

recherché phrases. He contains, however, some interesting particulars of the earlier struggles of the empire with the Saracens in Crete and Asia; as also of its contests with the Russians. In his character of priest, the domestic affairs seem to have fallen more under his observation than that of Agathias. If he does not give much insight into the weightier matters of the state, he at least gives us lively pictures of court intrigue, and the popular tumults of Constantinople. The statesmen of his age are dwarfs in comparison with those of Justinian's, and they change and succeed each other with proportionable celerity. His history extends from A. D. 961 to 975. Several minor, but interesting, fragments of history are appended to his work, to make up the volume.

NICEPHORUS GREGORAS.—As yet only eleven books of this historian have been published. They extend from A. D. 1204 to 1341. It will appear from this, that the author has undertaken a more laborious task than the two already noticed, and has not, like them, confined himself to the history of his own times. He was a native of Asia, and seems to have been born about the year 1295. He was well versed in the learning of the times—that is, its lighter literature and dialectics, and some knowledge of astronomy, which was devoted to elucidating the important question of the proper time of celebrating Easter. He is described by his contemporaries as rude, austere, and obstinate; alike offensive to princes and private individuals, by the petulance of his remarks. At the same time, his public conduct evinces independence, and a freedom from selfishness. He is a keen partisan; but his history is minute in its details, and exact in its chronology.

JOANNES CANTACUZENUS—one of the royal authors of Byzantium. As yet only two books of his history have been published, narrating the events of the period intervening between A. D. 1320 and 1341. As a contemporary of Nicephorus Gregoras, his history is an admirable check upon the statements of that author, both in regard to their having been of different parties, and inclined (the one as a schoolman, the other as a statesman,) to view things in different lights. Gibbon thus describes him:—"The name and situation of the emperor, John Cantacuzenus, might inspire the most lively curiosity. His memorials of forty years extend from the revolt of the younger Andronicus to his own abdication of the empire; and it is observed that, like Moses and Cæsar, he was the principal actor in the scenes which he describes. But in this eloquent work, we should vainly seek the sincerity of a hero or a penitent. Retired in a cloister, from the vices and passions of the world, he presents not a confession, but an apology, of the life of an ambitious statesman. Instead of unfolding the true counsels and characters of men, he displays the smooth and specious surface of events, highly varnished with his own praises and those of his friends. Their motives are always pure; their ends always legitimate: they conspire and rebel without any views of interest; and the violence which they inflict or suffer, is celebrated as the spontaneous effect of reason and virtue." It would have been fair to have added that he was a man of commanding talent, extensive resources, and great political dexterity.

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.E. and F.A.S. Vol. i. 1828. Vol. ii. 1829. Edinburgh. 8vo. William Tait.

IT is singular, that the authors who have preceded Mr Tytler in this department of literature, should have given us so imperfect histories of this country. Well are we aware of the almost insuperable, and, at all times, perplexing difficulties, which attend the Scottish History. The annals of no country are more obscure, involved, and uncertain; and it is probably on this account, principally, that men of distinguished learning and research have shrunk from the task; while others, from whose reputation and name we were entitled to look for better things, have studied and delivered to the world their Histories of Scotland very imperfectly. It is needless to refer to our old historians and chroniclers, such as Fordun or his continuator Bowar, Boece, Mair, Bishop Elphinstone of Aberdeen, and others, whose names we have not space to enumerate. Bishop Leslie, who began his History where the Bishop of Aberdeen terminated his, has given us only a general outline of the history of a certain period; and he has more reputation as the learned and indefatigable defender of Mary's honour and innocence, than as a Scottish historian. With Buchanan's History—the "unchronological Buchanan," as Pinkerton calls him—every one is familiar; and whatever may be thought of his work in plain English, —for it is peculiarly elegant as respects its Latin,—he must not be denied the honour of having been the first to reduce the history of Scotland to something like a digested form, even although his attachment to the fabled kings of the Gadeliac race, his narrative of the exploits of the pretended successors of Fergus I., his credulity, proneness to fable, and his too frequent distortion of facts to set forth his anti-monarchical principles, are palpably notorious. It is needless to mention, also, the ponderous folio histories, complete or partial, of Scotland, such as Scott's, Duff's, Maitland's, or Abercromby's Martial Achievements—the most of these works of no great merit—which are now to be found almost exclusively in libraries. Bishop Keith's History is superior to any of them, and perhaps the best of all; but, being written in an old-fashioned style, and the extent of his information being more remarkable than his talents for arrangement, it is impossible that his work can ever be popular. To be brief, and to come to more recent times, Principal Robertson acquired all his literary reputation from his History—and elegant and polished it undoubtedly is; but how defective! Nothing at all does it contain of the reigns of the five Jameses deserving of the name; and the learned Principal's work might have been termed, with greater propriety, a History of the Reign of Mary and of James VI., till the accession to the English crown, with a brief introduction; and that, too, not written with sufficient attention to do justice to the subject. Mr Laing's work is simply a continuation of the Principal's, from the accession till the union of the kingdoms. Mr Pinkerton's is merely a history of the kingdom from the accession of James I. to the death of James V.; and is, therefore, detached, and leaves off where the Principal's work in reality begins. His other History, however, published in 8vo, deserves very great praise. The History of Scotland was therefore to be written; and we are glad to find it in the hands of Mr Tytler, a writer well known in the literary world, who, in addition to his own reputation, may be said to inherit also that of his father, the late excellent Lord Woodhouselee, whose life has been so ably delineated by Mr Alison.

The great difficulty, of course, in Scottish history, is the want of public and authentic documents. Our readers are aware that Edward I. of England, in his attempts to subdue Scotland, carried off all the public records, vainly imagining that the want of these would obliterate, in the Scots, the recollection of their independence, and stifle the spirit of patriotism which pervaded the heart of Wallace and his illustrious companions. But Scottish prowess and Scottish chivalry were not so easily conquered; and Bruce, the great restorer of the monarchy, made the triumph of liberty complete on the field of Bannockburn. It was there, as Mr Tytler remarks in a similar train of thought, that he fought, not for himself or his throne only, but for posterity; it was not his wish that his triumph should be

evanescent, but that it should be inseparably engrafted into the very foundations of the monarchy. Its "duration," as our author well observes in his excellent narrative of that famous battle, "throughout succeeding centuries of Scottish history and Scottish liberty, down to the hour in which we now write, cannot be questioned; and, without launching out into any inappropriate field of historical speculation, we have only to think of the most obvious consequences which must have resulted from Scotland becoming a conquered province of England; and if we wish for proof, to fix our eyes on the present condition of Ireland, in order to feel the present reality of all that we owe to the victory at Bannockburn, and to the memory of such men as Bruce, Randolph, and Douglas."—Vol. i. pp. 320, 321.

As to the pillage of the Scottish records by the English monarch, we greatly fear, even if we now possessed them, that the difficulties attending the Scottish history would not be removed. In this opinion we are happy to be supported by Mr Tytler, in his masterly, and, we may say, profound disquisition, entitled an "Historical Enquiry into the Ancient State and Manners of Scotland," prefixed to the second volume of his work now before us. Mr Tytler, after talking of the munificence of the endowments of the Scottish church, in the matters of abbeys, priories, and monasteries, thus observes,—"In turning, however, from such rare examples of talent in the church, to the literary attainments of the nobility, or to the means of instruction possessed by the great body of the people, the prospect is little else than a universal blank. During the long period from the accession of Alexander III. to the death of David II., it would be impossible, I believe, to produce a single instance of a Scottish baron who could sign his own name."—Vol. ii. pp. 352, 353.

Such being the case, and learning, such as it was, being exclusively confined to the clergy, we can easily account for the absurd traditions, fabulous legends, and monkish annals, which abound at these periods, and through which the enquirer after truth must grope his way, ere he arrives at the object of his search. A fatality, indeed, seems to have attended our Scottish records; and under Cromwell the national archives were again pillaged of their scanty treasures, which, at the Union, by the loss of the vessel which was commissioned to re-convey them to Scotland, were scattered on the mighty deep.

Mr Tytler commences his work with the reign of Alexander III., because, as he observes in his Preface, "it is at this period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader;" and because, "during the reign of this monarch, England first began to entertain serious thoughts of the reduction of her sister country." After narrating the interesting events of this reign, we have the short reign (if it may be called so) of Margaret, the maid of Norway, grand-daughter of Alexander, and grand-niece to Edward I. Her death produced those fearful convulsions, which preceded and prevailed during the inglorious reign of John Baliol; and Mr Tytler's patriotism glows when narrating the achievements of Wallace and his bold companions. In the history of the Interregnum, which preceded the accession of Robert Bruce, the proceedings of Edward I. form prominent objects; and the splendid reign of the great restorer of the monarchy, is one which cannot fail to excite every lover of his country. The first volume concludes with the reign of Robert Bruce, by whom the English had been finally expelled from Scotland, and whose name, as its deliverer, will be forgotten only when Scotland ceases to exist. The second volume contains the history of the reign of David II., Bruce's son, grounded on the documents printed in the splendid national work entitled "Rotuli Scotiæ," and in "Robertson's Parliamentary Records," &c. &c. As it is impossible for us in these limits to give an outline of this eventful reign, we refer the reader to Mr Tytler. The volume concludes with an "Historical Enquiry into the Ancient State of Scotland," containing various divisions on the general appearance of the country, its forests, marshes, castles, villages, religious houses, agriculture, farming; the distinct races in Scotland, ancient Parliament of Scotland, early commerce and navigation, state of the early Scottish church, and sports and amusements of ancient Scotland. To both volumes are added numerous important notes and illustrations, in which are pointed out, and ably refuted, the inaccuracies of Lord Hailes, and the misrepresentations of Dr Lingard.

We hesitate not to say, that Mr Tytler's work is a national undertaking, and will, we doubt not, become a standard work in our modern literature. Mr Tytler has shown, by the two volumes before us, that he is completely qualified for his task; and though there are some of his inferences and conclusions which we feel strongly disposed to contest with him, yet these in no degree detract from the very great merits of this most elaborate undertaking. The work is to be completed in six volumes; and, when it is completed, it will be a work of which both author and publisher may be justly proud.

It is hardly necessary to remind our readers, that Mr Tytler's work will yet be more interesting as it proceeds; and we anticipate great pleasure in the perusal of his History of the reigns of the Princes of the House of Stuart, of Mary, of the stormy period of the Reformation, and of the succeeding century of strife and turbulence.

Sketches of Irish Character. By Mrs S. C. Hall. 2 vols. London; Westley and Davis. 1829.

It is seldom that modesty occasions the misnomer of a book; it has done so, however, in the present case. By far the greater number of the pieces in the two volumes before us are not sketches;—they have the finish of cabinet pictures, and yet the freshness, and freedom, and force of less laboured detail. The work has taken us by surprise, too. Mrs Hall's name we had before known, as that of a lady who wrote some pretty little pieces for her husband's excellent Annual—the Amulet—and some rather pleasing, but perhaps laboriously juvenile, essays for her own—The Forget-Me-Not for Young People. But to find that she is a fair native of the Emerald Isle, who, for vigorous yet delicate perception of character, liveliness of style, and skill in arranging a plot—or rather, in concatenating a series of plots—is not unworthy of taking her place with her highly talented countrywomen, whose names are linked with its literature—and its freedom, too—is what we own we were not prepared for.

It is in the beautiful sea-side seclusion of Bannow, in the county of Wexford, that the whole business of the book takes place. The volumes contain above a dozen stories, the first of which is called the "Lily of Bannow," from its heroine being Lilias, the niece of the most important old lady in the place—Mrs Cassidy, to wit. As it is the longest, as well as the first, of the tales, it serves to introduce us to many characters who figure in the others; while, in its own plot and denouement, it has a substantial and delightful interest, which, though fully satisfied, yet leaves us to feel that "Peggy the Fisher," and others, are old acquaintances when we again meet with them. Thus, without the appearance of elaboration—while every link of the dozen is a separate ring—the whole makes a chain which embraces all the loves, friendships, characters, and occurrences of Bannow. This is at once an original and a charming feature in the book. It so connects each story with all the others, that the whole reads like a novel, while every one of them separately forms a beautiful tale. We thus

become denizens of the village, and feel a homebred sympathy for every family in it—from the rector's and priest's, to the old and lonely dwellers in the ruined halls of Coolhull.

This is all very high praise, but we have yet more to give. The book is written in no party or exclusive spirit, and with no political views. Yet its perusal will do much service—so kindly and general is the spirit of charity with which it is embued, in its best and truest sense, because not ostentatiously exhibited. The English and Scottish reader will find the nobler qualities of human nature so sympathized with, that it cannot be supposed that political violence or delusion on either side could extinguish them altogether;—and he will see—but without the formality of being *shown*—that even a Wexford rebel, and a suspected priest, in happier circumstances than those of actual civil war, may be among the kindest and the best of human beings. What may not a people abounding in such examples become? Without, too, the formality of instruction, as in Leadbetter's Dialogues, and even in Miss Edgeworth's writings, the work is admirably calculated to be practical; and more than the Irish peasant may profit by the rich picture of Irish "*Indipindince*."

As yet this book is unknown here; but we trust what we have now said in its favour will be the means of bringing it into immediate notice, for few recent publications are more deserving of attention.

Orthoepy and Elocution; or, the first part of a Philosophical and Practical Grammar of the English Language, for the use of Teachers, Academies, and Public Speakers. By James Knowles. Glasgow; R. Griffin and Co. 1829.

This is a work from the pen of the *father* of the celebrated dramatist, James Sheridan Knowles. It is evidently the production of a man of sense and experience; and contains a very distinct developement of the principles of elocution, from the first simple elements of speech, to their most extended combinations in words and sentences. It is scarcely to be expected that we can enter here into the minutiæ of this subject; but, from the attention we have paid to the work, we are inclined to think that it will go a great way towards supplying what has been long felt to be a desideratum,—a correct and comprehensive school-book, for the general use of teachers and learners, uniting the principles of general or philosophical to those of instituted grammar.

The Conduct of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, on the Continent, and as a Member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the British and Foreign Bible Society, considered and exposed; with Strictures on the Church of England Missionary Society, &c. By Robert Haldane, Esq. Edinburgh; William Whyte and Co. 1829.

This is another of the numerous controversial works which have sprung out of the Apocrypha question. Into the merits of that question, Heaven forbid that we should ever enter! It appears, by the present book, that the Rev. Daniel Wilson has given grievous offence to Mr Robert Haldane; and the consequence is, that Mr Haldane devotes 239 pages of letter-press to a very vituperative chastisement of the said Daniel Wilson. Like other theological disputants, Mr Haldane writes very sternly and fearlessly;—that he writes also in the true and meek spirit of Christianity, we shall not take upon ourselves to say. This, however, we will say, that we have of late been more than once inclined to think, that there would be as little sin in a pair of pistols, as in the language fired off at each other by certain clerical disputants.

Memoir of Mrs Ann H. Judson, including a History of the American Baptist Mission in the Burman Empire. By James D. Knowles, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston. London; Wightman and Cramp. 1829.

Mrs Judson was a highly accomplished and excellent woman, and the wife of a very pious and intelligent man. We do not exactly approve of the manner in which the present "Memoir" is written, which is too exclusively the style of a particular sect; but the volume contains much interesting information regarding the habits and customs of the Burmese, besides affording to all missionaries an example well worthy of imitation, in the honourable discharge of their duties, so patiently and laboriously persevered in by Mr and Mrs Judson. At the same time, having had some opportunities of investigating the subject, we must candidly state, that we consider the conversion of the Burmese to Christianity a very hopeless speculation, for at least several centuries to come.

Syllabic Spelling; or, a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read, upon the principle originally discovered by the Sieur Berthaud. Adapted to the English Language by Mrs Williams. Fourth edition. London; Whittaker and Co. 1829.

This is one of the very best books of the kind with which we are acquainted, and had we three hundred children, (which we probably never will have,) we should put a copy into the hands of each of them.

Apician Morsels; or, Tales of the Table, Kitchen, and Larder. By Dick Humelbergius Secundus. London; Whittaker and Co. 1829. Pp. 348.

This is an amusing book, though it is the production of only a half-bred man,—of one who pretends to more learning and humour than he possesses. We rather suspect, too, that so many works have of late been written about eating and drinking, that the subject is getting stale. There is, however, a good deal of Epicurean research, and many curious anecdotes and stories in the "Apician Morsels," which will be read with much pleasure, we presume, by the professional gourmand. We might have said more, but the truth is, it is not half an hour since we dined, and we have therefore no appetite for the theme.

The Bee Preserver; or, Practical Directions for the Management and Preservation of Hives. Translated from the French of Jonas de Gelieu. Edinburgh; John Anderson. 1829.

This is a very excellent little work, upon an interesting and delightful subject. From the clear practical directions, and the valuable discoveries, it contains relative to the history and economy of bees, we think it ought to be in the hands of every apiarian. Many people are fond of bees, as the author remarks,—indeed have a passion for them; but it is not enough to be fond of them—they must be skilfully taken care of, according to certain rules, applicable in every case, but more particularly in bad years. Mistaken care annoys them—niggardliness ruins them. Instructions, therefore, from an experienced person, are absolutely necessary; and we know of none on which we would be inclined to place more reliance than those of Jonas de Gelieu. He treats, among many other things, of the proper situation for an apiary—of the proper time to transport a swarm to the situation designed for it—of the best sort of hives—of the quantity of honey necessary to maintain a hive—of the use of capes or hoods—of the manner of uniting swarms and of renewing old hives—of the enemies of bees, and means of overcoming

them—of the diseases of bees—of the different varieties of bees, and their language—and of the preservation of hives in winter. The translation, which is very classically executed, is from the pen of a lady. It is dedicated to the Highland Society, to which it has been presented by Sir Walter Scott.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of the Art of Fencing. By George Roland, Fencing Master at the Royal Academy, Edinburgh. Edinburgh. Archibald Constable and Co.; and sold by the Author at his Rooms, Royal Manege. Edinburgh. 1823.*

THIS is, without exception, the clearest and most practical work on the subject that has come to our notice. The whole of its contents, indeed, are strictly and essentially practical;—they are the results of a long attention to the art among the first fencers of the day,—an experience which has cultivated to the highest a naturally sound and clear head, joined to rare physical qualifications. The information which he has thus acquired, Mr Roland conveys in that quiet, sensible, unpretending manner, which characterizes his style of teaching.

Prefixed to the work is a preface, containing some notices of the history of the small sword; and it is chiefly to this part of the work that we intend at present to confine ourselves—as the most likely to be interesting to the general reader. Passing over Mr Roland's minute investigation into the origin of swords in general—the probable excellence of the Romans in the use of it, and other preliminary matter—we come at once to the history of the small sword. There is something peculiarly attractive about this weapon—ever bright as its wearer's honour—graceful in its form, and classical in its purposes; it is at once an ornament to the owner, and a grateful and elegant means of death to his *satisfied* antagonist. Then what a crowd of associations hang like festoons of flowers around it—like the myrtle around the sword of Harmodius. Are there not associated with it to all eternity the names of Tybalt, Mercutio, Hamlet,—and, in later days, of those gallant prize-fighters, whose fame lives in the pages of the Spectator? Does there not rise to our mind's eye a varied crowd of interesting images, from the elder Angelo guarding the slightest leaf of his mistress's *bouquet*, which he had placed upon his breast, from the points of the best swordsmen in France, down to that battered image riding in ferocious and solitary grandeur into Hogarth's "Southwark Fair?" The history of this noble art is, it must be confessed, somewhat involved in obscurity—names and dates are rather uncertain—but the time may come when some Niebuhr (no industry short of a German's is commensurate to the task) shall do for fencing what he has already done for Rome. Meanwhile, we lay before our readers what information we have been able to pick up—taking for our groundwork Mr Roland's history, and interweaving occasionally such shreds and patches of information as have (Heaven knows how or when!) been drawn to us by the universal attraction of our brain.

The origin of the rapier, or small sword, properly so called—that is, of the sword calculated for the thrust alone—it is impossible to ascertain. Even the country of its invention is unknown. It is, however, first found in general reception in the more southern nations of Europe; and its appearance is nearly coeval with that simplification of means, always attendant upon and characteristic of the advance of a scientific spirit, which led men, about the beginning of the 16th century, to lay aside by degrees their cumbrous defensive armour, and rely more upon the simpler defence afforded by a proper use of their own weapon of offence. Like all infant arts, the use of the sword was at first much more complicated than was requisite. Men could not at once reconcile themselves to such a simple and unostentatious mode of defence; besides, it was necessarily practised for a time quite empirically—the lapse of ages was required, before the Lockes and Newtons of fencing arose to reduce it to its first principles. The result of the operation of these combined causes was a ridiculous and unnecessary complication of feints, guards, and attacks—not to speak of a great many monkey tricks and contemptible advantages taken, whose memory is only preserved in the engravings which have come down to us from these times. We allude to the practice of parrying with the dagger, or receiving the adversary's point in the cloak wrapped round the left arm,—to the practice of fighting at night with rapiers and dark-lanterns,—to the volte, and all such expedients. Most of these inventions, it seems to us, may be traced to Italy, whose acute inhabitants appear to have carried intrigue and chicane into the practice of arms, as well as into arts and politics. This fact almost leads us to suspect that the small sword was first sedulously cultivated in Italy. Its introduction was probably simultaneous in several countries; for we have seen in old armouries a sword used previous to the discontinuance of defensive armour, larger and more cumbrous, but otherwise of precisely the same construction as the modern small sword with the bayonet blade. Its superiority over either the mere cutting sword, or the cut-and-thrust sword, was sufficiently obvious.

But if Italy seem thus to be the mother of the art, it was in France undoubtedly that it was first reduced to elegant and scientific practice;—it is from France that every country, which can boast of a modern school of fencing, has had her first lessons. A fact is stated by Mr Roland, which sufficiently accounts for the superiority of that country:—"In France, until lately, fencing was considered of so much national importance, that no masters were allowed to teach in Paris, without having served a sort of apprenticeship in some Salle d'Armes, and afterwards proving their talents in two public exhibitions, in opposition to the last received masters. Such as had been thus received, enjoyed, besides other honours, the freedom of all places of public amusement for a year." It was this incorporation of fencers which sent forth all those professors in the art, who have so simplified the weapon and its use, that they have reduced it entirely to a contest of judgment and bodily agility. At the same time, it is but just to remark, that France, as the country where the art has ever been in most repute, has, under the sanction of her name, sent forth more quacks and unqualified pretenders to this accomplishment than any country in Europe.

Germany had originally a national style of fencing, which differed materially from the French. To this latter, however, it is every day giving place. The French style is nearly the same that is taught among ourselves—the positions and attitudes are in most respects the same—the system of waiting for exposures on the part of the adversary, and then trusting to promptness and quickness in the thrust, is the same. The German attitude is, the body inclined forwards; the right leg bent so as to form, from the ankle, an angle rather less than a right-angle with the floor; the left leg forming with the body a straight line from the head to the floor; the left hand rested on the haunch; the right arm depressed, and the point of the foil elevated. The fencer's business is not to wait for openings, but to form them, by pressing aside his adversary's blade. He never thrusts on a disengagement. Long controversies have been waged in Germany on the comparative merits of these two systems. Ap-

* We have promised an occasional retrospective Review; and the work whose title we have copied above is upon a subject to which we are desirous of directing the attention of our readers.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

peals have been made on both sides to the results of competitions between practitioners of the different systems. Such appeals must frequently be fallacious, for superior individual skill may often give the victory to the worse system. The theory of the French artists is the more feasible, and the ascendency it is daily gaining, in spite of national jealousy, over the other, is a strong circumstance in its favour.

In England, the art is comparatively of modern introduction. Not but there have been all along practical swordsmen among us, as well as among other nations; but there were none of scientific eminence. It was about the beginning of last century that any thing like eminence in fencing displayed itself in England. The most distinguished professors have been either foreigners, or have studied the art abroad. At the same time domiciled in England, they accommodated themselves in some measure to the national temperament, and, by coming into more frequent contact with each other, have contracted peculiarities sufficient to entitle them to be considered as a school apart. The English style of fencing is less showy than the French, but perhaps more close and energetic. Among many distinguished names we enumerate the race of Angelos, O'Shaughnessy, and, though last, not least, the Rolands, father and son.

Much more might be said in detail of the progress of fencing. The various attitudes which have from time to time been adopted, modified, or rejected, according to the varying opinions of utility and grace, afford room for curious speculation. The various forms of blades, guards, and pummels, offer a good theme for the display of antiquarian lore. But these we must pass over at present, and conclude our brief sketch by some general remarks on the importance of fencing as an art.

We are admirers of man in the abstract, and lay little stress on the modifications which times and circumstances superinduce upon him. We are no idolaters of the ages of chivalry, and are rather sceptical as to many of the moral and intellectual boastings of the present day. But in every age we can venerate where we find them—beauty in form, kindliness in feeling, grasp of intellect, and vivid daring of imagination. We believe that every age and every country has been more favourable to the developement of one or other of man's faculties, and we seek in all of them materials for our opinion of man's capabilities. In our research we find there is one ingredient which cannot be dispensed with, in the person who would claim a high rank in our estimation, and that is, true courage; or, in other words, the union both of moral and physical courage. We know no means so likely to evolve this quality where it is latent, to perfect it where it exists, than an exercise which at once cultivates the bodily powers, thus giving us self-confidence, and at the same time tasks the intellectual faculties in no small degree. It may be that no civilian in this country may ever need to use his sword; but the command of every limb, and the presence of mind generated by the practice of fencing, are qualities which may be called for in every situation. The efforts of the English masters have produced a body of amateur talent, which has long been in high repute. The exertions of Mr Roland in Edinburgh have already called forth, in this city, a quantity of amateur talent, which, considering the shortness of the time, could scarcely have been expected. We are not inclined to disparage the great merits of Francalanza as a teacher, but there has been an enthusiasm and a union among Roland's scholars, which we have not found in his; and it is this enthusiasm and union which have mainly contributed to place Edinburgh fencing on the respectable grade which it has attained. At the same time, we are bold enough to say, that the spirit of amateur fencing seems for a couple of years to have been rather retrograding among us. Two causes have operated to this effect. The first gloss of novelty has worn off, and that cools the love of many. The other is the dilettanti spirit of some of the younger students. They take fencing among a host of other athletic exercises, which dissipate and distract their attention. To be a fencer, there is required a close, and, for a time, a pretty exclusive attention. We are happy to see added to the clubs of our city, one which takes fencing exclusively under its protection. It may do much to arrest this retrograding spirit, and we look to it to undertake the task.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;
OR,
A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.
NO. II.

"Stulta, jocosa, cavenda, dolentia, seria, sacra;
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;
Quisquis es, hic aliquid quod delectabit habebis;
Tristior an levior, scilige quicquid amas."

LANGUAGE cannot describe the anxiety which has been shown, during the course of the present month, by all ranks and classes, to obtain one glimpse of those Editorial Slippers we were the humble instrument of immortalizing in our 25th Number. Not only have deputations waited upon us from all the most considerable towns of Great Britain and Ireland, but from Paris, Madrid, Florence, Vienna, and other remote places, where one would have hardly thought there was yet time for the LITERARY JOURNAL of May 2d to have been received. We have been honoured with letters, too, from all the *savans* of the Continent, containing the most pressing solicitations frequently to resume our *pantouflles*, as our correspondents of the French Academy call them, and under their influence to extend our literary researches over the whole of Europe. With regard to our friends at home, we have done every thing that it was possible to do to gratify their curiosity. Day after day we have sat in our slippers, from morning till night, receiving a perpetual succession of visitors, three-fourths of whom we never beheld in our lives before, who merely passed through our audience-chamber, as if it had been a royal drawing-room, cast one glance upon our face, beaming with benevolence, and then riveted their gaze upon the retiring modesty of our dumb and gentle slippers, who, as if conscious of the notoriety into which they had been thus suddenly brought, clung more closely to our feet, clasping our toes and instep in the most affectionate embrace. As to our foreign friends, we beg to assure them that the "Editor in his Slippers," or, in the softer language of Italy, in his *Pianellas*, will often appear before them, to make them acquainted with many little literary gems and *memorabilia* which might otherways pass unnoticed, because they do not float on the surface of the stream.

We have seldom felt happier in our slippers than we feel to-day. It is a glorious day in the first month of summer, and we have already seen the greater part of the proof sheets of the concluding Number of the first Volume of the LITERARY JOURNAL. The success which has attended this publication is, in a great measure, to be attributed to our slippers. It is true, that the phrenologists tell us our bump of *Ideality* alone is large enough to make an ordinary head; but our *Ideality* would have been of no use without our slippers. Without slippers, winter would be merely a season of great-coats and sore throats;—without slippers, summer would be nothing but a few months of perspiration and white trowsers; without slippers, literature would be a series of Newspaper reports and advertisements of Warren's Blacking. To winter, slippers impart all its fireside comforts,—to summer, all its refreshing coolness,—and to literature, all its romance and poetry—all its free and unfettered genius. Junius,

we daresay, wrote in boots; and so, no doubt, did the author of the "Newgate Calendar,"—probably in top-boots. But Sir Walter Scott writes in slippers—pale yellow slippers; Professor Wilson writes in slippers—bright red slippers; Moore writes in slippers—dark blue slippers; Wordsworth writes in slippers—light green slippers; and We write in slippers—black unbrushed slippers. If there be any thing of ours in the LITERARY JOURNAL a good deal superior to aught that has been ever written by any of the illustrious authors we have mentioned, it is entirely to be attributed to this cause,—that our slippers are of a superior quality to theirs; for the more we examine into the point, the more we are satisfied that inspiration lies in the slippers.

Some people told us, when we announced the LITERARY JOURNAL, that it was not likely to succeed. They said, in the politest manner possible, that if it *could* succeed under any one, it would succeed under us; but that there was no field for the work in Edinburgh; that the London Weekly Periodicals of the same class had the start of us; and that Scotland was very slow in patronising new attempts. We thanked our friends very sincerely for the great comfort they gave us; and, turning upon our heel, we said to ourselves—"It *shall* succeed;" and an Irish echo, in the shape of old Christopher North, boldly replied—"I foretel the book will prosper." Christopher and We were right. The book *has* prospered. From the very first number, the LITERARY JOURNAL has been *a hit*. We had no dull and feeble infancy, hanging on the very confines of life, and only indicating that we were not dead by an occasional squeak or squeal. We started into the vigour of youth at once; and we are not aware that, even in our earliest days, we ever had a circulation under fifteen hundred weekly. The truth is, Scotland needed a LITERARY JOURNAL; and the numerous literary friends, ay, and some of the literary *strangers*, who rallied round us, made it easy for us to engage the sympathies of our readers, and to proceed with an eclat which few weekly periodicals have been able to obtain. We refer with pride and confidence to the Index to our first volume, which we this day publish, in proof of the support which our JOURNAL has received,—support which, whether we consider its extent and importance, or the handsome and liberal manner in which it has been communicated, has rarely been paralleled, and will certainly never be surpassed. The LITERARY JOURNAL may extend to a hundred volumes; but, full of improvements as we hope each succeeding volume will be, we shall ever look back with something of the feelings of a first love upon the literary intercourse and glad tumultuous hopes which accompanied its commencement. We are now abroad upon the ocean, and the winds and waves are around us, but the friendly hands that flung an adieu to us as we left the shore,—the affectionate voices that said, "God speed you!"—and the skilful mariners who took a pull at the oar till they had safely towed us from among the breakers and shallows, must not, and shall not, soon be forgotten.

We name no names, else the Editor in his Slippers would have to write a catalogue, instead of an article, and would, after all, be obliged to pass over some, who have, for different reasons, been necessitated to write anonymously, but whose names are not, therefore, the less eminent, or their writings the less able. A compliment, however, has been paid us by two persons of which we are proud, because they stand nearly at the head of the living genius of Scotland, and because they are loved, both for themselves and for their works, by that country whose approbation it is our chief object to obtain. With Robert Burns, our highest ambition would be

> —— for poor auld Scotland's sake
> Some useful plan or book to make;

and we cannot help believing that there is some prospect of our object being accomplished, when ALLAN CUNNINGHAM and the ETTRICK SHEPHERD express themselves well satisfied with our exertions. With the former we are not personally acquainted, not having been in London for several years; but we may safely say, that, through his correspondence and otherwise, we know him *better* than we do many with whom we *are* personally acquainted. It is not very long since one of his letters to us began thus:—"*My dear Sir, I like your paper, and I like the Editor, and for the sake of both I wish these verses were the best I ever wrote.*" The verses were excellent; but to us there was more poetry in the two lines of prose we have just quoted. The Ettrick Shepherd likewise is one to whom our heart warms whenever we name him; and we think it no small thing that the author of the Queen's Wake—a poem which will be read with undiminished delight centuries hence—should have written to us these words,—"*I'll defy Great Britain to get up as spirited, as amusing, and as diversified, a literary paper as yours!*" We should wish to be believed,—though perhaps there are some who will *not* believe us,—when we say, it is not vanity which induces us to quote from these two letters; if it were, we might quote from a hundred others. We are actuated solely by a wish to express the honest satisfaction we feel in being thus not only *laudati a laudatis*, but *laudati* by the two persons whose good opinion, as Editor of a Scottish periodical, we would not exchange for any thing else that could be offered us.

The newspaper press, too, has acted nobly, and we owe our best thanks to at least fifty Editors. They have met us with no petty jealousy—they have not hinted doubts or hesitated dislike. They bade us be of good cheer at the outset; and, having had an opportunity of judging for themselves, they have come forward manfully and heartily to state the favourable impression we have made. We are pleased at this; for, unlike Mr Combe and the phrenologists, we respect the newspaper press of this country. It is conducted by men of talent and learning, and in no country does it go more hand in hand with public opinion. We suspect, therefore, it is only they to whom the praise of the press is as the bunch of grapes to the fox, who will affect to despise it. Nor must we omit to thank, also, many Editors, both in England and Ireland. Thanks, is is true, are easily given, and often come only from the lips; but let them try us when they want a favour at our hands, and may our slippers become cloven hooves if we prove ungrateful!

But let us now be a little less egotistical, for we have a number of things lying upon our table which we wish to notice. And, first of all, comes an unpublished *jeu d'esprit* by the poet Southey. We are indebted for it to a friend who has made the tour of Europe, and who thus describes the manner in which it came into his possession:

"During a summer ramble in Switzerland, I availed myself of the services of one of the hardy and intelligent mountaineers who gain a livelihood by pointing out the beauties of their romantic country, and conducting travellers to the lofty summits of the Alps. In compliance with the usual formality at parting, my conductor presented me with his book, that I might certify the manner in which he had acquitted himself, directing my attention to a recommendation from Mr Southey, whose guide he happened to have been on a similar occasion ten years before. I took the liberty of copying the Poet Laureat's effusion, which I thought quite characteristic. It ran as follows:

> By my troth, this Hans Roth
> Is an excellent guide,—
> A joker, a smoker,
> And a savant beside.

A good geologist,
A better mineralogist,
An able physician,
And learned metaphysician,
Who scents out how causes proceed;
A system inventor,
An experimentor,
Who raises potatoes from seed.
He knoweth full well
The forest and dell,
The chalets and dwellers therein;
The mountains and fountains,
The ices and prices,
Every town, every village, and inn.
Take him for your guide,
He has often been tried,
And will always be useful when needed;
You'll be merry together,
In fair and foul weather,
And shake hands at parting as we did."

Southey evidently wrote these lines in one of his amiable and happy moments—moments which occasionally come to all of us. It was after dinner, in the inn at Zurich, which looks out upon the lake, and the neighbouring mountains of Schwitz and Glarus. It was a beautiful afternoon; a bottle of cool Rhenish wine stood before him,—probably Johannisberg; and we will wager the Duchess of St Albans against a bad sixpence that his travel-worn feet were lapped in the elysium of slippers. He felt pleased with himself and with all mankind, and he therefore gladdened the heart of honest Hans Roth, by inditing the encomium we have given above.

Shift we the scene from Mr Southey and Switzerland to Mr John Ramsay, weaver in Kilmarnock. "How fleet is a glance of the mind!" and if a man is determined to hunt out genius, there is no saying in these days where he may be carried. "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" asks Shakspeare. And, on the same principle, why may not imagination discover genius in a red night-cap, working at the loom in Kilmarnock? We care not for the outward casket; it is the gem silently glittering within which we prize. Is the dewdrop less beautiful because it happens to fall upon the humblest blade of grass, rather than into the bosom of the full-blown rose? Genius comes like the dew from the starry sky, and dreams not of the conventional distinctions of artificial society. Mr John Ramsay may be a weaver in the sight of man, but he is a poet in the sight of heaven; and he has his reward in his own heart. We do not mean to say that Mr John Ramsay is another Burns; all we mean is, that he has the gentler susceptibilities of genius about him, and that we are, therefore, glad to have it in our power to give publicity to one of his effusions. It is the latest effort of his muse, although, "in the present state of our trade," he writes, "I must say with Burns,—'sma' heart hae I to sing.'"

LINES TO ELIZA.

There comes an hour, Eliza, when we must
Bid all farewell, and sink into the dust;
There comes a sun that shall behold us laid
Beneath the turf, forgotten and decay'd;
There comes a morning, at whose vernal voice
Earth shall revive, and nature shall rejoice,
But see us sleeping in the dewy sod,
And all unconscious as the kindred clod.
There comes a day, diffusing life and light,
With all that summer gives of warm and bright,
And, as away its beams of sunshine pass,
They'll shade us deeper in the long green grass.
There comes a day when Autumn shall descend
Dispensing blessings with an open hand;
And o'er these fertile vales youths yet unborn
Shall wield the sickle in the waving corn;
Join in the jests and simple pranks that goad
The hours along, and lighten labour's load;
And when the dews of evening deck the blade,
And the lone redbreast tops the mellow shade,
In love's embrace they'll hail the twilight scene,
Even in retreats where thou and I have been,—
While we, to love and all things else unknown,
Mix our cold dust with generations gone.
There comes a day, whose dull and dreary close
Shall see the world a cheerless waste of snows,
Whose farewell beam, and setting crimson streak,
Purpling you ancient mountain's lofty peak,
Shall view the mantle of grim winter spread
Even o'er the stones that mark our narrow bed.
But these will pass, and ages will roll on,
And we remain unconscious they have flown:
Then comes a day when dark shall grow the sky,
The sun in mid-course close his dying eye,
The sea stand still, deep-smitten with dismay,
And every isle and mountain flee away;
The heavens evanish with an awful roll,
And the last trumpet sound from pole to pole;
Then shall our mortal put th' immortal on,
And meet Eternal Justice on his throne.

We have already introduced Alexander Maclaggan to the notice of our readers. He continues to improve; and, as we have good hopes of his future achievements, we shall report progress from time to time. The following is the last production he has put into our hands, and it strikes us as vigorous and good:

STANZAS.

By Alexander Maclaggan.

The frantic wind is sweeping shrill
Over the head of the grey-hair'd hill,—
Ruin rages in the gale;
The blasted tree, the bursting rock,
By earthquake's shake, by lightning's stroke,
Roll thundering to the vale.

'Tis Heaven commands;—sweep on, ye storms!
Gather and fight, ye mystic forms!
Dash down, each swollen cloud!
Wheel, earth! thy course,—a shapeless blot
Of wind and wave,—but, O! wrap not
Yon cottage in thy shroud.

My Jessie and my cottage spare!
My spring-time and my summer's there,—
My life, and all life's worth:
Flash far away, dread lightning's power,
Blast not my home, blight not my flower,
Chill not my cheering hearth!

Her sweet smile is my summer's light,
My beacon in the darkest night;
And Oh! her gentle eye,
It is my morn—my evening star,
That shines upon me kindlier far
Than any in the sky.

Her virtuous mind's my store of wealth,—
Her blooming cheek my flower of health,—
Her mouth my honeycomb;
Her snowy, pure, and tranquil breast,
The down where sinks my head to rest,—
Rage, storms, but spare my home!

Let us turn now for a moment from poetry to prose. Here is a letter from as worthy an inhabitant of Scotland as ever visited London,—a Sexagenarian and an LL.D., with all the primitive simplicity and strong intellectual vigour of a gentleman of the old school. He writes precisely as he speaks, disdaining to adapt even his spelling to the modern pronunciation of the ancient Doric of his country. His letter is dated a month or two back, but, as the subject is an interesting one, and is treated in an interesting manner, we shall give the greater part of it:—

SUNDAY IN LONDON.—EDWARD IRVING—FLETCHER.

"Yesterday was Sabbath. I dinna ken how it is, to me the Sunday is like no other day in the week. The

face o' the sun—the fields—the streets—the countenances o' men—my ain thoughts, are a' different. It is ane o' the best blessings o' Christianity. There is something that exalts human nature in it,—something, that in one day in seven raises the servant to an equality wi' his master; when tranquillity disperses the cares an' anxieties o' the world, an' holiness becomes visible. But it is only in Scotland,—on the green hills, an' in the lonely glens, o' our native land, that the Sunday is a Sabbath indeed. Here, an' throughout England, it is different. The Scottish peasant rises early, offers up his prayer in the midst of his children, and accompanies them to the distant kirk,—returns to his homely meal,—opens his Bible,—gathers his family around him, and concludes the evening wi' prayer. To this there are exceptions, but the example is characteristic. In England there are exceptions, but the exception is the characteristic, and consists in a good dinner at the expense of the week, loitering away the evening at home, or in an ale-house, an' complaining o' the day as a weariness. In London, with the majority, it is a day o' pleasure, spent in excursions to Greenwich, Gravesend, the Nore, Richmond, &c.—ane goes a-fishing, a second a-shooting, an' a third follows his occupation as usual. But still there are thousands, an' tens o' thousands o' Christians in London; an', generally speaking, the churches are respectably filled.

I went to hear our countryman Irving. He is not so much run after in his new chapel in Sidmouth Street, as he was at Hatton Garden; consequently, there is now no difficulty in obtaining seats; though at a' times, even in the middle o' his orations, he manifested anxiety for the accommodation o' strangers. The new church is a tolerably handsome structure, but too long for its width. It is not very large, but neatly fitted up, and the windows alternately ornamented wi' Scotch thistles in stained glass. Soon after I was seated, in came Edward,—ane o' the most ungainly-looking figures I ever saw, with his thick, lang, black hair, which he used to wear *à la Nazarene*, now hanging about his ears in shaggy profusion. His action is uncouth, but, since he took to reading his sermons, it is less extravagant. It is a kind o' hap weel, rap weel, pell-mell action, swinging round his arm without mercy; then crouching together, like a tiger ready to spring, he raises his clenched nieves to the side o' his head, an', springing up wi' a loud, lang burst, discharges a tremendous thud upon the cushion, that echoes to the very ceiling. It is often impressive, always earnest; unstudied, but frequently ill-timed. His accent is harsh, grating, and national,—unpleasant even to a Scotsman, but adapted to the rude grandeur o' his eloquence. Irving is an orator, in so far as a wild imagination, enthusiastic earnestness, declamation, an' strang lungs, can make ane,—but farther I will not venture. Upon the whole, he is a good logician; there is a mathematical closeness in his reasoning, but it is like a superstructure weel-fitted together in its parts, but falling *en masse* before the least whiff o' wind, from the want o' a good foundation. His composition is a kind o' Ossianic transposition o' verbs, adjectives, an' playing wi' participles,—often lofty, seldom elegant, an' frequently inflated. He bore his ostentatious flattery nobly, but the turn o' the tide appears to have turned his temper; and Editors and all connected wi' the Press he raves against without mercy, abusing them for every thing but men an' Christians. In a word, Irving is a man o' genius,—a visionary certainly, but sincere,—an enthusiast, but now and then a sublime one.

In the afternoon I took a step down to Finsbury, to hear Fletcher, o' breach-o'-promise celebrity, (another countryman.) His new chapel is a huge, but not inelegant, mass of bricks, faced with cement. The doors are marked "Gallery," like a playhouse; and over one is inscribed a passage from Scripture, expressive o' a curse; and above another, a verse containing a blessing. It is double-galleried nearly round and round, and was crowded to suffocation. Through the whole service there was a crushing out an' a crushing in, like a country Sacrament,—and none o' the best o' order about the stairs. There is naething remarkable about Fletcher's appearance; he is a stout, good-looking, dark-complexioned man. His preaching is often eloquent, and contains sound, excellent sense, but sae confoundedly mixed up wi' wishy-washy clap-traps, that it is lost in nonsense. This moment he is proving the truth o' revelation wi' a' the force o' argument, an' the next he breaks away into pitiful whine, about "some poor little boy that he visited yesterday, and who is to be executed next Wednesday morning at the Old Bailey, for the crime of Sabbath-breaking and horse-stealing;" or, "the last words and dying confession" of some dear Christian sister, that he had been to visit that morning." In fact, Fletcher has found the key to unlock the curiosity o' the multitude. He is a kind o' story-telling Rowland Hill the second.

Next follows a poem of great merit, written by one whose life hitherto has been a very strange and chequered scene, though we doubt not that, with steady perseverance, better prospects are in store for him:

AND ART THOU FALSE?

And art thou false? my tried one!
Thou beautiful and best,
Who, lost in feeling, sigh'd when
We parted, and confest
Thy love, while wild emotion
Traced the memory of our youth,
When the kiss of fond devotion,
Melting, burning, seal'd our truth;—
And art thou false?

Mindest thou at our last meeting,
Where the ocean weds the Tweed,
The moon their union greeting,
Seem'd their marriage vows to read;
There was music on the river,
And its sweetly blending tone
Sang their bridal, breathing ever—
'Tis not well to be alone;—
And art thou false?

I have not yet forgotten
That heavenly, holy hour;
Nor shall absence place a blot on
Its remembrance, or its power:
It liveth, and it burneth,—
It will live, and it will prove
The heart thy kindred spurneth,
Yet is worthy of thy love.
And art thou false?

A thousand thoughts come o'er me—
Recollections of the past;
Still thy image weeps before me,
All lovely as thou wast,
When my burning cheek did borrow
Tears of agony from thine,—
Of affection and of sorrow,
Telling fondly thou wert mine,—
And art thou false?

'Tis true that fate had revell'd
In my anguish; it is true
It had young ambition levell'd,
Sparing nothing,—saving *you*;
Yet, with thy love to light me,—
Invigorate,—inspire,—
Its blastings could not blight me,—
Wither hope,—nor chill desire;—
And art thou false?

My faults were spread before thee,—
Blacken'd,—gather'd in a host;

Yet with the love I bore thee,
They mingled not,—were lost.
Ah! whatever were their number,—
Their turbulence,—design,—
Thy presence bade them slumber,—
My heart!—my heart is thine;—
And art thou false?

Can the ocean clothe the mountains?
Can the earth forsake the sun?
Can streams from upland fountains
Change their course, and backward run?
Can my heart forget the loved one
Of its being, and its birth?
And art thou, my fond, my proved one,
Deem'd truest on the earth—
And art thou false?

'Tis true this hath been told me,—
This might weaker minds believe;
But the heart that thus could hold me,
Cannot—never could deceive.
I have search'd thee, and thy spirit
Is untainted—pure as bliss;
Still thy bosom I inherit,—
'Twas an enemy did this;—
Thou art *not* false!

Of the author of the following anecdote, it has been most truly said, that "his stock of traditionary lore is not exceeded by that of any other individual in the world." We consider ourselves very fortunate, now that his attention is devoted principally to works of a larger and more important nature, to be able to obtain so many of his shorter and miscellaneous pieces, full of interest and information as they usually are, for the LITERARY JOURNAL. Mr Robert Chambers is as yet a young man; but there is every reason to believe, that, in the course of twenty or thirty years, his collected works will form a body of national and traditionary literature of the most curious and valuable kind.

A LAST CENTURY ANECDOTE.

"Mr Ross of Pitcalnie, an ingenious humorist, who spent his latter years chiefly in Edinburgh, was one night (about the year 1780) reeling home in a state of intoxication through St Andrew square, when his fancy suggested to him the following amusing hoax upon Sir Lawrence Dundas. It occurred to his remembrance, on seeing Sir Lawrence's fine house, (now the office of the Royal Bank of Scotland,) that that gentleman was then known to be engaged in the laudable business of *prevailing upon* the members of the Town Council of Edinburgh to elect him their representative in Parliament, and that he had already secured the approbation of so many of these worthy trustees of the public interest, that, but for one recusant deacon, he was certain of his election. It was known that Sir Lawrence had tried every possible means to bring over this dissentient voice, but hitherto without success; and there was some reason to apprehend, that after all the pains he had expended upon the rest, the grand object would not eventually be accomplished. Pitcalnie bethought him to assume the name of the deacon, to enter the house of the candidate, call for what entertainment he pleased, and finally, as Sir Lawrence was confined to bed with gout, to go away without being discovered. No sooner had he settled the plan in his own mind, than he proceeded to put it in execution. Reeling up to the door, he rung the bell with all the insolent violence which might have been expected from so consequential a person as the individual he wished to personate, and presently down came a half-dressed lacquey, breathing curses not loud but deep, against the cause of this unseasonable annoyance. "Tell your master," said Pitcalnie, "that Deacon ——— (mentioning the name of the important elector) wishes to see him." When the man went up, and told Sir Lawrence that Deacon ——— had come drunk to the door, wishing to see him, the heart of the old gentleman leapt within him, and he instantly sent down his compliments to his respected visitor, begging him to excuse his own non-appearance, which was only owing to extremity of illness, but entreating that he would enter, and in every respect use the house as his own. Pitcalnie grunted out an assent to the last part of the message, and, being shown into a room, began to call lustily about him. In the first place, he ordered a specimen of Sir Lawrence's port, next of his sherry, then of his claret, and lastly of his champagne. When he had drunk as much as he could, and given a most unconscionable degree of trouble to the whole household, he staggered off, leaving it to Sir Lawrence to come, next day, to the best explanation he could with the deacon."

To this amusing anecdote we shall add another from a different pen, no less interesting, and a good deal more important, as it has an indirect connexion with our present gracious Sovereign. The title will somewhat surprise our readers:—

ACCOUNT OF THE LADY WHO NURSED GEORGE IV.

"Previous to the year 1745, the Earl of Glencairn was Governor of Dumbarton Castle. His Countess was sister or cousin of Murray of Broughton, superior of the parish of Annworth in Galloway. At this time, the schoolmaster of Annworth was Mr Andrew Waddel, A.M. (afterwards well known as the translator of Buchanan's Psalms), who, being a very learned man, was recommended by Broughton to Lord Glencairn, as tutor to his sons. In this way, Mr Waddel was translated from Annworth to Dumbarton Castle. During Mr Waddell's residence with this noble family, a soldier in the garrison, called Sutherland, died. His death was very soon followed by that of his wife; and they left a son and daughter totally destitute. The boy, William, entered the army; and Mr Waddel, who was no less remarkable for his humanity than his learning, though encumbered with a large family of his own, and having very slender means, adopted the soldier's daughter.

"The little Margaret Sutherland, as she grew up, became a paragon of beauty, and was no less admired for the gracefulness of her appearance than she was beloved for her amiable dispositions. Such attractions were too well calculated to excite stronger feelings than those of mere admiration. Though no less virtuous than beautiful, this innocent creature became the victim of unlawful passions. A Captain Scott of the Artillery betrayed her unsuspecting confidence, and clandestinely carried her off from under the care of her venerable protector. It may easily be conceived that the good old man was plunged into the deepest distress by this unprincipled act. For three long years, notwithstanding the most diligent and unceasing enquiries, he heard nothing of his much-loved protegée. At last a letter came, addressed to him in characters which he himself had taught her to trace. The contents were most consolatory. The sweet girl, whose heart revolted at the idea of living with Captain Scott on the terms he proposed, had, with a degree of spirit for which he was not prepared, insisted on returning to the bosom of the family of her excellent friend in Scotland, from whom she never once doubted, even under such circumstances, of meeting with the most cordial reception. The Captain found that to part with her was worse than death; and at last adopted the virtuous resolution of affording her the only adequate reparation in his power, by making her his lawful wife, which he had now done.

"We here come to the most interesting part of our story. When it became necessary to find a nurse for the infant Prince of Wales, the now happy and respectable Mrs Captain Scott (who had by this time increased her family) was suggested, and accepted; and she had the distinguished honour of suckling our present most gracious Sovereign. The person from whom we have

derived our information is the grandson of Mr Waddel. He is himself an old soldier, and saw Mrs Scott in London about twelve years ago. At this time she was old and infirm, but still retained traces of her former beauty. In her elevation she did not forget her brother, who, having returned disabled from the wars, enjoyed, through her interest, a small pension."

We have been much pleased with the spirit of the following

SONNET—TO LADY D——.

Lady! thou wert not form'd for this cold clime,
Nor for this tame and unchivalric age;
Thou'rt all misplaced upon this humble stage,—
Thou hast come to the world *behind* thy time.
Thou shouldst have lived, five hundred years agone,
In some lone castle by the proud Garonne;
With such concourse of lovers from all Spain,
That towns at length should rise on thy domain:
Kings shou'd come there to break their hearts in scores;
And thou shouldst hold a massacre of knights
Once every week, until the river's shores
Should peopled be with their unhallowed sprites.
Thou shouldst lay waste all Europe with thy charms,
And give thyself to none but Death's victorious arms!

Glasgow is a city which, from the numerous literary effusions it has already sent us, we are convinced contains many a poet, passing quietly and unobtrusively amid the unconscious throng,—perhaps himself engaged in all the bustle of active business,—and more esteemed for his knowledge of arithmetic than for his portion of the *divinus afflatus*; but nevertheless, proud, *honestly* proud, in the secret consciousness that a light is burning within him which gives him a participation in the feelings, and a kindred claim upon the friendship, of those who move afar off, and "summer high upon the hills of God." We are always glad to hear from Glasgow; at present we have room for only one copy of verses from that quarter, but they are striking and original:

THE DEAD MAN'S MOAN.

I thocht the grave was a sweeter part,
Where ane wud rest in a sounder sleep;
I thocht that upon the tender heart
The cauldness wud nae lie sae deep.
I used to think, when I wont to lie
By the dike-side on the mossy brae,
Wi' my een turned on the bonny blue sky,
Where the wee wreathy clouds sae peacefully lay—
When I felt the summer's breath warm on my face,
And o'er me was coming slumber deep—
That the grave was sic another place,
Where ane wud lie in as sweet a sleep.

But I see nae mair the heaven's gladsome licht,
And nae mair I feel the sweet breath o' the sky;
And black and heavy on my sicht
The calm dead airs of my dungeon lie;
I for ever look on the grave's lonely wa',
Where creeps each earthy and loathsome beast,
And frae which the big draps o' the dead dew fa',
And heavily sink through my wasting breast;
There's nae warm friendly voice to cheer
The darkness and silence sae dismal and dree;
There's nae saft word that comes to speer,
How it is in the lanely house wi' me.

Hark! how aboon my dreary grave,
Weightily splashes the fast-fa'ing rain;
Hark! how the sweeping nicht-winds rave,
When stay'd in their speed by the big grave-stane.
I wish I were up, to straught my banes,
And drive frae my face the cauld dead air;
I wish I were up, that the friendly rains
Micht wash the dark mould frae my tangled hair;
I wish I were up, ance mair to drink
The fresh breath o' heaven frae the healthy plain,
And see the wee stars as they blithesomely blink,
And hear the sweet voice o' a friend again!

We were about to conclude, when our eye fell on the following verses by a poet who hides his light too much under a bushel, but whose name, we confidently anticipate, will one day be far better known than his modesty will at present permit.—It may be as a poet, or it may be in another capacity, but at all events as a man of genius:

AD LYRAM.

By E. B.

The morn hath long been over the billows,
That call me to launch on life's wide sea;
And I'll leave thee, my lyre,—but not on the willows,—
Till the breeze of my fortunes waken thee!
Though my bark be frail, and rude the gale,
A weaker than mine hath return'd with gain;
And though lofty the song of a rival throng,
Still, still, into heaven, may mount thy strain!

Sweet friend of life!—though oft thy measures
Have lured me to laugh at Wisdom's frown,—
Yet thine were never the palling pleasures,
That madden the hearts they fail to drown!
Tho' love's young light hath left my sight,
And many a comrade hath cross'd my way;
Thy friendship, since first its dawning I nurst,
Hath never forsaken, could never betray!

Oh! light's the fault, if prudence outlive it,
To spend our holiday years with thee;
And if pride refuse to smile and forgive it,
Thy worth may be proved more wise than he.
So sleep, my lyre! till manhood's fire
Awaken thy chords into nobler life:
And the heaven-born strain that floats from thee then,
May soar beyond the cold world's strife!

For a week or two we again drop the curtain. Our Slippers, during that period, will neither be heard of nor seen; while in a more abstract and sublime, though less concentrated character, we shall travel over the land, intellectually embodied in that glorious emanation of mind—the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

SKETCHES OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

VII. DR CHALMERS.

THE style of Dr Chalmers' eloquence is so marked and peculiar, and its defects and its beauties are so prominent, that the only difference of opinion which can exist with regard to it, must refer rather to its *merit* than to its *character*. If vigour of thought, and power of imagination, and warmth of colouring, and singularly forcible expression, are the principal elements of oratory, Dr Chalmers is well entitled to all his fame. Few men can match him in communicating an air of freshness to common-places;—his power of illustration is inexhaustible—his humour admirable—and no man can command more powerfully the attention, or engage the sympathies, of a popular audience. He is by no means a correct, much less a classical speaker; there is nothing elegant about him, either in his person, his manners, or his language; neither is there any thing that is in the slightest degree offensive; there is no affectation, no pretension;—you are struck with the earnestness of his manner, and the enthusiasm with which he urges his argument; and his vehement tones and uncouth gesticulations, are so much in unison with the character of his eloquence, or rather, they are so much part and parcel of it, that although in another they would very justly incur ridicule, in him they serve only to strengthen the hold which the speaker has upon our attention. Dr Chalmers, though a considerable proficient in the exact sciences, is not a close reasoner; he seldom treats his argument as a logician would treat it; he is fond of reasoning from apalogy, and his great force lies in illustration. He presents the same idea under twenty different forms, he loads it with comparisons, he adorns it with all the brilliancy of ornament which an exuberant fancy can command, and

never dismisses it till he has lavished upon it more warmth of imagination, and a greater variety of illustration, than would serve a less impassioned orator for a speech of two hours' length. He always speaks with apparent effort, but the difficulty evidently arises not from any deficiency of ideas, but rather from the rapidity with which they present themselves to his mind, and from his anxiety to express them in weighty language. His labour is like that of Jupiter *parturiens*, painful, just because the offspring to which he is giving birth must attain maturity before it leaves the brain, that it may rush forth full-armed and irresistible.

Dr Chalmers is not very powerful as a mere debater. He has not Dr Thomson's readiness, nor his acuteness; he cannot so easily extricate himself from a difficulty, nor can he avail himself with so much dexterity of any blunder which his antagonist makes. He is, in short, too much of an orator, in the usual acceptation of the word, to be distinguished as a special pleader. He is never flippant—he seldom indulges in personal sarcasm—and even his enthusiasm is more the enthusiasm of genius, than of party spirit. His private character is highly amiable, and his intercourse with churchmen of both parties extensive and liberal. It will not be wondered at, that a man possessed of such virtues and of such high intellectual endowments, should unite in his favour the suffrages of political friends and political enemies,—and that his voice should have considerable weight in the courts of that Church which boasts of him as her most eloquent and popular preacher.

VIII. PRINCIPAL NICOL.

This gentleman has long been distinguished in the Assembly by his useful talents for business, and his acquaintance with the constitution and rules of the Church. Without much merit as a speaker, he, nevertheless, always commands respect and attention, by the clearness of his statements, and the good order in which he marshals his arguments. His plain churchman-like manners and presence, and his unaffected style of delivery, eminently become the head of a College, and the occasional leader of a party. No man better knows the temper of the venerable house, or watches the progress and turn of a debate with more intelligence; and whenever he ventures to recommend a particular decision of a question, he seldom fails to carry a majority. It is, indeed, true, that the party with which he is connected usually forms, in itself, a majority of the Assembly; but when we consider—what is certainly the case—that there is less subordination and unanimity among the members of this party, than is to be remarked among the opposition; when we look at a numerous and increasing *squadrone volante*, which draws its recruits almost wholly from the moderate ranks; and when we consider, that in the Assembly there are many perfectly independent men, who seldom make up, or know *how* to make up, their minds on a question, till it is fully discussed, and who vote without reference to party,—when we consider all this, we are not to refuse credit to the tact and judgment of the man, who succeeds most frequently in directing the sense of the House. His policy is often, however, too timid and wavering to command the entire confidence of one, or the uniform respect of either party. In some of his healing motions—framed to catch the stray and the doubting—the very spirit of his principles seems to evaporate. He certainly wants the firmness and manly confidence of a great leader. Still, many who object to him all this and more, would be sorry, we have no doubt, to see a more sturdy politician hazard, by frequent failures on individual questions, the general ascendency of his party; and many more would, if intrusted with the conduct of a party themselves, hesitate to incur the responsibility of those ultra measures from which they accuse the Principal of shrinking. Robertson, with all the weight of his talents and his fame, and Hill, with all the influence which his wisdom and graceful eloquence could command, were neither of them above that caution which party spirit will sometimes call timidity; and Dr Nicol, succeeding such men, does well perhaps, even in this respect, to stand in the third degree of comparison.

Dr Nicol has been elected a member of the existing Assembly, and on this account we have spoken of him in the present tense, though we grieve to say, that indisposition now deprives, and is likely in future to deprive, church courts of his useful and respectable talents.

IX. MR CARMENT

Would evidently be the wit—we fear he *is*, in reality, only the jester—of the Assembly. The ready grin, and the loud laugh, waits on almost every sentence he utters; but then his person, and looks, and gestures, and tones, all partake the triumph with his matter and speech; and probably have, after all the principal share in the effect of his oratory. For whether he hit or miss—whether he speak sheer nonsense, or very passable sense—whether his humour be bastard or lawfully begotten—the result is pretty much the same. Indeed, we have known a text of Scripture, delivered in his rich and very peculiar nasal tones, pass for an exceeding good jest. But we doubt whether Mr Carment does not, without any intention of his, impose a little both on himself and the world. With the former party, he evidently passes for a cleverer and a wiser man than he is;—and with the latter, he has little credit for any thing but a fund of second-rate buffoonery. But, in point of fact, he is a person of some shrewdness, and not without a certain insight into the merits of a question. We have been sometimes struck with the exactness of his memory in matters of precedent, and all his jokes are not alike bad. But so long as he cultivates the reputation of a joker only, he must be content to take his stand even below his real, as we fear he always must below his own, valuation.

X. DR MACGILL.

This gentleman is professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Remarkable for his extensive reading in all the branches of theological learning, and for skill and assiduity in the management of his class, he is advantageously known in church courts by the judgment and candour which he displays on most questions. As a speaker, he is pleasing and unaffected. There is a great appearance of seriousness and self-conviction in all his reasonings and statements, which cannot fail to recommend the man as well as his argument. He is somewhat of a *precisian* perhaps in his opinions, as well as in his mode of address; but a Calvinist and a professor of Divinity will easily be forgiven on this score. The respectability of his station and attainments pointed him out last year as a proper person for the Moderator's chair, which he filled with exemplary dignity and propriety.

XI. DR DAVID RITCHIE.

Were a man's station as an orator to be determined by his general intellectual powers, we are not sure that there is any individual connected with our church who would be entitled to take precedence of Dr David Ritchie. No man reasons more closely, no man can expose a sophism more successfully, and few can follow out an argument through all its parts, with so much precision as this doughty logician. Accordingly, he never fails to distinguish himself when he has an opportunity of addressing the understanding upon some abstruse question, or when the argument rests upon some nice distinction which requires to be stated and explained. He thinks with clearness, and expresses himself correctly; he is seldom pathetic, never flighty. He neither attempts to storm the affections of his audience by bursts of passion, nor is he ever so much warmed by his own eloquence as to lose sight of a single link in the chain of his argument. His great fault as a speaker in church courts is, that he has no minute acquaintance with the

forms of business. He fights well on the field of battle, but he makes a sorry figure at drill. His speaking wants some of those qualities which are generally deemed essential to eloquence—he is deficient in imagination, and totally devoid of humour—and, what is still more unfortunate for an orator, he does not appear to possess the art of commanding the attention and carrying along with him the sympathy of a mixed assembly. His oratory is rather forensic than popular. He never speaks without exciting a general impression of his strong intellectual power; but he is not the person whom the lounger delights to hear.

XII. THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The reason which we stated in our slight sketch of Sir James Moncrieff, must be our apology for mentioning Mr Hope so briefly, and for mentioning him at all. His official station ensures him at all times a respectful hearing in the General Assembly, and the more readily that he is the son of the Lord President of the Court of Session, a gentleman who has ever distinguished himself by a steady adherence to our national Church, and by the faithful discharge of his duty as one of its elders. The Solicitor-General is not a fluent speaker, but his advice is often valuable; and were it not that he aspires to somewhat more of authority, than it is proper for a layman to possess in an ecclesiastical court, he would be a powerful acquisition for the party to which he attaches himself, and with which, we believe, he generally votes. Mr Hope is gentlemanly in his address, understands well what he is about, is an excellent lawyer, and possesses a large share of political sagacity, which, united as it is in his case, with steadiness of principle, will, no doubt, raise him to a high, if not the highest, rank in his profession.

TRADITIONS OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellion," &c. &c.

In Edinburgh, various superstitious ideas were cherished among the common people respecting the plague, which scourged the city for the last time in 1645, when it was also threatened by the Marquis of Montrose, and only saved from the plunder of that cruel though gallant commander by the dread which he entertained of infection. Throughout the Old Town, various places used to be shown where it was said the plague was shut up, and one in particular was pointed out as its burial-place. The former were certain old houses in Beth's Wynd, Mary King's Close, &c. the doors and windows of which were either almost altogether buried beneath the adjacent ground, or covered up with such a thick layer of dust and mud, as it appeared they could only have contracted during the lapse of several centuries. When the old pest-houses of Beth's Wynd were removed in 1808, to make way for the extension of the Advocates' Library,—for that storehouse of learning now occupies the site of the said dwelling-places of superstition,—serious apprehensions were entertained by the gossips of the wynd, lest the plague should burst forth from its place of confinement, and do as much mischief in the neighbourhood as before it had been bound over to keep the peace. No result of any importance followed the destruction of the houses, however, except that, beneath the floor of one of them, two workmen found a pot full of gold and silver coins, which had probably been buried there by an infected person, under the dread of being spoiled during his illness (which is said to have often been the case) by the Cleansers, and never recovered by the unfortunate owner. I have not learned that any other valuables were found in these houses at their demolition; but can, with not the less safety, avouch that it was customary, when a house was shut up for the plague, to leave the whole of the furniture within. I was once informed, by an aged lady, who had lived a good deal more than eighty years in Edinburgh, that, when she was a girl, there were some houses in the close where she resided (Allan's, first east from the Exchange,) said to be shut up on account of the plague, with all the furniture within, precisely in the same state as it had been left by the owners when they died. Though it was known that coin, plate, and other things of value, were deposited in one or more of these houses, they had been permitted to remain undisturbed for a century, and might have continued shut for a much longer period, but for a particular circumstance. When the Highland army came to Edinburgh in 1745, many of the soldiers, at the risk of military punishment, as is well known, committed such acts of rapacity as gave that gallant enterprise but too much of the appearance of a predatory invasion. Some, hearing of the treasures supposed to be concealed in the pest-houses of Allan's close, and entertaining no fear of an enemy so long dead as the plague, resolved to break them open, and possess themselves of whatever they found—an innocent species of plunder, as they thought, which neither "ta law nor ta Prince" could be expected to visit with the punishment promised to the robbery of the living. They did break open the houses, and, as was expected, found many valuable articles, though, contrary to the anxious apprehensions of the neighbours, no fatal consequence ensued. The plate, which was all marked with engraven coats-of-arms, and the other things worth taking, were divided among the adventurers; and after the spell was thus broken, the houses were inhabited by poor people, who willingly encountered all the danger that could be supposed to remain, for the sake of a free habitation. What was very remarkable, one of the Highlanders, when the army afterwards visited Glasgow, lodged in the house of a relation of my informant, who discovered, by the arms engraved on a silver drinking-cup in the man's possession, that the plundered house from which it was taken had belonged to his ancestor, and accordingly made an effort to take by force, and finally was glad to purchase, the said piece of plate, which he retained all his life afterwards as a family-piece. The old lady from whom I derived this singular story, had also a tradition, that the ancestress of a certain wealthy family in Edinburgh had accumulated a vast quantity of money and things of value, by attending those who were dying of the plague, which she was enabled to do with perfect safety on account of her having had the distemper before, and being, therefore, incapable of taking it again. The sick-nurses and cleansers, it seems, were usually the heirs of the dead, and many of them, like this person, laid the foundations of vast fortunes, which were, however, it was remarked, for the most part dissipated by their immediate successors. Thus, when Stirling was last ravaged by the plague, two particular men, who alone performed, or could perform, the duties of attending the sick, became, as is known from authentic records, proprietors of much more than the half of the town; yet, so little does this seem to have affected the distribution of property in the long run, that the only descendant of any of these two men, known to exist some years ago, was an old woman who did not possess an inch of land, built or unbuilt, and there has been, ever since the oldest inhabitants can remember, just as plentiful a variety of "lairds" at Stirling as in any other town of its extent. The memory of the circumstance is preserved by certain tenements and pieces of ground, which, though now in the hands of various proprietors, still retain the names of those who inherited them in the singular way mentioned.*

* In Stirling, such were the ravages of the distemper, that all the magistrates and town-council died. The executioner also died. A mound is shown in the churchyard of Stirling as the burial-place of those who perished. It is said to be a vault of stone-work, but is now covered over with soil.

One of the most picturesque anecdotes of the plague which I have collected in Edinburgh, bears that, during the calamitous period, when the town was abandoned to the rapacious and the dying, the awful silence which pervaded the streets, quite as much by day as through the night, used to be only broken in the dusk of the evening by a cart going through the city, attended by a man, who rung a bell, and cried with a loud and solemn voice, "Throw out your deid!" Scarcely any thing could be conceived more awful than such a ceremony, performed under such circumstances.

The place in Edinburgh where "the Plague was buried" is situated in Leith Wynd. This ancient, though much modernized street, as may be well known to some readers, is skirted on one side by a fragment of the wall of the city,—which, Heaven and the magistrates long preserve! In the inside of this memorial of a former age, the soil rises almost to the very top, and is, for the most part, employed in the capacity of a garden. Towards the bottom of the wynd, which, by the way, is very interesting, a small part of the ground seems enclosed as a sort of bleaching-green, being bounded on the west by a peculiarly tall house, in which there was once a Roman Catholic chapel, (burnt by the Protestant mobs of 1779.) From the wynd, the place is marked by a bulge, and peculiar blackness in the external wall, as if occasioned by the press and nature of the mould within—and by one or two spectre-like trees, which throw their dismal forms half over the rampart, apparently bleached by the dews which would have nourished them in their younger days, and not bearing any leaves even in summer. Beneath these trees, which seem to have been brought to their marrow-bones by the dreadful juxtaposition, "lies the Plague." It was buried here, says an old female informant, "by candle-light, at three o'clock in the morning, by Mr Gusthart, minister, long ago of the Trinity or College kirk, in presence of two witnesses, and not without ceremonies, such as praying and the like,"—the aversion of the Scottish Church to the burial-service having been apparently done away with in the extraordinary case of "the Plague." What "the Plague" was, this worthy lady did not well know; but she promised to enquire. At a second visit, she informed our ignorance, that it was a thing which long ago used to come into people's houses, in the shape of long silken threads, palpable to the eye, but not to the touch, and which, flying about hither and thither in the air, cut the breaths of all with whom they came in contact. That her account of the funeral of the plague was true, she was quite certain; for she herself had been at the sewing-school, when a girl, with two Misses Gusthart, who were the grand-daughters of the minister, and who told her the story.* Her great-grandfather, moreover, who died at a most advanced age while she was very young, "had *seen* the Plague!" So, there was no occasion for incredulity.

Seriously, it is by no means improbable, that some persons who died in Edinburgh of the plague were buried here; for this spot seems to have been part of the burying-ground anciently attached to the collegiate church in the immediate neighbourhood—bones having been found in making excavations in a wood-yard adjacent. A vast number of people, who died of the distemper on Burntsfield Links, whither they were removed from the town by order of the magistrates, lie interred in the precincts of St Roque's chapel, a religious building, the ruins of which remained, till within the last few years, in a field to the south-west of the Grange. Yet the small secluded area, within the town-wall at Leith Wynd, may still have been the peculiar burial-place of a last-infected person, or of the whole who died of the malady on one particular occasion.

By the people of the wynd, whose sentiments were perhaps general in the vicinages of all places where "the Plague was buried," the awful area, the goblin trees, and the black bulge in the wall, used to be regarded in the last age as objects of fearful interest, and even horror. What was beneath that thin sward, or within that dark wall, there was no saying. Did it contain the simple relics of mortality—the mouldering bones, the large over-fed worms, and the soft and sable mould, which had once thought and breathed? Or did it cover, as some said, the Plague itself? Was this the prison of that old awful malefactor, or his grave? Did he, the fiend—the scourge of humanity—not still dwell here,—in chains, perhaps, and confined within the incumbent soil, but still alive, possessed of all his faculties, and instinct with quite as violent a disposition as ever? Heaven and the magistrates long preserve that wall! If it were to be broken down, the inconceivable monster would burst forth from his den, demolish the whole wynd with one stroke of his tail, and swallow half of the people of the town at a mouthful!

* There really were both a Mr and Misses Gusthart, at different times, in Edinburgh. The minister, who seems to have lived about the end of the seventeenth century, is mentioned in a letter by Thomson the poet; and the Misses Gusthart are inserted in Peter Williamson's Directory for 1784.

THE DRAMA.

Before descending to the common Theatrical affairs of the week, we wish to lay before our readers one or two original unpublished letters of great interest relating to the affairs of the Drama. It was stated in our "*Theatrical Gossip*" last Saturday, that the London Managers proposed reducing the salaries of the leading performers, seeing that their exorbitant demands have had the very worst effect on the prosperity of the stage. Three original letters which now lie before us, place this abuse in a very strong light, by bringing it into contrast with what was customary fifty years ago, in the golden age of the British Drama. The first letter is from Garrick to Mr Siddons, who was then a member of the Gloucester Theatre, and the husband of the afterwards so celebrated Mrs Siddons. It was in consequence of this letter that she made her *first* appearance in London, and it must, therefore, be considered in every point of view a great literary curiosity. Boaden, when he published his life of Mrs Siddons, was not aware of its existence. We present our readers with an accurate copy.

Mr Garrick *to* Mr Siddons.

Adelphi, Nov. 13, 1775.

Sir,—I wish you joy of Mrs Siddons's safe delivery, and I hope she continues well.

I am obliged to Mr Dinwoody for his politeness, and shall return him the money upon the first notice of his return to town. And now about your coming to London;—the sooner I see you here, with convenience to Mrs Siddons, will be of more consequence to her and to me. She may have something to do if I see her soon, which may not be in my power to give her if she comes later;—nay, indeed, if she cannot safely set out before the time you mentioned in a former letter, it would be better for her not to appear this season, but put off her joining us till the next opening of our theatre; but this I leave to your own determination. And now let me desire you to give me the earliest notice when you and Mrs Siddons can be here, and what part or parts she would rather choose for her onset, that I may prepare accordingly. I should have no objection to *Rosalind*, as Mr Bute thought it your favourite part, but that a Mrs King has made her first appearance in that character. If you will set down three or four that you and she think her most capital parts, I will make the choice. In the meantime, I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. Garrick.

Mr Siddons, belonging to the Theatre at Gloucester.

Mrs Siddons lost no time after the receipt of this letter in proceeding to London, and on Friday the 29th December of the same year, she made her appearance on the metropolitan boards, having been announced as "a young lady." Her salary was to depend on her success; and as Garrick does not seem to have estimated her talents very highly, we may suppose it was small enough, particularly as she was discharged at the end of the season, and was not re-engaged for several years. In 1776, Garrick and the other proprietor, Mr Lacy, sold their interest in Drury-Lane Theatre. The new managers were, the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Linley, an eminent composer, whose daughter Sheridan married, and Dr Ford, a physician. By the year 1781, Mrs Siddons' fame had so increased, as once more to attract the attention of the London managers; and our second letter is from Mr Linley to Mr Siddons, offering Mrs Siddons an engagement for three years, at £10 per week for the first year, £11 for the second, and £12 for the third. It is couched in the following terms:

MR LINLEY *to* MR SIDDONS.

Drury-Lane Theatre, June 15, 1781.

SIR,—As you desire an immediate answer to your letter, I write (with Doctor Ford's concurrence) without loss of time,—Mr Sheridan not being in London;—for, as the difference of demand in point of salary is the only point (I think) we could disagree in, and as we wish to convince you of the sincerity of our inclination to engage Mrs Siddons, we agree to your proposal of an article for three years, commencing in September 1782, at L.10, L.11, and L.12 per week; and such part of the ensuing season as she may be with us, at L.10 per week, &c. &c., as per former letter.

Mrs Siddons' benefit, in course of salary, must come early. It is true that, in some very few instances, we have agreed to pay a certain sum in lieu of a benefit, at the option of the performer; but we have long since come to a resolution not to do so in any future engagement. Mrs Siddons' benefit, if she succeeds (as I doubt not she will) to answer *ours* and your expectation, must, in the general course of things, be worth more than L.100 to her. She may rely upon every kind of justice from us; and as we have the warmest expectation that her merit will entitle her to the encouragement of the public, consequently our obligation and interest will impel us to give her every assistance in our power.

We trust this letter will close the business betwixt us; and your answer, as soon as convenient, will much oblige us. I am, Sir, (with our best wishes to Mrs Siddons,) your most obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS LINLEY.

Mr Siddons,
Theatre-Royal, Bath.

The third letter is from the same to the same, written only ten days after the former, and contains some curious remarks on the subject of benefits:

MR LINLEY *to* MR SIDDONS.

SIR,—We have experienced that performers, being made certain of a stipulated sum at their benefits, it has made them neglect their interest among their friends; and, under these circumstances, the profits of their nights *may* fall short of what they ought to be. It is not the difference of money, when this happens, that is the object to us; but where there is not an acquaintance and interest cultivated by performers of rank, it lessens their value to the general welfare of the theatre, in proportion as they have less personal influence. There is the greatest likelihood that Mrs Siddons will make much more than L.100 by her night; and in the good faith we have of her promoting her own and our interest by doing so, we agree to your proposal of making good the deficiency on the average of the time of her engagement, should it prove otherwise.

Your answer will ratify this agreement, and an article shall be prepared without loss of time. I am, Sir, (with compliments to Mrs Siddons,) your most obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS LINLEY.

Drury-Lane Theatre, 25th June, 1782.

P.S. It must be understood, that (should we not agree with Mr Palmer) Mrs Siddons is not to perform in or near London, before the commencement of her engagement with us.

The engagement was concluded on the above terms; but as Mr Palmer, the Bath manager, would not release Mrs Siddons from an engagement she had entered into with him, her appearance in London was delayed till the following year. On the 10th of October 1782, she came out as *Isabella* in the "Fatal Marriage," and at once established herself as one of the first tragedians of the age. Between the 10th and 30th of October, she repeated *Isabella* eight times to crowded houses, and for the whole season continued to work equally hard,—*for ten pounds per week.* Though all the best actresses at present on the stage were made into one, they would fall far short of Mrs Siddons; yet the *stars*, both male and female, now demand from L.20 to L.30 *a-night* in London; and when they "visit the *provinces*," according to the fashionable phrase of the day, they insist upon L.50 *a-night*, or *half the entire receipts*. The bad consequences which must result from yielding to such exorbitance are too obvious to require to be pointed out. Managers must not only starve their ordinary company, cut off their supernumeraries, put their scene-painters on short allowance, thin their orchestra, and even tax their orange-women,—but, what is still worse, they must drive hard and niggard bargains with authors, and instead of encouraging, they will be more inclined to repress and blight dramatic genius. And all this because a few inflated fellows, presuming on the public favour, grossly over-estimate their own value, and do not care a farthing though the British drama go to the deuce, provided they themselves are pampered into fatness. Their offence ought to be made a matter of popular cognizance. They should be hissed, hooted, and pelted off the stage, until they are brought to a just sense of their own impudence, and become worthier followers in the footsteps of the illustrious Mrs Siddons, her hardly less illustrious brother, and a host of others, who "knew their own worth, and reverenced the *stage*." Until a reform takes place in this particular, a millstone will hang forever round the neck of the drama; and though we are at some distance from the root of the evil, we are determined to return again and again to the charge, until we win over all the most influential part of the press to our sentiments, and do a great good to the literature of our country.

We have had Madame Caradori here for two evenings this week. She is a very finished and beautiful singer, and has been very rapturously received in Edinburgh. With the exception of Pasta and Catalani, it is long since we heard a finer singer than Caradori. Her style is at once soft and brilliant, delicate and expressive. We regret much that she has not been able to join acting with singing, for there is so much passion and energy in Italian music, that it never can produce its full effect, unless when connected with some dramatic personation. We hope Caradori will visit us again with De Begnis, or others.

The benefits have been going on prosperously. An actor should ever be ready to say, with the Roman patriot—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, *sweet public*,—we'll *deserve* it."

Pritchard takes his benefit on Monday, and certainly deserves that patronage which, from the state of the box-plan, it is evident he will receive. No one is more

essentially useful in the company, works harder, or with more good-will. In private life, too, Pritchard is very generally and justly esteemed for his gentlemanly manners and most obliging disposition.

Old Cerberus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPISTLE TO MR WILLIAM BERWICK.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

[A few years ago, Mr Berwick sent the Ettrick Shepherd a present of a half hogshead of his best ale, with directions, written in plain prose, how to use it; but the Shepherd, forgetting or misunderstanding these, made some mistakes—the consequence of which was, that the one-half of his bottles burst; and what was saved of the ale was so thick, that about a third of each bottle was lost. This year Mr Berwick sent him another cask, and, that he might pay a little more regard to the directions, wrote them in verse, which had the proper effect; and the ale turned out such a beverage as never before was tasted in Ettrick Forest,—

"So pure, so genuine, and so bright,
One turns to 't aye with new delight."]

Brave Berwick! best of breath's renewers,
Thou best of men, and best of brewers,
(For I defy the Scottish nation
To match me at alliteration,)
Thou art a hero inch by inch,
A friend, a brother in a pinch;
I thought I scann'd thy heart—thy head—
As many do—Not we, indeed!
For never could I ween that thou
Could have surprised me so as now!
I knew thee sterling at thy trade,
The ae best brewer e'er was made;
I long knew this, have watch'd and noted it,
Have said it, sworn it, sung it, quoted it;
I knew thee too a sturdy angler,
No blundering blusterer or brangler,
But one who would in courteous way
Stand to thy tackle, night or day,
And, at the last would weigh a creel
With any man that winded reel;
And, though I grieve the world should know it,
Even with a shepherd and a poet.
I knew thee, too, a horseman good,
As e'er bestrode the Highland brood;
For I once saw thee do a deed
Which chivalry could scarce exceed,
When leaving Yarrow, long agone, once,
With Ritchie, for the famed St Ronan's,
Even when the hues of night were seen,
Tinging our mountains darkly green,
And the young gloaming 'gan to draw
Her airy veil o'er Benger Law,—
Though toddy jugs had kept us late,
And darkness threatened by the gate,
A horseman met thee fiercely galloping,
With legs and arms all walloping, walloping,
And, without pause to stay or greet him,
You turned, you ran him, and you beat him.
All this I know, and twenty times
As much, that will not mould to rhymes.
And why should virtues mentioned be
Which others know as well as me?
I know thee, all the rest to pass,
An excellent callant o'er a glass;
And when a third or halflins mellow,
A right-unbowsome, stubborn fellow,
With bladds of eloquence about thee,
Which make the best disputers doubt thee,
Draw in their horns, and make't their object,
On the first chance, to change the subject.
Shrewd Henry Scott, who argues madly,
I've seen thee make him stutter sadly;
And Forbes, who wants neither sense
Nor yet a touch of eloquence,
I've seen him oft, when hardly wrong,
Obliged to laugh and hold his tongue.
As for Dunlop, when hardly press'd,
He turns the matter to a jest,—
Looks shy, as without care or pother,
First to the one side, then the other,
And says—"My mannie, that may be
Sound sense to you that's nane to me;
But this I still maintain—In *one* sense
Your argument is downright nonsense."
Stand to them, Berwick! yield to none!
Of all thy peers I know but one,
In pith and ardour, beats thee thorough—
A provost of an eastern borough:
A tall, unsonsy, headstrong loun,
Can beat a parliamenter down,
With biting sauce his language season,
And crack a crown as well's a reason.
But, honest Berwick, 'tis not that
I have so long been aiming at;
Yet, when a rhyme with friendship mellows,
My intimates are such queer fellows,
Such bold, impetuous, fervent masses
Of law, of gospel, love and lasses,
That whether I try to laud or scoff them,
It is not easy to get off them.
However, all know these things true;
But, till this day *I* never knew,
Nor do I think mankind yet know it,
That thou'rt a genuine, sterling POET;
Yes, I profess, and risk the sequel,
Of whom I ne'er beheld the equal.
I've been presented oft with rhyme,
From doggerel to the true sublime—
From David Tweedie to Lord Byron—
Which any mortal man would tire on;
But all their poems put together,
Compared with thine, are but a feather,
Which every breeze away can puff;
But thine's the genuine, sterling stuff,—
So strong, so mellow, and so bright,
One turns to it aye with new delight,—
It hath a freshness and a zest,
As Mr Jeffrey would express't,
That bears it forth afar before
The first of all the rhyming lore.
'Twas wrote in friendship—men may crave it,
The world may beg, but shall not have it;
But whae'er comes with thy permission,
I'll trust it to his fair decision,
And ten to one that he'll agree
In the same sentiment with me,
That William Berwick's verse surpasses
All bards that e'er have climb'd Parnassus.
They grow so stale, so dead, so flat,
One quite forgets what they'd be at,
And scarcely one of them discover
Charms to induce a twice going over;
But thine, dear Berwick, can beguile
The dourest face into a smile—
Can move the spirit man within,
Till in his ears a singing din

Informs him, to his consternation,
That Berwick's strain is inspiration.
It suits not the old Shepherd's tongue
To flatter either old or young,
Except a blithe and bonny lassie,—
He is for that a deal too saucy:
So I protest, in downright plainness,
For vigour, purity, and fineness,
That of all poetry, (whoe'er grudge it,
And I by this should be some judge o't,)
I give the preference express
To this same friend whom I address,—
Even William Berwick, whose libations
Have crown'd him, by all estimations,
Head brewer of the Modern Athens.
This I subscribe, on column narrow,
James Hogg, head shepherd of the Yarrow,
Before these witnesses of note,
George Anderson and Walter Scott.

Mount Benger, March 25th, 1829.

TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS.*

Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more
I tread my own free hills! Even as a child
Clings to its mother's breast, so do I turn
To thee, my glorious home. My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off: in its proud flight,
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled. Oh! ye mighty race
That stand like frowning giants, fix'd to guard
My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche, when at your feet
The base usurper stood? A touch—a breath,
Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
The tyrant pass'd in safety. God of Heaven!
Where slept thy thunderbolt?
Oh! Liberty,
Thou choicest gift of Heaven; and wanting which
Life is as nothing; hast thou then forgot
Thy native home; and must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene? It cannot be.
Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild-flowers bloom
In spots where man has never dared to tread;
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts yet beat for thee,
And bow alive to Heaven: thy spirit lives,
Ay, and shall live, when even the very name
Of tyrant is forgot. Lo! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head:
Oh! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me then, bright
And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus I swear
To live for Freedom, or with her to die!

New York.

MANHOOD.

By Henry G. Bell.

They tell me that I cannot write as when
Young feeling lent its freshness to each thought,—
They tell me that I ne'er shall know again,
Now I have mingled as a man with men,
Hopes that for me were fraught
With wealth, which vulgar gold has never bought.

Perchance it is too true;—this filmy world
Is ever weaving cobwebs round the heart;
From his cloud-castle, with his banners furl'd,
The spirit of romance too soon is hurl'd,
And his young votaries start
To see his meteor light so soon depart.

Yet will I combat with realities,—
And with bright hues of my own choice invest
These emerald fields, and yonder sapphire skies;
And more than aught external will I prize
Each thought that builds its nest
In the quiet shelter of my peaceful breast.

Let me not yield—and I may find even yet
Of joyous feeling an abundant store;
I will not waste my days in vain regret;
The sun goes down, but when the sun has set,
By heaven's sea and shore,
The ever-shining stars come forth the more.

I'll worship nature still—and there shall be
A still abiding spell in her wild voice;
And every fountain, every living tree,
Shall to my heart be rife with poesy;
And mid the dark world's noise,
I'll hear a music which shall say—Rejoice!

SONNET TO PRUDENCE.*

Prudence! thou cold and calculating thing,
Dost *thou* thy head amongst the Virtues rear?
Thou that from Sophistry art taught to spring,
And dazzling in false colours to appear;—
I hate thy heartless path o'er frozen snow,
Track'd by suspicion, apathy, and pride,
Yet never melted by affection's glow,
Nor e'er by noble, generous feeling tried.
Still shine obscure in earthy, glow-worm light,—
Lure grov'ling souls, that dare not soar on high;
Then sink forgotten in an endless night,
Ephemeral insect, gender'd but to die;
Whilst noble Worth, from thy society driven,
Will find a home and resting-place in Heaven.

Aberdeen. Beatrice.

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* An American poet of great promise is the author of these spirited and vigorous lines. As the Literary Journal crosses the Atlantic, we are glad that he will have an opportunity of pointing out his contributions to his countrymen, in one of the periodicals of the Modern Athens.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

New Plan of Edinburgh.—We have seen a New Plan of Edinburgh, entitled, "The City Directory; or, Stranger's Guide to Edinburgh, Leith, and their Environs," which, for its distinctness, accuracy, and completeness, we have no hesitation in recommending to our readers. It contains, besides, an alphabetical list of all the streets, squares, places, public buildings, churches, villas, &c., and exhibits both the roads in the vicinity, and all the new and intended improvements. It is put up in a neat case, and is sold at a very moderate price.

Whist.—To those who love whist, and, after chess, it is probably the best game extant, Mr Arnaud's neat little work, which has just been published, called, "An Epitome of the Game of Whist, Long and Short," will be very acceptable. It is written in a more popular and agreeable style than Hoyle's Treatise, and contains many instructions which Hoyle has omitted.

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* In the common acceptation of the term.

We understand that Messrs Anderson and Hunter, the publishers of the Map of the Basin of the Frith of Forth, which we lately noticed, are to publish this summer a Map of the Basin of the Tay, including the greater part of Perthshire, Strathmore, the Braes of Angus, &c. The Map is to be accompanied by a work, entitled, "The Topography of the Basin of the Tay;" and it is expected that they will be found exceedingly useful both to travellers and persons residing in that district. Mr Knox's skill, who is to execute the Map, has been generally acknowledged; and in proof of it, it is only necessary to mention his four-sheet Map of Mid-Lothian.

Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland; or, a Practical Treatise on Farming, Planting, and Gardening, adapted to the Circumstances, Resources, Soil, and Climate of that country, including some remarks on the reclaiming of Bogs and Wastes, and a few Hints on Ornamental Gardening. By JOSEPH LAMBERT, Esq. will be published in Dublin in a few days.

Tales of the Irish Peasantry, containing—Introduction—The Wedding—The Wake—The Funeral—The Party Fight—The Battle of the Factions—The Hedge School—The Station, are announced by Messrs CURRY & Co. of Dublin.

A History of the French Newspaper press, which, it is said, will contain some curious information, has been announced at Paris.

Captain Frankland, R.N. is about to publish an account of his visit to Constantinople.

Mr Doddridge Humphreys, the grandson of Dr Doddridge, has been some time engaged in preparing for publication the Diary and Correspondence of that celebrated Divine; and the work will be presented to the public shortly.

Mr Banim's "Battle of the Boyne" is among the most recent translations of our abundant works of fiction into the French tongue.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS IN SWITZERLAND.—We are in the habit of looking upon Switzerland as the country of independence and political freedom *par excellence*. The state of the press in that country, however, is very little in accordance with such an opinion. Throughout the whole of Switzerland, only twenty-eight newspapers are published, twenty-two of which are written in the German, two in the Italian, and four in the French language. Most of them are weekly, and some are published only once or twice a-month. In the Canton of Berne, for instance, which is one of the most extensive and best inhabited, there is only one insignificant newspaper published; in the Canton de Vaud three, and one at Geneva. But all of them are subjected to the most rigid censure, especially with regard to foreign news of every description.

THOM'S STATUES.—These pieces of art have met with much attention in London. Since they arrived there, which was on the 23d of April, they have been visited by upwards of ten thousand persons. The Londoners, however, have been sadly puzzled to find out what was meant by *Souter* Johnny. Tam O'Shanter they could understand to be the name of a person; but *Souter* was to them worse than High Dutch. In the advertisements, therefore, which are now inserted in the newspapers, we find a note at *Souter*, explaining that, being interpreted, it means "Cobbler." We are informed that, in the best circles east of Temple Bar, our old friends are now known by the names of "*Thomas O'Shanter and Cobbler John.*"

ELDERS OF THE KIRK.—We have read a pamphlet which has just been published, addressed to the Elders of the Church of Scotland, by a Country Elder, in which he calls upon them to agitate for the restoration of privileges, of which, he maintains, they have been unjustly deprived,—a right to *preach* and *baptise*. The pamphlet is not ill written; but we suspect its object is far from being judicious.

PHRENOLOGY.—Mr Combe has published a small pamphlet in reply to Mr Stone's recent attack on Phrenology, which our readers will recollect we noticed at some length. Mr Combe has *failed* in his attempt to get the better of Mr Stone's arguments, or rather of his facts. A rejoinder from Mr Stone is to be published, we believe this day; and it will certainly not be a difficult task for him to put Mr Combe in even a more awkward light than before. Mr Combe has, in the first place, passed over, *sub silentio*, some of Mr Stone's strongest statements, and consequently admits that they are unanswerable; in the second place, he has fallen into a mistake, worthy only of a schoolboy, by confounding the measurements of proportion with those of absolute size; and, in the third place, the manner in which Mr Combe affects to talk of public opinion, as conveyed through the medium of the periodical press, indicates a degree of unphilosophical self-sufficiency, pardonable only in one who feels that his last resource is to brazen out his fate.

Theatrical Gossip.—A new play, called "The Partisans," written by Planché, has been brought out at Drury Lane with much success. The scene is laid in Paris in 1649. Liston plays a principal part in a manner with which the London critics are greatly delighted.—Miss Smithson has appeared in *Juliet*; but it wont do. Miss Smithson is universally damned, with the assurance that she is a *respectable* actress. If a steam-boat is to be had at any town on the English coast, let her return with all expedition to *la belle France*.—The Haymarket Theatre is to open on the 15th of June. Farren, Cooper, Vining, Miss F. Kelly, Mrs Glover, and Mrs Humby, commence the campaign. Liston, too, is engaged for six weeks.—The English Opera House is to open on the 1st of July; Sapio and Miss Paton are to be of the company.—We observe that Mrs T. Hill of our Theatre has made a very judicious selection of pieces for her benefit, which takes place this evening.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 23—29.

SAT. *Rob Roy, No! & Paul and Virginia.*
MON. *Simpson and Co.*, a Concert, *Mr Tomkins, & the Scape-Goat.*
TUES. *Jane Shore, & Gilderoy.*
WED. *Ways and Means*, a Concert, *He Lies like Truth, & The Little Jockey.*
THURS. *Sweethearts and Wives, The Rendezvous, & The Gentle Shepherd.*
FRI. *Paul Pry, & Charles XII.*

TO OUR READERS.

THE present Number concludes the First Volume of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, and with it will be delivered a Title-page and Index. We hope our readers will now be inclined to agree with us in thinking, that the size and shape we have chosen are those most likely to give a permanent value to the contents of the Literary Journal, by the facilities they afford for binding into handsome volumes, facilities which we are not aware that any other weekly periodical possesses to the same extent.—We commence the second volume next Saturday with a new font of types; and, encouraged by the very great success which has hitherto attended our labours, we are determined to spare no expense or exertion to render it still superior to its predecessor. It may be considered as some earnest of our intentions when we state, that we have already in our possession, for the next and succeeding numbers, communications from J. H. WIFFEN, the author of "Aonian Hours," and the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"—ALARIC A. WATTS,—THE EDITRICK SHEPHERD,—WILLIAM TENNANT,—DR GILLESPIE,—DR MORSHEAD,—JOHN MALCOLM,—DERWENT CONWAY, and many others whose names and contributions will speedily speak for themselves. We contemplate also many other articles upon new and original subjects, our earnest desire being to make every Number of the JOURNAL as varied and spirited as possible, which the great extension of our resources will not render a difficult task.

A few copies of our First Volume will be found on sale at our Publisher's here and in other principal towns; but as the number is limited, early application will be necessary.

*** The Binder should be instructed to place the pages of advertisements at the end of the volume, so as to form an *Appendix*.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have fallen slightly in arrears with one or two new works, which, however, we have reserved intentionally for the commencement of our second volume; and in future, we venture to say, our readers will find us still earlier than usual in our notices of new publications.

To Alaric A. Watts, Esq. we beg to return our very best thanks.

Mr D. Moore's poem will appear, if possible, in our next; as also the sonnet by Thomas Brydson; and the excellent article on the Toils and Pains of Authorship.

We mentioned in our last that James Montgomery was a "Quaker;" we ought to have said a Moravian.

"Felix" is inadmissible.—The "Sonnet" by "N. C." of Glasgow, is very tolerable as poetry goes; and the "Bird Song" is by no means "odiously bad."

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About the 20th of November will be published,

THE KEEPSAKE for 1829. Edited by F. MANSEL REYNOLDS.

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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS IN EDINBURGH.—We have already announced Mr Combe's Lectures on Phrenology, which are respectably attended, though they do not seem to excite quite so great an interest as formerly, particularly among our fair townswomen, who gave an additional eclat and interest to Phrenology, by the attention with which they honoured it for two or three seasons. We do not know whether Mr Smith, a learned gentleman, who threatened to give Lectures in opposition to Mr Combe, will carry his plan into execution or not.—We perceive that next week, Mr Lloyd, an old and respectable lecturer, is to illustrate, on three different evenings, in the Caledonian Theatre, his favourite subject of Astronomy. This he will do with the assistance of a very efficient Orrery; and as no subject is more interesting, or leads to higher results, than Astronomy, we strongly recommend these Lectures to the attention we doubt not they will merit.—Early in February, Lectures of a different description are to be given in the Waterloo Rooms, by Mr William Carey, on the History and Progress of the Fine Arts. Mr Carey is well known as an able and zealous advocate in the cause of British Art; and the late President of the Royal Academy frequently expressed it as his opinion, that he looked upon Mr Carey "as one of the first critical judges of works of Art." There is good reason to hope, therefore, that these Lectures will be worthy of the important subject of which they propose to treat. We have seen a syllabus of the course, which appears highly interesting.—Besides the two Theatres, there are also offered to the public, as powerful auxiliaries to kill a tedious morning or evening, the Panorama and Diorama, Madame Catalani's Concerts, Mr Thom's Statues, and a few more exhibitions chiefly private.—The Professional Society's Concerts, we regret much to say, notwithstanding the accession of strength they would have received in Murray, are not to go on this winter for want of patronage. We think, however, they have been too hastily given up, before a sufficiently strong appeal was made to the public through the medium of the press.

MR ROLAND.—We are glad to perceive that Mr Roland has at length opened Rooms for the accommodation of his pupils in the New Town. We have always considered the young men of Edinburgh fortunate in having it in their power to avail themselves of the instructions of one who is so complete and scientific a master of the elegant, fashionable, and healthful art he professes.

An Historical and Biographical work, entitled "The Life and Times of William Laud, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," from the pen of our young countryman, Mr John Parker Lawson, author of the Life of the Regent Murray, has just issued from the London press. The important era in the history of the church of England, when this distinguished prelate flourished, ought to render the present work at once a source of great interest, and of much valuable information, to the reader of history, both civil and ecclesiastical.

We have been favoured with an early copy of "The Edinburgh Musical Album," but have this week only time to mention the very handsome style in which it is got up, and the apparent merit of most of its contents; of these we shall give a full account next Saturday.

We perceive that Mr Sillery's Poem of "Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake," is speedily to make its appearance. It is to extend to nine cantos, and will comprise sketches, historical and descriptive, of the Crusaders, the Chivalry of France and Spain, the Moors, and the Arabians, and many other things. Several hundred Notes are to be added. Every variety of Verse is to be introduced; and the whole, in two handsome duodecimo volumes, is to be sold for ten shillings. This is a spirited attempt for so young an author, and we hope he may find it a successful one.

Mr Murray is busy publishing miniature editions of all his larger and more successful works. Lord Byron's Poems, and Captain Parry's Voyages, in four volumes, 18mo, appeared some little time ago; and Captain Franklin's Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the same size, has just reached us. This system of thus supplying to general readers, who would otherwise never see them, cheap copies of valuable works, deserves every encouragement. It is to the late Mr Constable that the public are indebted for the original plan, which has been ably carried into execution in his Miscellany.

We observe that Mr Murray has the following new works in preparation for the ensuing publishing season:—A Memoir of the Public Life of the late Lord Londonderry; Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture; Lectures on Physical Geography, by Baron Humboldt, translated from his MSS.; The Journal of a Naturalist; the Life and Services of Captain Philip Beaver, R. N. by Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N.; a second volume of Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, by Professor Buckland; Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects; History of the Jews; and other works, which have already been announced in the *Literary Journal*.

A new work, entitled The Scripture Student's Assistant, being a complete Index, and concise Dictionary, to the Holy Bible, has just been published by Blackie, Fullarton, and Co. of Glasgow. The work, which we have seen, is printed in a very beautiful and distinct type, and its plan and object are thus explained in the Preface:—"This little work is intended, not only to assist unlearned readers in understanding the language of the Bible, but chiefly in readily turning to the places where every topic of information comprised in it occurs. This, to all classes of readers, must be of high importance. Among those who are well acquainted with the Bible, there are few who are able to recollect the book, chapter, and verse, where suitable texts are to be met with in proof of every doctrine, and which treat of every person, event, &c. which it contains. To aid the memory in this is the principal design of this *Index*. Whatever relates to the various persons, places, and subjects mentioned in it, is here accurately referred to, and may easily be found. A brief outline of doctrines and duties is also exhibited, by which, it is hoped, just sentiments may be formed of the great and important truths and requirements of Divine Revelation. While, therefore, this Index may serve in place of a *Concordance* for ordinary readers, its superiority to any of them, except those which are large and expensive, must be evident. They commonly refer to texts, without any connexion except that of a single leading word; and then take no notice either of persons or places, whereas all that relates to persons, places, and subjects, is here presented *collectively*, and in the arrangement and *connexion of sense*."

Seals and Devices.—Our readers will probably be amused with some of the fancy devices and mottos upon the seals which, either through design or accident, some of the celebrated literary characters of the day have happened to attach to letters now in our possession. We, of course, do not include in the following short list family coats of arms:—

Sir Walter Scott;—the device—a shield bearing a red hand,—the motto—"Lham dearg aboo."

J. G. Lockhart;—the device—a dove carrying an olive branch,—no motto.

Alaric Watts;—the device—a lyre decorated with roses,—the motto—"Addolcire ed esaltare."

The Ettrick Shepherd;—the device—the prize-harp presented by Queen Mary to the best minstrel,—the motto—*above*, "Marie Regina," *below*, "Donum Naturæ."

William Tennant;—the device—a book open,—the motto—"Vivere est cogitare."

James Sheridan Knowles;—the device—a harp, with a willow branch intertwined with the strings,—no motto.

The late Archibald Constable;—the device—a small urn, a chrysalis on one side, a butterfly on the other,—the motto—"ΕΤΙ ΘΝΗΤΟΣ ΩΝ."

Joanna Baillie;—the device—Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun,—no motto.

More examples might easily be added, but these will suffice in the meantime.

Theatrical Gossip.—The Glasgow Theatre has been burned down to the ground, owing, it is said, to some carelessness in the management of the gas. The house was insured; but the manager is reported to have sustained a loss of £2000 in theatrical property.—The revival of the "Beaux Stratagem" has been so successful at Covent Garden, that another of Farquhar's comedies, "The Recruiting Officer," is about to be produced,—pruned a little, we presume. We really wish Mr Murray would get up the "Beaux Stratagem," pruned, of course, in the same way.—A new tragedy, called "Caswallon," is about to be played at Drury Lane; and, at Covent Garden, a new comedy, called "Village Vagaries." We do not augur very highly of either, but we may be wrong.—The performers at the Dublin Theatre have been quarrelling with the manager, Mr Bunn, because he will not allow them to introduce any songs they choose into the operas. Melrose has, in consequence, resigned his engagement; and Miss Paton is said to be among the number of the malcontents. We highly approve of the manager's conduct, and wish some others would follow his example.—Mr J. P. Collier (whom we have not the honour of knowing) is preparing for the press a history of the English Stage.—"I will have a Wife," a farce, in two acts, is the only novelty that has been produced this week at our Theatre: it is not very good.—Colley Cibber's "Hypocrite" has been revived; it is an excellent comedy, and ought to be encouraged.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan 10.—Jan. 16.

SAT. *Sweethearts and Wives, Aloyse, & Robinson Crusoe.*
MON. *Jane Shore, I will have a Wife, & Do.*
TUES. *George Heriot, Free and Easy, & Do.*
WED. *Bride of Lammermoor, I will have a Wife. & Do.*
THUR. *Marquis of Montrose. Scape-Goat, Do. & Fatal Rock.*
FRI. *The Hypocrite, Free and Easy, & Gilderoy.*

TO OUR READERS.

THERE is preparing for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and will appear in an early Number, a Collection of the Autographs of all the most distinguished men of the day, accompanied with some observations on the inferences to be drawn regarding character, from the hand-writing.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be always glad to receive Notices of Books from our Correspondents, but they must be accompanied with a copy of the book reviewed, that we may form our own opinion of the justice of the observations made upon it. The book will be returned if desired. These remarks apply, in the present instance, to the writer who has favoured us with a review of Barbour's "Evenings in Greece."—"The Ghost of the Old Bell," will appear as soon as we can find room.—"Cato's" remarks on "Humbug," will be of use to us.—We should be obliged by a call from the Translator of "The Sandman."

The verses "On the Death of a Daughter," we may find room for by and by.—We have the same remark to make to "Askil." He will improve as he goes on.—The lines to an Unfortunate Female will not suit us.—"R. S." of Aberdeen is good, but not quite good enough.—"H. H. H." perhaps.

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6 and 7. CONVERTS from INFIDELITY. By ANDREW CRICHTON.

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FENCING.

MR ROLAND begs to state that he OPENED, on Monday last, his NEW FENCING ROOMS in GEORGE STREET, (back of St Andrew's Church,) where he proposes to attend CLASSES during the season, from 11 till 4 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

MR ROLAND'S Classes continue as usual at the MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY; the NEW EDINBURGH ACADEMY; and at his Rooms, ROYAL MANEGE.

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PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

ALEXANDER HAY, Teacher of Ancient Languages, 10, Catherine Street, Edinburgh, respectfully intimates, that he has now got Punches cut, Matrices made, Types cast, &c for the purpose of forming an Establishment for Printing for the Blind, and proposes commencing with an edition of the Gospel by St Matthew, to be published by subscription, at 7s. 6d. a-copy, paid on delivery. The printing will be commenced as soon as 250 copies are subscribed for. Orders, addressed as above, or to Messrs CONSTABLE and Co. Booksellers, Edinburgh; ROBERTSON and ATKINSON, Glasgow; and HURST, CHANCE, & Co. London; are requested as early as possible. As this is an undertaking of MR HAY'S, without soliciting either public or private pecuniary aid, its success must depend on the encouragement which is now requested, from those who may wish to support it by their employment, or subscriptions. MR HAY proposes printing Music for the Blind by the same system.

REMARKS ON COFFEE.

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SONNETS.

TO GENEVIEVE.

On being presented with a Bible.

I.

THIS sacred book, sweet Mercy sent from Heaven,
As from an Angel's hand my heart receives,—
A mystic record of the faith that gives
High beacon-lights to those who may have striven
Against the fiend of darkness, and been driven
Beneath that night of life, when doubt on doubt
Were seen like tempest-lifted waves to rise,
Till every star of hope had trembled out;—
This blessed refuge, which the good and wise,
The Patriarch-Martyrs, lofty and devout,
Sought as in audience with their God above,
With many a sigh full pensively I take
E'en as a pledge of thy divinest love,
Warning from death a slumberer to awake.

II.

I HEAR thy voice, sweet Spirit! and look forth,
As does the seaman in the hush of night,
When storms are sleeping, and the dreamy light
Of the pale moon among the waves gives birth
To silent feelings, and high thoughts that start
Like passion-winged meteors from the heart,
Streaming beyond our destiny on earth;
So, pausing on its wonders, would I share
The faith of nations, and exulting tear
Myself from worldly hopes of little worth;—
And this is at *thy* summons; thus hast thou
More than thine earthly love, or blessing given,
That I may rest myself prepared now
To meet with *thee* and all we love in Heaven.

ALASTOR.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE LATE DUGALD STEWART.—We propose giving a place in our next number to the very able biographical notice of this celebrated man, which appears in the "Annual Obituary" for 1829.

A complete edition of the works of Professor Reid has been published in Paris.

The History of the Rise and Progress of the Mahometan power in India, from its commencement in the year 1000 till 1620, translated from the Persian, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Briggs, late resident at Satara, is about to be published.

A Novel, entitled "Restalrig," by the Authoress of "St Johnstoun, or the Gowrie Conspiracy," will appear in a few days.

Another cheap work is announced, to be published periodically, and to be called the Library of Religious Knowledge, consisting of a series of original Treatises, written in a popular and familiar style, on the most important subjects relating to the History, Prophecies, Doctrines, and Duties of Revealed Religion; the whole to be conducted by clergymen of the Church of England. A Number will appear every fortnight, price sixpence.

The English language is becoming a great favourite in Germany; and as a proof of this it may be mentioned, that there has been this year published at Heidelberg, (in the Duchy of Baden,) an English Annual, bearing the following title: "The English Fireside upon the Banks of the Rhine, an Almanack for 1829, exhibiting a choice of English and German Tales, Poems, and Historical Anecdotes; embellished with superb engravings." Most of the best English classics have also been reprinted in Germany at very low prices.

Blues.—The common objections to Blue Stockings are absurd. They ought not to be objected to because they know too much, but because they know too little. Whenever a woman acquires as much learning as a man, she acquires with her knowledge the art of concealing it. *Experto crede.* Blues would not be bores for what they have, but for their pretensions to what they have *not.*

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.—We were present at Mr Lloyd's first Lecture on this subject, in the Caledonian Theatre on Thursday evening. The audience was but scanty, and the house indifferently lighted, and much worse heated. The transparencies, however, were pretty and interesting; and Mr Lloyd illustrated them in an easy and familiar manner, calculated to convey both instruction and amusement.

Theatrical Gossip.—Neither Pasta nor Caradori are to sing at the Italian Opera this season. Compared with Pasta, all the other prima donnas are robin redbreasts. Under the immediate patronage of Lord Fife, a *jolie petite danseuse*, of the name of *Pauline*, is to appear in the ballet department.—The new play called "Caswallon" has been successful; but though called a tragedy, it turns out to be a melo-drama.—Kean, we are afraid, is again at his old tricks:—"sudden indisposition," in the words of the manager, but "complete intoxication," in the phrase of the *Times*, prevented his appearing the other evening at Covent Garden, after an audience had assembled to see his performance of Richard III.—The *Beaux Stratagem* continues to draw good houses every night of its performance.—A Mrs Evans is to make her *debut* soon at Drury Lane in the character of *Mandane*. She is an Irish lady, and said to possess a voice of great power; but this, or some such thing, is said of all debutantes.—At our own Theatre, the revived play of the *Hypocrite* has been played several nights with success. Last night, an opera of the celebrated Mazzinghi was produced; but we cannot of course speak of its merits till our next.

WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Jan. 17.—Jan. 23.

SAT. *The Hypocrite, Free and Easy, & Gilderoy.*
MON. *Do., & Green-Eyed Monster.*
TUES. *Jane Shore, He Lies like Truth, & Forty Thieves.*
WED. *The Hypocrite, & Green-Eyed Monster.*
THUR. *Ramah Droog, Free and Easy, & The Bottle Imp.*
FRI. *Do., & Paul Pry.*

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TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall present our readers, next Saturday, with a phrenological table of the cranial developement of the notorious Burke, accompanied by such remarks as the subject may suggest.

We have received from the author and publisher, "A Laconic Narrative of the Life and Death of James Wilson, known by the name of Daft Jamie. Price *Thrippence.*" It seems a work of inestimable value.—We shall consult our Publishers regarding the suggestion of "A Subscriber."—It is our intention to notice occasionally the Reviews and Magazines as they appear periodically.—The Communications of "W. B. S." of Perth, will not suit us.—"Waverley" was published in 1814, and was reviewed shortly afterwards in the *Edinburgh Review.*

We have received the poetical communications of "T. B. J." of Glasgow; "The Plague of Darkness" will appear in an early Number.—We are afraid "J. D." of Glasgow is no poet.—"Disappointment" does not come up to our standard.—The verses "By a Young Lady" are pretty, but immature.—The "Fragment" about Endymion is rather too much of a fragment.—Of the stanzas suggested by Thom's statues, the following is the best:—

"The highest praise be his who wrote
A lay surpass'd by none;
The next be his who could express
Such poetry in stone."

We like the melody and expression of the two airs which have been adapted to the "Scots Sang" by the Ettrick Shepherd, and the ballad of "Young Randal," in our last, and shall be glad to see them arranged at the author's convenience.

A concert of vocal sacred music is to be given in St George's Church, on the 4th of February, for the benefit of the widow and family of the late ingenious composer, R. A. Smith. Mr A. Murray, who has succeeded Mr Smith as precentor in St George's, is to be conductor, and most of the professional musicians of Edinburgh have volunteered their services. We trust the attendance will be liberal.

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UPBRAID me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
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I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low:
'Tis only some can tie a knot, though all may fix a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match, although we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the horrid bore—
The priest declares if *you* are one, then *I* at least am four.

'Tis true that moralists have said that love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no size?
And on our wedding-day I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm that happiness to beg,
Your highest effort, dear, would be, to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude;
And though I use a convex lens,—by all the gods! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's telescope.

Then fare-thee-well, my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss,—
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—
The tears that fell from such a height would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a bason or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six Feet Club;
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a span!

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MUSIC.—We are happy to perceive, that the Edinburgh Professional Musicians, notwithstanding the little encouragement they have this season received to proceed with their Subscription Concerts, have determined, at the suggestion of a considerable number of nobility and gentlemen, to unite their efforts in one Concert, which is to take place on the 24th inst. We are in general liberal enough in our patronage of strangers, and we hope we shall on the present occasion show ourselves equally so towards talent resident among us.

Theatrical Gossip.—A comic piece, in three acts, called "The Widows Bewitched," from the pen of Mr Lunn, has been played with applause at Covent Garden. An opera, called "Yelva," written and composed by Bishop, has entirely failed at the same theatre.—Miss Smithson, who was so much run after at Paris, has made an engagement with the Managers of Covent Garden.—Madame Vestris, it is said, is about to be led to the hymeneal altar by somebody at Bath.—Colman, the Deputy Licenser, has advanced a claim to the power of licensing *Oratorios* as well as plays. It seems a strange thing that the people of Great Britain must be taught by the author of "Broad Grins," what is proper for them to hear.—On Monday last, a bumper house was attracted to our Theatre by Miss Isabella Paton's benefit. Between the play and farce, her sister, Miss Eliza Paton, sung several songs, which elicited much applause.—We observe that the new play of "Caswallon," in which, we believe, there is introduced a great deal of fine old Welch music, is to be brought out here next week.

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EPIGRAM.

Written on seeing Mr Thom's Statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny.

BY W. AINSLIE, M.D.

That the great bard,—what need to tell the name?
In other times should still more mighty be,
At Heaven's command, behold a Garrick came;
And both were crown'd with immortality!
So to the earth, in these our later days,
Was Thom, with his soul-breathing chisel, sent;
That Burns, enwreathed in everlasting bays,
Should speak again, in living adamant.

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For the author's sake, we do not intend noticing Barbour's "Evenings in Greece."

We should wish "Verus" to favour us with his name, in which case we may probably make some use of the article he has sent us, though not in the shape of a review.—We do not consider the "Puns on Paley" entitled to a place.—We suspect the suggestion of "A Subscriber" cannot be gone into.

We shall be glad to hear again from the author of the "Opening of the Sixth Seal."

We are obliged, by the good wishes of our London Correspondent, who has sent us "The Parting," of which the last verse is the best,—

"O, ne'er did joy and grief with me
Keep such convenient measure;
If I must lose the sight of thee,
I pay too dear for pleasure."

"Margaret," by "R. W." of Falkirk, contains some pretty lines, but, as a whole, is incomplete.—The same remark applies to the verses by "W. M." and "W. S. M."—If we can find room for "L. E." of Aberdeen, his Stanzas shall have a place.—The Lines on "Ossian," on "Burke," on "Eliza," and "By a Student," will not suit us.

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Each star decline, and pale its wonted beams.
So, when Ambition hath from life's low vale
Our footsteps lured, when, danger's path defied,
We've gain'd, at length, with fortune's fav'ring gale,
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LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A volume of Tales, under the title of Sketches of Irish Character, from the pen of Mrs S. C. Hall, the amiable and talented editor of the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, is announced for publication in April.

The new and revised edition of the Waverley Novels, (which we formerly announced) to be published in monthly volumes, is to make its appearance in June next. It is to be dedicated by permission to the King, and is to be embellished with frontispieces and vignettes, from designs by Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, Landseer, and other eminent artists. The general Preface will contain an account of the most curious and interesting circumstances connected with the original production of the different works, as well as of the various legends and family traditions which form the ground-work of the Novels. Some information will also be given as to the places where the scenes are laid. The work will be exceedingly moderate in price:—"Waverley" will be contained in two handsome volumes, and will cost only ten shillings.

Sir Walter Scott's new Novel of Anne of Geierstein may be expected by the end of March, or early in April.

A full and general history of America, from the landing of Columbus to the present time, is announced by Mr Kendall.

An American annual, for 1829, called "The Token, a Christmas and New Year's Present," has been published at Boston. It is much inferior to our own in point of embellishment, but contains several highly respectable compositions both in prose and verse.

The tenth edition of Ude's Cookery is preparing for publication. It is to have an entirely new Appendix, consisting of observations on the different meals of the day, and particularly Mr Ude's method of serving up a supper at routs and balls,—a subject of no little importance in the fashionable world.

Shortly will appear, Portraits of the Dead, and other Poems, by H. C. Deakin, Esq.

Oriental Tinting.—We have had an opportunity of examining a pretty extensive collection of birds, flowers, butterflies, &c. executed in this style of art by Mr and Mrs Cruickshank, who have recently visited Edinburgh, with the view of teaching this accomplishment to young ladies and others. Nothing can exceed the brilliant effect which their mode of laying on the colours produces, and as the pupil is perfected in twelve lessons, the art is well worth the attention of our fair townswomen, as affording a graceful and elegant amusement for their leisure hours.

Theatrical Gossip.—Peake's new farce, called "Master's Rival, or a Day at Boulogne," has been successful at Drury Lane; Liston played the principal part.—Cooper's novel of "The Red Rover" has been dramatised with great eclat at the Adelphi;—our old friend T. P. Cooke sustaining the part of *Fid*, a sailor, even better than he does that of the inimitable *Long Tom Coffin*.—Miss Phillips has been playing *Imogen*, and the critics differ about it. This very circumstance proves, that Miss Phillips is not a Miss O'Neil; wherever there is true genius, criticism involuntarily hides its head and blushes at its own littleness.—The annual expenses of Covent Garden amount to about fifty-four thousand pounds, and the nightly, consequently, to between three and four hundred. The nightly *receipts*, on the other hand, we are informed by the *London Weekly Review*, do not at present average above one hundred and fifty pounds. The prospects of the manager, therefore, must be amazingly pleasant.—It is said that M. Scribe, the French dramatic writer, has realised during the year 1828, from the performance of his different pieces, the sum of £5000. It is not every *scribe* that is equally successful.—There is to be a grand musical festival at Chester, next September, for which Braham, W. Phillips, and Miss Paton, are already engaged.—Miss Paton has been making a provincial tour, but returns to Covent Garden next month, and is to appear in a new Opera by Rossini, to be called "Normans and Saxons," the story of which is taken from "Ivanhoe."—An Opera, the music chiefly by Liverati, called, "Carron Side, or the Orphan of Portugal," has been performed here, but not with the success it merits. The sudden death, as it were, of a relish for dramatic entertainments in this city, is to us quite unaccountable. The receipts for the last two months cannot have averaged £20, a-night, whilst the nightly expenses are £40. If this goes on, Edinburgh must soon be without a theatre, and Mrs Siddons and her brother must look for that patronage in London which has been denied them here. This is rather a startling truth; and we hope such a catastrophe will be averted before it be too late.

Weekly List of Performances.

Feb. 14.—Feb. 20.

Sat. *Charles XII., & Ramah Droog.*
Mon. *Do., Simpson and Co., & The Bottle Imp.*
Tues. *Carron Side, Pong Wong, & Charles Edward.*
Wed. *Charles XII., 'Twas I, & Mary Stuart.*
Thur. *Carron Side, Tom Thumb, & Gilderoy.*
Fri. *Charles XII., The Scape Goat, & Ramah Droog.*

Books very recently published.—Chitty's Collection of Statutes, Part II., royal 8vo, £1, 16s.—Spanheim's Ecclesiastical Annals, notes by Rev. G. Wright, 8vo, 16s.—Phillips' Law of Evidence, seventh edition, 2 vols. royal 8vo, £2, 10s.—Dr Foster on the Disorders of Health, 8vo, 7s.—A Cantab's Leisure, prose and verse, by James Stringer, 2 vols. 12mo, 12s.—The Bookbinder's Manual, 18mo, boards, 2s. 6d.—Bishop Heber's Sermons, preached in England, 8vo, 9s. 6d.—Kewsey's Portugal Illustrated, second edition, imperial 8vo, £2, 2s.—Bernay's German Poetical Anthology, 12mo, 8s. 6d.—Remains of the Rev. C. Wolfe, fourth edition, 8vo, 12s.—Vince's Hydrostatics, 8vo, sixth edition, 4s. 6d. Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen's History of the Church of England, Part I., to the Restoration of the Church and Monarchy, in 1688, 2 vols. 8vo, £1, 6s.—Pollok's London Pharmacopœia, 12mo, 6s. bds.—Parry's Voyages, vol. VI., 18mo, 4s. bds.—Hartshorne's Metrical Tales, 8vo, 12s. bds.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall present our readers in next Number with No. I. of a series of papers to be entitled Monal and Miscellaneous Essays, which will be continued regularly once a-fortnight; and which we are happy to announce are to be furnished to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, by various authors of established reputation.

"Psalmus'" defence of his article in the "Christian Instructor," in reply to the letter of our correspondent "A. J.," which appeared in our 2d No. has reached us too late for insertion, the subject having been now lost sight of by our readers.

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The circulation of these works having been hitherto confined, in a great degree, to the wealthier ranks of society, the Proprietors have resolved to place them within the reach of readers of all classes, by republishing them in a less costly, but at the same time more elegant shape, and with the additional advantage of a periodical issue.

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In this undertaking they have had the cheerful co-operation of the Author himself, who has not only revised every one of the Novels, but has added Explanatory Notes, and a new Introduction to each of them.

The nature and extent of these corrections and additions will be best understood by giving entire, from Volume First, The

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name; in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication. But the course of events, which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name, having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these Works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering, in the slightest degree, either the story, or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of revision. It is hoped that the present edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The General Preface to the new Edition, and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-work of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs, and popular superstitions, referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

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AND NOTES, HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE, BY
THE AUTHOR.
Embellished with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, from Designs Executed expressly for the present Edition, by the
MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name; in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication. But the course of events, which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name, having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these Works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering, in the slightest degree, either the story, or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of revision. It is hoped that the present edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The General Preface to the new Edition, and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-work of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs, and popular superstitions, referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABBOTSFORD, January 1829.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

I. The size to be royal 18mo, printed in the very best manner, and hot-pressed; each volume to contain about 400 pages, price 5s. done up in cloth.

II. The publication to commence on 1st June next; and to be continued regularly, on the first day of each month, till the whole is completed.

III. Each volume to have a Frontispiece and Vignette title-page, both containing subjects illustrative of the Novel to which they are attached.

IV. The Work will be completed in FORTY VOLUMES, commencing with WAVERLEY, and closing with WOODSTOCK. The Author's additions will form about two of these Forty Volumes.

*** The Edition is so far advanced at press, that regularity of publication may be depended on; and, to such subscribers as may wish to have some of the Novels complete on the appearance of the first volume of each respectively, the Publishers have to state, that the whole of WAVERLEY may be had on the first of June, in 2 vols. for 10s.

Printed for CADELL & Co. 41, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh; and to be had of every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom.

SCOTTISH ACADEMY
OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the ACADEMY is now open at their ROOMS, 24, WATERLOO PLACE. By order of the Council.

WM. NICHOLSON, Secretary.

Open from nine till dusk. Admittance, One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

The FIRST REPORT of the ACADEMY to be had at the ROOMS, and of DANIEL LIZARS, 5, St David Street.

ABERDEEN OBSERVER.

A PROSPECTUS of the ABERDEEN OBSERVER was lately printed and circulated in this City and neighbourhood, but as many of those who are to be readers of the newspaper have not seen this Prospectus, the Proprietors deem it necessary here to repeat the substance of its contents. They have to acknowledge the liberal manner in which the public have come forward in support of their undertaking, and they will anxiously endeavour to adopt such improvements or alterations as are likely to render the paper of increased value to its Readers.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.—No exertion shall be spared to render the "OBSERVER" complete in this department. To all passing events and public measures in which the community are interested, that degree of attention shall be given which their importance may demand; and to the free and temperate discussion of such matter the columns of the Paper shall always be open. Reports of the proceedings of Public Bodies will appear, when these can be obtained; and ample space will be devoted to the News of Scotland generally, so as to render the "Observer," as much as possible, a faithful record of Scottish Affairs.

THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT will be conducted without regard to any *Party* whatever. A Summary of the Week's News will always be given, in which impartiality will be particularly studied; and a portion of the Paper will generally be occupied with Extracts from those Newspapers which take the most prominent part in advocating the various views which are usually taken on Political Questions.

AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The information in these important Departments will be ample. Arrangements have been made to furnish the most recent Intelligence from the principal Markets in the different parts of the Kingdom; comprehending the Reports of the Mark-lane and Smithfield Markets of the Monday immediately preceding the day of Publication; and of the Grain or Cattle Markets held weekly in Haddington, Edinburgh, Dalkeith, Dumfries, Glasgow, &c. To Shipping News particular attention will be paid; and, upon the whole, it is hoped, that the "OBSERVER" will be found useful and interesting to the Agriculturist, the Merchant, and the Shipowner.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.—During the war, and for several years after its termination, Newspapers were expected to contain little else than Public News and Political Intelligence; but latterly a considerable alteration has taken place. A much greater variety of matter is now looked for by the Readers of Newspapers; and, in order to suit the prevailing taste, the "OBSERVER" will contain Notices of New Publications, Extracts from Books of Voyages and Travels, and from the most ably-conducted Periodicals; together with amusing and instructive Selections from the Metropolitan and Provincial Newspapers.

ADVERTISING.—Since the notice appeared of the intended Publication of the "OBSERVER," so many respectable Subscribers have come forward in support of it, that the Proprietors are enabled to state that, immediately on its appearance, it will be widely circulated in this City; and as arrangements are making to procure for it an extensive Circulation in the Country, they conceive that they may confidently recommend it as an excellent medium for giving publicity to ADVERTISEMENTS.

The "OBSERVER" will be published every Friday morning, in sufficient time to be forwarded by the Mails for the North. It will be printed with new Types, upon a large sheet of fine paper; and very few of the Scottish Newspapers will contain so great a quantity of Letter-Press.

The price of the "OBSERVER" will be the same as that which is charged for Newspapers of considerably inferior size, viz.:—A single Paper, 7d.; L.1, 10s. 6d. per Annum, when delivered in Town; and L.1, 12s. when sent to the Country.

Advertisements and Orders for the Paper may be left at the Shop of THOMAS SPARK, Bookseller, Castle Street; or JOHN DAVIDSON and Co. 68, Broad Street.

*** *The whole of the Printing materials being new, and the Presses of the best description presently in use, orders in the Printing Line will be executed with taste, accuracy, and dispatch.*

Aberdeen, 27th March, 1829.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. XXXIX.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d. extra boards, being

THE

HISTORY

OF

SCULPTURE, PAINTING,

AND

ARCHITECTURE.

By J. S. MEMES, LL.D.

*** This volume has been considerably delayed from the recent severe illness of the Author.

Edinburgh: CONSTABLE & Co.; and HURST, CHANCE, &Co., London.

This day is published, in 3 vols. post 8vo, price 24s.

REAY MORDEN; A NOVEL.

"Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?"

MARTIAL.

Published by G. A. DOUGLAS, 19, Castle Street; SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, London; and JOHN CUMMING, Dublin.

This day is published,

In one thick vol. price 7s. 6d.

THE PRACTICE OF COOKERY.

By Mrs DALGAIRNS.

*** This volume contains a complete System of Practical Cookery, expressly adapted to the business of every-day life. The arrangements, and the composition throughout, are such as to make references easy—and the directions perfectly intelligible to all.

Printed for CADELL and Co. 41, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

By whom were lately published,

TALES of a GRANDFATHER. SECOND SERIES. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 3 vols. 18mo, 10s. 6d.

TALES of a GRANDFATHER. FIRST SERIES. A New Edition, 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

And who will publish very shortly,

ANNE of GEIERSTEIN. By the AUTHOR of WAVERLEY. 3 vols.

TRAVELS in NORTH AMERICA. By Captain BASIL HALL, R.N. 3 vols.

HENRY'S BIBLE, COMPLETE.

This day is published,

In three handsome volumes, Imperial 8vo, price £3, 15s. in cloth,

AN EXPOSITION of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENT.

By MATTHEW HENRY, V. D. M.

To which is prefixed,

The MEMOIRS of the LIFE, CHARACTER, and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR. By J. B. WILLIAMS, Esq. F. S. A.

In presenting this edition of the celebrated and invaluable Commentary of Matthew Henry to the Public, the Publisher has the satisfaction to state, that it will be found to be not only the most correct edition ever published, but also the most beautiful specimen of Stereotype Printing; the whole being executed by Messrs Childs of Bungay. It is also proper to remark, that this is the only edition which contains the copious and valuable Life of the Author by Mr Williams, and that it is published at little more than half the price of any other.

This Edition is also published in Parts, at 3s. each, and may be taken periodically, at the convenience of Purchasers; and for the further accommodation of the Public, this Work may be had in weekly Numbers, at 1s. each.

Published by JOSEPH OGLE ROBINSON, 42, Poultry, London; and sold by JOHN BOYD, 37, George Street, Edinburgh.

This day is published,

A CATALOGUE of BOOKS, exclusively relating to the CHURCH of ROME;

her Doctrines, Worship, Discipline, and Annals. Including the Histories of her various Religious Orders; their peculiar Missals, Breviaries, &c.; the Tracts published during the reign of James II.; and a set of Canonizations, from 1800 to the present time.

On Sale by HOWELL & Co., successors to OGLE, DUNCAN, & Co., 295, Holborn, London.

Catalogues, price 3s., to be had of JOHN BOYD, Bookseller, 37, George Street, Edinburgh, to whom Orders may be addressed.

This day is published,

By JOHN BOYD, 37, George Street,

In one vol. 18mo, neatly bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d.

THE LIFE of JOHN WYCLIFFE.

By THOMAS MURRAY, F.A.S. Scot.

Author of the "Literary History of Galloway," "Lives of Samuel Rutherford, and Archbishop Leighton," &c.

Published by JOHN BOYD, 37, George Street; WESTLEY and DAVIS, SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, JAMES NISBET, and ANDREW PANTON, London; M. OGLE, Glasgow; and JAMES M. LECKIE, Dublin.

MR FORD'S COLLECTION OF BOOKS, PRINTS, PICTURES, &c.

IN Mr FORD'S Advertisement, in last week's Literary Journal, there occurred two important Typographical errors, in the *names* of two of the Artists, which, as they rendered them unintelligible, we now correct.

For *Myters*, read *Mytens*.
For *Dobran*, — *Dobson*.

And we are requested also to make the following additions to his former Advertisement:—The *other* Portraits not named, are, a fine Portrait of *Dobson*, painted by Himself; *Queen Elizabeth*, when young, by *Zuccaro*; *Ben Jonson*, by *Janssen*; and *Sir Isaac Newton*, by *Mrs Beale*.

Among the Books are some curious and early copies of the BIBLE, both MS. and printed; of the former, one is written in 1367, and the other, (a kind of Scholastic Hist. of the Bible,) is by *Peter Comestor*, who died in 1198.—*v. N. Dict. Historique*. Of the latter, there is an early Lat. version, (St Jerom's,) printed in 1512, which has belonged to the Abbey of Melrose—"*Melrosensis Liber*, 1513," and appears to have been the property of a person of the name of "*Arch. Stewart.*"

Of Mr *Ford's* collection of PRINTS, which forms the most curious and most extensive part of his Collection, (here,) he may add, that it is rich in the early Masters of the various Schools of Art, and comprises, in the Italian School, fine examples of the works of *Mantegna, Francia, Beccafumi, Dosso, Parmigiano*, &c.; is particularly rich in the works of *Marc Antonio* and his Scholars, v. *M. da Ravenna, Ag. Veneziano, Julio Bonasone, Es. Vico*, the *Ghisi*, &c.; also the *Caracci, Lanfranco, Badalocchio, Guido* and Scholars. The German School contains numerous and fine specimens of the Engravings of *J. v. Mechenen, M. Schoen, Van Gompel*, the Master of the Gothic S. of 1470, *Albert Durer*, the *Little Masters*, (as they are usually called,) the *Wierixes*, and particularly, a fine and complete set of the extraordinary Engravings by COUNT GOUDT, *Hollar*, &c. The Dutch and Flemish Schools will be found to be equally choice, and to contain many of the works of *Lucas van Leyden, Brenghel, Bos, Floris, Goltzius, Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt*, the *Visschers, Teniers, Ostade, Dusart, Bega*, &c.; and in the department of Landscape and Cattle are many of the recherché and estimable productions of a long list of great names in Art, as—*Potter, Berchem, P. de Laer, Du Jardin, Jean van Acken, Ruysdael, Waterloo, Nativiers*, and many others, too numerous to mention; but he must not omit the celebrated names of *Claude* and *Poussin*, in Landscape, and *Perelle's* fine work, the Life of Christ, in 60 Etchings, with curious variations, from the collection of *Sir Jos. Reynolds*.

His collection of English PORTRAITS, though mentioned last, is not the least important, and worthy of attention by the Collector; containing some singularly fine and rare specimens by *Payne*, the *Passes, Marshall, Delaram, White, Faithorne, Hollar, Vertue*, &c.; and his works of Modern Art, though very small, are, at the same time, very select; containing many choice *Proofs* by *Ryland, Bartolozzi, Filler*, &c., and some *Amateur* Etchings by Ladies of distinguished rank, as well as taste—the late Duchess of *Devonshire*, Ladies *Dashwood, Greville, Crewe, Bates, White, Foster*, &c.

*** The Collection will remain upon View and Sale only during the present month, at Mrs SCOTT'S Lodgings, No. 10, George Street, and may be seen any time during the day from 10 till 4.

BUTLER'S POWDERS,

For producing an Effervescing

COOLING APERIENT DRAUGHT.

THESE Powders are now very generally known (and as generally approved,) for producing an extremely refreshing and pleasant effervescing Drink, and at the same time a safe, mild, and Cooling Aperient, peculiarly adapted to relieve Indigestion, Heartburn, and Nausea, and counteract Acidity in the Stomach. If frequently taken, it will generally obviate the necessity of having recourse to Calomel, Epsom Salts, and other strong and nauseous medicines, which often debilitate the system without producing the desired effects; and when taken after too free an indulgence in the luxuries of the Table, particularly after too much wine, the usual disagreeable effects will be prevented.

*** There being numerous inferior imitations of these Powders vended, it is necessary to observe, that the Preparer's name and address, "Butler, 73, Prince's Street, Edinburgh," are printed in the Label and Bill accompanying each Box of the genuine Powders. Sold in Boxes only, at 2s. 9d., or in neat cases for the Country, or Exportation, 10s. 6d. each. The cases for Exportation are lined with Tin, and carefully soldered up, and thus the Powders may be preserved for any length of time, in any climate.

Sold by the Preparer as above mentioned; also by BUTLER & Co. 4, Cheapside, Corner of St Paul's, London; and the principal Druggists, and others, in every Town of the United KINGDOM.

Edinburgh: Published for the Proprietors, every Saturday Morning, by CONSTABLE & CO. WATERLOO PLACE;

Sold also by ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, Glasgow; W. CURRY, jun. & Co. Dublin; HURST, CHANCE, & Co. London; and by all Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of the Road, throughout the United Kingdom.

Price 6d. or Stamped, and sent free by post, 10d.

Printed by BALLANTYNE & Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Science, Literature, and the Arts.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

On the first of June will be published,

INSCRIBED BY PERMISSION

To the King's Most Gracious Majesty,

VOLUME FIRST

OF A NEW EDITION OF

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS;

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH A GENERAL PREFACE,

AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH NOVEL,

AND NOTES, HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE, BY THE AUTHOR.

Embellished with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, from Designs Executed expressly for the present Edition, by the MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

There are few circumstances in the history of letters more remarkable than the rise and progress of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. Unlike most other productions of genius, they had no infancy to struggle with, but reached at once the highest point of public favour,—a station which they have ever since maintained with undiminished popularity.

The circulation of these works having been hitherto confined, in a great degree, to the wealthier ranks of society, the Proprietors have resolved to place them within the reach of readers of all classes, by republishing them in a less costly, but at the same time more elegant shape, and with the additional advantage of a periodical issue.

The Publishers have therefore the honour of announcing the speedy commencement of a NEW EDITION, to be published in MONTHLY VOLUMES.

In this undertaking they have had the cheerful co-operation of the Author himself, who has not only revised every one of the Novels, but has added Explanatory Notes, and a new Introduction to each of them.

The nature and extent of these corrections and additions will be best understood by giving entire, from Volume First, The

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Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABBOTSFORD, January 1829.

This Edition will not only be improved in the manner just stated, but also enriched by the pencils of the eminent Artists who have been engaged to embellish it; among these may be named,

DAVID WILKIE, R.A.; EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; C. R. LESLIE, R.A.; ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A.; A. E. CHALON, R.A.; G. S. NEWTON, A.R.A.; F. P. STEPHANOFF; H. CORBOULD; WILLIAM KIDD; J. STANFIELD; JOHN BURNET; and R. P. BONNINGTON.

The engravings will be executed on steel, by

CHARLES HEATH; WILLIAM FINDEN; CHARLES ROLLS; JAMES MITCHELL; F. ENGLEHEART; AMBROSE WARREN; ROBERT GRAVES; J. C. EDWARDS; W. J. COOKE; W. ENSOM; DAVENPORT; SHENTON; DUNCAN; MILLER; and other eminent Engravers.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

I. The size to be royal 18mo, printed in the very best manner, and hot-pressed; each volume to contain about 400 pages, price 5s. done up in cloth.

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And, in like manner,

GUY MANNERING, in 2 vols. on the 1st of August.
THE ANTIQUARY, in 2 vols. on the 1st of October.
ROB ROY, in 2 vols. on the 1st of December.

As well as such others, during the progress of the Edition, as its arrangement enables the Publishers to deliver in complete Tales.

The public are respectfully requested to inspect the Designs and Engravings at the premises of the Publishers,

And at MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES, Printsellers to his Majesty, 6, Pall Mall, London, by whom they will be sold separately, as will be afterwards announced.

Printed for CADELL & Co. 41, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh; and to be had of every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom.

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For producing an Effervescing

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SCOTTISH ACADEMY
OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE EARL of HOPETOUN having kindly permitted RUBENS' celebrated Picture of the ADORATION of the SHEPHERDS to be exhibited for a short time in the Rooms of the SCOTTISH ACADEMY, the Exhibition is NOW OPEN with this Splendid Addition, from nine till dusk.

Professional Artists, who may not as yet have received Tickets of Admission to the Academy Exhibition, will obtain them on applying at the Rooms.

By order of the Council.
WM. NICHOLSON, Secretary.

Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogues, Sixpence.
24, Waterloo Place,
April 22d, 1829.

This day is published, in 8vo, price 2s.

OBSERVATIONS on the PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT of BURKE, HARE, and other atrocious MURDERERS; MEASUREMENT of the HEADS of the most NOTORIOUS THIEVES confined in the Edinburgh Jail and Bridewell; and of various Individuals, English, Scotch, and Irish: presenting an extensive series of facts subversive of Phrenology.

Read before the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, by
THOMAS STONE, Esq.
President of the Royal Medical Society.

Testor utrumque caput.—VIRG. *Æneid*, iv.
"Assail our facts, and we are undone; Phrenology admits of no exceptions."—*Phrenological Journal*, vol. iii, p. 258.

Edinburgh: Published by ROBERT BUCHANAN, 26, George Street; WILLIAM HUNTER, 23, Hanover Street; JOHN STEVENSON, 87, Prince's Street; T. & G. UNDERWOOD, London; ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, Glasgow; ALEX. BROWN & Co. Aberdeen: and J. CUMING, Dublin.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.
Vol. XXXIX.

Is published this day, price 5s. 6d. extra boards, being,

THE
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SCULPTURE, PAINTING,
AND
ARCHITECTURE.
By J. S. MEMES, LL.D.

*** This volume has been considerably delayed from the recent severe illness of the Author.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

MOST OF WHICH ARE EXPRESSLY WRITTEN OR TRANSLATED FOR THIS MISCELLANY.

HISTORY of the OTTOMAN EMPIRE, from its Establishment in 1326 till 1828. By EDWARD UPHAM, Esq. M.R.A.S., Author of the "History of Buddhism," &c. 2 vols.

HISTORY of the MOST REMARKABLE CONSPIRACIES connected with BRITISH HISTORY, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. Author of the "Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," &c. 1 vol.

HISTORY of the REBELLIONS in SCOTLAND, under DUNDEE and MAR, in 1689 and 1715. By ROBERT CHAMBERS, Author of the "Rebellion in Scotland in 1745," &c. 1 vol.

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The LIFE of OLIVER CROMWELL, comprising the History of the Commonwealth, from the year 1642 to the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660. By M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 2 vols

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HISTORY of IRELAND, from the Earliest Authentic Era till its Union with Great Britain in 1800. 3 vols.

Edinburgh: CONSTABLE & Co.; and HURST, CHANCE, & Co. London.

STATUE OF THE KING.

A FULL-LENGTH STATUE of his Most Gracious Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, executed from One Block of Stone, by JOHN GREENSHIELS, a Self-Taught Artist, which has been pronounced, by competent Judges, to be a most Correct and Happy Likeness, is now EXHIBITING at No. 58, Prince's Street, next shop west from the Royal Hotel.

Open from Eleven till Dusk. Admission 1s. each.
Tickets for the season, 2s. 6d. each.

ABERDEEN OBSERVER.

A PROSPECTUS of the ABERDEEN OBSERVER was lately printed and circulated in this City and neighbourhood, but as many of those who are to be readers of the newspaper have not seen this Prospectus, the Proprietors deem it necessary here to repeat the substance of its contents. They have to acknowledge the liberal manner in which the public have come forward in support of their undertaking, and they will anxiously endeavour to adopt such improvements or alterations as are likely to render the paper of increased value to its Readers.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.—No exertion shall be spared to render the "OBSERVER" complete in this department. To all passing events and public measures in which the community are interested, that degree of attention shall be given which their importance may demand; and to the free and temperate discussion of such matter the columns of the Paper shall always be open. Reports of the proceedings of Public Bodies will appear, when these can be obtained; and ample space will be devoted to the News of Scotland generally, so as to render the "OBSERVER," as much as possible, a faithful record of Scottish Affairs.

THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT will be conducted without regard to any *Party* whatever. A Summary of the Week's News will always be given, in which impartiality will be particularly studied; and a portion of the Paper will generally be occupied with Extracts from those Newspapers which take the most prominent part in advocating the various views which are usually taken on Political Questions.

AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The information in these important Departments will be ample. Arrangements have been made to furnish the most recent Intelligence from the principal Markets in the different parts of the Kingdom; comprehending the Reports of the Mark-lane and Smithfield Markets of the Monday immediately preceding the day of Publication; and of the Grain or Cattle Markets held weekly in Haddington, Edinburgh, Dalkeith, Dumfries, Glasgow, &c. To Shipping News particular attention will be paid; and, upon the whole, it is hoped, that the "OBSERVER" will be found useful and interesting to the Agriculturist, the Merchant, and the Shipowner.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.—During the war, and for several years after its termination, Newspapers were expected to contain little else than Public News and Political Intelligence; but latterly a considerable alteration has taken place. A much greater variety of matter is now looked for by the Readers of Newspapers; and, in order to suit the prevailing taste, the "OBSERVER" will contain Notices of New Publications, Extracts from Books of Voyages and Travels, and from the most ably-conducted Periodicals; together with amusing and instructive Selections from the Metropolitan and Provincial Newspapers.

ADVERTISING.—Since the notice appeared of the intended Publication of the "OBSERVER," so many respectable Subscribers have come forward in support of it, that the Proprietors are enabled to state that, immediately on its appearance, it will be widely circulated in this City; and as arrangements are making to procure for it an extensive Circulation in the Country, they conceive that they may confidently recommend it as an excellent medium for giving publicity to ADVERTISEMENTS.

The "OBSERVER" will be published every Friday morning, in sufficient time to be forwarded by the Mails for the North. It will be printed with new Types, upon a large sheet of fine paper; and very few of the Scottish Newspapers will contain so great a quantity of Letter-Press.

The price of the "OBSERVER" will be the same as that which is charged for Newspapers of considerably inferior size, viz.:—a single Paper, 7d.; L.1, 10s. 6d. per Annum, when delivered in Town; and L.1, 12s. when sent to the Country.

Advertisements and Orders for the Paper may be left at the Shop of THOMAS SPARK, Bookseller, Castle Street; or JAMES DAVIDSON and Co. 68, Broad Street.

*** *The whole of the Printing materials being new, and the Presses of the best description presently in use, orders in the Printing Line will be executed with taste, accuracy, and dispatch.*

Aberdeen, 27th March, 1829.

Edinburgh: Published for the Proprietors, every Saturday Morning, by CONSTABLE & CO. WATERLOO PLACE;

Sold also by ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, Glasgow; W. CURRY, jun. & Co. Dublin; HURST, CHANCE, & Co. London; and by all Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of the Road, throughout the United Kingdom.

Price 6d. or Stamped, and sent free by post, 10d.

Printed by BALLANTYNE and Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Science, Literature, and the Arts.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

On the first of June will be published,

INSCRIBED BY PERMISSION

To the King's Most Gracious Majesty,

VOLUME FIRST

OF A NEW EDITION OF

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS;

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH A GENERAL PREFACE,

AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH NOVEL,

AND NOTES, HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE, BY THE AUTHOR.

Embellished with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, from Designs Executed expressly for the present Edition, by the MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

There are few circumstances in the history of letters more remarkable than the rise and progress of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. Unlike most other productions of genius, they had no infancy to struggle with, but reached at once the highest point of public favour,—a station which they have ever since maintained with undiminished popularity.

The circumstance of these works having been hitherto confined, in a great degree, to the wealthier ranks of society, the Proprietors have resolved to place them within the reach of readers of all classes, by republishing them in a less costly, but at the same time more elegant shape, and with the additional advantage of a periodical issue.

The Publishers have therefore the honour of announcing the speedy commencement of a NEW EDITION, to be published in MONTHLY VOLUMES.

In this undertaking they have had the cheerful co-operation of the Author himself, who has not only revised every one of the Novels, but has added Explanatory Notes, and a new Introduction to each of them.

The nature and extent of these corrections and additions will be best understood by giving entire, from Volume First, The

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name; in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication. But the course of events, which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name, having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these Works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering, in the slightest degree, either the story, or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of revision. It is hoped that the present edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The General Preface to the new Edition, and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-work of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs, and popular superstitions, referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABBOTSFORD, January 1829.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

I. The size to be royal 18mo, printed in the very best manner, and hot-pressed; each volume to contain about 400 pages, price 5s. done up in cloth.

II. The publication to commence on 1st June next; and to be continued regularly, on the first day of each month, till the whole is completed.

III. Each volume to have a Frontispiece and Vignette title-page, both containing subjects illustrative of the Novel to which they are attached.

IV. The Work will be completed in FORTY VOLUMES, commencing with WAVERLEY, and closing with WOODSTOCK. The Author's additions will form about two of these Forty Volumes.

*** The Edition is so far advanced at press, that regularity of publication may be depended on; and, to such subscribers as may wish to have some of the Novels complete on the appearance of the first volume of each respectively, the Publishers have to state, that the whole of WAVERLEY may be had on the first of June, in 2 vols. for 10s.

Printed for CADELL & Co. 41, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh; and to be had of every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom.

This day is published,
In Royal 8vo, price 3s,
To be continued Monthly. No. I. of the

THE SCOTS LAW CHRONICLE, or JOURNAL of JURISPRUDENCE and LEGISLATION.

Conducted by Professional Gentlemen.

CONTENTS.—Art. I. Law and Administration of Justice in Scotland—II. Scots Bankrupt Law—III. Entails—IV. LETTER to Mr PEEL regarding the Salaries and Sittings of the Scots Judges—Divisions of the Court of Session—Acts of Sederunt—and Taxes on Administration of Justice—V. Stamp Laws—VI. On Tithes—VII. Sketches of Scots Members of the Legislature. No. I. Robert C. Ferguson, Esq. of Orroland, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kircudbright—VIII. Sheriff Courts of Scotland—IX. Courts of Royal Burghs and Burghs of Regality—X. LEGISLATION AFFECTING SCOTLAND:—Copies *of Entail and Seisin's Registration Bills*—Notices of Bills—(1.) For better recovery of SMALL DEBTS in Sheriff Courts—(2.) To extend the provisions of 6th George IV. chap. 126, to malicious attempts to suffocate or strangle persons in Scotland—(3.) To amend the Laws relating to Jails, and Alimenting Prisoners in Scotland—(4.) For the better regulation of Parochial Registers in Scotland—And other Legislative Measures in progress in the House of Commons and Lords—Acts of Sederunt as to Extracts of Decreets—XI. Legal Appointments—XII. LAW REPORTS; Digest of English Cases—Reports of Scots Cases in Inferior and Superior Courts—Inner House Rolls—Appeals to the House of Lords—And Insolvent and Sequestration Lists.

Published by A. FYFE (for himself and the other Proprietors) Law Chronicle Office, 797, High Street, Edinburgh; and sold by all Booksellers.

*** The Country Trade supplied by STIRLING & KENNEDY, Booksellers, Edinburgh.

No. II. will be published on 1st June.

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For producing an Effervescing

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*** There being numerous inferior imitations of these Powders vended, it is necessary to observe, that the Preparer's name and address, "Butler, 73, Prince's Street, Edinburgh," are printed in the Label and Bill accompanying each Box of the genuine Powders. Sold in Boxes only, at 2s. 9d., or in neat cases for the Country, or Exportation, 10s. 6d. each. The cases for Exportation are lined with Tin, and carefully soldered up, and thus the Powders may be preserved for any length of time, in any climate.

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Volume III. will be ready in November. To be completed in six volumes.

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PASTORAL POETRY OF SCOTLAND.
BY W. M. HETHERINGTON, A.M.

——"Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain."
SHAKSPEARE.

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"We consider this to be one of the most complete Books of the kind for Education that ever issued from the Press; and the improvements so copious, as to merit a distinct eulogium. The Editors deserve every praise for the pains and labour they have bestowed in perfecting the publication."—*Literary Gazette.*

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Price 6d. or Stamped, and sent free by post, 10d.

Printed by BALLANTYNE and Co. Paul's Work, Canongate.

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Connected with Science, Literature, and the Arts.

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The Red Rover, Mr Pritchard.
Fid, a Seaman, Mr T. P. Cooke.
Guinea, Mr Murray.
Madame De Lacey, Mrs Eyre—Gertrude, Miss Mason.
After which,
NELSON.
The Admiral, Mr Pritchard.
Lieutenant Nisbet, Mr Thorne.
John Sykes, the Cockswain, Mr T. P. Cooke,
In which character he will introduce the Naval song of
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Rachel, Mrs T. Hill—Molly Moonshine, Miss Tunstall.

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WAVERLEY NOVELS.

On the first of June will be published,
INSCRIBED BY PERMISSION
To the King's Most Gracious Majesty,
VOLUME FIRST
OF A NEW EDITION OF
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS;
TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, REVISED AND CORRECTED,
WITH A GENERAL PREFACE,
AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH NOVEL,
AND NOTES, HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE, BY
THE AUTHOR.
Embellished with Frontispieces and Vignette Titles, from Designs Executed expressly for the present Edition, by the
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The nature and extent of these corrections and additions will be best understood by giving entire, from Volume First, The

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

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Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABBOTSFORD, January 1829.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

I. The size to be royal 18mo, printed in the very best manner, and hot-pressed; each volume to contain about 100 pages, price 5s. done up in cloth.

II. The publication to commence on 1st June next; and to be continued regularly, on the first day of each month, till the whole is completed.

III. Each volume to have a Frontispiece and Vignette titlepage, both containing subjects illustrative of the Novel to which they are attached.

IV. The Work will be completed in FORTY VOLUMES, commencing with WAVERLEY, and closing with WOODSTOCK. The Author's additions will form about two of these Forty Volumes.

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Printed for CADELL & Co. 41, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh; and to be had of every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom.

THE MORNING JOURNAL,
(LATE THE NEW TIMES.)

THIS JOURNAL, which has been established upwards of fifteen years, is conducted in an able and spirited manner, on principles of sound policy and unshrinking independence.

It is the leading Protestant Journal; and the service it has rendered the cause is universally acknowledged. On all questions affecting the Agriculture, Shipping, Commerce, and Manufactures of the country, the opinions maintained in the MORNING JOURNAL are canvassed with the deepest interest, and make a considerable impression on those who feel for the embarrassed condition of the nation. The columns of the MORNING JOURNAL present the best vehicle for Advertisements, as its circulation is extensive, highly respectable, and rapidly increasing.

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THE EDINBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the FIRST NUMBER of this Work will appear on Saturday Morning, the 16th May.

To be published at No. 10, Prince's Street, (the premises occupied by the late Mr Constable,) where Orders and Advertisements will be received. Agents for the Work having now been appointed, the *unstamped* Edition of THE GAZETTE will be found on Sale on the day of publication, at the Shops of all the principal Booksellers in the country.

N. B.—*Orders received also by all respectable Booksellers and Newsmen in the United Kingdom.*

Edinburgh, No. 10, Prince's Street,
24th April, 1829.

WORKS
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